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NOTES.

Mary Cowden Clarke died in 1898, at the age of eighty-nine, and not in 1897 as printed in the May number.

Miss Bertie O. Burr, now Mrs. Boman G. Dawes, received a gold life-saving medal from Congress, and not one of silver as stated in the article entitled "Heroes of Peace" in the June number.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF MR. MANUEL EYRE GRIFFITH.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. ROBERT EGLESFIELD GRIFFITH (MARIA THONG PATTERSON).

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII. MAY, 1899. No. 1.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE AT BENARES.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY R. D. MACKENZIE.

"Holy Benares, hail to thee! Hail, hail, hail!"

THE STUDIO.

FROM the long white dusty highways of India were streaming millions of religious pilgrims into their gate of paradise, Kashi (Benares), the holiest city in India, the creation of Vishnu, and the home of Siva.

They came from remote village and lonely homestead, scattered over the whole of northern India, to mingle in one vast emotional throng on the day of the eclipse, to wash away in the Ganges the dust of hundreds of weary miles and the sins of a lifetime. They came also, not to see an eclipse, but to witness what to them was to be a life-and-death struggle between the sun and the great black demons Rahu and Kaytu, who were going to try and devour the sun; yes, to blot out absolutely the very life of the world.

Thus, while astronomers were striving to obtain a position in the center of the moon's shadow that would pass over India on January 22, 1898, to view the phenomena of a total solar eclipse, I was content to remain at Benares, on the extreme outer edge of this shadowy belt. Few may imagine the agony of soul experienced by these multitudes of troubled spirits who lined the banks of the Ganges and all its sacred branches. Throughout the breadth of India arose one long-continued wail of human emotion, which the enlightenment of Western civilization makes it almost impossible to realize; for the superstitious ignorance of the dark ages still sways the daily thoughts of millions in the East.

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The day of the eclipse has dawned; it is mid-winter on the plains of India; the cool gray shade of night is sweeping to the west, followed by a semicircle of silvery light, edged with a rainbow of delicate rose that has just become visible at the zenith, while the sky is one vast translucent dome. The rosy bow bends more and more to the west, growing in color as it pushes the curtain of night nearer and nearer the horizon.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

THE DEMONS DEVOURING THE SUN.

The night has gone; the east is saturated with light, which has descended to the pinnacles of the holy city, and creeps slowly down, transforming the dull sandstone temples into fairy palaces of rose and violet, immersed in the gray-green water, as the immense orb of the sun rises a glowing crimson over the sandy wastes of the eternal river.

Through all the labyrinth of crooked passages which serve as streets between the crowded mass of high, flat-roofed buildings which seem to push the temples into the water, are seen long processions of men, women, and children, silent but for the gentle chink-chink of silver anklets, draped in the thinnest of cotton cloth, white or of the most delicate tints, with here and there a touch of strong color, and all moving in one direction—to the river.

They have been coming since dawn, and now thousands are covering the long flights of stone steps, or ghats, which form the river-bank for a distance of nearly three miles.

The narrow streams of people winding their way in the hazy morning light suggest rivulets of mother-of-pearl, where white, the highest light, partakes of that beautifully soft pearly gray, while the azure, the rose, and the emerald melt into the atmosphere. Now on the river-bank the delicate glow of the rising sun makes of each figure a rosy-edged silhouette, with its long, tender, vanishing, violet-gray shadow. It is simply a dream in pearls. In an instant all is changed. The crimson sun has turned yellow; in another moment it is pale and dazzling; it seems to soar up by leaps and bounds out of the distant vapor. The steel-gray surface of the river, which stretches

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"HUDDLED MASSES OF HUMAN FREIGHT."

to the horizon, is cut with the reflection, as of glowing quicksilver, the dancing globules of which quiver and break on the sand at your feet.

I am comfortably seated on the flat, roomy top of one of the many house-boats which may always be seen clinging to the bathing-ghats. It is rowed by six men, and makes a delightful studio, just high enough from the water, and with absolutely nothing to interrupt the view; even the boatmen are all on the lower deck. I have procured a large A portion of the ruin still stands, and forms part of the masjid walls, so that on one side it is a mosque and on the other a temple, an ever-present witness to the deathless tenacity of Hinduism.

The men have stopped rowing, and we drift slowly with the stream past the ghats. The sun is already high in the morning sky; its light and heat strike flat against the temples and ghats, producing a monotony of light-absorbing, dusty, sandy color, with scarcely a shadow.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

"THEY CAME SLOWLY DRIFTING."

Brahman umbrella, fully nine feet in diameter, which has been mounted on a bamboo at my back.

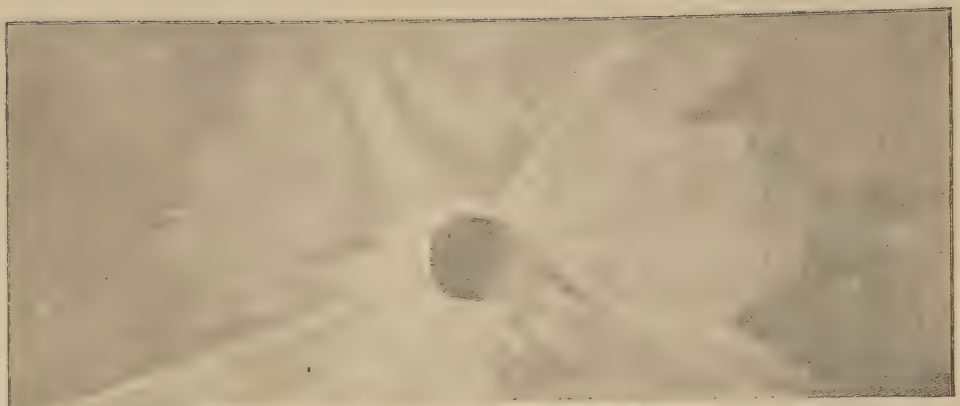
Memory wanders away for an instant to Venice and its gondolas. Yes, this is India's Venice. But there is one great and vital difference between the two: Benares lives; it is to-day what it was centuries ago; behind those sandstone temples honeycombed with mythologic sculpture are the shrines and idols, the effigies of gods or god-like men, that existed before the tall minarets of Aurung-Zeb's mosque caught the first and last rays of the sun of Hindustan, and cast their shadows on the most sacred of Hindu possessions. The mosque was built on the ruins of a Hindu temple destroyed for that purpose; but it exists only as a monument which records the deeds of a conqueror; to the eye it speaks, but to the soul it is dead.

In front of this moves a symphony of pure and delicate color. These whites and browns, pinks, blues, yellows, greens, violets, and reds glow, harmonize, and compose, as the ever-moving multitudes attach themselves to every available space on these high stone stairs, balconies, and cornices, in and about the temples, down to and into the water, out on long narrow rafts, or platforms, just touching the surface of the river, fastened by numerous bamboos, the long, tapering, bending points of which, twenty feet in the air, give the impression of a forest of gigantic reeds.

Long pendants of colored cloth wet from the river hang slowly swaying from the high balconies, multiplying the graceful accidents of effect. If the eye becomes dazed with the light and color and the ever-increasing multitude, what must be its hopeless perplexity when confronted by the intoxicating reflec-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"THE EVER-MOVING MULTITUDE."



tions in the jasper-colored water beneath, all dancing in ripples! To the painter it is simply a palette run mad.

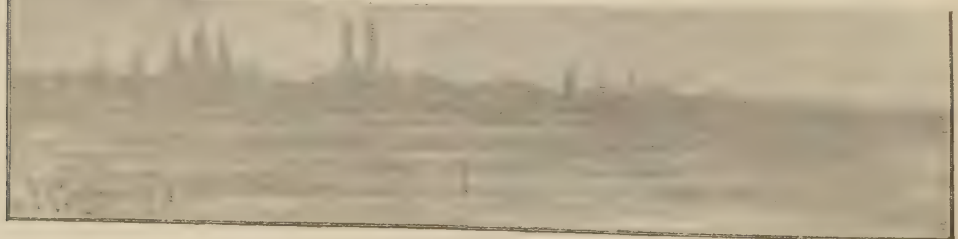
The eye seeks repose by returning once more to the general mass, where time and nature's simplifying hand still hold their own. Here the temples, the ghats, the sand, the thousands of Brahman umbrellas, the very trees and sky, seem of but one tone and color—the local color of the East, sand and dust, the beginning and the end of all human efforts.

Everything else, animate or inanimate, is soon covered with India's dusty shroud, loses its individuality, and either sinks into the sand or is parched into invisibility by the terrible sun. This sun should be the embodiment of the three great powers that make up the perfect Hindu Deity—Brahman, Vishnu, and Siva, Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer: but as Creator and Preserver its work is invisible; only the dry, parched, shriveled, dusty remains of gaunt and naked nature are visible through the scorching glare of its awful presence.

> The tender green of spring lasts but a day.
> Childhood awakes only to perish.
> Youth is stifled, and maturity is shriveled into the dust.
> Winter draws but one breath and vanishes.
> Old age has been cut off, and premature spring is born again.

What a beautiful, soft, luminous effect these sacred monuments produce as one drifts slowly past! They appear like pinnacles of crystallized sand, not built, but worn out of the bank of the river into their peculiar pyramidical shapes by the rains and rivulets of centuries.

Every sort of river craft, from the graceful structure of the native prince, with its gilded ornaments and kincob curtains, to the leaky timbers and patched and tattered sails of the Chunar sandstone barge, is there. Crowded to the water's edge with huddled



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

masses of human freight, they come slowly drifting, like floating beds of lotus-flowers, and settle in clusters along the front of the ghats. Gradually and leisurely their living freight is transferred to the already packed terraced steps.

One would now think that not another human being could possibly squeeze in; yet I catch sight of a richly caparisoned palanquin, carried by four gaudily dressed bearers, preceded by a mace-bearer, pushing a zigzag passage, which immediately closes behind down to within a few feet of the water. Here it stops on a flat pedestal projection. The crowd squeeze out another foot or two of space, and the palanquin is set down, the curtains are lifted, and out steps a raja, a perfect Rubenesque figure, glittering from head to toe in gold embroideries. He has come in all his splendor for the same purpose as the poor, emaciated, blind religious mendicant, whom I also see feeling his way with slow and measured movements, absolutely alone in that dense crowd; but he moves with confidence born of faith, and strengthened by years of daily gropings down these same stone stairs to his sacred bath. To him all that charms, confuses, and estranges the sense of sight has no existence. His path is as clear and solitary to-day in the midst of ten thousand as it was yesterday, when he stood on those steps alone, bent, and naked but for his loin-cloth, gazing with sightless eyes straight into the orb of the dazzling sun, with his offering of the water of the sacred Ganges dripping through the hollow of his outstretched hands.

The hour of the eclipse is approaching. My studio boat has drifted along almost the entire length of the city front, and is now returning. It goes farther out toward the middle of the great river to gain relief from the bewildering detail, and to enable me to view the broader lines of this wonderful panorama.

Whichever way the eye may turn, it is held a prisoner by the domes and minarets of Aurung-Zeb's mosque, which rises above the whole mass of the city. Its audacity is admirable, and the beauty of its slender shafts, as they melt into the hot sky, is exquisitely fascinating. Its picturesque value can scarcely be questioned; without it, one would have a monotonous mass, with no dominating or central motive.[1]

I have almost forgotten the eclipse and the anxious multitude that literally paves the city front from end to end and from top to water's edge. From this distance they appear like a motionless sea, the foam-topped waves of which have been transfixed in the act of engulfing the city. As one draws nearer again, the motionless panorama resolves itself into a living scene. The sun is high in the heavens, its rays are almost vertical, while the multitude below has become an absolutely concrete body; no movement in it is possible unless instigated by some common impulse. That impulse is about to be given. There is the death-like calm that precedes a storm at sea, when only the murmur of the approaching tempest is borne hoarsely to the ear. The long-anticipated signal from the top of the old observatory is caught by the tempest of a million nervous voices; it sweeps in excited gusts from side to side, unites, and rolls in one vast tremulous wave from top to bottom, where it heaves and sways for an instant. But such an instant! It seems an eternity; and the frantic, surging, straining multitude in front, bound almost to strangulation in one another's arms, seems as if tottering on the brink of another world.

The edge of the moon has just begun to intercept the sun's rays, the heavenly duel has begun, the black monsters dare to consume the light of the world. The water at the feet of the struggling mortals below is ready to absorb and carry away their blackest sins, even as it does the mud churned by their trembling feet. Hesitate? No, they do not hesitate. But each in his sinful eagerness retards his neighbor, and there, although forgiveness is at his feet, not one has the power to embrace it.

This tension cannot last long; the receding wave has been caught up again and heaves forward, carrying all before it deep into the bosom of the mother of waters. Wave after wave of struggling humanity surges down to the flowing tide, till the sight threatens to frenzy the mind as the livid light of the dying sun casts a mystery of shadow over those frantic, staring, dusky faces, with their never-ceasing, weird, wailing howl of supplication.

[1] This mosque was built by the great Hindu architect Mādho Dās, by command of the emperor.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

PART III.

ABOUT four months after my first acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Crowder, I found myself again in New York; and when I called at the house of my friends, I received from them a most earnest invitation to take up my abode with them during my stay in the city.

Of course this invitation was eagerly accepted; for not only was the Crowder house a home of the most charming hospitality, but my interest in the extraordinary man who was evidently so glad to be my host was such that not one day had passed since I last saw him in which I did not think of him, and consider his marvelous statements from every point of view which my judgment was capable of commanding. I found Mr. Crowder unchanged in appearance and manner, and his wife was the same charming young woman I had known. But there was nothing surprising in this. People generally do not change very much in four months; and yet, in talking to Mr. Crowder, I could not prevent myself from earnestly scanning his features to see if he had grown any older.

He noticed this, and laughed heartily. "It is natural enough," he said, "that you should wish to assure yourself that there 's a good foundation to your belief in what I have told you; but you are in too great a hurry: you must wait some years for that sort of proof, one way or the other. But I believe that you do believe in me, and I am not in the least disturbed by the way you look at me."

After dinner, on the first day of my visit, when we were smoking together, I asked Mr. Crowder if he would not continue the recital of his experiences, which were of such absorbing interest to me that sometimes I found them occupying my mind to an extent which excluded the consideration of everything relating to myself and the present time.

"From one point of view," he said, "that would be a bad thing for you: but I don't look at it in that way; in fact, I hope you may become my biographer. I will furnish you with material enough, and you can arrange it and put it in shape; that is, if in the course of a few years you consider that, in doing what I ask of you, you will be writing the true life of a man, and not a collection of fanciful stories. So I hope you may find that you have not lost your time when thinking so much of a man of the past."

Now, there is no doubt that I did most thoroughly believe in Crowder. I had argued with myself against this belief to the utmost extent of my ability, and I had now given up the effort. If I should disbelieve him I would deprive myself of one of the most precious privileges of my existence, and I did not intend to do so until I found myself absolutely forced to admit that I was mistaken. Time would settle all this, and all that I had to do now was to listen, enjoy, and be thankful for the opportunity.

"I am not going to tell any stories now," he said, "for my wife has not overcome her dislike to tobacco smoke, and she has insisted that she shall be one of my hearers when I tell stories of my past life to you; but I can tell you this, my friend: she will believe every word I say; there can be no possible doubt of that. I have told her a good many things since I saw you last, and her faith in me is a joy unspeakable."

Of course I was delighted to hear that this charming lady was to be my fellow-auditor, and said so.

"I often think of you two," said Mr. Crowder, contemplatively leaning back in his arm-chair. "I think of you together, but I am bound to say that the thought is not altogether pleasant." I showed my amazement at this remark. "It can't be helped," he said; "it can't be helped. It 's one of the things I have to suffer. I have suffered it over and over again thousands of times, but I never get used to it. Here you are, two young people, young enough to be my children: one is my wife; the other, I am proud to say, my best friend. You are the only persons in the world who know my story. You have faith in me, and the thought of that faith is the greatest pleasure of my life.

Year by year you two will grow older; year by year you will more nearly approach my own age, and become, according to the ordinary opinion of the world, more suitable companions for me. Then you will reach my age. We shall be three gray-haired friends. Then will come the saddening time, the mournful days. You two will grow older and older, and I shall remain where I am—always fifty-three. Then you will grow to be elderly—elderly people; at last, aged people. If you live long enough I shall look up to you as I would to my parents."

This was a state of things I had never contemplated. I could scarcely appreciate it.

"Of course," he continued, "I wish you both to live long; but don't you see how it affects me? But enough of that. Here comes Mrs. Crowder, and with her all subjects must be pleasant ones."

"I think thee must buy some short cigars," she said, just putting her head inside the door, "to smoke after dinner. If large ones are necessary, they can be smoked after I go to bed. I am getting very impatient; for now that Mr. Randolph is here, I believe that thee is going to be unusually interesting."

We arose immediately, and joined Mrs. Crowder in the library.

This lady's use of the plain speech customary with Quakers was very pleasant to me. I had had but little acquaintance with it, and at first its independence of grammatical rules struck upon me unpleasantly; but I soon began to enjoy Mrs. Crowder's speech when she was addressing her husband much more than I did the remarks she made to me, the latter being always couched in the most correct English. There was a sweetness about her "thee" which had the quality of gentle music; and when she used the word "thy" it was pronounced so much like "thee" that I could scarcely perceive the difference. To her husband and child she always used the Quaker speech of the present day; and as I did not like being set aside in this way, I said to her that I hoped there was no rule of the Society of Friends which would compel her to make a change in her form of speech when she addressed me. "If thee likes," she said, with a smile, "thee is welcome to all the plain speech thee wants." And after that, when she spoke to me, she did not turn me out among the world's people.

"Now, you know," said Mr. Crowder, "that I 'm not going to play the part of an historian. That sort of discourse would bore me, and it would bore you. If there is any kind of thing that you would like to hear about, all you have to do is to ask me; and if you don't care to do this, I will tell you whatever comes up in my memory, without any regard to chronology or geography, just as I talked to you before. If I were to begin at the beginning and go straight along, even if I skipped ever so much, the story would—it would be a great deal too long."

I am sure that Mrs. Crowder and I both felt what he did not wish to say—that we were not likely to live to hear it all.

"There are a great many things I should like to ask thee," said Mrs. Crowder, speaking quickly, as if to change the subject of her thoughts; "but I believe I have forgotten most of them. But here is something I should like to know—that is," she said, turning to me, "if thee has n't anything in thy mind which thee wishes to ask about?"

I noticed that she pronounced "thy" very distinctly, a little bit of grammatical conscience probably obtruding itself. Of course I had nothing to ask, and she put her question: "What *did* thee do in the dark ages?"

Crowder laughed. "That is a big question," said he, "and the only answer I can give you in a general way is that there were so many things that I was not able to do, or did not dare to do, that I look upon those centuries as the most disagreeable part of my whole life. But you must not suppose that everybody felt as I did. A great many of the people by whom I was surrounded at that doleful period appeared to be happier and better satisfied with their circumstances than any I have known before or after. There was little ambition, less responsibility; and if the poor and weak suffered from the rapacity and violence of the rich and strong, they accepted their misfortunes as if they were something they were bound to expect, such as bad weather. I am not going to talk history, and there is one thing that your question reminds me of. During that portion of the middle ages which is designated as dark, I employed myself in a great many different ways: I was laborer, sailor, teacher, and I cannot tell you what besides; but more frequently than anything else I was a teacher."

"Thee must have been an angel of light," Mrs. Crowder remarked.

"No," said he; "an angel of light would have been very conspicuous in those days. I did n't pose for such a part. In fact, if I had not succeeded in appearing like a partial ignoramus I should have been obliged to go into a monastery, for in those days the monks were the only people who knew anything. All teaching they expected to do;

but, for all that, a few scholars cropped up now and then, and here and there, who did not care to have monks for masters; and by teaching these in a very modest, quiet way I frequently managed to make a living."

"I should think," I said, "that at any time and in any period you would have been a person of importance, with your experience and knowledge of men."

Mr. Crowder shook his head. "No," said he; "not so. To make myself of importance in that time I must have been a soldier, and the profession of arms, you know, is one I have always avoided. A man who cannot be killed should take care that he be not wounded."

"I am so glad that thee did take care," ejaculated Mrs. Crowder; "but even I cannot see how thee kept out of fighting in those disorderly times."

"I did not keep out of it altogether, but in every possible way I tried to do so, and for the most part succeeded. Whenever I was likely to be involved in military operations, I let my hair and beard grow, and the white-haired old man was usually exempted. I have had far more experience in keeping out of battles than any other human being has had in the art of winning them. But what you two want is a story, and I will give you one.

"During some of the earlier years of the seventh century, I was living in Ravenna, and there I had three or four scholars whom I taught occasionally. I did not dare to keep a regular school, with fixed hours and all that; but while I was not working at my trade, which was then that of a mason, I gave lessons to some young people in the neighborhood. Sometimes I taught in the evening, sometimes in bad weather when we did not work out of doors. No one of my scholars showed any intelligence, except a girl about eighteen years old. Her father, I think, was a professional robber; for his family lived very well, and he was generally absent from home at the head of a little band of desperate fellows, of whom there were a great many in that region.

"This girl, whose name was Rina, had an earnest desire for knowledge, and showed a great capacity for imbibing it and retaining it. In fact, I believe she was the most intelligent person in that region."

"Was she pretty?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

"Yes," replied her husband; "she was very good-looking. I was so interested in her desire for knowledge that I taught her a great deal more than I would have dared to teach anybody else; and the more I taught, the more she wanted to learn.

"I soon became very much concerned about Rina. Some man of the neighborhood, old or young, would be sure to marry her before very long, and then there would be an end of the development of what I considered the brightest intellect of the day."

"So to keep that from happening to her, thee married her thyself?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

Her husband smiled. "Yes; that is what I did. You know," he said, addressing me, "that I believe that Mrs. Crowder takes more interest in my marriages than in anything else I have done in the course of my career."

"Certainly I do," she said, with a little flush. "Of course thee had to be married, and it is natural enough that I should want to know whom thee married, and all about it."

"Well," said Mr. Crowder, "we must get on with this. A priest with whom I was acquainted married us, and we immediately fled from Ravenna. After a year or two of wandering through benighted countries where even kings and rulers could not write their names, and where reading seemed to be a lost art except in the monasteries, we made up our minds, if possible, we would go from darkness into light; and so we set out on a journey to China."

At this statement Mrs. Crowder and I looked surprised.

"I don't wonder you open your eyes," said he. "It must seem odd to you, unless you are very familiar with the history of the period, that we should go from Europe to China in search of enlightenment and civilization; but that is what we did, and we found what we looked for. As the Pope had sent an envoy to China, and as some Nestorian missionaries had gone there, I believed that we could go.

"This journey to the Chinese province of Nan-hae occupied the greater part of five years; but to me personally that was of no account, for I had time enough. Although we passed through all sorts of hardships and dangers, my wife was greatly interested in the strange things and people she met. Sometimes we traveled by water, sometimes on horses and asses, and very often we walked. During the last part of the journey we joined a caravan which went through central Asia.

"At that time China was ruled by a woman, the Empress Woo. For a long time back there had been a period of great intellectual activity in China. Literature and the arts flour-

ished, and while the great personages of Europe did not know how to write, these people were printing from wooden blocks.

"The empress was a remarkable woman. She had been a widow of one monarch, and when his son succeeded to the throne she married him. She had great ambition and great ability. She put down her enemies, and she put herself forward. She took her husband's place in all the imperial consultations and decisions, and very soon set him aside, and for forty years was actual ruler of the empire.

"'ASKING ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS.'"

"She was a great woman, this Empress Woo. Very little happened in her dominions that she did not know, and when two wanderers arrived from the far and unknown West, she sent for me and my wife to appear before her at the palace. We were received with much favor, for we could do her no possible harm, and she was very eager for knowledge. My wife was an object of great curiosity to her, as she was so different from the Chinese women. But as poor Rina could never acquire a word of the language of the country, the empress soon ceased to take interest in her. As I was always very good at picking up languages, she had me at the palace a great deal, asking all sorts of questions about the Western countries and people. I was also able to tell her much about bygone ages, which information she thought, of course, I had acquired by reading.

"One day the empress asked me about the marriage customs in the West, and wanted to know how many wives a man could have in our country. She seemed to be so much in earnest, as she spoke, that I was frightened. I did not know what to answer. But fortunately one of her generals was announced, and she did not press the question. As I was leaving the palace, one of the officers of the court took me aside, and told me that the empress was thinking of marrying me, and that I had better put on some fine clothes when I came again. This was terrible news, but I was bound to tell my wife, and we sat up all night talking about it. To escape from that region would have been impossible. We were obliged to stay and face the inevitable, whatever it might be.

"The question which Rina and I had to decide was a very simple one, but terribly difficult for all that. If I should tell the empress that men of my country believed that it was right to have but one wife, Rina would quickly be disposed of; so she had to decide whether she would prefer to die so that I might marry the empress, or to preserve her life and lose her undivided possession of a husband."

"I know what I would have done," said Mrs. Crowder, her eyes very bright; "I would have let her kill me. I would never have consented for thee to marry the wretch."

"That would have pleased her," said Mr. Crowder; "for she would have had me all the same, and you would have been out of the way."

"Then I would not have died," said the little Quakeress, almost fiercely; "I would not have done anything to please her.

But I don't know. What did thee and thy wife do?"

"We talked and talked and talked," said Mr. Crowder, "and at last I persuaded her to live; that is to say, not to make herself an obstacle to the wishes of the empress. It was a terrible trial, but she consented. The more insignificant she became, I told her, the greater her chances of safety.

"The next day the empress sent for me, as I was sure she would do.

"'You did not tell me,' she said, 'how many wives your men have.' 'That all depends upon the will of our sovereign,' I replied; 'in matrimonial affairs we do as we are commanded. When we have no commands from the throne, our circumstances regulate the matter.'"

"Thee did tell a dreadful lie while thee was about it," said Mrs. Crowder, "but I suppose thee had to."

"You are right there," said her husband; "and my answer pleased the empress. 'That is what I like,' she said. 'The monarch should settle all these matters. I hope some day to settle them in this country.' Then, without any hesitation or preface, she announced her intention of marrying me. 'I greatly need,' she said, 'a learned man for an imperial consort. My present husband knows nothing. I never trust him with any affairs of state. But I have never asked you anything to which you did not give me a satisfactory answer.' Now, my dear," said Mr. Crowder, "you see the reward of vanity. If I had pretended to be a fool instead of aspiring to be a philosopher and an historian, I should never have attracted the interest of the queen."

"And did thee marry her?" asked his wife. "I do so pity poor Rina!"

"I 'll tell you how it turned out," he continued. "After pressing me a good deal, the empress said: 'I had intended to marry you in a few days, or as soon as the preparations could be made; but I have now postponed that ceremony. I find that military affairs must occupy me for some time, and it would be better for me at present to marry one of my generals. A military man is what the country needs. But I shall want a counselor of your sort very soon, so you must hold yourself ready to marry me whenever I shall notify you.'

"My instincts prompted me to ask her what the imperial general might be apt to think about the increase in her matrimonial forces, but I was wise enough to hold my tongue. When the general should cease to be of use to her, I knew very well that he would not be likely to offer opposition to anything on earth."

"How glad I am," ejaculated Mrs. Crowder, "that thee did n't ask any questions, and that thee consented to everything the wicked creature said!"

"So am I," he replied; "and I was glad to get out of that palace, which I never entered again. From that day I began to grow old as fast as I could. My hair and beard became very long; I ate but little; I stooped more and more each day, and walked with a staff. I began to be very forgetful when people asked me questions. About a year afterward the queen saw me. I was in the crowd near the palace, where I had purposely gone that I might be seen. She looked at me, but gave no sign that she recognized me. The next day an officer came to me, and roughly told me that the empress had no use for dotards in her dominions, and that the sooner I went away the better for me. I afterward heard that the execution of two strangers had been ordered, but that a certain superstition in the mind of the empress had prevented this. She had heard, through persons who had met the Nestorians, that people of our country were protected in some strange manner which she did not understand.

"Rina and I could not leave China, for I had now no money; but we went to a distant province, where I lived for more than ten years, passing as a Chinaman."

"And Rina—poor Rina?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

"She soon died," said her husband. "She was in a state of fear nearly all the time. She could not speak the language, and it may be said that she gave up her life in her pursuit of knowledge. In this respect she was as wonderful a woman as was the Empress Woo."

"And a thousand times better," said Mrs. Crowder, earnestly. "And then?"

"Then," said her husband, "I married a Chinese woman."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, her eyes almost round.

"Yes, my dear; it was a great deal safer for me to be married, and to become as nearly as possible like the people by whom I was surrounded."

"But thee did n't have several wives, did thee?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I was too poor for anything of that kind to be expected of me. When an opportunity came to join a caravan and get away, I took my Chinese

wife with me, and eventually reached Arabia. There we stayed for a long time, for I found it impossible to prosecute my journeying. Eventually, however, we reached the island of Malta, where my wife lived to be over seventy. Travel, hardships, and danger seemed to agree with her. She never spoke

"'AND ROUGHLY TOLD ME.'"

any language but her own, and as she was of a quiet disposition, and took no interest in the things she saw, she generally passed as an imbecile. But she was the first Chinese woman who ever visited Europe."

"I guess thee was very sorry thee brought her before thee got through with her. I don't approve of that matrimonial alliance at all," said Mrs. Crowder.

During this and succeeding evenings of narration, it must not be supposed I sat silent, making no remarks upon what I heard; but, in fact, what I said was of hardly any importance, and certainly not worth introducing into this account of Mr. Crowder's experiences. But the effect of his words upon Mrs. Crowder, as shown both by the play of her features and her frequent questions and exclamations, interested me almost as much as the statements of my host. I had previously known her as the gentlest, the sweetest, and the most attractive of my female acquaintances; but now I found her to be a woman of keen intellect and quick appreciation. Her remarks, which were very frequent, and which I shall not always record, were like seasoning and spice to the narrative of Mr. Crowder. Never before had a wife heard such stories from a husband, and there never could have been a woman who would have heard them with such almost religious faith. Naturally, she showed me a most friendly confidence. The fact that we were both the loyal disciples of one master was a bond between us. He was so much older than either of us, and he regarded us sometimes with what looked so much like parental affection, that it would not have been surprising if persons, not believers as we were, should have entertained the idea that, in course of time, he would pass away, and that we two should be left to comfort each other as well as we might. But I, who had heard my friend speak of the coming years, could not forget the picture he had drawn of two aged and feeble people, looked up to in love and veneration by a fresh and hearty man of fifty-three.

"Thee never seemed to have any trouble in getting married," said Mrs. Crowder. "Did thee ever stay an old bachelor any length of time?"

Crowder laughed. Such questions from his wife amused him very much.

"I was thinking of changing the subject," said he, "and was about to tell you something which had not anything to do with wives and marriages. I thought you might be tired of that sort of thing."

"Not at all," said she, quickly; "that 's just what I want to hear."

"Very well," answered he; "I will give you a little instance of one of my failures in love-making.

"It was long before my visit to Empress Woo; in fact, it was about eleven hundred years before Christ, and I was living in Syria, where I was teaching school in the little town of Timnath. I became very much interested in one of the girls of my class. She was a good deal older than any of the others; in fact, she was a young woman. She had a bright mind, and was eager to learn, and I naturally became interested in her; and in the course of time she pleased me so much that I determined to marry her."

"It seems thee was in the habit of marrying thy scholars," said Mrs. Crowder.

"There is nothing very strange in that," he replied; "a schoolmaster usually becomes very well acquainted with some of his scholars, and if a girl pleases him very much it is not surprising that he should prefer to marry her, or, at least, to try to, than to go out among comparative strangers to look for a wife."

"If I had been in thy place," said Mrs. Crowder, reflectively, "sometimes I would have enjoyed a long rest of bachelordom; it would have been a variety."

"Oh, I have had variety of that kind," said he. "For many succeeding decades I have been widower, or bachelor, whichever you choose to call it.

"As I was saying, this girl pleased me very much. She was good-looking, bright, and witty, and her dark, flashing eyes won her a great deal of attention from the young men of the place; but she would not have anything to do with them. They could not boast much in regard to intelligence or education, nor were any of them in very good circumstances; and so, in spite of my years, she seemed to take very kindly to me, and I made up my mind I would marry her the approaching autumn. I had some money, and there was a house with a piece of land for

"'SHE TURNED HER HEAD.'"

sale near the town. This I planned to buy, and to settle down as an agriculturist. I was tired of school-teaching."

"No wonder," said Mrs. Crowder, "as thee intended to take out of it its principal attraction."

"We were walking, one evening, over the fields, talking of astronomy, in which she took a great interest, when we saw a man approaching who was evidently a stranger. He was a fellow of medium height, but he gave the impression of great size and vigor. As he came nearer, striding over the rough places, and paying no attention to paths, I saw that he was very broad-shouldered, with a heavy body and thick neck. His legs were probably of average size, but they looked somewhat small in comparison with his body and his long arms, which swung by his sides as he walked. He was a young man, bushy-bearded, with bright and observant eyes. As he passed us, he looked very hard at my companion, and, I am sorry to say, she turned her head and gazed steadfastly at him.

"'That 's a fine figure of a man,' she said. 'He looks strong enough for anything.'

"I did n't encourage her admiration. 'He might be made useful on a farm,' I said; 'if his legs were as big as the rest of him, he could draw a plow as well as an ox.'

"She made no answer to this; but her interest in astronomy seemed to decrease, and she soon proposed that we should turn back to the town. On the way we met the stranger again, and this time he stopped and asked us some questions about the country and the neighborhood. All the time we were talking he and my scholar were looking at each other, and each of them seemed entirely satisfied with the survey. The next day the girl was very inattentive at school, and in the afternoon, when I hoped to take a walk with her, I could not find her, and went out by myself. Before long I saw her sitting under a tree, talking to the stranger of yesterday."

"She was a regular flirt," said Mrs. Crowder.

"Apparently she was," replied her husband; "but although I might have excused her, considering how much better suited this stranger was to her, in point of years at least, I was not willing to withdraw and leave her to another, especially as he might be a person entirely unworthy of her.

"I did not disturb them, but I went back to the town and made some inquiries about the stranger. I found that he was a Danite, and lived with his parents in Zorah, and that his name was Samson. I also learned that his family was possessed of considerable means.

"It soon became plain that it would not be easy for me to carry out my marriage plans and settle down among my vines and fig-trees. Samson went home, told his parents of his desire to marry this girl, and in the course of time they all came down to Timnath and made regular matrimonial propositions to her parents."

"Was this the great Samson who tore lions apart and threw down temples?" asked Mrs. Crowder, in amazement.

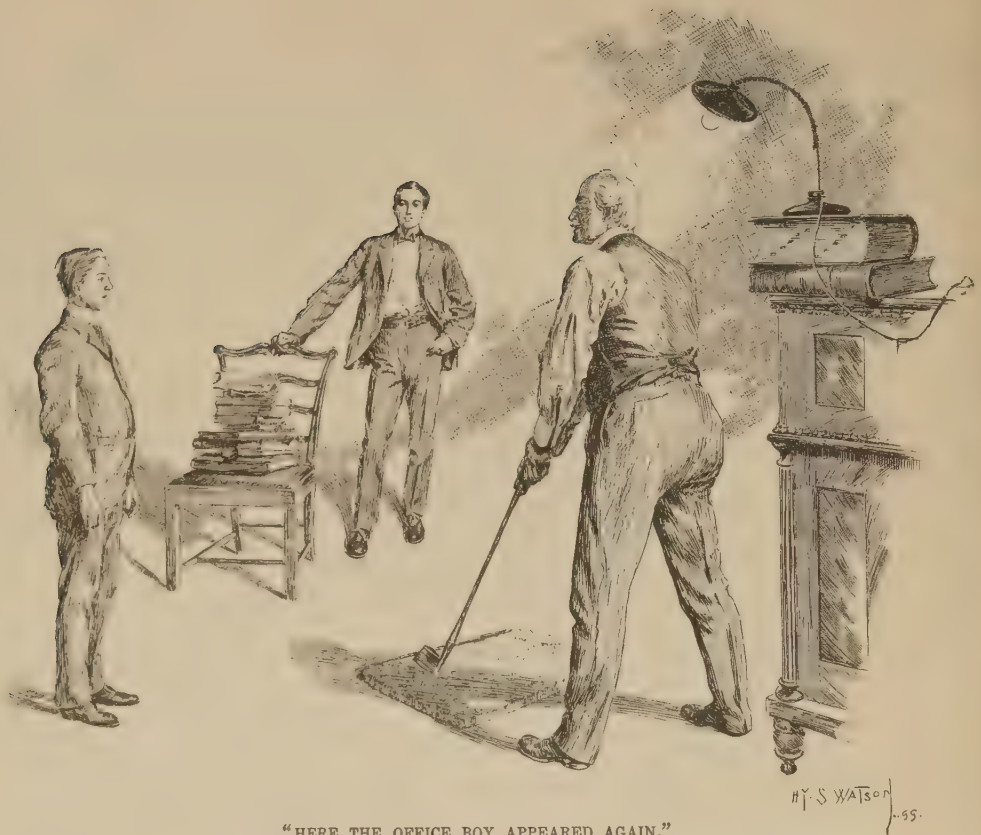
"The very man," was the reply; "and he was the most formidable rival I ever had in that sort of affair. The proper thing for me to do, according to the custom of the times, would have been to take him aside, as soon as I found that he was paying attentions to my sweetheart, and fight him; but the more I looked at him and his peculiar proportions, the more I was convinced that he was not a man with whom I wanted to fight."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Crowder. "How glad I am thee never touched him!"

"The result might not have been disastrous to me," he said; "for although I have always avoided military matters as much as possible, I was probably better versed in the use of a sword than he was. But I did not care to kill him, and from what I heard of him afterward, I am sure that if he had ever got those long arms around me I should have been a mass of broken bones.

"So, taking everything into consideration, I gave up my plan to marry Delilah, and it was n't long before I was very glad I did so. She proved to be a tricky creature, and gave her husband a great deal of trouble. I left that region and traveled far away. It was nearly a hundred years after that before I heard of those great exploits of Samson which have given him such wide-spread fame."

(To be continued.)



"HERE THE OFFICE BOY APPEARED AGAIN."

THE MATTER OF A MASHIE.

BY DAVID GRAY,
Author of "Gallops."

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY S. WATSON.

CUTTING had been taken into the firm, to the disgust of the junior partners. They agreed that he would never amount to much, being given over to sports and unprofitable ways of life.

It came about as a result of Cutting getting himself engaged. There was no excuse for his getting himself engaged. He was poor, and she was poor, and they both had rich friends and expensive ideas of life. But, as sometimes happens in such cases, Providence was fairly shocked into making unexpected arrangements.

Cutting's uncle was the head of the firm. Said he: "I am going to give you six months' trial. If you are not satisfactory you will have to get out. Good morning."

The elder Cutting was a great lawyer. As a man he was a gruff-spoken, soft-hearted old person. He was a believer in moral discipline. For forty-five years he had reached his office at nine o'clock in the morning, and had remained there till six at night. After that he went to the club and took his exercise at a whist-table. He considered the new out-of-door habits of professional men a scandal.

The junior partners had grown up in this school of thought, and as a matter of course they disapproved of Mr. Richard Cutting. It was unfortunate that Mr. Cutting cared little whether they disapproved or not. It was also imprudent; for the junior partners set to work to make his connection with the firm end with his six months' probation.

The previous week a crisis had been reached. Cutting was away two entire days for a Long Island golf tournament. The junior partners conferred with the senior partner, and there was a very complete unpleasantness.

"I shall be forced to terminate our arrangement unless I hear better reports of you from my associates," said the elder Cutting, in

conclusion. He believed it his duty to say this; he was also honestly irritated.

The junior partners were gratified; they considered that they had settled the younger Cutting.

It was a muggy August morning, and the office force was hot and irritable. Something unusual and disturbing was in the air. The junior partners were consulting anxiously in the big general room where most of the clerks worked, and where the younger Cutting had his desk. The younger Cutting had not yet appeared. He came in as the clock was pointing to twelve minutes past ten. The junior partners glanced up at the clock, and went on again in animated undertones.

Cutting opened his desk, sat down, and unfolded his newspaper. He was a beautiful, clean-looking youth with an air of calm and deliberation. He regarded the junior partners with composure, and began to read.

"No," Mr. Bruce was saying; "it is too late to do anything about it now. The case is on to-day's calendar, and will be called the first thing after lunch. Our witnesses have n't been notified or subpœnaed, and the law has n't been looked up."

Smith shook his head sourly. "The old man is getting more absent-minded every year," he said. "We can't trust him to look after his business any longer. The managing clerk gave him a week's notice, and told him about it again yesterday. You think there is no chance of getting more time?"

Bruce looked at his colleague with contempt. "*You* might," he said sarcastically; "*I* can't."

"Oh, I 'll take your word for it," said Smith. "I don't want to tackle Heminway."

Bruce laughed dryly. "The case has been put over for us I don't know how many times already," he said. "I don't blame Heminway. He gave us ample notice that he could n't do it again."

"That 's true," said Smith.

Reed *vs.* Hawkins, the case in question, was a litigation of small financial importance, about which the senior Cutting had formed a novel and ingenious theory of defense. Instead of turning it over to the younger men, he kept it as a legal recreation. But he never got to it. It was his Carcassonne.

The day of trial would come, and he would smile blandly, and remark: "True! That has slipped my mind completely. Bruce, kindly send over to Heminway and ask him to put it over the term. I want to try that case myself. A very interesting point of law, Bruce, very interesting."

The last time this had happened, the great Mr. Heminway observed that professional etiquette had been overtaxed, and that the Reed case must go on. People who knew Mr. Heminway did not waste their breath urging him to change his mind.

Messrs. Bruce and Smith considered the situation for a time in silence.

"Well," said Smith, at last, "it 's bad for the firm to let a judgment be taken against us by default, but I don't see anything else to do."

At this moment the elder Cutting emerged from his private office with his hat on. Obviously he was in a hurry, but he paused as he came through.

"Have you attended to that Reed matter?" he asked.

"There 's nothing to do but let it go by default," said Bruce.

Mr. Cutting stopped. "Get more time!" he said sharply.

"I can't," said Bruce. "Heminway has put his foot down. No one can make him change his mind now."

"Stuff!" said Mr. Cutting. "Dick, go over and tell Heminway I want that Reed case put over the term." And he went out.

Cutting finished the Gravesend races, laid the paper on his desk, scribbled a stipulation, and leisurely departed.

As the door closed, the junior partners looked at each other and smiled. Then said Smith, "I wish I could be there and see it."

Bruce chuckled. He could imagine the scene tolerably well. "It will do him a lot of good," he said. Then he added: "Don't you think I had better write personally to Hawkins and explain matters? Of course we shall have to pay the costs."

"Yes," said Smith; "it 's better to explain at once. It 's a piece of bad business."

The younger Cutting announced himself as Mr. Cutting, of Cutting, Bruce & Smith. That was a name which carried weight, and the office boy jumped up and looked at him curiously, for he took him for *the* Mr. Cutting. Then he led him down a private passage into the inner and holy place of the great Mr. Heminway.

"He 'll be back in a moment, sir," said the boy. "He 's stepped into Mr. Anson's office." Mr. Anson was the junior partner.

The door into the waiting-room was ajar about an inch. Cutting peeped through it, and saw the people who wished to consult the great lawyer. He knew some of them.

There was a banker who had recently thrown Wall street into confusion by buying two railroads in one day. There were others equally well known, and a woman whose income was a theme for the Sunday newspapers. Cutting watched them stewing and fidgeting with an unlovely satisfaction. It was unusual for such persons to wait for anybody.

He discovered that by walking briskly toward the door he could make them start and eye one another suspiciously, like men in a barber-shop at the call of "Next!" When this entertainment palled, he played with his hat. Still the great man did not come, and presently Cutting took a tour of inspection about the room. As he reached the lawyer's desk, a golf-club caught his eye, and he stopped. It was a strangely weighted, mammoth mashie. He picked it up and swung it.

"What an extraordinary thing!" he muttered. "It weighs a pound." He looked for the maker's name, but the steel head had not been stamped.

He put it back on the desk-top, and was turning away when a row of books caught his eye. Half concealed by a pile of papers was the Badminton golf-book, an American book of rules, a score-book, a work entitled "Hints for Beginners," and a pamphlet of "Golf Don'ts." In the pigeonhole above lay several deeply scarred balls. Cutting laughed.

Just then he heard a step, and turned hastily around. A tall, imposing figure stood in the private doorway—a man of sixty, with a grim, clean-cut face.

"Well?" said Mr. Heminway, questioningly. He had a blunt, aggressive manner that made Cutting feel as if he were about to ask a great favor.

"Well?" he repeated. "I'm busy. Please tell me what I can do for you."

"My name 's Cutting," the young man began—"Richard Cutting, of Cutting, Bruce & Smith."

The great lawyer's face softened, and a friendly light came into his eyes.

"I am glad to know you," he said. "I knew your father. Your uncle and I were classmates. That was a long time ago. Are you the 'R.' Cutting who won the golf tournament down on Long Island last week?"

Cutting nodded.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "then you 're a crack! You see," he added, "I 've taken it up in a mild way myself. I 'm afraid I shall never be able to get really interested, but it 's an excuse for keeping out of doors. I wish I had begun it at your age. Every afternoon on the links is so much health stored up for after life. Remember that!"

"They say it is wholesome," said Cutting. "I gathered that you played. I saw a mashie on your desk. If you don't think me rude, would you tell me where you got that thing? Or is it some sort of advertisement?"

Mr. Heminway looked surprised. "Advertisement?" he repeated. "Oh, no. That 's an idea of my own. You see, I need a heavy club to get distance. I had this made. It weighs fourteen ounces," he went on. "What do you think of it?" He handed the thing over, and watched Cutting's face.

"Do you want my honest opinion?" said Cutting.

The lawyer nodded.

"Then give it away, Mr. Heminway," said the young man, respectfully, "or melt it into rails. You know you can't play *golf* with that."

The lawyer looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, distance is n't a question of weight!" said Cutting. "It 's a fact that you get the best distance with the lightest clubs. Most professionals use ladies' cleeks."

The great lawyer looked thoughtful. "Is that so?" he asked. He was trying to account for this doctrine out of his experience. "It seems absurd," he added.

"It 's so, though," said Cutting. He heard the banker in the next room cough ominously. He took up his hat.

"Sit down, sit down!" exclaimed the lawyer. "I want to find out about this. I 've been doing pretty well, except at the quarry-hole. That beats me. It 's only one hundred and twenty-five yards, so that I 'm ashamed to use a driver; and with an iron I go in—I go in too often."

"Everybody goes in at times," Cutting remarked encouragingly; "it 's a sort of nerve hazard, you know."

"I go in more than '*at times*,'" said the lawyer. "Last Saturday I lost sixteen balls there—and my self-respect. That 's too much, is n't it?"

Cutting looked severely away at the portrait of Chief Justice Marshall. "Yes," he said; "that is rather often." The idea of Mr. Heminway profanely filling up the hill quarry with golf-balls appealed to him. "Still," he went on, "you must pardon me, but I don't think it could have been because your clubs were too light."

"Well," demanded the lawyer, "what do I do that 's wrong?"

Cutting looked him over critically. "Of course I 've never seen you play," he said.

"I should judge, though, that you hit too hard, for one thing."

"I suppose I do," said the lawyer. "I get irritated. It appears so simple."

"You see," Cutting continued, "there are three things that you ought always to keep in mind—"

There was a rap on the door, and a clerk put his head in.

"Mr. Pendleton," he began, mentioning the banker's name.

"That 's ingenious," observed Mr. Heminway. He looked about the room as if he expected to find the sun in one of the corners. The awnings were down, and only a subdued light filtered in.

"We might manage with an electric light," he suggested. He turned on his desk-lamp, and arranged it on the top of the desk so that it cast its glare on the floor. Then he pulled down the window-shade.

"That 's good," said Cutting, "only it 's

"'CRITICIZE ME NOW.'"

The lawyer waved him out. "I 'm busy," he said; "tell him I 'll see him directly. Three things?" he repeated, turning to Cutting. "What are they?"

"In the first place," said the young man, 'when you swing, you must keep your arms away, and you must n't draw back with your body. Your head must n't move from side to side."

The lawyer looked puzzled.

"Fancy a rod running down your head and spine into the ground. Now that makes your neck a sort of pivot to turn on when you swing. It 's like this." He took the club and illustrated his idea. "A good way to practise," he added, "is to stand with your back to the sun and watch your shadow. You can tell then if your head moves."

rather weak. Watch the shadow of my head." He began swinging with the mashie.

"I see," said Mr. Heminway; "that 's very ingenious."

"It insures an even swing," said Cutting. "Now, the next thing," he went on, "is to come back slowly and not too far. That 's the great trick about iron shots especially. You can hardly come back too slowly at first. All the golf-books will tell you that. It 's put very well in McPherson's 'Golf Lessons.'"

Mr. Heminway looked over the books on his desk. "I know I bought McPherson," he said. "I think I lent it to Anson. He 's insane about the game." He rang his bell, and a boy appeared.

"Tell Mr. Anson that I want McPherson's 'Golf Lessons,'" he said.

"You see," Cutting went on, "you get just as much power and more accuracy." He illustrated the half-swing several times. "A stroke like that, well carried through, will give you a hundred and twenty-five yards. I have a mashie that I sometimes get a hundred and fifty with."

The lawyer reached out for the club. "That looks simple," he said; "let me try it."

Just then the boy came back with the book and a note. The note was from the banker. "He told me to be sure and have you read it right off," said the boy.

"All right," said Mr. Heminway. He put the note on his desk. "Tell him that I shall be at liberty in a minute."

"I really ought to be going," said Cutting; "you are very busy."

"Sit down," said the lawyer. "I want to get the hang of this swing. That was a pretty good one," he said, after a pause. "Did I do anything wrong?"

"No," said Cutting; "only you came back too fast, and pumped up and down instead of taking it smoothly; and you moved your head. Keep your eyes on your shadow. That 's better," he added.

The next instant there was a heavy chug, and the fourteen-ounce mashie bit the nap off a patch of carpet.

There was a commotion in the anteroom, but Mr. Heminway seemed not to hear it.

"I was keeping my eyes on the shadow that time," he said.

Cutting laughed sympathetically. "I know it 's pretty hard. You have to remember about seven different things at once. It 's bad for the carpet, though. You ought to have a door-mat. A door-mat is a good thing to practise on. The fiber gives very much the same surface as turf."

Mr. Heminway rang his bell again. "Joseph," he said, "bring the door-mat here. Tell Mr. Lansing to get a new one for the outer office, and leave this one." The boy came back with the mat. The lawyer kicked it into position, and began again. "This *is* better," he observed. "I 'll keep it here till I learn."

"That 's the only way to do," said Cutting. "Go in to win. If you practise every day with a proper club, you 'll get the hang of it in a month or two. But you *must* use a light club."

Mr. Heminway stopped. "A month or two?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Cutting. "For a large and rather stout man, you are very active. I 've no doubt, if you give your mind to it, you can show pretty decent form in a couple of months. You ought to practise with your coat off, though; it binds you."

The lawyer's mouth became grim, but he took off his coat. There was an office rule against shirt-sleeves.

Here the office boy appeared again, and the great man glared at him.

"Mrs. Carrington," said Joseph. "She says she 's got to see you about important business, and she can't wait, and she 's going to sail for Europe to-morrow morning."

"Tell Mrs. Carrington," said Mr. Heminway, "that I shall see her as soon as I am at leisure."

The boy withdrew hastily.

The lawyer took his stance by the door-mat again, and began to swing.

Cutting now settled himself in a chair, and lighted a cigarette.

"That 's better," he said presently, "much better. You 're getting the trick."

Mr. Heminway stopped for a minute, and straightened up. He was beginning to puff. "I think I begin to see how that 's done," he said. "It 's simple when you get the knack of it. Cutting, come down and stop next Sunday with me in the country, and we 'll go over the course. I sha'n't be able to give you much of a game, but there are some fellows down there who can; and I want you to show me how to get over that quarry-hole."

"I should like to very much," said Cutting. He meant this. The girl who was going to be Mrs. Cutting was stopping at the other Heminways', who had the place next.

"The last time I played that quarry-hole," the lawyer went on, "I took twenty-seven for it." He laughed. "And it 's all in that swing," he muttered. He moved over to the rug, and went to work again. "Criticize me now," he said. "How 's this?"

Cutting leaned back in his chair.

"Oh, you must carry it through better," he said. "Let your left arm take it right out. You 're cramped. You 're gripping too tightly. Try it without gripping with your right hand at all. You 'll get the idea of the finish. That 's better. Now right through with it! Oh, Lord!" he gasped.

There was a crash of glass, then a great thump, and a hubbub of screams and masculine exclamations. The club had slipped from the lawyer's hand and had sailed through the glass door into the middle of the waiting-room.

The great lawyer hurriedly put on his coat. "I suppose I 'll have to straighten things out in there," he observed. "But that was the

idea, was n't it—right out!" There was a twinkle in his eye.

He opened the door. In a circle around the fourteen-ounce mashie stood his clients.

"Oh, just a moment," broke in Cutting. "Can't that Reed case go over the term? My uncle wanted me to ask for a postponement."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "Tell the managing clerk to sign the stipulation. I 'll meet you Saturday at the three-ten train." Then he put on his cross-questioning expression. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said calmly, "whom have I the honor of seeing first?"

Who that person was Cutting never knew, because he at once slipped out through the private way, and got his paper signed. Then he went back to his office, crossed over to his desk, and took up the newspaper again. There were the scores of the medal play at Shinnecock, in which he was interested.

Presently Mr. Bruce happened out of his private room, and Mr. Smith coincidently happened out of his.

"By the way, Mr. Cutting," said Bruce, amiably, "how about that Reed matter?"

"It 's put over the term," said Cutting, without looking up. "Here 's the stipulation. Hello!" he added, half aloud, "here 's Broadhead winning at Newport, four up and three to play. That 's funny. Did you see that, Bruce? He 's been all off his form, too."

"No," said Mr. Bruce.

The junior partners retired with the stipulation, and were closeted together for a long time. It puzzled them. They were impressed, and to each other they admitted it.

Finally Mr. Smith rose and said that he had to go. "Perhaps we have made a mistake," he observed. "There must be something to him. He got this." He waved the stipulation.

"We had better give him more of a chance," said Bruce.

And they did. Gradually they began to comprehend him, and then to like him.

As for Cutting, he unbent himself, and got interested in his work. At the end of the six months they spoke well of him, so that he continued on in the firm; and when he was married they sent him a very beautiful etching of "The Angelus."

"THERE WAS A CRASH OF GLASS."

ALEXANDER IN EGYPT.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: SEVENTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek, Cornell University.

WHILE Alexander was at Gaza he received notice of the action of the council of the Greek states at Corinth, held on the occasion of the Isthmian games of that year (332), which had voted to send to him by fifteen special commissioners a golden crown in recognition of the victory at Issus—a recognition tardy enough, and almost too late to be longer of consequence or value to the conqueror of Tyre and lord of the Ægean, or for the Greeks themselves a testimony to aught but their own fickleness.

The Jewish writers, particularly Josephus, report that after the capture of Gaza Alexander went to Jerusalem, was received by the high priest, and offered sacrifice in the temple. The absence of all reference to this in any of the historians of Alexander, as well as of any mention of the Jews either by them or by the historians of the next century, coupled with the self-contradictions and improbabilities of the narrative, makes it unlikely that the story is anything more than an invention of the Hellenists of the first century B. C., who sought to establish in this way, as in others, an early connection with Greek history.

It was November (332) when Alexander set forth along the coast to enter Egypt. An entire year since the battle of Issus (November, 333) had been spent in Phenicia and Palestine. The task of isolating Persia from the Mediterranean was advancing, however, toward its completion. At Sidon and Tyre he had dammed the ancient channel by which the trade and civilization of the Euphrates valley, following the reverse of the river course, had found an outlet into the western sea. The Ægean was fast becoming an inland sea of Alexander's Macedonian empire, a Greek sea instead of a Greek boundary.

Since the conqueror had entered Asia two and a half years had elapsed. One third of his brief reign was spent, but the land area of his conquests included yet scarcely more than a tenth part of what they were to be. It was not, however, land that he was now conquering: it was the sea—the sea included between Greece, Asia, Egypt, which the fates of geography had made to be the central mart and meeting-place of all the civilizations which his world could know. To it were tributary the two great river valleys in which had shaped themselves the two types of ordered life that summarized the beginnings of human civilization. Egypt found its natural outlet with the Nile; Mesopotamia, reversing the currents of the Euphrates, poured in its influences through the broad delta of Tyre and Sidon, or let them slowly sift through the sands of Asia Minor. In this sea the culture of Egypt and Assyria, as the passive element, met the aggressive will of occidentalism, which was to shape and apply it, and out of the union was begotten the history which up to the present century, neglecting the world-half of India and China, we have been wont to call the world-history. It is because Alexander conquered first this sea and then its tributaries that his career is the navel of history.

As far as the land is concerned he had thus far traversed three areas of human life and habitation: first, the western hem of Asia Minor (from May to November, 334), where the Greek spirit, language, and blood were predominant; second, the central and southern districts of Asia Minor (from November, 334, to November, 333), where, with all variety of tribe and tongue, Carian and Phrygian elements predominated, but no national unity existed or ever had, except such as the Lydian empire of two centuries before achieved; third, the narrow coast selvage of Syria (from November, 333, to November, 332), where the Semitic spirit and the Semitic tongue were in full sway, and the name of Phenicia set the standard.

Next in his way lay Egypt. The march of his phalanx took thus in review, one after the other, the nations and civilizations of men. Hitherto he had seen, though, only the middlemen who were handing on what they had received; now he was coming to a fountain-head. If an established order of civilized life

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE SIEGE OF GAZA.

For a description of the siege, see THE CENTURY for April, page 831.

anywhere in the wide world can be identified as born alone of the soil where it abides, that can be claimed most confidently for the civilization which clings to the banks of the Nile. "Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt," and the long experience of generations of men, whose lives the hungry desert bound to the river-line, as to a life-line in the waste of waters, had taught these men to tolerate one another, and created for them a scheme and polity of existence so well confirmed that innovation found no hope. By virtue of its very longness Egypt could not be rid of itself. So it tolerated itself and abode stable.

The real Egypt, the fertile Nile valley from the first cataract to the sea, though stretching out in a length equal to the distance from Richmond, Virginia, to Portland, Maine, is in area scarcely one fourth the size of Pennsylvania, and of this area more than half is included within the Delta. Above Cairo it is merely a strip of verdure, rarely more than from four to eight miles broad, sharply bounded by the bluffs which bear the desert. Within this narrow band Egyptian life took its shape, coming now to a focus at Memphis, the old metropolis of Lower Egypt, across the river from modern Cairo, now at Thebes in Upper Egypt. Long centuries of almost undisturbed isolation fixed it in molds of custom, thought, and religion firmer, perhaps, than human life has ever elsewhere known. It was an intensely practical life. Realism colored all its thought. The solidity of its religious institutions, guaranteed by a powerful priesthood which swayed society and state and held the reins of the Nile, was no product of imagination or of fervor, but a witness merely to its unfaltering conservatism. Even the yearning for the life beyond expressed itself in crude practical device, not in visions or in speculations. The typical Egyptian was then, as he is to-day, a man of peace, averse to rudeness and brutality, courteous, patient, practical, and prudent. The Greek thought him effeminate, and, from Herodotus on, the Greek writers refer with abhorrence to a development of "women's rights" in Egypt which made men the subjects of the women. It is indeed a fact that under Egyptian law married women had independent property rights and rights of contract. Wealth, too, it appears, was often largely in the hands of women. Egyptian history persistently refuses to speak in terms of dates, but sure it is that the civilization into which Alexander was here to be introduced represented an antiquity before which all that he had seen, had heard of, and had read of in his native Macedonia or Greece, or in the lands through which his march had brought him, was paltry modernity itself. Even the Trojan days, with which Homer had inspired his youthful idealism, reached back at the best but a fourth or fifth of the way to the building of the Pyramids, and of the centuries that looked down from those hoary heads upon Napoleon and his men two out of every three were there to look down upon Alexander. It was not likely that a man of Alexander's temper and of his keen susceptibility to all that spoke, whether in the language of religion, art, or custom, with the authority of antiquity and through the forms of ancient culture, should pass by this all unmoved and unchanged. He was a youth fresh from the New World, alert-minded and sensitive; here was his London and Rome.

From Gaza the one way leading into Egypt was the old caravan route along the shore, by which through the ages Palestine and Egypt had been joined. In seven days it brought Alexander and his army to Pelusium, the "key of Egypt," a strongly fortified city near the easternmost mouth of the Nile. A few miles to the west of its site passes now the track of the Suez Canal, approaching its exit at Port Saïd. The city opened its gates to the conqueror. Nowhere, indeed, in all the land was opposition awaiting him. The Persian satrap Masakes, who had been appointed successor of Sabakes, slain a year before in the battle of Issus, found himself utterly without resource, in fleet, army, or good will, for a defense. The people of the land with one accord hailed the coming of Alexander as the coming of a liberator. For almost two centuries they had borne the detested yoke of Persia, and the victor of Issus they had esteemed to be their own avenger. Masakes, therefore, hastened to offer surrender of the land, and so without the striking of a blow Alexander added to his empire a domain almost equal in extent to all his previous conquests. With this act the long, strange history of ancient Egypt was closed. Egypt was merged in the world-all, and a new Egypt began its life.

From Pelusium the Macedonian army proceeded in triumphal march along the east bank of the Pelusian arm of the Nile. The fleet which had been in waiting at Pelusium attended it. Most of the way led through the "land of Goshen," Israel's place of sojourn a thousand years and more before, and brought the army, after a march of a little

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ALEXANDER AT THE TEMPLE OF APIS IN MEMPHIS.

over one hundred miles, to the famous old Heliopolis (On), the "City of the Sun," whence tradition says that Joseph had his wife, Asenath, daughter of Poti-phera, a priest of the sun (Gen. xli. 45). Here were still standing, as they had been for thirteen hundred years, along with others of their kind, doing honor to the god as guards about his temple, the two obelisks which three centuries later were transplanted by Augustus Cæsar to Alexandria, and now in these latest years, following the track of empire, have come to find Northern homes, the one on the Thames Embankment in London, the other in Central Park, New York.

A few miles beyond Heliopolis Alexander was at the site of modern Cairo, the apex of the Delta. Then crossing the Nile, now the undivided river, he approached Memphis, the capital.

On the terraced bluffs which marked the sharp frontier between the life of the plain and the desert of death were arrayed in stately order, relieved against the sands and the western sky, from Gizeh southward fifteen miles to Dahshûr, the Pyramids, which, mingled with countless humbler habitations, marked the world's greatest city of the dead. Below in the plain, stretching itself out in miles of continuous streets and homes, was Egypt's greatest city of the living. Its focus was found in the temple of its local deity, the god Ptah, the world-builder, who was worshiped in the form of a living bull called Apis. In the life of a bull chosen by his priests Ptah found his ever-recurring incarnations, and received the most distinguished honors. At death the bull was buried with most elaborate and costly obsequies, and the Serapeum, constructed for the tombs of the long succession, still remains in monstrous vaulted ruins, where no less than three thousand monuments of different wearers of the Apis honor have been found. The city of the dead has far outlived the city of the living, and Memphis, enormous as it was, has yielded to centuries of spoilers, and all but vanished off the face of the earth. The founding of Alexandria marked the beginning of its decline.

On entering the city, Alexander hastened to pay the honor of special sacrifice to Apis. Nothing was more likely to win him the sympathy of the people, especially as his action stood in severest contrast with the traditions of Persian sacrilege—of Cambyses, who with his own hand had wounded to the death a sacred bull, and of Darius Ochus, who had caused one to be slaughtered. Diodorus says: "The Egyptians, in view of the fact that the Persians had violated their holy rites and had domineered rudely over them, welcomed the Macedonians gladly."[1]

In this action Alexander was thoroughly consistent with himself. Wherever he went he treated with respect the local religion. He was evidently by his practice a believer in home rule—in matters of religion. In this he was not acting merely the part of a clever politician. In matters of religion he was no agnostic; his attitude toward faith was never that of easy unconcern. A vein of deep religious mysticism, perhaps inherited or learned from his mother Olympias, ran through his nature and colored all his conduct. He stood with awe and respect, though never with terror, in the presence of supernatural power controlling a realm of which the world of ordinary things was only a feeble part, and controlling it with foresight and intelligence, though by ordinary men but feebly discerned. He was no eclectic in matters of religion. The foresight and purpose of the power outside and beyond betrayed itself through many a rift in the veil, and he had learned no canons of criticism, not even the common one called prejudice. He had too much emotional insight to be an agnostic, and had in a short life seen too much of the world to be a bigot.

Nowhere in the world has the religious factor played a larger part in the life of a people than in ancient Egypt. No wonder that even the four months of Alexander's stay exercised so powerful an influence in shaping and stimulating his religious sensibilities. He was, as it were, in a great temple, always in the presence of the religious expression. The weird issue of his visit to the sanctuary of Jupiter Ammon must be judged and interpreted in the light of this experience.

The mass of the army, which could not have numbered altogether much above twenty thousand men, was left in winter quarters at Memphis. Alexander, accompanied by the hypaspists, the archers, the Agrianians, and the agéma of cavalry, in all perhaps four or five thousand men, sailed down the river to Canopus (modern Abukir), at the mouth of the westernmost branch of the Nile. From here he passed into the Mareotis Lake, then a large body of water fifteen miles wide, navigable for the largest vessels, but now little more than a swamp. In Strabo's time it was fed by numerous canals from the Nile, and was the all-important means of communication with the inland. Now, cut off from

[1] Diodorus, xvii, 49.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ALEXANDER LAYING OUT THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

PORTRAIT BUST OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, FOUND AT ALEXANDRIA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MANSELL & CO., OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

the Nile, its waters are salt, and the fertility which in antiquity lined its shores and yielded the wines which Horace and Virgil extol is displaced by sandy dunes. At a spot about thirteen or fourteen miles southwest of Canopus, on the long, narrow strip of sandy land separating the Mareotis Lake from the sea, Alexander went ashore, and, being deeply impressed by the favorable location, decided to build a city. The place seemed to be the meeting-point of the whole Nile region with the Mediterranean world. On one side was the lake-harbor connected with the Nile; on the other were two sea-harbors, sheltered from the open sea by the island Pharos, four fifths of a mile offshore, the one opening to the west, the other to the east. Here was to be equipped the only safe harbor open for ships on the six-hundred-mile stretch of Asiatic and African coast from Joppa to Parætonium. The neck of land itself was about a mile to a mile and a half wide. A city built upon it would be reasonably protected from land attack and yet accessible from the land. Through the Nile and the old canal of Pharaoh Necho, connecting it with the Red Sea, the commerce of Egypt, Arabia, and India could here be brought to meet the commerce of the Mediterranean.

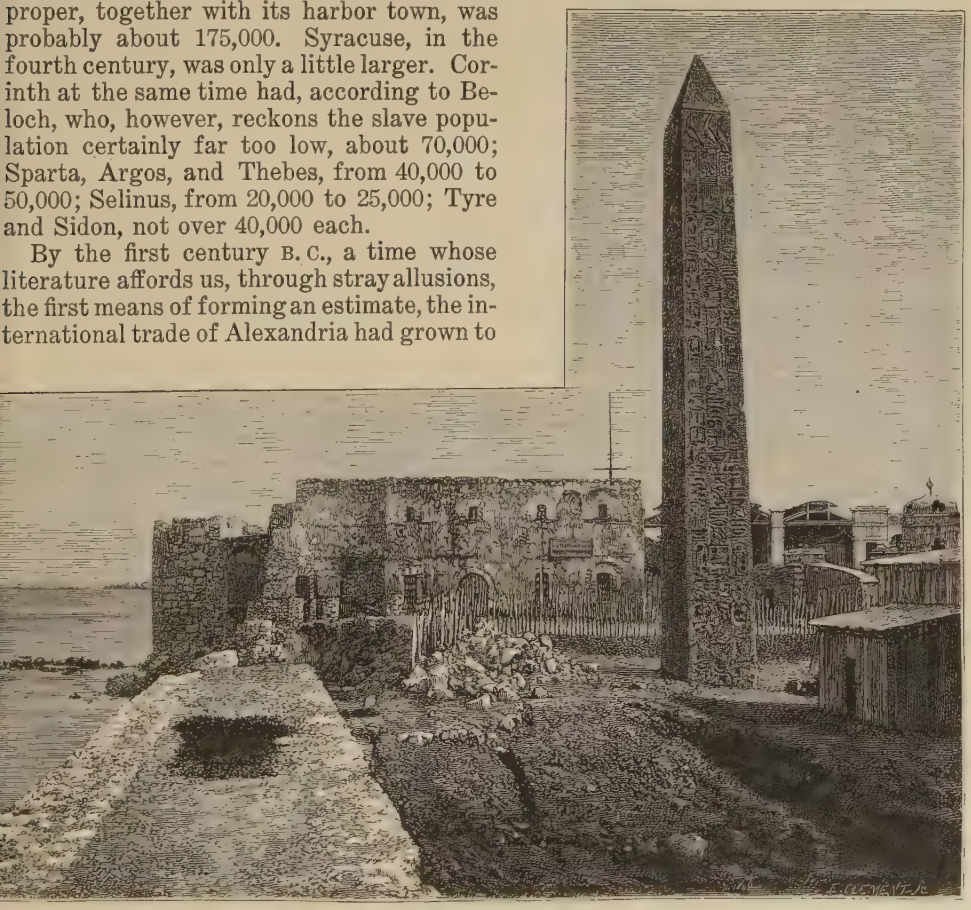
There are no indications that Alexander set out on this particular excursion through the lake with a view of seeking a city site, but there can be little doubt that the idea was more than the impulse of a moment. Tyre was destroyed. The coast of Egypt offered no convenient harbor suitable to intercourse on a large scale. The encouragement of intercourse and mutual understanding between the nations was already developing as his dominant idea. The Greek element had long since come to make itself felt in the Delta, and Naucratis, a thriving Greek settlement tolerated by Amasis in the sixth century, was only fifty miles to the southeast. The custom introduced in the seventh century, by Psammetichus I, of employing Greek mercenaries to do the fighting, toward which, with the decay of the warrior caste, the Egyptians themselves had become so averse, had served to bring Greeks into the land. What more probable than that Alexander had already framed the plan, and that unexpectedly the discovered site fitted it? In any case, his selection was a good one, as the event proved.

The Alexandria which rose on the spot became speedily a great city, and not by artificial stimulation, though it certainly was most fortunate in its first ruler, Ptolemy Soter, who succeeded Alexander, but through the operation of natural conditions. It proved a convenient exchange for the joint use of Africa, Asia, and Europe. Hence it naturally became the metropolis of the great world of free and open markets which Alexander's conquests created, the capital of the Hellenistic civilization which for three centuries passed current as Greek, and an

amalgamation point for the peoples such as the conqueror's dream had desired. Seventy-five years after Alexander's death it had become, after Carthage and Antioch, the greatest city of the Western world. By the year 60 B. C. it had grown to a population, as Diodorus tells us, of three hundred thousand freemen,—that is to say, reckoning the slaves, of approximately half a million,—so that it was commonly regarded the greatest city of the world. In the first century after Christ its population was undoubtedly far greater,—perhaps three quarters of a million or more,—but for this definite data are lacking. Rome, which in Augustus's time had at least, according to Beloch's conservative reckoning, from eight hundred thousand to one million inhabitants, was the only city which had outstripped it.

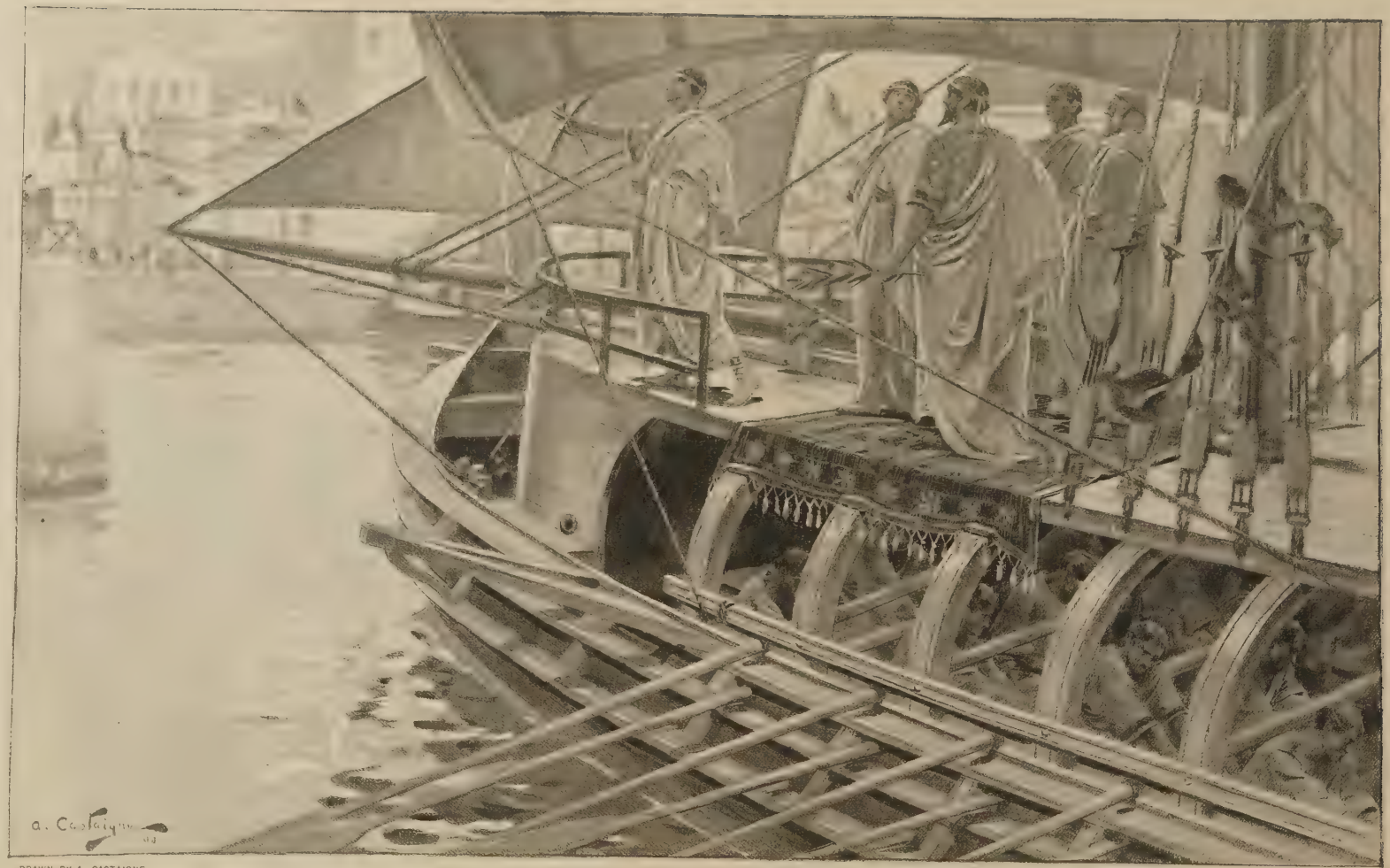
Up to Alexander's time there had been no monster cities. The city population of Athens proper, together with its harbor town, was probably about 175,000. Syracuse, in the fourth century, was only a little larger. Corinth at the same time had, according to Beloch, who, however, reckons the slave population certainly far too low, about 70,000; Sparta, Argos, and Thebes, from 40,000 to 50,000; Selinus, from 20,000 to 25,000; Tyre and Sidon, not over 40,000 each.

By the first century B. C., a time whose literature affords us, through stray allusions, the first means of forming an estimate, the international trade of Alexandria had grown to enormous proportions. From the interior of Africa, from Arabia and India, caravans and fleets of merchant ships brought hither the rarest and most precious products which the new luxury of the West was demanding of all the lands—the spices and perfumes of Araby, gold-dust, precious stones, and fine fabrics from India, pearls from the Persian Gulf, silk from China, gold and tortoise-shell from the coasts of the Red Sea, ivory from Africa, and grain from Egypt. Annually one hundred and twenty ships, on an average, left the inner harbor for the voyage to India alone. The industries of Alexandria were spurred to their utmost to provide wares for the return cargoes. Foremost were the products of the loom, for which the city was famed, and which were distributed far and wide over the world, even to far Britain. Especially were sought the fine linens from



SEASIDE VIEW IN MODERN ALEXANDRIA.

The photograph was taken before the obelisk called "Cleopatra's Needle" was removed to New York. On the map, page 34, two obelisks are indicated near the south side of the "Great Harbor." These obelisks were brought from Heliopolis about three hundred years after Alexander's death, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, and placed in front of the so-called Cæsar's Temple. The companion obelisk to the one in the picture, which lay on the ground, was removed to London before this was given to New York city.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ARRIVAL AT TYRE OF THE ATHENIAN AMBASSADORS IN THE SACRED TRIREME.

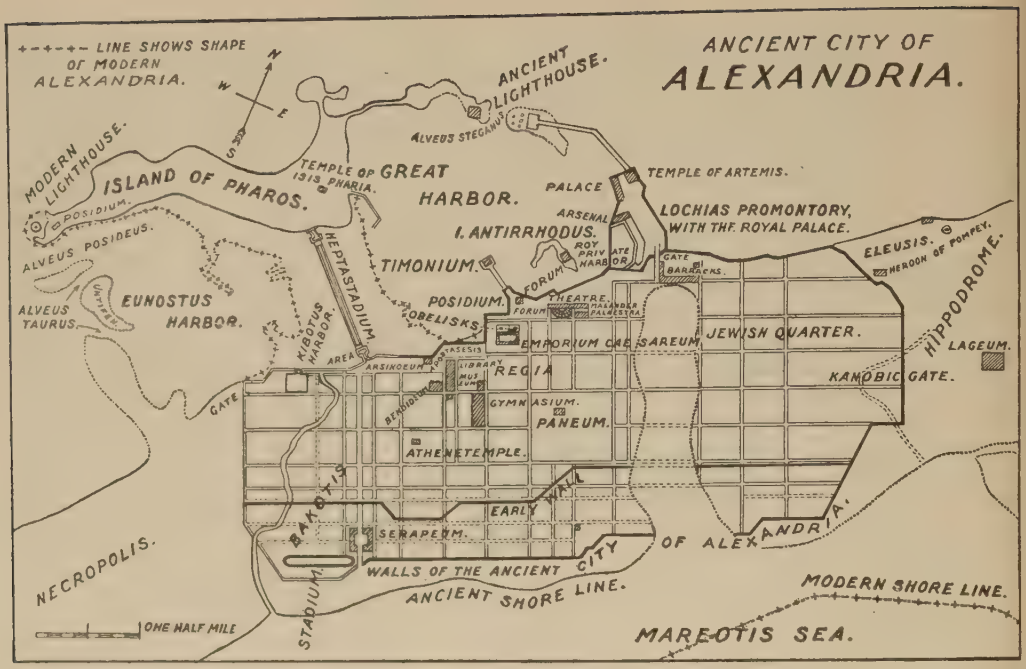
SEE PAGE 33.

he famous native flax, and the many-colored extures of wool, wrought in artistic patterns nd with figures of animals and men—rugs, ortières, and tapestries. The manufacture f paper from the native papyrus almost nonopolized the trade of the world. Then here were the glass-blowers, whose artistic roducts commanded a price like that for ups of gold, and perfumers, and makers of toi-et-oils and essences, whose repute matched hat of the Parisians of to-day. No one in his busy city, so wrote Hadrian in 134 A.D., vas without a craft and occupation. Even he blind and the gouty were busy. "Money s their god; him worship Jews, Christians, nd all alike."

It was a center of learning and culture s well as of industry and trade. About he university, called the Musæum, and its amous library, a foundation of the wise Ptolemies, was assembled the best learning f the world. The savant, or *philologos*, is in-eed, so far as Western civilization is con-erned, a distinctive and original Alexandrine roduct. It was through Alexandrine learn-ng, and chiefly in Alexandrine guise, that Rome, and so the European world, received he wisdom and culture of Greece. Letters, hilology, philosophy, mathematics, astron-my, music, law, medicine, received here their rofessional mold as branches of skilled and earned activity, and in such mold were ransmitted and kept, until the Renaissance rought fresh life from the fountainhead. But we must return to the days of the eginnings.

Alexander, after conceiving his scheme, mmediately proceeded to mark out the plan f the city, including the sites for market-lace, streets, public buildings, temples of he different deities, each of them being espe-ially assigned, and the circuit of the wall. The basis of the plan were made two main treets crossing each other at right angles, ach, so says Strabo, one hundred feet wide, nd lined with colonnades. Other streets, unning parallel to these, laid out the whole in egular squares covering a length of about hree miles and a width of about one. The xcavations and investigations conducted by Mahmud Bey and completed in 1867 found he city plan essentially as Strabo describes . The two broad central avenues—that run-ing east and west called the Canobus avenue, hat north and south the Dromos (Corso)—ere found with traces of the splendid olonnades which lined them. In the cen-r of these avenues was found still in place pavement of gray granite blocks forty-six feet wide, which served as the carriageway. In the parallel streets this pavement was only half this width. The private houses were low, flat-roofed, and of stone. The circuit of the city proper was found to be a little less than ten miles. For definite knowledge regarding the location and character of the great public buildings we must await the further revelations of the spade. In the course of the present year (1899) the German Archæological Institute, under direction of Dr. Dörpfeld, is expected to begin the long-desired work. Meantime we must be content with Strabo. Near the center of the city lay the royal buildings, occupying, with their gardens, a fourth of the city's area. Here, besides the palaces, were the Musæum and the Sema, the latter the great mausoleum in which lay inclosed in its alabaster coffin the body of Alexander. The site of the Paneum, "an artificial circular mound resembling a rocky hill, to which a winding way ascends," and from which a commanding view of the whole city and its harbors was obtained, can now be identified with the knoll, one hundred and twelve feet above the ordinary city level, which carries the reservoir of the modern Alexandria. Near by, on the Dromos, lay the Gymnasium, stretched out, with its pillared porches, in a length of a stadium (one ninth of a mile). The island of Pharos was joined to the mainland by a wide mole, called the Heptastadium, about three quarters of a mile long, in which were two bridges over channels communicating between the eastern and the western harbors. This mole has now widened out into a neck of land almost a mile in width, on which stands the greater part of the modern city. At the eastern end of the island was built by Ptolemy Soter and his son, and completed about 282 B.C., the famous Pharos, one of the "seven wonders," which became the prototype of all the world's light-houses.

A story of the first rough planning, given by all the sources, may best be presented in Plutarch's statement: "As chalk-dust was lacking, they laid out their lines on the black loamy soil with flour, first swinging a circle to inclose a wide space, and then drawing lines as chords of the arcs to complete with harmonious proportions something like the oblong form of a soldier's cape. While the king was congratulating himself on his plan, on a sudden a countless number of birds of various sorts flew over from the land and the lake in clouds, and settling upon the spot, devoured in a short time all the flour; so that Alexander was much disturbed in mind at



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

This map, based on the map in Brockhaus's "Conversations-Lexicon," showing Alexandria a century before and after Christ, which follows the plan of Mahmud Bey, shows also by the cross-and-dash lines the present wide extension, now thickly built upon, of the Heptastadium, which originally connected the mainland with Pharos Island. At the east end of the island is shown the site of the famous Pharos, or lighthouse, one of the seven wonders of the world, a reconstruction of which, by Castaigne, may be found in THE CENTURY for April, 1898, page 900. The site of the ancient Pharos, after its destruction, was occupied by a fort. The breakwater extending on the right hand from the mainland to complete the "Great Harbor" no longer exists.

the omen involved, till the augurs restored his confidence again, telling him the city he was planning was destined to be rich in its resources, and a feeder of the nations of men."

The work of founding the city he left in the hands of workmen under the direction of the architect Dinocrates, who was certainly not a man of small ideas. He is the same who once proposed to carve Mount Athos, the peak which rises abruptly sixty-five hundred feet out of the Thracian Sea, into a colossal statue of Alexander, which should bear in one hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and from the other should pour in bold cascade a great mountain stream into the sea beneath. Another plan of his, to build, in memory of Philadelphus's queen, Arsinoë, a temple with ceiling of lodestone, so that the iron statue of the goddess-queen might hang suspended in the air, we learn, to our regret, failed of fulfilment through his inopportune death.

At about this time—it was midwinter of 332–331—Alexander was visited by Hegelochus, the commander of his fleet in the north, who brought welcome intelligence concerning the final dispersion of the Persian fleet and the recovery of the island cities lost during the spring of 333. The Tenedans had revolted from the Persians and returned to Macedonian rule. Mitylene had been wrested from the hands of Chares, and the other Lesbian cities had voluntarily submitted. Another revolution in Chios had placed the democracy, friendly to Alexander, at the helm, and Cos had surrendered to a fleet of sixty ships sent to it at its own suggestion. Pharnabazus was a fugitive. The Ægean was therefore clear, and entirely in Alexander's control, as was also, with one sole exception, the complete circuit of lands contributing to its waters, the entire world with which Greece and the Greeks had dealings east of Italy and Sicily.

Sparta alone remained incorrigible. We have seen how, four years before, she answered Alexander's summons to accept his leadership, "It is not tradition with us to follow others, but ourselves to lead others." Ever since she had been waiting for opportunity to lead revolt. Spartan ambassadors were all the time at the court of Darius. When the tidings of Issus reached Greece (November, 333) we remember that the Spartan king Agis was in conference with the Persian admiral at Siphnos. While the Persian power in the Ægean was steadily

melting away, Agis's stubbornness, fed upon desperation, lifted itself into aggression. During the months that Alexander was busy at Tyre, Agis and his Spartans were making Crete a stronghold of the opposition, in hope of contesting through that the control of the sea. Some of the Greek mercenaries who had escaped from Issus found their way into Crete, and gave him the nucleus of an army. During the winter of 332–331 Agis raised openly the standard of revolt in the Peloponnesus. The Eleans, the Achæans, and, excepting Megalopolis, the Arcadians, joined him. A small Macedonian force that sought to quell the revolt was annihilated. Through the summer of 331 the movement grew. A revolt of the Illyrians kept Antipater, the Macedonian regent, busy at the north, and from week to week his much-needed coming was delayed. The flame threatened to become a conflagration. When news of the trouble reached Alexander he was far away in Mesopotamia. "While we are here conquering Darius," he said, "it seems they are having a war of the mice in Arcadia." The composure of his faith received its reward. The next tidings told how Antipater had at last appeared, had found the Spartans besieging the walls of Megalopolis, and there on the plain before the city, in a fearful battle which left fifty-three hundred of the enemy, among them King Agis, lying on the field, had utterly broken and humbled all resistance (October or November, 331), and received at last the submission of Sparta. This was a blow from which the Spartan state never recovered.

But our story has carried us almost a year beyond the point where we left Alexander just committing the building of his city to his architect's hands. From the site of Alexandria the king turned his face suddenly toward the west, and began a march along the African coast. The Western world, which now lay before him,—a world in whose history Sicily now occupied the central post,—has thus far occupied none of our attention, and will not hereafter, for it was as yet a world by itself, engaged with problems of its own, into which Alexander's brief career was destined not to intrude.

Sicily was just recovering from its struggle to hold the Carthaginians at bay, and the Greeks of Italy were now beginning to feel the pressure of Rome from the north. In 326 Naples passed into Roman hands. Carthage had been too seriously occupied in the effort to maintain herself in the western Mediterranean even to bring help to her mother-city Tyre, or to take any part in the great conflict now going on between the Greek and the Oriental, direct as her natural interest was. This fact kept her outside the range of Alexander's notice, and left her to be dealt with later by Rome (first Punic war, 264–241 B.C.). Alexander's present movement westward had no designs on Carthage; that, for the time, belonged in another world.

For two hundred miles he followed the dreary coast, until at Parætonium he came to the domain of Cyrene, a Greek city four hundred miles farther on. Here met him a Cyrenian embassy offering presents and asking alliance, and this marked the western limit of his conquests. He was now left free to indulge his sense for the romantic. The necessities of war, for the present, no longer claimed him. He turned suddenly aside upon an errand he could hardly have planned from the first, as the route he had taken may fairly prove, and took his way across the desert toward the famous sanctuary of Ammon, nearly two hundred miles away.

It was a difficult task he had undertaken; "for there were no landmarks along the road, nor mountain anywhere, nor any trees, nor any elevation of any sort by which a traveler might shape his course as sailors do by the stars" (Arrian), and often the wanderers seemed to have lost the way. Memories of the hardships and risks, the strange experiences, the uncanny surroundings, the unexpected deliverances, grew in later days into stories of the miraculous. One tells that two serpents glided in front of the line, showing it the way; another, that two ravens flew before them "and waited for them when they lingered and fell behind; but the most marvelous thing is what Callisthenes tells, that if any went astray by night, they would call to them and keep up a croaking until they brought them back on to the trail again." These are samples of that atmosphere of the marvelous which came to surround this whole adventure.

On arriving at the oracle, which was situated in the oasis of Siwah, a tract four or five miles wide, blessed with olives and palms in abundance, a spring of water, and the refreshment of dew, Alexander hastened to show his respect for the oracle, and at the same time to gratify his curiosity by asking certain questions. He first asked, so report has it, whether any of his father's murderers had escaped punishment, whereupon the priest is said to have rebuked him and charged him to speak with more respect, seeing that his father was not a mortal be-

ing. Changing his question, he then asked if Philip's murderers had all been punished. Being assured that they had been, he then inquired whether he was to gain the empire of the world. Of this he also received assurance.

"This," Plutarch says, "is what most authorities give concerning the responses of the oracle; but Alexander himself, in writing to his mother, says there were certain secret responses, which he himself would tell her alone on his return. Some say the prophet, wishing, by way of courtesy, to address him in Greek, and intending to say '*paídios*' ('my boy'), made a slip on the last sound, and said '*paî Diós*' ('son of Zeus'). Alexander, they say, welcomed the blunder, and the word went out that the god had addressed him as son of Zeus." Diodorus and Curtius Rufus report much the same, without indulging in the grammatical reminiscence. Arrian keeps on solid ground with the simple remark: "Having heard what was, as he said, agreeable to his desire, he set out on his way back to Egypt." In all probability the older authorities, Aristotle and Ptolemy, whom Arrian follows most closely, reported nothing concerning what passed between Alexander and the priest. Callisthenes, indeed, says that Alexander was entirely alone when he consulted the oracle. The later authorities probably dressed out the incident with various ornamentation, and all that remains of solid material seems to be the tradition that the priest addressed him as "son of Ra," or "son of Ammon," which really meant no more, in the language of the place and time, than "king." The famous response of the Delphic Pythia to the Spartan king Lysander,[1] "I know not whether to call thee god or man," illustrates how even in the Greek sense the heroic blended into the divine.

Modern historians have given to this incident a great importance in estimating the development of Alexander's character. Grote[2] speaks of it as marking "his increasing self-adoration, and inflation above the limits of humanity," and the same writer credits him from this time on with a belief that Zeus was his real father—"a genuine faith, a simple exaggeration of that exorbitant vanity which from the beginning reigned so largely in his bosom." With this it is customary to connect a deliberate purpose, maintained throughout his life, of establishing the worship of himself as a god, and a number of incidents are cited in support of such a view. It is, furthermore, claimed that the trip to Siwah was undertaken with the premeditated purpose of obtaining the sanction of the oracle for his ambition.

While we are unquestionably dealing here with the folly of an abnormally successful and very young man, it is still worth while to seek an exact determination of the limits of this folly. This surely cannot be done if the subject of it is isolated from all connection with his own traditional conceptions and his own peculiar prejudices, and treated as an absolute or sterilized specimen.

The confidence in an ultimately divine origin was an essential part of every family tree among the noble families of the older Greece. All the great heroes were sons of gods. If Minos was the son of Zeus, Theseus must needs, as Bacchylides's pæan (xvii) shows it, prove himself Poseidon's son. The gods were, as ancestors, dignified to be the citizens of honor in the state. That was what made the state and gave it its dignity. It was a fraternity in which great immortals, known as gods, were members—as we should call them, "honorary members." Alexander had always traced his origin, with pardonable pride, to Hercules and Perseus. He had not, on that account, felt himself less human than other men. He had probably thought himself more "select."

His fondness for the stories of Homer, and his choice of Achilles, who was goddess-born, as a prototype, quickened his fancy for the marvelous in genealogy. He was now in Egypt, subject to the profound religious impressions its sturdy faith and plodding piety were likely to beget. Its Pharaohs had always, on ascending the throne, presented themselves at the temple of Amun-Ra (Ammon) to receive his recognition: Alexander was now a Pharaoh, and he would do the same, choosing not the sanctuary at Thebes, but the one at Siwah, to which his great ancestor Hercules had gone.

His mother, the fanatical, corybantic Olympias, had always been haunted with the delusion that her son was begotten of a god. That Alexander gave himself to such a whimsical vagary with any real or practical faith in sober moments is certainly to be doubted. It was a satisfaction to his mother that he visited the oracle and received such a response. The words of the priest made an impression, too, on his mind, sensitive as it was to the mystical, and under the glamour of his marvelous success meant something to him in a mystical way—but how much in

[1] Herodotus, i, 65.

[2] See also Kaerst, "Historische Zeitschrift," lxxiv (1895), pp. 1 ff., 193 ff., who follows in the track of Grote.

practical substance? Plutarch's remarks are in point here: "He is said, in listening to the philosopher Psammon in Egypt, to have been most pleased with this remark of his: 'Every man is ruled by a god, because that which is at the head and which has the strength in each man is *ipso facto* divine.' Even more profound was the teaching which Alexander himself laid down on this point, to the effect that, though God is the common father of all men, in a particular way does he claim the noblest as his own."

He tolerated and even demanded among the Persians the adoration (*proskynesis*) characteristic of their court etiquette, and at times even committed, it appears, the odious folly of asking it from Macedonians, and that, too, when it was given him as a divine being. Yet this was no settled plan with him; it rather appears as an occasional vagary, though one that provoked much irritation and disgust among those who were his most loyal friends. It was the old Macedonians, not the Greeks, who made the chief protest against these notions of the king. The Greeks, accustomed to such mythological conceits, could understand how little was really meant by them; to the Macedonians they were bold, prosaic claims of fact. It is, furthermore, to be noted that the Macedonians' protests arose in connection with their jealousy of the king's leanings toward a new cosmopolitanism, which, in their view, threatened to alienate him from them and rob them of the fruits of victory.

Plutarch says of him: "Toward the barbarians he conducted himself altogether with sternness, as one fully persuaded of his divine origin, yes, and parentage too, but toward the Greeks more reasonably and with less affectation of divinity. . . . Once, being wounded with an arrow and suffering much pain, he said: 'This which is flowing here, my friends, is blood, not ichor,' and, citing a verse of Homer: 'Ichor, such as flows from the immortal gods.' At another time, when there was a heavy clap of thunder and everybody was frightened, Aristarchus the professor, who was by, said to him: 'Whether *you* could n't do something of the sort, seeing you are the son of Zeus?' With a laugh he answered: 'I have no mind to be a terror to my friends, as you would have me, who despise my table for being provided with fish instead of with the heads of satraps.' . . . From what I have said it is evident that Alexander was not mentally affected or insanely puffed up, but was merely seeking to maintain authority over others through the claim of divinity."

The idea that he undertook to establish a formal cult of himself, and to impose it upon the nations under his rule, particularly upon the Greeks, lacks all foundation. The story that after his return to the West he issued a decree demanding of the Greek cities the payment of divine honors to himself has been carefully examined by Mr. Hogarth,[1] and found to rest upon no sound basis.[2] That after his death he was recognized widely as divine is undoubted. It is noticeable that it is not during his life that his portrait appears upon the coinage to displace the traditional representations of the gods. After his death he appears on the coins as the genius of the Macedonian empire, the personified bond of unity.

That the Alexander cult, which is found in various places and survived down into the Roman imperial age, was not a creation of Alexander's lifetime could not be more distinctly demonstrated than by the fact that its institution at Alexandria itself is due to a successor, Ptolemy II, fifty years or more after the hero's death. The notion that Alexander utilized the doctrine of his divinity as a fundamental and constitutive principle for his empire is so utterly at variance with the plain historical facts, so utterly lacking in support from any known facts, as to possess no interest except for its absurdity. It is a mere nightmare of some schematizing historians.

After making rich gifts to the temple, Alexander returned to Memphis, where he found various delegations from Greece awaiting him. There were Chians and Rhodians to ask withdrawal of the garrisons from their cities, delegates from Mitylene to seek reimbursement for their expenditures in resisting the Persians, Cyprians and Athenians and many others to bring congratulations and ask this or that remission or favor. All of them he sent away satisfied.

Recruits for his army began, too, to come in from Antipater, and others were to meet him on his outward march at Pelusium. The month left him in Egypt he devoted to the organization of its government. Repeating the plan he had applied in other provinces, the first illustration of which we saw in Lydia, he divided the administration among different departments, carrying, however, the division, as was suited to the greatness

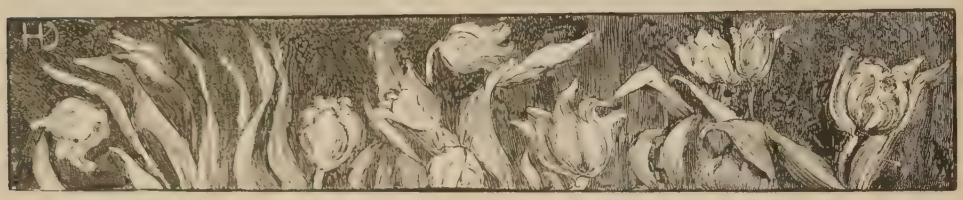
[1] "English Historical Review," 1887, p. 322 ff.

[2] A like result is reached by Benedictus Niese, "Historische Zeitschrift," lxxix (1897), p. 1 ff.

and complexity of Egyptian population and resources, much further than in any previous case. The administration of Egypt and the government of its native population was separated from that of the Greeks and other resident foreigners. Libya and Arabia were made distinct administrative districts. The military and the financial administrations were also kept distinct. Garrisons were left in Pelusium and Memphis.

Early in the spring (331) he returned with his army into Phenicia, and made halt at Tyre to effect the last governmental arrangements before turning his back on the West. Here came to greet him and pledge anew the loyalty of their city Athenian ambassadors, borne in the sacred state trireme, the famous old Paralos. Their renewed request for the release of their countrymen taken prisoners while serving the Persians at Granicus was finally granted. At the end a great athletic and musical fête was inaugurated. Singers and actors came from various Greek cities. The Cyprian kings supplied the choruses. Stately sacrifices were offered to Hercules, the god of the place. A genuine Hellenic festival; in reality the funeral games of the old Hellas! When they were over, Alexander's army turned its back upon the Grecian sea, the hem of which had hitherto been its battle-ground, and plunged into the heart of Asia.

(To be continued.)



A SONG FOR SPRING.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

LIST! List! The buds confer:
This noonday they 've had news of her;
The south bank has had views of her;
The thorn shall exact his dues of her;
The willows adream
By the freshet stream
Shall ask what boon they choose of her.

Up! Up! The mold 's astir;
The would-be green has word of her;
Root and germ have heard of her,
Coming to break
Their sleep, and wake
Their hearts with every bird of her.

See! See! How swift concur
Sun, wind, and rain at the name of her,
A-wondering what became of her;
The fields flower at the flame of her;
The glad air sings
With dancing wings
And the silvery-shrill acclaim of her.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,
Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XIV.

THREE weeks the French armies lay encamped without the walls of Constantinople, while the Emperor of the Greeks used every art and every means to rid himself of the unwelcome host without giving overmuch offense to his royal guests. The army of Conrad, he said, had gained a great victory in Asia Minor. Travel-stained messengers arrived at Chrysopolis, and were brought across the Bosporus to appear before the King and Queen of France with tales of great and marvelous deeds of arms against the infidels. Fifty thousand Seljuks had been drowned in their own blood, three times that number had fled from the field and were scattered fainting and wounded in the Eastern hills, vast spoils of gold and silver had fallen to the Christians, and if the Frenchmen craved a share in the victories of the cross or hoped for some part and parcel of the splendid booty, it was high time that they should be marching to join the Germans in the field. Yet Lewis would have tarried longer, to complete the full month of devotions and thanksgiving for the march accomplished, and many of his followers would cheerfully have spent the remainder of their days on the pleasant shores of the Bosporus and the Golden Horn; but the queen was weary of the long preface to her unwritten history of arms, and grew impatient, and took the Greek emperor's side, believing all the messages which he provided for her imagination. And so at last the great multitude was brought over to Asia by boats, and marched by quick stages to the plain of Nicæa. There they pitched their camp by the Lake of Ascania, and waited for news of the Germans; for the messengers had brought information that the German emperor desired to make Nicæa the trysting-place. But the messengers had all been Greeks, and the French waited many days in vain, spoiling the country of all they could take, though it was in the dominion of Christians, and no man dared raise a hand to defend his own against the crusaders.

Among the French there were many, both of the great lords and of the simple knights, and of poor men-at-arms, who would have counted it mortal sin to take anything from a stranger without payment, who had come for faith's sake, to fight for faith, and who looked for faith's reward. Yet as there can be in logic nothing good excepting by its own comparison with things evil, so in that great pilgrimage of arms the worst followed the best in a greedy throng, as the jackal and the raven cross the desert in the royal lion's train. And the roads by which they had marched, and the lands wherein they had camped, lay as waste as the wheat-fields of Palestine in June, when the plague of locusts has eaten its way from east to west.

When they came to a resting-place after many days' march, mud-stained or white with dust, weary and foot-sore, their horses lame, their mules overladen with the burdens of those that had died by the way, beards half grown, hair unkempt, faces grimy, clothes worn shapeless, they were more like a multitude of barbarians wandering upon the plains of Asia than like nobles of France and high-born crusaders. At first, when they reached the halting-place by stream or river or lake, there was a struggle for drinking and a strife for the watering of horses and beasts of burden, so that sometimes men and mules were trampled down and hurt, and some were killed. It mattered little in so great a host, and a spade's depth of earth was enough for a man, if a priest could be found to bless his body on the spot where he lay, since he had died on the road to Jerusalem; but the jackals and wild dogs followed the march and lay in wait for dead beasts. Then when the first confusion was over, when hunger and thirst

[1] Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

were satisfied, the tents were unpacked with their poles, and the sound of the great wooden mallets, striking upon the tent-pegs, was like the irregular pounding stroke of the fuller's hammers as the water-wheel makes them rise and fall; and though the army had crossed Europe and had encamped in many places, the colors of the tents were bright still, and the pennants floated in streaks of vivid color against the sky. Soon, when the first work was over and the little villages of red and green and purple and white canvas were built up in their long, irregular lines, the smoke of camp-fires rose in curling wreaths, and bag and baggage, pack and parcel, were opened and the contents spread out. As if for some great festival, men and women chose their gayest clothes and richest ornaments, so that when they met again before the open tents which were set up for chapels, one for each little band of fellow-townsmen and neighbors at home, and afterward when they ate and drank together according to their rank, under wide awnings at noontide, or beneath the clear sky in the cool of the evening, it was a goodly sight, and every man's heart was lightened and his courage returned as he felt that he himself had his share and part of the glorious whole. For it was as it always is and always must be, where power and wealth are masters of the scene, and there is no acting-room for misery or sorrow or such poor strolling players as sickness and death. The things which please not the eye are quick to offend souls nursed in a faultless taste, and the charnel-house of failure receives whatsoever things have not the power of pleasing.

Now, when they came to Nicæa, hope was high, and the light of victories to come seemed to be shining in every man's eyes. There for the first time Queen Eleanor led out her three hundred ladies in battle array, clad in bright mail, with skirts of silk and cloth of gold, and long white mantles, each with a scarlet cross upon the shoulder; and on their heads they wore light caps of steel ornamented with chiseled gold and silver, and here and there with a metal crest such as a bird's wing beaten out of thin silver plate.

It was at noonday under the fair autumn sun. A broad meadow, green in patches, where the grass had not been burned brown by the summer heat, stretched toward the Lake of Ascania, where the ground rose in hillocks, to end abruptly in a sheer fall of thirty or forty feet to the water's edge. There were places where there was no grass at all, and where the dry gravel lay bare and dusty, yet on the whole it was a fair field for a great assembly of men on horseback and on foot. To southward the meadow rose, rolling away to the distant wooded hills, whither the German host was already gone. The great lords, with their men-at-arms and squires, riding each in the midst of his vassal knights, went out thither to see such a sight as none had seen before, and ranged themselves by ranks around the field, so that there was room for all. And thither Gilbert went also with his man Dunstan, in the king's train, for he owed no service or allegiance to any man there. They waited long for the queen.

She came at last, leading her company and mounted on a beautiful white Arab mare, the gift of the Greek emperor, as gentle a creature as ever obeyed voice and hand, and as swift as the swiftest of the breed of Nejd. She rode alone, ten lengths before the rest, as tall and straight in the saddle as any man, a lance in her right hand, while her left held the bridle low and lightly; and at the very first glance every soldier in that great field knew that there was none like her in the troop. Yet her fair ladies made a good showing and rode not badly as they cantered by, as brilliant and changing as a shower of blossoms, with black eyes, and blue, and brown, fair cheeks and dark, and laughing lips not made to talk of rough deeds, save to praise them in husband or lover.

Next to the queen and before the following ranks rode one who bore the standard of Eleanor's ancient house, St. George and the dragon, displayed on a white ground and now for the first time quartered in a cross. The Lady Anne of Auch was very dark, and her black hair streamed like a shadow in the air behind her, while her dark eyes looked upward and onward. Splendidly handsome she was, and doubtless Eleanor had chosen her for her beauty to be standard-bearer of the troop, well knowing that no living face could be compared with her own, and willing to outshine a rival whose features and form were the honor of the South.

They rode in a sort of order, in squadrons of fifty each, but not in serried ranks, for they had not the skill to keep in line, though they rode well and boldly. Before each squadron rode a lady who for her beauty or her rank, or for both, was captain, and wore upon her steel cap a gilded crest. Each squadron had a color of its own, scarlet and green and violet and the tender shade of anemones in spring, and their mantles had been dyed with

each hue in the dyeing-vats of Venice, and were lined with delicately tinted silks from the East, brought to the harbors of France by Italian traders. For the merchants of Amalfi filled the Mediterranean with their busy commerce and had quarters of their own in every Eastern city, and had then but lately founded the saintly order of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, whence grew the noble community of the Knights of Malta, which was to live through many centuries even to our day.

Nor could the queen's ladies have worn mail and steel and wielded sword and lance, so that at a long stone's throw they might almost have passed for men, but that cunning jewelers and artificers of Italy, and Moorish smiths from Spain, had been brought at great pains and cost to France to make such armor and weapons as had never been wrought before. The mail was of finest rings of steel sewn upon soft doeskin, fitted so closely that there was no room for gambeson or jerkin; and though it might have stopped a broad arrow or turned the edge of a blade, a sharp dagger could have made a wound beneath it, and against a blow it afforded less protection than a woolen cloak. Many had little rings of gold sewn regularly in the rows of steel ones, that caught the light with a warmer sparkle, and the clasps of their mantles were chiseled gold and silver. The trappings of each horse were matched in color with the ladies' mantles, and the captains of the squadrons wore golden spurs.

They dropped the points of their lances as they passed the king where he sat on his horse, a stone's throw from the high shore of the lake, in the midst of his chief barons, his pale face expressing neither interest nor pleasure in what he saw, and his eyes distrustful, as always, of his queen and her many caprices. She, when she had saluted him with a smile that was almost a laugh, rode on a little way, and then, with a sharply uttered word of command, she wheeled by the left, crossed half the broad field, and led her ladies back straight toward the king. Within five lengths of him she halted suddenly, almost bringing her horse's haunches to the ground, and keeping her seat in a way that would have done credit to a man brought up in the saddle. To tell the truth, very few of her ladies were able to perform such a feat with any ease or assurance, and in the sudden halt there was more than a little disorder, accompanied by all sorts of exclamations of annoyance and ejaculations of surprise: yet, in spite of difficulty, the whole troop came to a standstill; moreover, a hundred thousand or more of knights and soldiers on horseback and on foot were so much more interested in the looks of the riders than in their horsemanship, and the whole effect of the gay confusion, with its many colors, its gleam of gold and glint of silver, was so pretty and altogether novel, that a great cry of enthusiasm and delight rang in the sunny air. A faint flush of pleasure rose in the queen's cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with triumph at the long applause which was on her side against the king's disapproval. She dropped the point of her lance until it almost touched the ground, and spoke to her husband in a high, clear voice that was heard by many.

"I present to your Grace this troop of brave knights," she said. "In strength the advantage is yours; in numbers you far outdo us; in age you are older; in experience there are those with you who have lived a lifetime in arms: yet we have some skill also, and those who are old in battles know that the victory belongs to the spirit and the heart, before it is the work of the hand; and in these my knights are not behind yours."

The men who heard her words and saw the lovely light in her wondrous face threw up their right hands and shouted great cheers for her and her three hundred riders; but the king spoke no word of praise, and his face was still and sour. Again the queen's cheek flushed.

"Your Grace leads the army of France," she said, "an army of brave men. My knights are many, and brave too, the troops of Guienne and of Poitou and of Gascony and of more than half of all the duchies that speak our tongue and owe me allegiance. But of them all, and before them all, to ride in the van of this holy war, I choose these three hundred ladies. My lord king, and you lords, barons, knights, and men who have taken upon you the sign of the cross, you the flower of French chivalry and manhood, your comrades in arms are these, the flowers of France! Long live the king!"

She threw up her lance and caught it easily in her right hand as she uttered the cry, laughing in the king's face, and well knowing her power compared with his: and as the high young voices behind her took up the shout, the great multitude that bordered the meadow took it up also; but one word was changed, and a hundred thousand throats shouted, "Long live the queen!"

When there was silence at last, the king looked awkwardly to his right and left as if

seeking advice; but the nobles about him were watching the fair ladies, and had perhaps no counsel to offer. In the great stillness the queen waited, still smiling triumphantly, and still he could find nothing to say, so that a soft titter ran through the ladies' ranks, whereat the king looked more sour than ever.

"Madam," he began at last. And after that he seemed to be speaking, but no one heard what he said.

Apparently with the intention of showing that he had nothing more to say,—and indeed it was of very little importance whether he had or not,—he waved his hand with a rather awkward gesture and slightly bowed his head.

"Long live the monk!" said Eleanor, audibly, as she wheeled to the right to lead her troop away.

Gilbert Warde sat on his horse in the front line of the spectators, some fifty yards from the king and near the edge of the lake; and as the queen cantered along the line, gathering her harvest of admiration in men's faces, her eyes met the young Englishman's and recognized him. On his great Norman horse he sat half a head taller than the men on each side of him, as motionless as a statue. Yet his look expressed something which she had never seen in his face till then; for, being freed from her immediate influence and at liberty to look on her merely as the loveliest sight in the world, more strangely beautiful than ever in her gleaming armor, he had not thought of concealing the pleasure he felt in watching her.

Not all the cheering of the great army, not all the light in the thousand eyes that followed her, could have done more than bring a faint color to her face, nor could any man in all that host have found a word to make her heart beat faster. But when she saw Gilbert the blood sank suddenly and her eyes grew darker. They lingered on him as she rode by, and turned back to him a little with drooping lids and a slight bend of the head that had in it a glance beyond her own knowledge or intention. He, like those beside him, threw up his hand and cheered again, and she did not see that almost before she had passed him he was looking along the ranks for another face.

The three hundred cantered slowly round half the meadow, and the cheer followed them as they went, like the moving cry of birds on the wing; and first they rode along the line of the king's men, but presently they came to the knights and soldiers of Eleanor's great vassalage, and all at once there were flowers in the air, wild flowers from the fields and autumn roses from the gardens of Nicæa, plucked early by young squires and boys, and tied into nosegays and carefully shielded from the sun, that they might be still fresh when the time came to throw them. The light blossoms scattered in the air, and the leaves were blown into the faces of the fair women as they passed. Moreover, some of the knights had silken scarfs of red and white, and waved them above their heads while they cheered and shouted. And so the troop rode round three sides of the great meadow.

But at the last side there was a change that fell like a chill upon the whole multitude of men and women, and a cry came ringing down the air that struck a discord through the triumphant notes, long, harsh, as bad to hear as the howl of wild beasts when the fire licks up the grass of the wilderness behind them. At the sound, men turned their heads and looked in the direction whence it came, and many, by old instinct, slipped their left hands to the hilts of sword and dagger, and felt that each blade was loose in its sheath. As she galloped along, Queen Eleanor's white mare threw up her head sidewise with a snort and swirved, almost wrenching the bridle from the queen's hold, and at the same moment the lusty cheering broke high in the air and died fitfully away. The instinct of fear and the foreknowledge of great evil were present, unseen and terrible, and of the three hundred ladies who reined in their horses as the queen halted, nine out of ten felt that they changed color, scarcely knowing why. With one common impulse all turned their eyes toward the rising ground to southward.

There were strange figures upon the low hillocks, riding out of the woods at furious speed toward the meadow, and already the deep lines began to open and part to make way for the rush. There were men bareheaded, with rags of mantles streaming in the wind, spurring lame and jaded horses to the speed of a charge, and crying out strange words in tones of terror. But only one word was understood by some of those who heard:

"The Seljuks! The Seljuks!"

Down the gentle slope they came spurring like madmen. As they drew nearer, one could see that there was blood on their armor, blood on the rags of their cloaks, blood on their faces and on their hands; some were wounded in the head, and the clotted gore made streaks upon their necks;

some had bandages upon them made of strips of torn-up clothes; and one man who rode in the front, when his horse sprang a ditch at the foot of the hill, threw up an arm that was without a hand.

No man of all the throng who had ever seen war doubted the truth for one moment after the first of the wild riders was in sight, and the older and more experienced men instinctively looked into one another's faces and came forward together. But even had they been warned in time, they could have done nothing against the fright that seized the younger men and the women at the throat like a bodily enemy, choking out hope and strength and youth in the dreadful premonition of untimely death. The squires pressed upon the knights, the boys and young men-at-arms and the followers of the camp forced their weight inward next, and the inner circle yielded and allowed itself to be crushed in upon the troop of ladies, whose horses began to plunge and rear with their riders' fright; and still, on one side, the crowd tried to part before the coming fugitives. The first came tearing down, his horse's nostrils streaming with blood, himself wild-eyed, with foam-flecked lips that howled the words of terror: "The Seljuks! The Seljuks!"

A dozen lengths before the terror-stricken wall of human beings that could not make way to let him in, without warning, without a death-gasp, the horse doubled his head under himself as he galloped his last stride, and falling in a round heap, rolled over and over, forward, with frightful violence, till he suddenly lay stiff and stark, with twisted neck and outstretched heels, within a yard of the shrinking crowd, his rider crushed to death on the grass behind him. And still the others came tearing down the hill, more and more, faster and faster, as if no earthly power could stop their rush: first a score and then a hundred, and then the torn remnants of a vanquished host, blown as it were like fallen leaves by the whirlwind of the death they had just escaped. Many of them, not knowing and not caring what they did, and remembering only the wrath from which they fled, did not even try to rein in their horses, and the beasts themselves, mad with fright and pain, charged right at the ranks of people on foot, and reared their full height at the last bound, rather than override a living man; and many were crushed in the press, and many fell from their jaded mounts, too weary to rise, and too much exhausted to utter any words save a cry for water.

Nevertheless, two or three who had more life in them than the rest were able to stand, and were presently led round the close-packed crowd to the edge of the lake, where the king was quietly waiting with his courtiers until the confusion should end itself, saying a prayer or two for the welfare of every one concerned, but making not the slightest attempt to restrain the panic or to restore order. But the queen and her ladies were in danger of being crushed to death in the very midst of the seething, bruising, stifling mass of humanity.

Gilbert was near the king, and sitting high on his great horse, saw farther than most men above the wild confusion. It was as if some frightful, unseen monster were gathering a hundred thousand men in iron coils, always inward, as great snakes crush their prey, thousands upon thousands, the bodies of horses and men upon men and horses, with resistless force, till the human beings could struggle no longer, and the beasts themselves could neither kick nor plunge, but only trample all that was near them, while they moved slowly toward the center. By thousands and thousands, again, on an almost even level, the small round caps of many colors were pressed together, till it seemed impossible that there could be room for the bodies that belonged to them. As when, in vintage-time, the gathered fruit is brought home to the vats in the sweating panniers of wood pressed down and level to the brim, and the red and white and blue and green grapes lie closely touching one another, almost floating in the juice, rocking and bobbing all at once with every step of the laden mule, so, as Gilbert looked out before him, the bright-hued, close-fitting caps moved restlessly and without ceasing all around a central turmoil of splendid color, shaded by tender tones of violet and olive, and shot by the glare of sunlit gold, and the sheen of silver, and the cold light of polished steel. But in the heart of the press there was danger, and from far away Gilbert saw clearly enough, through the cloud of light and color, the lifeless tones that are like nothing else of nature, the deadly unreflecting paleness of frightened faces. The cries of women hurt and in terror came rising over the heads of the multitude. He sat still and looked before him as if his sight could distinguish the features of one or another at that distance, and he felt icy cold when he thought of what might happen, and that all those fair young girls and women, in their beauty and in their youth, in their fanciful dresses, might be crushed and tram-

pled and kicked to death before thousands who would have died to save them. His first instinct was to charge the crowd before him, to force the way, even by the sword, and to bring the queen and her ladies safely back; but a moment's thought showed him how utterly futile any such attempt must be, and that even if the whole throng had felt as he felt himself, and had wished to make way for any one, it would have had no power to do so. There was only one chance of saving the women, and that evidently lay in leading off the crowd by some excitement counter to its present fear.

The instant the difficulty and the danger flashed upon him Gilbert began to look about him for some means of safety for those in peril, and in his distress of mind every lost minute was monstrously lengthened as it passed. Beside him, his man Dunstan stood in silence, apparently indifferent to all that was taking place, his quiet face a trifle more drawn and keen than usual; possibly a very slight movement of the curved nostrils expressed some inward excitement, but that was scarcely perceptible. Gilbert knew that his own face showed his extreme anxiety, and as he in vain attempted to find some expedient, the man's excessive coolness began to irritate him.

"You stand there," said Gilbert, rather coldly, "as if you did not care that three hundred ladies of France are being crushed to death and that we Englishmen can do nothing to help them."

Dunstan raised his lids and looked up at his master without lifting his head.

"I am not so indifferent as the king, sir," he answered, barely raising a finger in the direction of the knot of courtiers, in the midst of whom, some fifty yards away, the cold, pale face of the king was just then distinctly visible. "France might be burned before his eyes, yet he would pray for his own soul rather than lift a hand for the lives of others."

"We are as bad as he," retorted Gilbert, almost angrily, and moving uneasily in his saddle as he felt himself powerless.

Dunstan did not answer at once, and he bit one side of his lower lip with his pointed teeth nervously. Suddenly he stooped down and picked up something against which his foot had struck as he moved. Gilbert paid no attention to what he did.

"Do you wish to draw away the crowd so as to make room for the queen?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" Gilbert looked at his man inquiringly, though his tone was harsh and almost angry. "We cannot cut a way for them through the crowd," he added, looking before him again.

Dunstan laughed quietly.

"I will lay my life against a new tunic that I can make this multitude spin on itself like a whipped top," he said. "But I admit that you could not, sir."

"Why not?" asked Gilbert, instantly bending down in order to hear better. "What can you do that I cannot?"

"What gentle blood could never do," replied the man, with a shade of bitterness. "Shall I have the new tunic if I save the Lady Beatrix—and the Queen of France?"

"Twenty! Anything you ask for! But be quick!"

Dunstan stooped again, and again picked up something from under his foot.

"I am only a churl," he said as he stood upright again, "but I can risk my life like you for a lady, and if I win, I would rather win a sword than a bit of finery."

"You shall win more than that," Gilbert answered, his tone changing. "But if you know of anything to do, in the name of God do it quickly, for it is time!"

"Good-by, sir."

Gilbert heard the two words, and while they were still in his ears, half understood, Dunstan had slipped away among the squires and knights about them, and was lost to sight.

One minute had not passed when a wild yell rent the air, with fierce words, high and clear, which thousands must have heard at the very first, even had they not been repeated again and again:

"The king has betrayed us! The king is a traitor to the cross!"

At the very instant a stone flew straight from Dunstan's unerring hand, and struck the king's horse fairly between the eyes, upon the rich frontlet, heavy with gold embroidery. The charger reared up violently to his height, and before he had got his head down to plunge, Dunstan's furious scream split the air again, and the second stone struck the king himself full on the breast, and rolled to the saddle and then to the ground:

"The king has betrayed us all! Traitor! traitor! traitor!"

There never yet was a feverish, terror-stricken throng of men, suddenly disheartened by the unanswerable evidence of a great defeat by which they themselves might be lost, that would not take up the cry of "Traitor!" against their leaders. Before he raised his voice, Dunstan had got among men who knew him neither by sight nor by name, and

he second stone had not sped home before ie was gone again in a new direction, silent iow, with compressed lips, his dark, inscrutaile eyes looking sharply about him. He had lone his work, and he knew what might iappen to him if he were afterward recogiized. But none heeded him. The uproar vent surging toward the king with a rising ury, like the turn of the tide in a winter torm, roaring up to the breaking pitch, and nany would have stoned him and torn him o pieces; but there were many also, older nd cooler men, who pressed round him, houlder to shoulder, with swords drawn and lashing in the sunlight, and faces set to lefend their liege lord and sovereign. In an nstant the flying Germans were forgotten; nd the emperor and his army, and the meanng of the holy war and of the cross itself, vere gone from men's minds in the fury of iot on the one side, in the stern determinaion of defense on the other. The vast weight f men rolled forward, pushed by those beiind, forcing the king and those who stood y him to higher ground. In dire distress, nd almost hopeless of extricating her gentle roop from destruction, the queen heard the iew tumult far away, and felt the close press ielding on one side. The word "traitor" ran long like a quick echo from mouth to mouth, epeated again and again, sometimes angrily, ometimes in tones of unbelief, but always epeated, until there was scarcely one man n a hundred thousand whose lips had not ormed the syllables. Eleanor saw her husand and his companions, with their drawn words moving in the air, on the knoll; she eard the stinging word, and a hard and cornful look lingered in her face a moment. She knew that the accusation was false, hat it was too utterly empty to have meanng for honest men: yet she despised her usband merely because a madman could ast such a word at him; and in the security f power and dominions far greater than his, s well as of a popularity to which he could ever attain, she looked upon him in her eart as a contemptible kinglet, to marry vhom had been her most foolish mistake. And it had become the object of her life to ut him away if she could.

For a few moments she looked on across he sea of heads that had already begun to iove away. Her mare was quieter now in he larger space, being a docile creature, but iany of the other ladies' horses were still lunging and kicking, though so crowded hat they could do one another little hurt. She saw how the knights were forcing their way to the king's side, and how the great herd of footmen resisted them, while the word of shame rose louder in their yells; and though she despised the king, the fierce instinct of the great noble against the rabble ran through her like a painful shock, and her face turned pale as she felt her anger in her throat.

There was room now, for the great throng was rushing from her, spreading like a river, and dividing at the hillock where it met the knights' swords, and flowing to right and left along the edge of the lake. The queen looked behind her, to see what ladies were nearest to her, and she saw her standard-bearer, Anne of Auch, fighting her rearing charger; and next to her, quiet and pale, on a vicious Hungarian gelding a great deal too big for her, but which she seemed to manage with extraordinary ease, sat Beatrix de Curboil, a small, slim figure in a delicate mail that looked no stronger than a silver fishing-net, her shape half hidden by her flowing mantle of soft olive-green with a scarlet cross on the shoulder, and wearing a silver dove's wing on her steel cap.

Her eyes met Eleanor's, and lightened in sympathy of thought, so that the other understood in a flash. The queen's right hand went up, lifting the lance high in air; half wheeling to the left, and turning her head still farther, she called out to those behind her:

"Ladies of France! The rabble is at the king! Forward!"

An instant later, the fleet Arab mare was galloping straight for the crowd, and Eleanor did not look behind her again, but held her lance before her and a little raised, so that it was just ready to fall into rest. Directly behind her rode the Lady Anne, the shaft of the standard in the socket of her stirrup, her arm run through the thong, so that she had both hands free; she sat erect in the saddle, her horse already at a racing gallop, neck out, eyes up, red nostrils wide, delighting in being free from restraint: and Beatrix was there too, like a feather on her big brown Hungarian, that thundered along like a storm, his wicked ears laid straight back, and his yellowish teeth showing white in the noon sunshine. But of all the three hundred ladies none followed them. The others had not understood the queen's command, or had not heard, or could not manage their horses, or were afraid. And the three women rode at the mob, that was now four hundred yards away.

Straight they rode, heedless and unaware

that they were alone, nor counting how little three women could do against thousands. But the people heard the hammering hoofs of the two big horses, and the Arab's light footfall resounded quickly and steadily, as the fingers of a dancer striking the tambourine. Hundreds glanced back to see who rode so fast, and thousands turned their heads to know why the others looked; and all, seeing the queen, pressed back to right and left, making way, partly in respect for her and much in fear for themselves. Far up the rising ground, the riot ceased as suddenly as it had begun; the men-at-arms drew back in shame, and many tried to hide their faces, lest they should be known again. The tide of human beings divided before the swiftly riding women, as the cloud-bank splits before the northwest wind in winter, and the white mare sped like a ray of light between long, wavering lines of rough faces and gleaming arms.

The queen glanced scornfully to each side as she passed in a gale, and the dear sense of power soothed her stirred pride. Still the line opened, and still she rode on, scarcely rising and sinking with the mare's wonderful stride. But the way that was made for her was not straight to the king now; the throng was more dense there, and the people parted as they could, so that the three ladies had to follow the only open passage. Suddenly, before them, there was an end, where the rolling ground broke away sharply in a fall of forty feet to the edge of the lake below. The heads of the last of the crowd who stood at the brink were clear and distinct against the pale sky. The queen could not see the water, but she felt that there was death in the leap. Her two companions looked beyond her and saw also.

Eleanor dropped her lance quietly to the right, so that it should not make her followers fall, and with hands low and weight thrown back in the deep saddle, she pulled with all her might. Her favorite black horse, broken to her own hand, would have obeyed her; she might have been able to stop Beatrix's great Hungarian, for her white hands were as strong as steel; but the Arab mare was trained only to the touch of an Arab halter and the deep caress of an Arab voice, and at the first strain of the cruel French bit she threw up her head, swerved, caught the steel in her teeth, and shot forward again at twice her speed. Eleanor tried in vain to wrench the mare's head to one side, into the shrinking crowd.

The queen's face turned gray, but her lips were set and her eyes steady, as she looked death in the face. Behind her, Beatrix's little gloved hands were like white moths on the steadily jerking bridle, the Hungarian's terrific stride threw up the sod behind her, and there was a hopeless, far-away look in her face, almost like a death-smile. Only the strong, dark woman of the South seemed still to have control over her horse, and he slowly slackened his speed and fell a little behind the other two.

In the fearful danger the crowd was silent and breathless, and many men turned pale as they saw. But none moved.

One second, two seconds, three seconds, and to every second two strides: the end of three women's lives was counted by the wild hoof-strokes. The race might last while one could count ten more.

Gilbert Warde had at first tried to press nearer to the king, but he saw that it was useless, because the king was already shoulder to shoulder with the nobles and knights. So he had turned back to face the crowd with those about him, and with the flat of his blade he had beaten down some few swords which men had dared to draw; but he had wounded no one, for he knew that it was a madness which must pass and must be forgiven.

Then he found himself with his horse on the very edge of the open track made by the dividing people, and he looked and saw the queen, and Beatrix three or four lengths behind her, as the matchless Arab gained ground in the race. He had seen also the deep fall, and understood. Instantly he was on his feet on the turf, a step out in the perilous way; and he wished that he had the strength of Lancelot in his hands, with the leap of a wild beast in his feet: but his heart did not fail him. In one second he lived an hour. His life was nothing, but he could give it only once, and save one woman, and she must be Beatrix, let such chance befall Eleanor as might. Yet Eleanor was the queen, and she had been kind to him, and in the fateful instant of doom his eyes were on her face; he would try to save the other, but unconsciously he made one step forward again and stood waiting in midway. One second for a lifetime's thought, one for the step he made, and the next was the last. He could hear the rush of the wind, and Eleanor was looking at him.

In that supreme moment her face changed, and the desperate calm in her eyes changed to desperate fear for him she loved even better than she knew.

"Back!" she cried, and the cry was a woman's agonized scream, but not for herself.

With all her might, but utterly in vain, she wrenched sidewise at the mare's mouth, and she closed her eyes lest she should see the man die. He had meant to let her pass to her death, for the girl was dearer to him, and he had gathered his strength like a bent spring to serve him. But he saw her eyes and heard her cry, and in the flash of instinct he knew she loved him, and that she wished him to save himself rather than her; and thereby is real love proved on the touchstone of fear.

As he sprang, he knew that he had no choice, though he did not love her. The fall of her mare, if his grip held, might stop the rest. He sprang; he saw only the Arab's pony head and the gold on the bridle, as both his hands grasped it. Then he saw nothing more, but yet he held, and, dead, he would have held still, as the steel jaws of the hunter's trap hold upon the wolf's leg-bone. He knew that he was thrown down, dragged, bounded, bruised, twisted like a rope till his joints cracked. But he held, and felt no pain, while earth and sky whirled with him. It was not a second; it was an hour, a year, a lifetime: yet he could not have loosed his hold, had he wished to let go, for there were in him the blood and the soul of the race that never yielded its grip on whatsoever it held.

It lasted a breathing-space, while the mare plunged wildly and staggered, and her head almost touched the ground and dragged the man's hands on the turf; then as his weight wrenched her neck back, her violent speed threw her hind quarters round, as a vane is blown from the gale. At the same instant the great Hungarian horse was upon her, tried to leap her in his stride, struck her empty saddle with his broad chest, and fell against her and upon her with all his enormous weight, and the two rolled over each other, frantically kicking. The standard-bearer's horse, less mad than the others and some lengths behind, checked himself cleverly, and after two or three short, violent strides, that almost unseated his rider, planted his fore feet in the turf and stood stock-still, heaving and trembling. The race was over.

With the strength and instinct of the perfect rider, Eleanor had slipped her feet from the stirrups and had let herself be thrown, lifting herself with her hands on the high pommel and vaulting clear away. She fell, but was on her feet before any man of the dazed throng could help her. She saw Gilbert lying his full length on his side, his body passive, but his arms stretched beyond his head, while his gloved hands still clenched upon the bridle and were pulled from side to side by the mare's faintly struggling head. His eyes were half open toward the queen, but they were pale and saw nothing. The Hungarian had rolled half upon his back, little hurt, and the pommels of the saddle under him kept him from turning completely over.

Beatrix lay like one dead. She had been thrown over the Arab's back, striking her head on the turf, and the mare in her final struggle had rolled upon her feet. The light steel cap had been forced down over her forehead in spite of its cushioned lining, and the chiseled rim had cut into the flesh so that a little line of dark blood was slowly running across the white skin; and her white gloved hands were lying palm upward, half open and motionless. The queen scarcely glanced at her.

Many men sprang forward when the danger was past, and they dragged Beatrix out and began to get her horse upon his feet. Eleanor knelt by Gilbert and tried to take his fingers from the bridle, but could not, so that she had to loose the buckles from the long bars of the bit. Her hands clasped his temples softly, and she bent lower and blew upon his face, that her cool breath might wake him. There were drops of blood on his forehead and on his chin; his cloth tunic was torn in many places, and the white linen showed at the rents: but Eleanor saw only the look in his face, serene and strong even in his unconsciousness, while in the dream of his swoon he saved her life again.

In that moment, knowing that he could not see her, she thought not of her own face as she gazed upon his, nor of hiding what she felt; and the thing she felt was evil, and it was sweet. But suddenly there was life in his look, with a gentle smile, and the strained fingers were loosed with a sigh, and a long-unused word came from his lips:

"Mother!"

Eleanor shook her beautiful head slowly. Then Gilbert's face darkened with understanding, and the old pain clutched at his heart sharply, even before the keen bodily hurt awoke in his wrung limbs. All at once thought came, and he knew how, in a quick fall of his heart, he had forgotten Beatrix and had almost given his life to save the queen. As if he had been stung, he started and raised himself on one hand, though it was as if he forced his body among hot knives.

"She is dead!" he cried, with twisting lips.

"No; you saved us both."

The words came soft and clear, as Eleanor laid her hand upon his shoulder to quiet him, and watched the change as the agony in his eyes faded to relief and brightened to peace.

"Thank God!"

He sank upon her arm, for he was much bruised. But her face changed, too, and she suffered new things, because in her there was good as well as evil; for as she loved him more than before he had saved her, so she would give him more, if she might, even to forgetting herself.

And so, for a few moments, she knelt and watched him, heedless of the people about her, scarcely seeing a dark man whom she had never noticed before, and who bent so low that she could not see his face, quietly loosening his master's collar and then feeling along his arms and legs for any bone hurt there might be.

"Who are you?" asked the queen at last, gently, as to one who was helping him she loved.

"His man," answered Dunstan, laconically, without looking up.

"Take care of him, and bring me word of him," she answered, and from a wallet she wore she gave him gold, which he took, silently bending his head still lower in thanks.

He, too, had saved her that day, and knew it, though she did not.

She stood up at last, gathering her mantle round her. Less than ten minutes had passed since she had thrown up her hand and called to her ladies to follow her. Since then the world had been in herself and on fire, leaving no room for other thoughts; but now the crowd had parted wide, and the king was coming toward her, slow and late, to know whether she were hurt, for he had seen her ride.

"Madam," he said, when he had dismounted, "I thank the mercy of Heaven, which deigned to hear the prayers I was continually offering up for your safety while your life was threatened by that dangerous animal. We will render thanks in divine services during ten days before proceeding farther, or during a fortnight if you prefer it."

"Your Grace," said Eleanor, coldly, "is at liberty to praise Heaven by the month if it seems good to you. Had it not been for that poor Englishman, who lies there in a swoon, and who caught my horse's bridle at the risk of his life, you might have been ordering masses for my soul instead of for my bodily preservation. They would have been much needed had I been killed just then."

The king crossed himself devoutly, half closed his eyes, bent himself a little, and whispered a short prayer.

"It would be better," observed the queen, "to move on at once and support the emperor."

"It has pleased God that the army of the emperor should be totally destroyed," answered the king, calmly. "The emperor himself will be here in a few hours, unless he has perished with the rest of his knights, slain by the Seljuk horsemen who are pursuing the fugitives."

"The more reason why we should save those who are still alive. My army shall march to-morrow at daybreak—your Grace may stay behind and pray for us."

She turned from him scornfully. Dunstan and some foot-soldiers had made stretchers with lances and pikes, and were just beginning to carry Beatrix and Gilbert away, northward, in the direction of the camp.

(To be continued.)

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"HE HELD, . . . WHILE EARTH AND SKY WHIRLED WITH HIM."

THE STORY OF THE CAPTAINS.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 3, 1898, BY OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN FLEET.

Captain ROBLEY D. EVANS of the *Iowa*.
Captain HENRY C. TAYLOR of the *Indiana*.
Lieut.-Com. R. WAINWRIGHT of the *Gloucester*.
Captain J. W. PHILIP of the *Texas*.
Captain F. A. COOK of the *Brooklyn*.
Lieutenant E. W. EBERLE (with a note on Cervera's strategy by Captain Clark) of the *Oregon*.
Captain F. E. CHADWICK of the *New York*.
Lieutenant H. P. HUSE of the *Gloucester*.
Chaplain W. G. CASSARD of the *Indiana*.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE ON THE "IOWA," "INDIANA," "GLOUCESTER," "TEXAS," "BROOKLYN," "OREGON," "NEW YORK," AND "HIST."[1]

THE "IOWA" AT SANTIAGO.

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS.

SUNDAY, July 3, 1898, was one of those beautiful days sometimes seen on the south coast of Cuba, and the air was so pure that the outlines of the distant mountains were clearly visible, with the Spanish block-houses picturesquely perched on the loftiest peaks. There was no haze, and the blue of the mountains blended with the blue of the sky.

At nine o'clock in the morning, Admiral Sampson having an engagement with General Shafter, the flagship *New York* had gone eastward, flying the signal, "Disregard the movements of the commander-in-chief."

The American squadron was arranged in a half-circle around the entrance of Santiago harbor, three miles distant from the Morro, and in the following order: beginning on the right, the auxiliary *Gloucester*, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, close to the shore off Aguadores; next, the battle-ship *Indiana*, Captain Taylor; next, the battle-ship *Oregon*, Captain Clark; then the battle-ship *Iowa*, Captain Evans, directly off the mouth of the harbor; next, the battle-ship *Texas*, Captain Philip; next, the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, flying the pennant of Commodore Schley, Captain Cook commanding; and close to the land, off Cabañas, the auxiliary *Vixen*, Lieutenant Sharp. The rusty, lead-colored squadron looked very business like as it rolled gently in the long southeast swell.

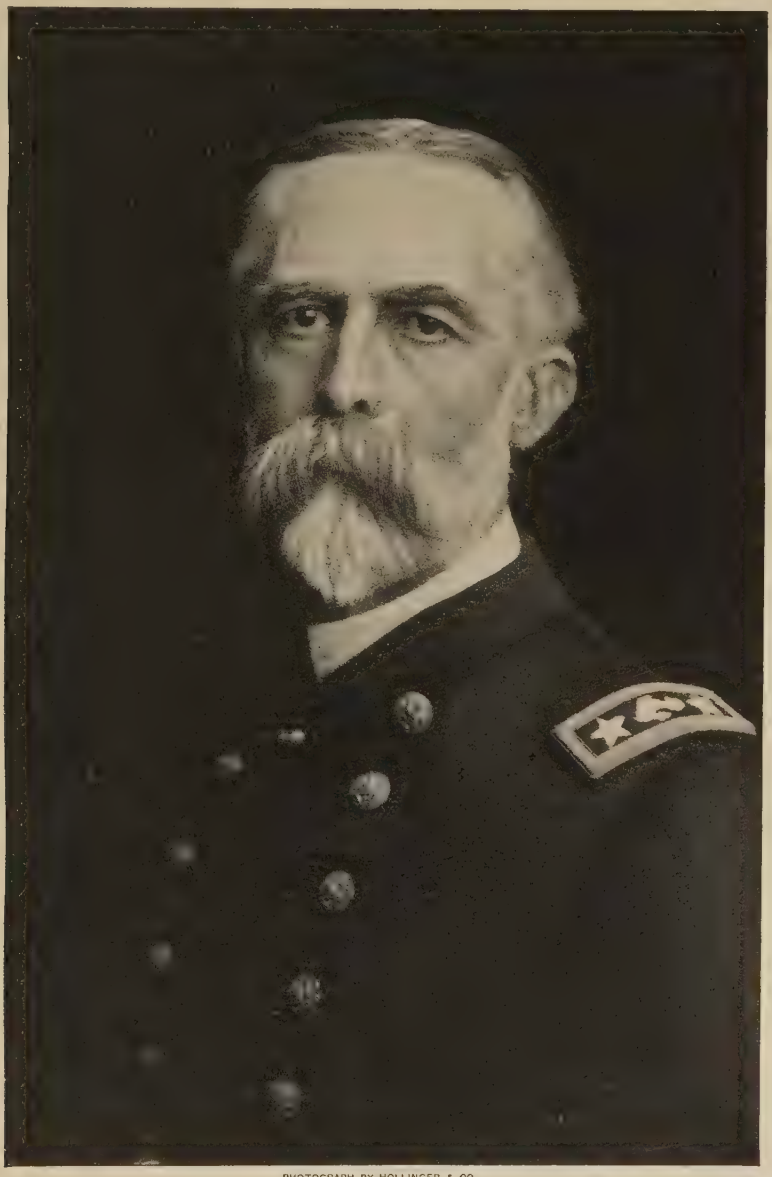
> Like leviathans afloat lay their bulwarks on the brine.

The officers and crews were at preliminary Sunday morning inspection, dressed in spotless white. Battle-hatches were off temporarily, to give what little relief was possible to the sweltering crews; electric-firing batteries and ammunition-hoists had been carefully examined: in a word, everything had been done to prepare the ships for the inspection of commanding officers, who appreciated their position off an enemy's coast, liable at any moment to engage a fleet commanded by an officer whose reputation for daring and courage was equaled by few and surpassed by none in his profession.

I had just finished my breakfast, and was sitting smoking at my cabin table, in conversation with my son, a naval cadet, who fortunately had been left on picket duty the night before by his ship, the *Massachusetts*, and who had taken refuge with me until her return from Guantanamo, where she had gone for coal. At thirty-one minutes after nine o'clock the general alarm for action rang all over the ship. My son jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "Papa, the enemy's ships are coming out!" and we both started as fast as we could go for the bridge. Before I reached the spar-deck I heard a gun fired from the *Iowa*, and upon reaching the bridge found the signal flying, "Enemy's ships coming out." The engine-gongs rang,

[1] The reader will find in the preceding number of THE CENTURY Admiral Sampson's personal narrative of the campaign, "The Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War," including synchronous maps of the movements of the vessels under Cervera, Sampson, and Schley, a plan of the blockade of Santiago, and a series of eight bird's-eye plans of the engagement.—EDITOR.

'Full speed ahead," and the *Iowa* closed in as she slowly gathered speed. At this moment the Spanish cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa* was in plain view, coming around tenant Hill, who, with Lieutenant Scheutze, the navigating officer, had discovered the *Teresa* as her bows came around the intervening land.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.

mith Cay in front of the Punta Gorda battery, her magnificent battle-flag just showing ear of the land as I reached the bridge.

The battle-hatches of the *Iowa* were rating into place, her sturdy crew stopping or a moment to cheer the Spanish ship as he stood boldly out. The shot I had heard I came up was a six-pounder fired by Lieu-

It may be well to state here that the *Iowa* was the first to discover the Spanish ships not because of any greater watchfulness on her part, but because of her position, by which she was enabled to see farther into the harbor than any other ship. All the vessels were most vigilant and watchful, as is shown by the fact that no fewer than three

claim to have been the first to see the Spaniards. At sundown on July 2, Lieutenant Hill, who at the time was officer of the deck, reported to me suspicious movements on the part of the Spanish fleet, judging from the six columns of smoke which were discernible over the land and close to the mouth of the harbor. After a careful look I decided that, as these columns of smoke had often been seen before, they were probably owing to the Spaniards freshening up their fires, and I paid no further attention to them. It seems, however, that the quartermaster and the signalman on watch took the matter more seriously to heart, and bent on the signal 250, "Enemy's ships coming out"; and it remained so bent on until it was hoisted on the morning of July 3. This accounts for the instantaneous hoisting of the signal when the first of the enemy's ships was seen. From the bridge of the *Iowa* at this time, about thirty-four minutes after nine, the following seemed to be the positions and movements of the different vessels of the squadron: the *Gloucester* heading to the westward, close under the land; three battle-ships, the *Indiana*, the *Oregon*, and the *Iowa*, closing in straight for the Morro; the *Texas* heading to the northward and eastward, also closing on the Morro; the *Brooklyn* with her helm to port turning to the eastward; and the *Vixen* heading to the southward toward the *Brooklyn*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS.

About this time I gave the order, "Man the starboard battery; rapid-fire-guns' crews in reserve!" and heading the *Iowa* so as to bring the *Teresa* on her starboard bow, signaled, "Commence firing—range five

thousand yards." Three of the enemy's ships were now in plain sight, and moving rapidly down the channel for the entrance of the harbor. The *Oregon* and the *Iowa* were using their heavy guns on the *Teresa*, which was leading and showing the flag of Admiral Cervera. The *Indiana* was closing in on the Morro, and as the Spanish flagship cleared that point the heavy guns of this battle-ship added their roar to the already deafening din. When clear of the entrance, the *Teresa* opened furiously, and her broadsides followed one another with startling rapidity as she changed her course and headed to the westward. A very few minutes later the other three Spanish ships had cleared the entrance, and all, heading in column to the westward, presented the finest spectacle that has probably ever been seen on the water. These cruisers had evidently been well cared for, and though they stood high out of the water, making fine targets for our gunners, they looked as fit for battle as any cruisers could ever be. Their broadsides came with mechanical rapidity, and in striking contrast to the deliberate fire of the American ships. A torrent of projectiles was sailing over us, harmlessly exploding in the water beyond. Several eleven-inch shells, and particularly those from the *Teresa*, passed over the forecastle of the *Iowa*, very close to our forward twelve-inch turret and the conning-tower; but none struck. We cannot, therefore, state with certainty what would be the effect upon harveyized armor of heavy shot actually striking under battle conditions.

The speed of the enemy's ships we estimated at this time to be about thirteen knots, and it was soon evident to me that I could not ram either the first or the second ship, which, up to this time, it had been my intention to do. I therefore put my helm hard astarboard, swung off to port, and gave the *Teresa* my entire broadside at a range of twenty-five hundred yards. Then, quickly shifting my helm to port, I again headed in, keeping the second ship of the enemy open on my starboard bow. The forward eight-inch guns of the port battery now opened on the *Teresa*, and my starboard battery kept firing at the *Vizcaya* and the *Almirante Oquendo*. As the *Vizcaya* ranged up ahead of me, my helm was again put hard astarboard, and she received the benefit of my starboard broadside. Again I swung back with port helm, and laid the *Iowa* to cross the bows of the *Oquendo*. I soon found, however, that the best speed I could get out of my good ship was ten knots, and that the *Oquendo* would pass me at a range of about sixteen hundred yards. I therefore put my helm to starboard and laid a course parallel to that steered by her. At this time she was about abeam of me. Orders were given to man the rapid-fire battery, and every gun on the starboard side roared and barked at the unfortunate Spanish ship. The *Indiana* was lying on her quarter, pounding away at her,

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

CAPTAIN EVANS DECLINING CAPTAIN EULATE'S OFFER OF HIS SWORD.

SPANIARDS FROM THE "VIZCAYA" CAPTURED BY CUBANS.

This picture closely follows a photograph made by Lieutenant F. H. Hunicke of the *Hist*, while in a boat under his command going to the rescue of the *Vizcaya's* crew. Lieutenant Hunicke writes: "When alongside of her we picked up twenty three Spaniards hanging to the rigging, each one badly wounded, and although she was one mass of flames, and her ammunition was constantly exploding, I took two pictures. My camera was then laid in the after-thwart, for I had to draw my revolver to threaten to shoot some of the poor wretches who attempted to crawl up into my boat before I had placed such as had already been taken in. Unfortunately, these fellows were so frightened as to disregard my camera, and allowed the water to drip into it, thus ruining probably two of the best pictures taken during the war. My boat was built to carry seventeen; at that time I had twenty-nine men in her, including myself."

Lieutenant C. W. Hazletine, who was in command of the *Hist*, states that her two boats (the other being in charge of Assistant Engineer E. S. Kellogg) took from the ship, the water, and the beach one hundred and sixty-six of the *Vizcaya's* crew, the others being taken on board the *Ericsson* and the *Iowa*. The *Hist* stood by the *Vizcaya* from 11 A. M. to 6:30 P.M. The prisoners were assembled on shore by the Cubans, who temporarily cared for them. They were nearly all nude and almost starved, and were provided by the *Hist* with food, water, clothing, and medical attention.—EDITOR.

and the *Oregon* was giving her at the same time a dose on her port bow. For a few minutes she seemed to stop her engines, and as the smoke from our exploding shells and her own broadside lifted, we all thought she would strike her colors, so deplorable was her condition; but immediately she gathered way and stood on after her fleeing consorts.

In the meantime the *Cristóbal Colón*, coming inside the other ships at high speed, had passed them all, giving us, as she went by, two ugly blows on the starboard bow—one at the water-line, and another, a six-inch shell, a few feet above the water-line. This last projectile passed through the cellulose belt, and exploded on the berth-deck with tremendous force, literally destroying everything in the dispensary, and setting fire to the linoleum which was cemented down to the steel deck.

As the *Colón* made her gallant dash for liberty, Clark of the *Oregon* saw his job clearly cut out for him, and without an instant's hesitation put his helm to starboard, and came through the lee of the *Iowa* with the speed of a locomotive. So sudden was his change of position in the dense smoke that he had great difficulty, as he afterward told

me, in preventing his men from firing into us, as they took us for one of the enemy's ships. As it was, he did not waste much time, and as he cleared us on our port side, his thirteen-inch guns fairly raised the scalps of those in the conning-tower of the *Iowa*. We may all live a hundred years, and fight fifty naval battles, but we can never hope again to see such a sight as the *Oregon* was on this beautiful Sunday morning. We could see her for a moment only as she sped on after the *Colón*, completely enveloped in the smoke of her own guns—a great white puff-ball, decorated every second with vicious flashes as her guns spoke out.

As the *Iowa* swung her head to the westward, the two Spanish torpedo-boats *Furor* and *Plutón* were discovered coming out about two thousand yards astern of the Spanish ships. One interesting and most exciting period of the battle had passed, that is to say, when the three battle-ships standing in found themselves engaged by the four Spanish cruisers, and the latter in the most favorable position for ramming or using torpedoes. We watched them eagerly, hoping they might close, ready at any moment to send our Howells in reply to their Whiteheads, and firmly believing all the time that no floating thing could live within eight hundred yards of our broadsides; but our Spanish opponents evidently had all they could attend to without coming any nearer to us, and, as far as I could see, during the entire action no Spanish ship gave the slightest indication of using either ram or torpedo.

Admiral Cervera adopted the plan of escape which was most likely to succeed. He could have shaped his course to the eastward after passing the Morro, but he would have had to engage the *Indiana*, the *Oregon*, and the *New York* at close range; and if he escaped from them he would still have had to settle with the vessels at Guantanamo, among them the *Massachusetts* and the *Newark*, flagship of Commodore Watson. He could have spread his vessels fan-shape after passing the Morro, but in this case each of his ships would have had to pass between two of our battle-ships, and the end would have come very suddenly. If his object had been to do us all the damage possible and send his fleet to the bottom in doing it, he should have come out closed up in column, with his torpedo-boats close under the stern of the rear ship, and thus charged straight at the center of our line.

As the torpedo-boats cleared the Morro, the signal flew from the *Indiana*, "Enemy's torpedo-boats coming out"; and the *Gloucester*, evidently taking this for a signal to engage the torpedo-boats, stood for them with a great burst of speed. At the same moment the rapid-fire batteries of the *Indiana*, *Iowa*, and *Oregon* were turned on the venturesome little craft, and surely no braver sight was ever seen than when these gallant little paper shells actually returned the fire of the battle-ships. In a moment the water was boiling about them, and before very long one was seen to be in distress. A great column of steam fringed with coal and coal-

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

"'ADIOS, VIZCAYA!'" (CAPTAIN EULATE'S FAREWELL TO HIS SHIP.)

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

BURYING THE SPANISH DEAD.

dust arose from her fifty to one hundred feet in the air, and we knew that her boiler was done for. A large projectile, we believed from the *Iowa*, seemed to cut her in two. At the same moment she fired a shell which passed within six feet of my head; then she swung slowly around under the tremendous fire of the *Gloucester*, and disappeared.

When the *Gloucester* made her magnificent dash at the Spanish torpedo-boats the *Iowa* was firing at them with her rapid-fire battery and two eight-inch guns. Being close in to the land, and owing to the dense smoke, our gunners did not see her. The executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers, came hurrying to me on the bridge, and said, "Look out, captain; you will sink the *Gloucester*." Just as he spoke, one of the after eight-inch guns was fired, and the shell barely missed her, striking close under her bows. I at once sounded, "Cease firing," cautioned all hands of the danger, and opened again. While watching the beautiful handling of this little ship I was struck with the splendid execution she was doing. Both of her Colt automatic guns were blazing, fairly sweeping the decks of the torpedo-boats, and her broadside guns on both sides were firing with mechanical rapidity. She was really "spitting fire" in every direction, and presented a wonderful picture to those who were fortunate enough to see it.

One hears curious things in a conning-tower. As I watched the small remaining torpedo-boat through the peep-holes, I heard a boatswain's mate on the superstructure-deck say, "Now, boys, mind them torpedo-boats; give 'em hell for the *Maine!*" and the clear voice of Lieutenant Hill cautioning the men, "Steady, there; don't waste your ammunition!" At this moment I discovered a cadet, lately from Annapolis, standing on the forward turret of the *Iowa*, deliberately tilting a camera in his efforts to get a snap shot at the *Oquendo* while the machine-guns of that ship were making the air sing. I think he got his snap shot, and he will probably remember for many years to come the few words I addressed to him.

The two torpedo-boats were now destroyed, one being sunk and the other run on the rocks. Eight minutes only had elapsed since they first came under the fire of the American ships. The vessels of our squadron had all swung to the westward, and were in an irregular column: the *Brooklyn*, farthest to the southward and westward, in full chase of the *Colón*, and apparently punishing the *Vizcaya* very severely; the *Oregon*, astern of the *Brooklyn* and farther inshore, firing at everything in sight; the *Texas* next, off the port quarter of the *Oregon*, paying her attention also to the *Vizcaya;* then the *Iowa*, a little inshore of the *Oregon*, and the *Indi-*

nd directly astern of the *Iowa*. The *Oquendo* nd the *Teresa*, in the meantime, had found he pace too hot for them, and turning in grand sweep, they headed for the beach bout twenty minutes after they had cleared he entrance to the harbor, dense columns f black smoke pouring from their after- atches. As they neared the beach, the lames broke out fore and aft, their colors vere lowered, and they came to their last esting-places on the rocky shores they had ailed so far to defend. The *Teresa* grounded ix miles to the westward of the Morro, and he *Oquendo* six miles and a half.

The two remaining Spanish ships, the *Colón* and the *Vizcaya*, were still heading to he westward, doing their utmost to escape; ut for the latter it was, even now, hopeless. As the *Oregon* passed her she shied away, nd then, as the *Texas* and the *Iowa* drew ear, firing all the time, she put her helm over nd headed for the beach. The captains of he *Iowa* and the *Indiana* both thought that his was an effort on the part of the *Vizcaya* o return to Santiago, and headed inshore to revent her from doing so. In a moment I discovered that the *Vizcaya* was on fire aft, and at once stood for her, and, as she still had the Spanish flag flying at her masthead, opened fire again with the twelve-inch guns. At twenty-five minutes after ten she was seen to be in flames, burning fore and aft, heading for the beach at Aserraderos. I ran up as near to her as the depth of water would safely permit, stopped my engines, hoisted out boats, and prepared to rescue her crew.

The *New York* had discovered the enemy from her position off Siboney about the time the action began, and hastened back with all possible despatch to join in the fight. As she passed the torpedo-boat engaged with the *Gloucester*, I observed that she fired two or three shots. She passed me as I was about hoisting out boats near the *Vizcaya*, and stood on after the *Colón*. I estimated her speed at the time to be about sixteen knots. As she passed, my men gave Sampson cheer after cheer, and I shall never forget the yell that came from her deck as, in reply to the commander-in-chief's hail, "How many men have you lost?" I answered, "Not a man hurt aboard the ship."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

EXPLOSION OF THE "VIZCAYA" AS SEEN FROM THE "IOWA." THE VESSEL ON THE RIGHT IS THE "HIST."

At this moment the *Colón* was hull down to the westward, and the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* nearly so. Looking intently with a glass at the *Oregon*, I saw two white puffs of smoke; and from that moment I knew that the fate of the *Colón* was sealed, for I realized that Clark had opened on her with his thirteen-inch guns. I felt sure that, even should the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* fail to catch her,

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY G. R. BUFFHAM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

CAPTAIN DON ANTONIO EULATE, COMMANDER OF THE "VIZCAYA."

the *New York* certainly would, as it was full moon that night, and the Spaniard would not have darkness to aid him. As the *Iowa* could be of no use in the chase, I determined that my part of the fight was done, and that I should at once, in the cause of humanity, proceed to the rescue of prisoners who were suffering on the beach. Many of the officers and crew of the *Vizcaya* had jumped overboard to save themselves. The ship had grounded about four hundred yards from the beach, and between her and the shore was a sand-spit on which many had taken refuge, the water being about up to their armpits. The Cuban insurgents had opened fire on them from the shore, and with a glass I could see plainly the bullets snipping the water up among them. The sharks, made ravenous by the blood of the wounded, were attacking them from the outside. Many of the wounded still remained on the deck of the *Vizcaya*, crowded on the forward and after ends of her, and were likely to be burned to death by the rapidly heating ship. It was an awful sight, and one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. The alacrity with which our men manned our boats showed plainly their sympathy for their prisoners, and the care and tenderness with which they handled the wounded elicited the warm admiration of our own officers, and must have convinced all who saw it that ill treatment of prisoners was not a favorite pastime among American seamen.

While rescuing the officers and crew of the *Vizcaya*, a boatswain's mate named Trainor showed wonderful nerve and courage, and was afterward promoted, at my request, for his conduct. The boat of which Trainor was acting cockswain was lying near the stern of the burning cruiser, and most of the Spanish sailors crowded on her upper deck aft had been persuaded to jump overboard, and were thus saved. Three remained, however, holding on to the rail, with their bodies hanging over the side of the almost red-hot ship. Trainor was heard to say, "We must save them men somehow," and without orders he jumped overboard, swam to the side of the *Vizcaya*, clambered up to the deck at the imminent risk of his life, kicked the three men overboard, took a header himself, and succeeded in rescuing all three of them. The water was full of sharks snapping and tearing at the Spanish dead and wounded.

The torpedo-boat *Ericsson* and the auxiliary *Hist* came along about this time, and were sent in to assist in getting off the prisoners. Our boats soon began to arrive, filled with horribly mangled men. The effect of our shell fire had been most terrific, as was shown by the wounds of these unfortunates. Many arms and legs were literally torn off. The salt-water bath had in many cases saved life by stopping the bleeding. It was soon reported to me that the captain of the *Vizcaya* was coming alongside. A guard was paraded, and preparations were made to receive him with the honors due his rank. As the boat approached the gangway I saw that Captain Eulate was wounded, and a chair was slung and lowered for his accommodation. As the boat lay at the gangway she presented a spectacle that could be seen only in war, and rarely then, I imagine. There was a foot of water in her bottom, and in this rolled two dead men, terribly torn to pieces by fragments of shells; the water was red with their blood. In the stern-sheets sat Captain Eulate, supported by one of our

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LAST OF THE "VIZCAYA."

naval cadets; and about his feet lay five or six wounded Spanish sailors. As the unfortunate captain was raised over the side, and the chair on which he sat placed on the most of them stripped to the waist, blackened with powder and covered with perspiration, crowded over the after-turrets and superstructure, and, as I declined the sword

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

ADMIRAL CERVERA'S RECEPTION ON BOARD THE "IOWA."
The officer on the left is Captain Evans, the one on the right is Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright. The admiral's son, Lieutenant Angel Cervera, is just back of him.

quarter-deck, the guard presented arms, the officer of the deck saluted, and the Spanish prisoners already on board stood at attention. Captain Eulate slowly straightened himself up, with an effort unbuckled his sword-belt, kissed the hilt of his sword, and with a graceful bow presented it to me. I declined the sword, but accepted the surrender of himself, officers, and crew as prisoners to Admiral Sampson, in command of the American fleet. The crew of the *Iowa*, of the Spanish captain, broke out into ringing cheers. Taking the captain's arm, I conducted him aft on our way to the cabin, where the medical officers were waiting to dress his wounds. He was evidently a man of great feeling, impulsive, and devoted to his profession. That he loved the ship he had lately commanded, and felt keenly his defeat, no one who saw him could doubt. His distress was most touching. As we reached the head of the cabin ladder, he

turned toward his ship, and, stretching up his right hand, exclaimed, "Adios, *Vizcaya!*" As the words left his lips, the forward magazine of the *Vizcaya* exploded with a tremendous roar, and a column of smoke went up that was seen fifteen miles away. The scene was painfully dramatic, and must remain in all our memories as long as we live.

When Captain Eulate entered the cabin of the *Iowa* I offered him a cigar—a Key West, but the best I had. He accepted it courteously, and stood looking at it as he turned it in his hand; then he went down into the inside pocket of his drenched uniform coat, and brought out a beautiful but very wet Havana cigar. He bowed, and handed it to me with the remark, "Captain, I left fifteen thousand aboard the *Vizcaya*."

We received on board the captain and twenty-five officers from the *Vizcaya*, together with two hundred and fifty petty officers and men, of whom thirty-two were wounded. There were also received on board the bodies of five dead sailors, who died in our boats after being taken from the water. These bodies were placed on the quarter-deck, covered with the Spanish flag, and preparations made to bury them with the same ceremony that would have attended the funeral of our own dead.

At this time I received word from two vessels that there was a Spanish battle-ship coming in from the eastward. The information was so positive that I felt compelled to leave the rescue of the remainder of the prisoners to the *Hist*. I at once cleared for action, and stood out to meet the supposed Spaniard, who was now in sight and rapidly approaching. She was preceded by fifteen or twenty American transports, all doing the best they could to escape from the supposed enemy. When they saw me standing out to meet her, they all rounded to, and in a group followed me slowly out to sea. The position in which I found myself was a very curious one. Two hundred and fifty prisoners about my decks, and on the eve of engaging an enemy's battle-ship! How to protect these prisoners from the fire of their own countrymen was a difficult problem to solve. I went to the cabin at once, and asked Captain Eulate and three of his officers to give me their verbal parole against any act of treachery or violence on the part of any Spanish prisoner. This was willingly given, and at once relieved the situation. Captain Eulate at the same time assured me that he did not believe that there was a Spanish vessel of any size still afloat on this side of the Atlantic. I soon discovered that the supposed Spanish battle-ship was an

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS

ADMIRAL CERVERA VISITING THE SPANISH WOUNDED ON BOARD THE "IOWA."

Austrian cruiser, and I at once stopped my engines, called, "All hands to bury the dead," and consigned the Spanish dead to their last resting-place. Here again was an impressive and, I imagine, unparalleled sight: five dead Spanish sailors buried from the deck of a battle-ship of a nation with whom they were at war, the burial service conducted by their own padre, in the presence of their own commanding officer and their own shipmates, and the bodies launched overboard from under the folds of their own flag—all this, be it remembered, in the presence of two vessels of war, and a large fleet of transports with their colors at half-staff.

Just before the ceremony, the padre of the *Vizcaya* complained that he could not perform the burial service because his uniform hat had been lost overboard. The chaplain of the *Iowa* courteously offered his hat for the occasion, the offer was accepted, and that was the last he ever saw of his headgear, as the Spaniard wore it North the following day.

About noon I resumed my blockading station, and immediately thereafter received on board, from Captain Wainwright of the *Gloucester*, Admiral Cervera, his son, and the commanding officers of the late Spanish torpedo-boats *Furor* and *Plutón*. All preparations were made to receive the admiral with the honors due his rank. The full marine guard of eighty men was paraded; officers mustered on the starboard side of the quarter-deck; the officers and crew of the *Vizcaya* were arranged on the port side of the quarter-deck; and the crew of the *Iowa*, just as they came out of battle, clustered over the turrets and superstructure. Captain Wainwright personally accompanied the admiral. The guard presented arms; the officers uncovered; the bugles rang out their flourishes; and as the distinguished officer, who had lost more in one hour than any other man has lost in modern times, stepped on to the quarter-deck, the crew of the *Iowa* broke out into cheers, and for fully a minute Admiral Cervera stood bowing his thanks. It was the recognition of gallantry by brave men, and the recipient of it was fully aware of its meaning. Though he was scantily clad, bareheaded, and without shoes, he was an admiral, every inch of him. With perfect composure and a manner of quiet dignity he received the plaudits of his late enemies and the silent sympathy of his conquered companions. After the reception was over I gave the admiral a seat under a small boat-awning aft, and a cigar, and for several hours discussed with him in a friendly way the incidents of this never-to-be-forgotten battle.

After receiving the salutations of his own officers, Admiral Cervera's first thought seemed to be for the dead and wounded men of his squadron. As soon as the wounded from the *Vizcaya* had been treated by the surgeons, he asked permission to visit them; and it was a touching sight to note the reverence with which those unhappy men greeted him as he passed through the sick-bay, speaking a word of encouragement to each. Everything was done by the officers and crew of the *Iowa* to make these prisoner guests as comfortable as possible. They were clothed and fed, and furnished with tobacco; in a word, we did what we could to render their position as bearable as possible.

The day closed, as it had opened, beautiful and fair. The battle of Santiago had been fought, the much-dreaded fleet of Admiral Cervera destroyed, and its gallant officers and men were either dead or prisoners, almost without exception. The man behind the gun had indeed proved himself a giant.

THE "INDIANA" AT SANTIAGO.

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR.

THE morning of July 3, 1898, found the battle-ship *Indiana* holding the eastern end of the line of battle-ships and armored cruisers off Santiago. For two days and two nights the labor of the officers and crew had been intense: they had coaled ship at Guantanamo until midnight of July 1, and then had hastened to the fleet off Santiago to take part in the spirited engagement of July 2 with the batteries defending the entrance of that bay. Signaling our arrival to the flagship before daybreak, the answering signal flashed back, "Take position between flagship and *Oregon*, and clear ship for action." The coal-dust was still thick on the deck and on the faces of officers and crew, and most of them had not had more than an hour or two of sleep, caught hurriedly and without undressing; but at this stirring and welcome signal, fatigue of body and mind vanished, and all sprang to their stations with a cool exultation of spirit characteristic of our

ship's company during the various battles of the war. We dropped into our place in the column in the gray of early morning, and by the time the Morro and Socapa batteries were plainly visible the signal flew to open fire. Nearer and nearer we drew in to the entrance, and faster grew our firing, until one of our well-directed shells carried away the Spanish flag which had flaunted so long in our faces from the old Spanish fort. Nor were the enemy's guns idle, at least not until we had silenced them. But my story is not of that day's fight. When the signal flew to withdraw from action, and we had dropped out of range, the day was spent in cleaning ship and washing away the stains and smears of coal-dust and powder-smoke from decks and turrets and from our own hands and faces.

During the night of July 2, after a few hours' sleep in the early part of the night, the *Indiana's* crew was again on a strain, this time one we were accustomed to, but none the less fatiguing. Ours was the duty that night to guard the harbor from midnight to sunrise, keeping all guns of our broadside trained upon the entrance, while near us lay the *Iowa* and the *Oregon*, dividing the night between them, their task being to illuminate the channel with their search-lights.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

CAPTAIN H. C. TAYLOR.

At broad daylight of Sunday, July 3, the *Indiana* withdrew out of range, and resumed her station at the eastern end of the line of blockading ships. The weather was quiet, the sea smooth, and, foreseeing no event of importance, we prepared for general muster and the public reading of the Articles of

War, to be followed by church service. There was nothing to indicate the startling event that was about to occur; the bow of a tugboat or of one of the Spanish de-

for ordinary muster and inspection. The division officers were reporting their divisions present to the executive officer, while the commanding officer stood on the quarter-

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE SEARCH-LIGHT IN ACTION.

stroyers had been seen at sunrise, just apparent around the bend of the channel, a mile inside the entrance, but nothing had come of it, and as the morning wore on, it was forgotten. At half-past nine the call to quarters sounded, and the ship's company assembled

deck, awaiting the final report of the executive. Our ship lay with her head to the northwest, and the Morro was about two miles away on our starboard bow. The whole scene, if not of peaceful appearance, was eminently a quiet one. The men were

formed for parade rather than for battle. But we were *ready;* no military body, whether fleet or army, was ever more so. Officers and men, trained for years before the war in drill and marksmanship and the handling of heavy ships, had now, in addition, become hardened and cool through the daily spur of the necessities and obligations of war, through the watchfulness of many nights, through the experiences under fire at San Juan de Puerto Rico and with the Socapa and Morro batteries of Santiago. These experiences had toughened their fiber, while beneath all was a patriotic enthusiasm which I had seen grow week by week into a hunger and thirst for battle. These essential qualities of a fighting force had been trained, molded, and exalted to their highest usefulness by the vigorous and controlling influence of our commander-in-chief. Under Admiral Sampson's wise and vigilant direction we had pressed nearer and nearer the entrance, had grown day by day more eager and alert, until on the third day of July our condition had come to be that of complete and continuous readiness by day and by night.

Thus it was when through the perfect quiet of the fleet and ship, of sea and air, the sharp report of a light gun rang out, drawing all eyes to the westward; and as we gazed eagerly, the signal flew from the *Iowa*, which was abreast the entrance and could see up the channel's length, "Enemy's ships coming out."

A second to realize the fateful meaning of the signal, another to give the orders: "Sound the general alarm!" "Clear ship for action!" "Bugles call to general quarters!" Then came the quiet but impetuous movement of eager men and officers from parade attitude to their battle stations; and the voices of the divisional officers took on a new meaning as, with tones carefully regulated, but with fire in their hearts, the orders passed in rapid succession: "Turn on the current of the electric hoists!" "Steam and pressure on the turrets!" "Hoist the battle-flags!" "Lay aloft range-finders in the tops and give us our distance from the Morro!" Then from the bridge and the conning-tower, as the officers stationed there reached their posts, orders followed one another in rapid succession through the speaking-tube to the central station below, and were sent thence to the various parts of the great ship between-decks: "Engines ahead full speed!" "Be ready with the forced draft!" "The starboard battery will engage!" "Set your sights for four thousand yards!"

The length of time required to execute all these orders was not, it seemed to me, two minutes from the time of the first signal until the *Indiana's* engines were turning over and the guns trained upon the Morro; for until Admiral Cervera's leading ship was seen coming out of the entrance directly under the Morro, that was the point from which range and direction were taken. The time was probably less than two minutes, though how much less I cannot tell, but the impatience of all hands made it seem much longer than it really was. Lieutenant Henderson, commanding the powder division, whose men, in getting below to their stations, were obliged to pass through one or two narrow hatches, or scuttles, told me that it seemed an hour to him getting his one hundred and seventy men below to their stations, but that it was really less than two minutes. To hurry them he shouted, "They will all get away; two of them are outside the Morro already!" at which, desperate at the thought of such a thing, his men simply "fell below," throwing themselves down the steep ladder in their eagerness to reach their posts, until the ammunition-deck was swarming with bruised and bleeding men, staggering to their feet, and limping to their stations. Less time was needed for the men who manned the guns, and as they crowded toward the scuttles and ports of the thirteen-inch and eight-inch turrets their clothes seemed to fall from them, and by the time they had reached their stations they were, for the most part, naked to the waist.

From my position on the bridge the men on the forecastle and about the forward turrets were within sight and hearing as I called down to them, "Get to your guns, lads; our chance has come at last!" The deafening cheer which responded indicated more than the ordinary exultation of men about to engage an enemy. There was in it something of the fierce satisfaction one hears in the growl of a powerful animal when loosed and free to fall upon its antagonist. There had been cheers in the bombardment of San Juan de Puerto Rico, in the affairs of June 22 and July 2 with the Santiago batteries, but never before had I heard this sound of fierce eagerness, so satisfactory to the heart of a commanding officer. Once at their posts, under the cool and able management of Lieutenants Smith and Chapin in the thirteen-inch turrets, and of Lieutenants Decker, Washington, and Olmsted at the eight-inch and six-inch guns, the men settled instantly to the business of the hour.

What was that business? It was gun fire, and gun fire only. There was, to be sure, a brief period of doubt as to the intention of the enemy's fleet. Two of the four ships of Cervera's squadron seemed, as they emerged from the narrow entrance under the Morro, to be heading toward our east wing, and the question of ramming and receiving a ramming blow demanded for a moment a strained and eager attention. During this moment of anxious waiting, while we were heading toward the enemy's ships and rapidly closing with them, our thirteen-inch guns also received some consideration from me, and I gave the order to reserve the fire of these guns until I could decide whether the enemy's ships would steer directly for us; and later, when we had fired them, I gave the order, "Load the thirteen-inch guns and stand by!" This was done in case the enemy should attempt to break through our column, and in order that the heavy guns, which take

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE FIGHTING-TOP OF THE "INDIANA" DURING THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

Captain Taylor states that the record of the *Indiana* shows that twenty-five shots were fired from the fighting-top.

longer to load than the smaller ones, should be ready to deliver their crushing blows at close range as the enemy passed through our formation. These precautions were, however, not long needed, the Spaniards one after another turning with port helm to the westward and making a running fight of it. A little later a second doubt presented itself as the torpedo-boat destroyers, bringing up the rear of the column, passed out by the Morro. Would they perform their rôle properly, and, dashing through the smoke, come close enough to deliver their torpedoes at a practicable range? Fortunately, the mode of procedure of the *Indiana*, determined upon beforehand, in case of such conditions arising, did not involve any marked deviation from the course we were then pursuing. In case of an attempt to ram by an enemy, and equally in the case of a torpedo-boat attack, it was my intention so to direct our course as to keep the approaching enemy, whether ramming vessel or torpedo-boat, under the fire of our entire broadside battery, and to continue this course at full speed until the enemy had drawn so near as to make it necessary to turn bows on and, steering directly for him, accept the issue thus created. So great was our confidence in our gunnery practice that we felt assured that our powerful broadside would cripple or sink the approaching vessel before the moment of actual crashing together should arrive; and if this did not come to pass,—for the uncertainties of close action are many, and its hazards and chances not to be disregarded,—still we would be bows on to the threatened blow, with equal chance if it were from the ram of a heavy ship, and with more than equal chance if it were from a torpedo, that our bow wave would sweep it clear of our hull.

Meantime the enemy's ships, though failing in accuracy of fire, were keeping up a very brisk cannonade. Their energy, if not their skill, was commendable. We had a great advantage over them as to range: it had been our daily, hourly habit for many weeks to estimate our distance from the Morro by the eye and verify it with our sextants and stadiometers; and in emerging from the narrow entrance the Spanish ships almost touched the Morro, so that in the first few minutes, which were, in fact, the deciding moments of the battle, we had their range absolutely. It might be urged that they could have learned our distance quite as exactly from their shore batteries at the Morro as they passed out of the entrance, or at least the distance of the *Indiana*, *Iowa*, and *Oregon*, which vessels they must first engage. The suggestion is pertinent. That they did not do so can be explained only by the apathy and hopelessness with which, from the very outbreak of hostilities, they had confronted, albeit bravely enough, the conditions of actual war. As it was, they fired high at first. I could hear, from the *Indiana's* bridge, the screech and hum of many shells passing over our heads from the *Teresa* and the *Vizcaya* as they poured in their first broadsides; and as their consorts engaged and added their fire, the sound became continuous and gradually closer to our ears and louder, as they slowly—all too slowly for their own good—corrected their range and reduced the elevation of their guns.

The intensity of our own fire during this period was beyond my expectations. The official record of our gunner's books shows that we fired eighteen hundred and seventy-six projectiles, of which only twenty-five were as small as one-pounders, and nearly all of these were fired in the first forty minutes of the engagement.

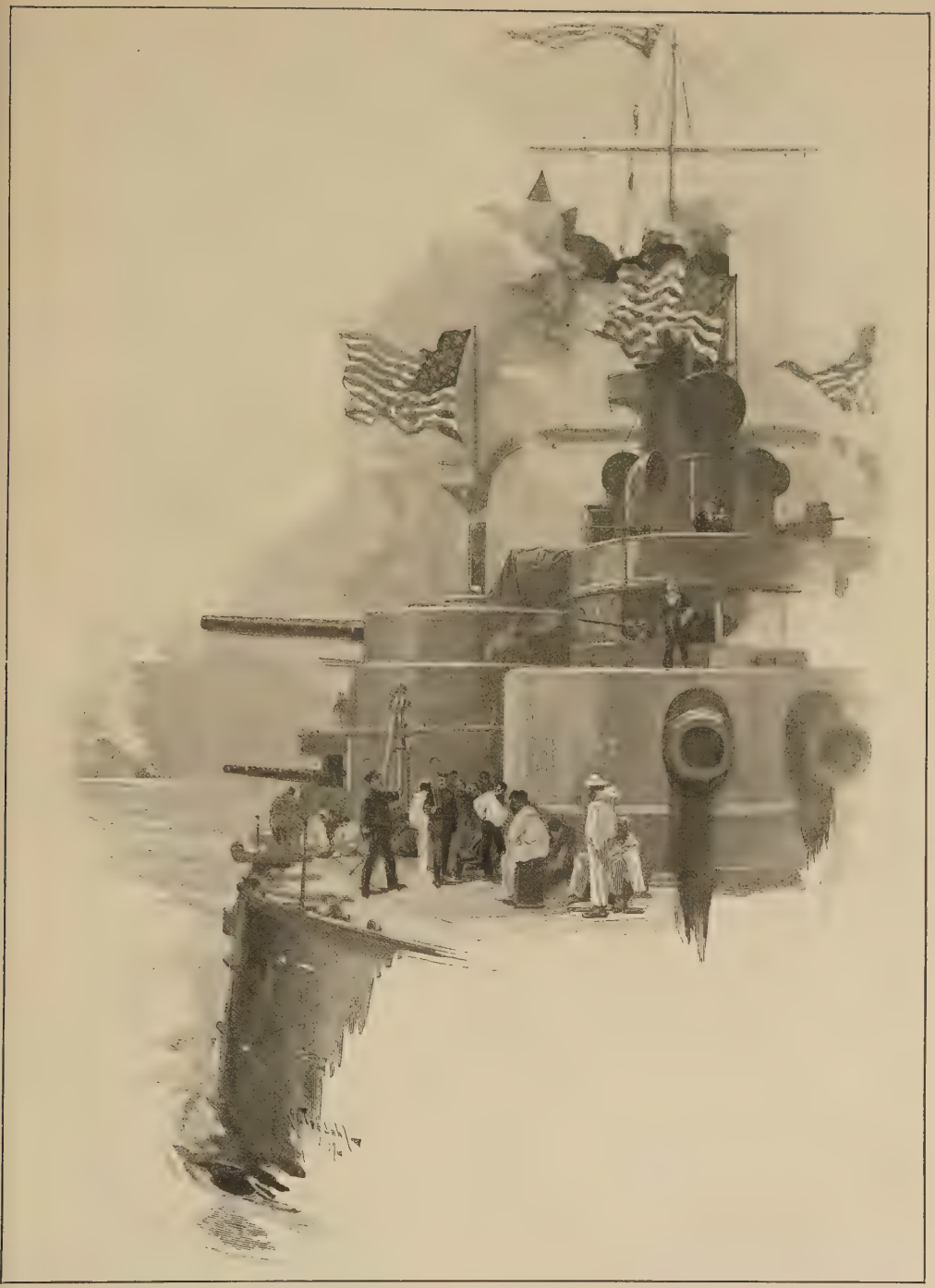
Our course, previously determined upon, caused us, in the present instance, to deviate but little from the direction we were then pursuing. We advanced, therefore, in this direction, and gaining full speed, approached the shore and Cervera's fleet at an angle, and it was not long before we entered what we were in the habit of calling the "bad squares" of the checker-board. These were certain areas off the entrance upon which the guns of the Spanish batteries were always trained, and upon which they were fired without further sighting whenever one of our ships entered them. My attention was so engrossed in observing the enemy's ships and the effects of our fire upon them that I did not at first distinguish between the fire of these batteries and that from Cervera's squadron. The latter had now become intense, though wild, and the screeching of their shells about us was incessant. At this moment I observed, however, that a great many projectiles were falling in the water close about us and not ricochetting, a sign that they were the high-angle fire from the mortars of the Morro and Socapa batteries. At the same instant, Lieutenant Dawson, of the marines, who was the signal-officer with me on the bridge, and who with his spy-glass was observing closely all movements of the enemy, said: "Captain, the batteries have opened fire on us. We are in the

bad squares." It was then for the first time that my attention was drawn to our consorts in the line of battle, for until then all thought had been absorbed in carrying out the rigid instructions with which Admiral Sampson had prepared our minds and energies for such a possible occasion, and which can be expressed in the two words, "Close in." Now, having closed in, the leading ship of the enemy was drawing so far ahead as to make our broadside guns ineffective against her. The torpedo-boats showed no disposition to approach within torpedo-range, and were following in the wake of their heavy ships. Feeling that the time had come to turn and pursue a course parallel to that of the Spanish ships, I looked through the smoke at the other vessels of our squadron, and found them apparently in the act of turning to the westward. Putting our helm to starboard, therefore, we swung into column and redoubled our fire upon the enemy's ships.

These were now all clear of the entrance. Their opening broadsides appeared to have been directed at us, as might have been expected, for the direction they pursued was southwesterly upon emerging, and the *Indiana* was approaching them from a southeasterly quarter, and was hence directly upon the Spaniards' port broadside. These conditions were also favorable to our projectiles striking them, for their broadsides presented to our gunners the largest possible targets. This advantage diminished for our ships in proportion as they lay farther to the westward, being at a greater distance from the entrance, and with the enemy's ships presenting their bows, rather than their sides, to them. The *Indiana* was, in fact, upon the flank of the Spanish column as it emerged, and the effect of its fire was marked. One of our heavy shells struck the *Teresa* early in the action and exploded, doing great damage. Another hit the *Vizcaya* abaft the funnels, and its explosion was followed by a burst of flame which for a moment obscured the after-part of that vessel. The *Colón* and the *Oquendo*, as soon as they were clear of Morro point, fired their first broadsides, apparently at the *Indiana* and the *Iowa*, both of which vessels replied vigorously and with excellent effect. The *Oquendo* was struck by several of the *Indiana's* shells, and at least one of our projectiles penetrated the *Colón*. Shortly after this one of our heavy shells, of either eight-inch or thirteen-inch caliber, was seen to strike one of the destroyers, an explosion and flames following. Which one it struck could not be certainly decided in the confusion of the smoke, but it was thought to be the *Furor*.

In this period of the battle, beginning with the first gun and ending with the destruction of all the Spanish force except the *Colón*, the heat and intensity of the fight were concentrated. My attention naturally was engaged with the work in hand during this time, and could be given only slightly to anything else than the handling of my own ship and its battery, and the observation of the vessels near us. The *Iowa*, next to the westward of the *Indiana*, was engaging the enemy's ships with the utmost spirit, Captain Evans manœuvering his vessel with great skill and efficiency; while Wainwright, in the *Gloucester*, next to the eastward of us, threw himself upon the *Plutón* and the *Furor* with a vigor and gallantry that excited our admiration. His danger was not only from the enemy's guns, but from the *Indiana's* and the *Iowa's*. In his official report he states that he was reassured as to the risk he ran from our battle-ship's batteries by the signal made by Captain Taylor, "Gunboats close in." The signal I really made was, "Enemy's torpedo-boats coming out," and the *Gloucester* did, in fact, narrowly escape being fired upon by both the *Iowa* and the *Indiana*, the smoke of battle concealing her position from us, as it had obscured our signals a few minutes before, and caused them to be misinterpreted by the *Gloucester*. All 's well that ends well. We did not fire at her; and even if Wainwright had rightly understood my signal, it is not likely that any risk would have checked him in his plucky dash at the destroyers.

By this time our long column of ships was hotly engaged with the enemy. The *Colón* had forged ahead, bearing one mark at least from our guns. Following her, but at a considerable distance, was the *Vizcaya*, upon which our batteries had done good execution; and following her, also at considerable distance, were the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo*, now beginning to send columns of smoke from their hatches, and by their slackened fire showing their distress. Presently a shout of exultation came from our men at the upper batteries on the superstructure and bridge, as the *Teresa* turned her head toward the beach and struck her colors, with flame and black smoke belching from all her hatches. A few minutes later another shout, rising into a cheer of triumph, sounded through the ship, as the *Oquendo*, on fire fore and aft, turned toward the beach and, hauling down her colors, headed for a point on the shore a few hundred yards west of the *Teresa*.



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE "INDIANA," JULY 3, 1898. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE "INDIANA" AFTER THE FIGHT.

The battle-flags are still flying, and Spanish prisoners are seen on deck.

During the latter part of this period our secondary battery of six-pounder and one-pounder guns, which, under the able management of Captain Waller of the marines, had been devoting itself principally to the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo*, was diverted to the destroyers *Plutón* and *Furor*, in order to assist the *Gloucester* in her plucky fight.

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY. FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPTAIN DON VICTOR CONCAS, OF THE "INFANTA MARIA TERESA."

Early in the action the smoke from the six-pounders had embarrassed the eight-inch guns in the starboard after-turret; and Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers, who was present everywhere in the battery, supervising the fire and remedying defects as they occurred, sent word to the magazines to send up smokeless-powder charges for these guns. The ship had been provided with a certain proportion of these six-pound charges, and the six-pounders were thus enabled to keep up a steady hail of well-directed shots, first upon the enemy's large ships, and afterward upon the *Plutón* and the *Furor*, which were being so gallantly engaged by the *Gloucester*. These two destroyers, from which so much had been expected, were quickly rendered harmless, one of them sinking and the other being driven ashore into the breakers.

With the destruction of the *Oquendo*, *Teresa*, *Plutón*, and *Furor*, and with no signs of more vessels coming out, the intensity of the battle diminished, and our fire at the *Vizcaya* became deliberate and at longer range. As we left the beaten cruisers farther and farther astern, burning on the beach, the *Vizcaya*, on our starboard bow, and exposed to the fire of our forward thirteen-inch and eight-inch guns and to the closer fire of the other vessels ahead of us in the column, showed signs of weakening, and turned her head toward the shore at a point called Aserraderos. Smoke was coming from her, but not in such volumes as to make it seem a hopeless case for her; and as three of our consorts were then well to the westward in chase of the fleeing *Colón*, and as the *Vizcaya's* natural line of escape would have been to turn and run to the eastward, the *Indiana* turned inshore to head her off, in case she should contemplate that mode of escape. At the same time, and actuated probably by the same reasons, our next ahead, the *Iowa*, turned in the same direction. It soon became apparent, however, that such was not the intention of the now beaten Spanish ship, and she continued to head steadily for the beach, and presently struck her colors in token of surrender.

Our bugles now sounded, "Cease firing," and as the only remaining enemy, the *Colón*, was seen to the westward near the shore, with the *Oregon* closing in on her, and the *Texas* and the *Brooklyn* near at hand, the word was passed to the turrets, magazines, and engine-rooms that the day was won; whereupon there swarmed out on the forecastle and on top of the forward turrets a crowd of cheering men, covered with coal-dust and powder-smoke, naked to the waist, and elevated, by their patriotic enthusiasm and consciousness of victory achieved, to the very pinnacle of fighting ardor.

At this moment the flagship *New York*, flying Admiral Sampson's flag, whose approach from the eastward had been watched for by us, was abreast of us, and made signal to return and guard the harbor entrance; and so, turning to the eastward, and cheering as we passed the still burning ships, we prepared to take our station at the point between the

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM SPANISH PRINT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

SEÑOR DON JUAN BAUTISTA LAZAGA, COMMANDER OF THE "OQUENDO." (DROWNED.)

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LIEUTENANT FROM THE AUSTRIAN CRUISER ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "INDIANA."

harbor entrance and the wrecked *Oquendo* and *Teresa* where we could watch the entrance and at the same time send relief parties to rescue the injured and prisoners. Before we could undertake this task of humanity, however, we were drawn still farther to the eastward by the report brought by two of our light-armored vessels, the *Harvard* and the *Resolute*, of a Spanish battle-ship approaching from the eastward and attacking our transports that lay in great numbers near Siboney and Daiquiri. We soon made out the vessel approaching, and when I could no longer doubt that her flag was that of Spain, I again sounded the call to quarters and sent the men to the guns. We had already had three hours at the guns, preceded by several days of excessive fatigue; but the tremendous cheer with which our crew responded to this call for more fighting was additional and most convincing proof of the instinctive love of battle which has ever distinguished the American seaman, and which, without depreciation of the gallant work done in former times by fleets of other nations, was a conspicuous feature in the char-

DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN L. W. T. WALLER.

Starboard bow of *Vizcaya*, looking aft through hole in bow.

Wreck of the destroyer *Plutón*.

THE SPANISH WRECKS.

Cristóbal Colón at high tide, from off port bow.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

Almirante Oquendo, from starboard quarter.

Infanta Maria Teresa, port side quarter-deck, showing 11-inch gun.

acter of the officers and crew of the *Indiana*, and of all of Admiral Sampson's fleet.

There was evident disappointment among the crew when, finally, at the point of opening fire, we discovered the stranger to be the Austrian ship *Kaiserin Maria Theresa*. We read her signals just in time, at a distance of three miles. Every gun was trained upon her. The best eyes and judgment had been called to my assistance on the bridge. Lieutenant Comly, our navigator, whose advice in critical times was always valuable, reinforced the judgment of the executive officer and the signal-officer; and we could none of us make her out to be anything but Spanish. There was nothing to do, then, but to open fire at the proper range, which I considered to be six thousand yards; and we were rapidly approaching that distance when the international signals she displayed proclaimed her identity.

Approaching her slowly with guns bearing, for fear it might be a ruse, she signaled a wish to communicate with us, and we both hove to, and an Austrian lieutenant came aboard of us. He was in full uniform, with a brilliant display of epaulets and gold lace, white waistcoat and trousers. He found us covered with the smoke and dust of battle, groups of half-naked men lining up to salute him as he passed, their faces streaked with powder-smoke and coal-dust. He reached me on the bridge, finally, in a state of polite bewilderment, and presented his captain's request for permission to pass in through our blockading lines and bring out from Santiago Austrian refugees desiring to leave that besieged town. After referring him to Admiral Sampson, and telling him he would be found some distance to the westward, he asked for news, and I told him we had just come out of action with Cervera's squadron. He showed great surprise, and said:

"Then there has been a battle?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And the result?" he asked eagerly.

"We have defeated them."

"But where is Cervera's fleet now?" he inquired.

"His flagship, the *Maria Teresa*, is there, lieutenant," I answered, pointing, at the same time, to the beach a few miles distant.

"But I see nothing there but some smoke, captain!"

"It is the smoke of the *Teresa* burning, lieutenant; she is a wreck upon the beach."

He was silent, and I continued:

"Close to her on the beach you will see another column of smoke; that is the *Oquendo* burning. On this side, nearer to us, is the *Plutón*, sunk in the breakers; and the *Furor* is near her, but is on the bottom in deeper water, and is not visible."

"But," he interrupted, "you have then destroyed half those splendid vessels of Cervera's!"

"Wait, lieutenant," I continued, "and look a few miles farther to the westward, and you will see another column of smoke; that is the *Vizcaya*, on the beach near Aserraderos. As to the *Colón*, she is still farther to the westward, out of sight from us here, but you will see her presently as your captain steers in that direction to find Admiral Sampson, who is at that end of our line."

His eyes ranged along the shore as I pointed out the different vessels.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Then you have destroyed the whole of that splendid squadron! I did not think it possible."

After a moment more of silent astonishment, he said, with a polite sympathy which concealed eager professional curiosity:

"And your injuries, captain? What losses has the American squadron sustained?"

"None," I replied.

"But, captain, you do not understand; it is what casualties—what ships lost or disabled—that I ask."

"None, lieutenant," I said. "The *Indiana* was struck but twice, suffered no injury, no loss. The other ships are virtually in the same condition. We are all of us perfectly ready for another battle—as much so as before Cervera came out this morning."

His astonishment was now complete.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed again. "Admiral Sampson's fleet has destroyed these great Spanish ships, and without injury to his own squadron! Sir, it is unheard of. I must go to inform my captain."

And after politely expressing his congratulations, he took his leave and boarded his own ship, which proceeded westward alongshore in search of our commander-in-chief. At this time Lieutenant Usher came alongside in his torpedo-boat, the *Ericsson*, and I directed him to proceed to the westward and warn all of our ships that the stranger was Austrian, not Spanish.

I then moved the *Indiana* to a position where we could watch the harbor's mouth and at the same time send help to our late antagonists, now helpless on the beach. Space does not permit my telling here the story of the relief of the wounded, of the unwearied work of our line officers, surgeons, and chaplain in the many dangerous situations by

which they were confronted in their humane attempts. The work continued into the night and through the night, two hundred and fifteen prisoners being guarded by us on board the *Indiana* until the afternoon of the next day. But enough has been said and written elsewhere to convince the humane and the merciful, and especially our gentle countrywomen, that the officers and crew of the *Indiana*, as well as all her consorts, were as helpful and kind to the vanquished after

DRAWN BY I. W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE "INDIANA," JULY 3, 1898.

THE AUSTRIAN MAN-OF-WAR "KAISERIN MARIA THERESA," SUPPOSED TO BE A SPANISH SHIP COMING TO THE AID OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

the battle as they had been relentless a few hours before in compelling their surrender to our victorious arms.

Admiral Cervera's tactics have been criticized by some, but we must remember the limitations which circumstances imposed upon him. Under the conditions existing at the time of his sortie on the 3d of July, and granting that escape was his only aim, and that he had no hope of inflicting injury on our ships, it appears to the writer that his plan offered a good chance of escaping with a portion of his squadron. The heavier armed of our vessels, the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, and *Iowa*, were lying either south of the entrance or to the southeastward, while to the southwestward were the lighter armed *Texas* and the still lighter armed *Brooklyn*. If Cervera had turned to the eastward he would have been for a longer time under the broadsides of the three battle-ships, and those of his ships that might have happened to run this gantlet unscathed would have had to encounter the swift *New York*, then only a few miles farther east, and approaching rapidly from Siboney. Forty miles farther in that direction, the *Massachusetts* was at anchor in Guantanamo Bay, and in telegraphic communication with Siboney. Certainly escape to the westward was simpler and promised better than to the eastward.

If he had, on the other hand, steered south from the Morro, heading for the center of our line of battle, he might have inflicted considerably more damage upon us before failing in his attempt to escape; for there can be little doubt that he would finally have failed in this direction, as well as by other routes. In the hour he selected, and his preference for daylight rather than for darkness, he exhibited a sound tactical sense. That we were prepared at all hours for battle the facts of this engagement give sufficient evidence; but our readiness during the night, from sunset to sunrise, was of an intensity never, I believe, excelled by fleets or armies in history. Urged on by Admiral Sampson, we pressed in closer as skies grew darker or the shore-line more obscured by mists; and it is not too much to say that a night attempt of the Spanish ships to issue from that long, narrow, cañon-like entrance would probably have resulted in their being sunk in the channel by the concentrated fire of our fleet before getting past the Morro.

A few hours after the battle, some of the Spanish officers, prisoners aboard the *Indi-*

ana, having dined with our officers' mess, were smoking with us on the quarter-deck, when one of them asked to be shown where he could sleep, and apologized for leaving the circle so early. Our officers replied that it was only natural, as he had passed a fatiguing day.

"It is not to-day's work, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "but I have not slept at night for the last month."

"Why not, lieutenant?" we asked.

"I have been trying to come out of Santiago with the destroyer *Plutón*," he replied, "every night for the last thirty days; but your watch upon the entrance has been so rigorous that I never found the ten minutes I needed to get clear of the Morro."

If this was the case with the small and active torpedo-destroyers, it is not strange that Admiral Cervera should consider it impossible to handle his large ships in that difficult channel at night, and get them out to open water before being crippled by the concentrated fire of our heavy broadsides.

What might have been the gallant Cervera's chances if he had with reckless audacity engaged our squadron aggressively, and sought to inflict upon it the maximum of injury, we cannot tell. The laws of strategy, which govern the conduct of campaigns rather than of battles, demanded imperatively that he should escape; and whatever we may think of his judgment, it was not derogatory to his bravery and high spirit that he should regard running, rather than fighting, the better means to employ for escape. His somewhat exaggerated estimate of the odds against him helped to confirm him in this decision. If his destroyers counted for anything, and if we allow some weight for the shore batteries, under the protection of whose fire they emerged, our force was to theirs in the proportion of three to two; but Admiral Cervera did not so regard it. In company with Captain Evans, I held some conversation upon this subject with the admiral and Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya*, on the quarter-deck of the *Iowa*, a few hours after the battle. Wishing to be polite to our prisoners, we complimented the admiral upon his bringing his squadron out in the face of a force that he knew to be almost double his own.

"But, gentlemen," he said, "it was four times my own force which I had to confront; by no calculation can I figure it at less than three and a half times stronger than my squadron."

Courtesy to a brave man in defeat did not permit us to argue the point further, but the odds were surely exaggerated in the mind of this gallant officer.

It is an axiom of military science, applicable to operations afloat or ashore, that a vigorous offensive movement carried on by a portion of a fleet or army is essential to secure the escape of the remainder of the force, if that escape is to be made in the face of a superior enemy. If the inferior force does not attack or even menace its antagonist, leaving the latter unconcerned for its own safety, and hence free to assume the offensive at its pleasure, the situation becomes distinctly favorable for the superior force; and the inferior, by such apathy, invites its own destruction.

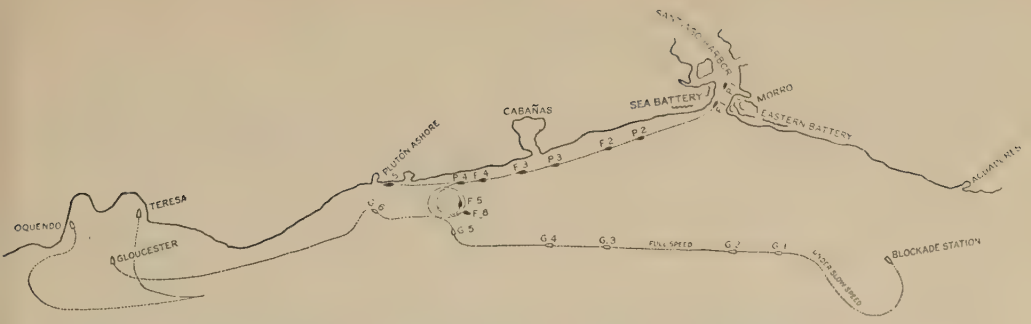
We cannot, however, know what difficulties may have confronted the Spanish commander-in-chief in his own squadron, or what orders from his superiors may have powerfully influenced his final plan of escape; and in closing this article the writer prefers not to look beyond Admiral Cervera's gallant bearing during the battle and his quiet dignity in defeat.

THE CUBAN COAST NEAR SANTIAGO, SHOWING ALSO POSITIONS OF THE SPANISH VESSELS WRECKED IN THE BATTLE OF JULY 3, 1898.

DRAWN BY CECILIA BEAUX.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, COMMANDER, U. S. N.



DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE, FROM THE "GLOUCESTER'S" LOG AND OTHER AUTHORITATIVE INFORMATION.

MAP OF THE ACTION OF THE "GLOUCESTER" IN HER ENGAGEMENT WITH THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOATS.
The positions here shown are synchronous: F1, P1, and G1, etc., showing simultaneous positions of the *Furor*, *Plutón*, and *Gloucester*.

THE "GLOUCESTER" AT SANTIAGO.

BY HER COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, COMMANDER, U. S. N.

DAYLIGHT of the morning of July 3 found the *Gloucester*, as usual for the past month, under the Morro. After taking a good look around, we steamed slowly off Aguadores. Our general station being on the right of the blockading fleet, Aguadores gave us the distance prescribed by the admiral; and with the *Indiana* as a check, for Captain Taylor always kept his battle-ship close in position, the officer of the deck readily could keep us in place. The exigencies of the war had prevented the usual Sunday inspections of crew and ship, and here was a good opportunity for a real man-of-war job in straightening out the little defects that will arise when the peace routine is impossible.

At 9:30 A. M. the officers and crew were at quarters, dressed in their best clothes, the men drawn up for inspection near their guns. I had passed along the several divisions with the executive officer, Lieutenant Harry P. Huse, and had gone below on the berth-deck, and was taking great pleasure in the tidy appearance of the ship under adverse circumstances, when I heard a shuffling of feet overhead, and a voice called down the hatch, "They 're coming out!" Before I had time to think, we were on the bridge, and Huse had jammed down the engine-room signal to "Full speed ahead."

The blockade, from being exciting and interesting, had become tedious. What at first had been a pleasure had become a duty, and from having numerous volunteer lookouts, it had become necessary to stir the regular ones up to the point of keeping a careful watch over the entrance. We had given up all idea that the Spanish fleet would come out. The search-light had made it almost impossible for them to escape at night, and no one thought they would dare to make the attempt in daytime. We had heard that they were mounting guns from the ships on the forts, and using their machine-guns against our army at the front. In fact, we thought we had recognized as one of their machine-guns a piece of ordnance that had got our range at Aguadores.

The *Gloucester* was so light and long that it was almost impossible to keep her head toward the entrance of the harbor. She could keep her position only by steaming very slowly, head to wind. The wind was offshore, and our stern was pointing toward the harbor, as the *Maria Teresa* came out. The men were near the guns, and as we always had plenty of ammunition on deck, we were ready for the fight at once. The helm

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FERNANDEZ. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

ADMIRAL FERNANDO VILLAAMIL.

Admiral Villaamil, commander of the destroyers, was on board the *Furor*, and was killed toward the close of the engagement.

FROM A PAINTING BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE, OWNED BY THOMAS C. WOOD, LIEUTENANT ON THE "GLOUCESTER." COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THOMAS C. WOOD.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

Cristobal Colón. *Almirante Oquendo.* *Furor.* *Plutón.* The Morro.

THE "GLOUCESTER" CLOSING IN ON THE SPANISH DESTROYERS.

was put hard aport, and we opened fire, turning toward the *Indiana*.

The speed of the *Gloucester* was her strongest point, and the first thing to do was to develop this to its highest pitch. The signal was sent through the speaking-tube to Chief Engineer McElroy to start the blowers and make the best of our forced draft. We had been obliged to economize coal, and as we had been blockading most of the time, our pace had been very slow. It was a question what she would do when forced. How well McElroy attended to his end of the line can be judged when it is known that, when the time came, the *Gloucester* made over seventeen knots, without a leaky tube or a hot bearing. It speaks well for the designer of her engines and boilers, and for the men who served them, and, best of all, for the chief engineer, who kept everything in perfect adjustment.

Firing began from the after-division, commanded by Lieutenant Wood. At first it was not rapid, because we were too far from the enemy to waste much ammunition; but Wood kept up a slow fire, making potting shots, and enabling us to keep the range of the vessels as they emerged.

As we turned near the *Indiana* until only our bow gun could fire, we could see all four of the enemy's cruisers steaming out. It was a beautiful sight to see how rapidly all our boats were firing. It was evident that the head of the enemy's column must be crushed. The fire of the *Indiana*, which was closing in rapidly and firing beautifully, would alone have been sufficient to insure that.

It took some time for our vessels to gain their full speed. The Spaniards came out under high speed, and as they made alongshore to the westward, it soon became a running fight, all our vessels steaming so as to close in on the enemy.

The heavy vessels being engaged, the next question of interest was, Where were the destroyers? Our temptation was great to shoot under the stern of the last cruiser, and try to damage her steering-gear or propeller. If the destroyers failed to come out, and we did not go ahead, the *Gloucester* would be left in the race. But it was plain that it would never do to give them a free opening to come out and possibly torpedo a battle-ship in the smoke and confusion. So we slowed to the speed of the *Indiana*, and fired not too rapidly at the cruisers.

At last the destroyers made their appearance, and we rushed ahead at full speed, with all the effect of the bottled-up steam. We read the signal at this time from the *Indiana*, "Gunboats close in." She was firing at the destroyers furiously with her secondary battery. The signal assured us that Captain Taylor was on the lookout, and that we could pass his line of fire without danger from his guns.

After that it was a simple matter to guide the ship. It was only necessary to steer a course that would bring us up to the *Plutón* and the *Furor*, to steam as rapidly as possible and cut them off, and to fire the battery effectively. Our training when bombarding at Aguadores had made excellent gunners of us. There the men had learned to catch a quick aim and to maintain a good fire discipline.

As we closed in on the destroyers, and our firing grew more rapid, it became necessary at times to cease firing, as the smoke from the six-pounders hung about the ship. The three-pounders had smokeless powder, so that they were allowed to fire whenever they could see the enemy; but the six-pounders were shut off until the smoke cleared away. We were fortunate in having officers who were all excellent shots, and as they had only a few guns to control, they were able to relieve the gun-captains and fire the guns themselves. Lieutenant Norman had charge of the forward three-pounder and the two starboard six-pounders. Ensign Edson had the two port six-pounders, and Lieutenant Wood the three three-pounders aft. Dr. Bransford had charge of one of Edson's six-pounders, and fired other guns at times. Since his resignation from the service he had had ample opportunity to indulge his propensity for shooting small game, and this practice, with his remarkably strong eyesight, made him an excellent shot. Assistant Engineer Procter was my aide on the bridge, and when I thought a gun was not being fired rapidly enough or a gun-captain was not shooting straight, I sent him to take a hand in the firing.

As we neared the destroyers, the shot and shell began to whistle about us in a lively fashion. I can remember my astonishment at not seeing any wounded or any sign of blood when I looked about the decks. The shell from the batteries on shore also fell about us. A shot from any one of them would have ended our usefulness.

I did not see a man who was not doing his best to serve the guns, or one who wasted any time watching the enemy's shot. Bond, the chief boatswain's mate, fired the forward three-pounder, and it was a cheering sight to see how coolly he took aim, and what beautiful shots he made. Green, a young

quartermaster, who steered the ship during the action, was as cool as at drill, and never made a mistake. When the firing-pin of one of the six-pounders dropped out in the heat of the action, the breech-block was removed and the pin replaced by Bee, chief gunner's mate, as rapidly as if at drill.

The Maxim automatic one-pounders from the *Plutón* and the *Furor* appeared likely to be our most dangerous enemies. When we came within three thousand yards of the destroyers these guns began to play rapidly in our direction. Their fire could be traced by the splashes of the projectiles coming closer and closer to us. When they began to fall about twenty yards from us, and the water was stirred up as if a hail-storm was raging, the fire suddenly ceased. Had these guns secured our range, the execution on board would have been terrible, and the *Gloucester* would have been disabled, if not sunk.

When within twelve hundred yards I ordered the two small Colt rifles to open fire. Paymaster Brown had been given charge of these guns at the beginning of the cruise, and he had worked over and fired them until they became formidable weapons in his hands. He with one gun and Chipman with the other kept a stream of small bullets pouring on the enemy. After the action our prisoners spoke of the deadly effect of these guns.

Toward the end of the action we were making over seventeen knots and closing in on the destroyers rapidly. The remainder of the enemy's vessels had rounded the point ahead, and our rear vessel, the *Indiana*, was just rounding this point. Huse called my attention to the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo*, heading in toward shore. We thought they were attempting to escape our vessels by running inside of them and making for the harbor. Should they do this, we would be exposed to their rapid-fire battery at close range, and would be destroyed. There was only one thing to do: close in with the destroyers, so that they would be sunk with us by their own vessels. As we found out later, the ironclads had turned in to run ashore.

Shortly after this I could see that the *Plutón* was slowing down, as the distance lessened between her and the *Furor*, and it soon became apparent that she was disabled. Up to this time the forward guns had been firing on the *Plutón* and the after-guns on the *Furor*. I now ordered the battery to be concentrated on the latter boat. We were within six hundred yards of her, and every shot appeared to strike. And now came the most exciting moment of the day: the *Plutón* was run on the rocks, and blew up; and at the same time the *Furor* turned toward us. It appeared to be a critical situation. She

Wreck of *Plutón*.

Gloucester.

DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

THE SINKING OF THE "FUROR."

The boats to the right going to the wreck of the *Plutón* are those under command of Assistant Engineer A. M. Procter (nearest the wreck) and of Lieutenant Thomas C. Wood. The smoke above the point of land is from the wrecks of the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo*. The other vessels of the fleets are shown in the distance.

THE SINKING OF THE DESTROYER "FUROR," AS SEEN FROM THE "GLOUCESTER." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. WHITELOCK, AUTHOR OF "A YEOMAN ON THE 'GLOUCESTER.'"

might succeed in torpedoing us, or she might escape up the harbor. But as she continued to circle, it became evident that she was disabled, and her helm was jammed hard over. Our fire had been too much for her.

As the *Furor* turned toward us, the flagship *New York*, coming up from the east under the fire of all the batteries, let drive two or three shots at her. I hoisted the signal, "Enemy's vessels destroyed." She gave us three cheers, and kept on under high speed after the big vessels.

The work of rescuing our foes now enlisted our attention. The Socapa battery was now able to devote its entire attention to us; but I felt sure that as soon as those in charge of it saw that we were rescuing their own people they would cease to fire at us. So I ordered the boats lowered, and as soon as they cleared the ship the Spanish shells ceased to fall. Every one appeared to wish to engage in the rescue work. Wood and Norman took two boats to the *Furor*, and Procter one to the *Plutón*. Wood, in his report, says:

On reaching the *Furor*, a scene of horror and wreck confronted us. The ship was riddled by three- and six-pound shells, though I observed no damage by larger projectiles. She was on fire below from stem to stern, and on her spar-deck were the dead and horribly mangled bodies of some twenty of the officers and crew. One of her boats was at the davits, smashed to atoms. Another I afterward found a short distance away, bottom up and stove, but sustaining two survivors, whom I rescued. In the meantime another of the *Gloucester's* boats arrived, and boarded the wreck, in charge of Lieutenant Norman, and between us we saved some ten or twelve of the crew who remained on board. Finding it impossible to save the ship, and fearing damage to our own crew from explosion, I directed our two crews, with the survivors of the *Furor*, to abandon the ship and return to the *Gloucester*. This was done, and I was so fortunate as to find and take with me the *Furor's* ensign.

When the boats started for the destroyers I prepared to run down aboard the *Furor* and attempt to save her. Our fire-hose and pumps were all ready, but it soon became evident that she was doomed to destruction. When Wood returned with his boat-load of wounded, they were taken on board, and he went back to rescue those in the water and on shore. I picked up Norman's boat, and, leaving Wood and Procter behind, went around the point ahead, where we had last seen the *Teresa* steaming toward shore; for we could see smoke arising over the point in that direction. As we left the *Furor* she was sinking slowly by the stern. A heavy explosion took place, and her bow began to rise rapidly. For a short time she stood on end, and then disappeared from sight, about two hundred yards from the shore.

Procter speaks of his rescue of the *Plutón's* people as follows:

I made for the *Plutón*, picked up a boat-load of people, and returned. I then went back to the *Plutón*, and attempted to board her; but the surf was too heavy, breaking over her deck. I picked up a boat-load, and then landed in a cove near the wreck. In the meanwhile the other boats were picked up, and the *Gloucester* steamed out of sight. I tried, and finally succeeded with difficulty in

THE "GLOUCESTER'S" BOATS RESCUING THE SURVIVORS OF THE "FUROR." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. WHITELOCK, AUTHOR OF "A YEOMAN ON THE 'GLOUCESTER.'"

boarding one half of the *Plutón;* but the surf was so heavy, and she was bouncing about at such a rate, that I could not see much. The mortality was not great from our fire, but large numbers were drowned. I collected another full boat-load of half drowned and wounded, and sent a number aboard a press boat, and started for the ship.

Rounding the point ahead, the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo* came into full view. They were all aflame, and grounded near the beach, and white flags were flying from all parts of the burning vessels. The Spaniards could be seen crowded on the bows, the nearest point to the shore, and many were in the water. We first stopped for a minute to rescue an officer who was floating on a small raft, kneeling with his hands raised to heaven. He proved to be the fleet surgeon, and when taken on board he collapsed from exhaustion. We steamed at full speed close between the burning ships, lowered all our boats, and made every effort to save life.

The story of the rescue can be best told by quoting from the reports of the officers of the *Gloucester* who were engaged. Edson, who was the first to be sent away, says:

I was sent, with my division, in command of the ship's cutter with instructions to rescue the crew of the *Infanta Maria Teresa.* As we approached the vessel, which was in flames, I saw the crew crowded forward on the forecastle, and I noted that the vessel lay nearly broadside on a sandy beach, distant about two hundred yards. As we neared her I held up a rope's end to indicate my purpose. A line which they gave me I took to the beach, and called for a good swimmer to take it through the surf. Otto Braun responded so manfully to my call that it was easily seen that he was the right man for the work. With the line about his neck, he fought against the breakers for twenty minutes. He returned once to the boat for a rest. The line was more carefully tended after this by William G. Bee, and after another struggle, the cutter being closer in this time, Braun made the beach. I sent Keller also through the surf to secure the line ashore. The cutter was hauled to and from the ship along this line, carrying each time eight or ten men from the burning wreck. As we neared the beach each time, I found it necessary to throw one or more of the Spaniards into the water in order to expedite the work. The men were immediately grabbed by Keller or Braun, and passed along the line to the beach. In this manner the cutter landed about two hundred officers and men, and I believe that Admiral Cervera was among the number.

LIEUTENANT WOOD BRINGING SPANISH PRISONERS ABOARD THE "GLOUCESTER." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. WHITELOCK, AUTHOR OF "A YEOMAN ON THE 'GLOUCESTER.'"

The only other boat engaged in this rescue was the gig from the *Gloucester*, in charge of Lieutenant Norman.

Norman had already risked his life in rescuing the men from the *Furor*. He reports as follows:

After the *Gloucester* had steamed to the westward to a point a mile beyond where we had driven the destroyer *Plutón* on the rocks, I went away in charge of the gig to the rescue of the crew of the *Teresa*, who could be seen crowded on the bows of their ship, the after-part and the waist being afire and burning fiercely. The *Teresa* had been run aground, and lay two hundred yards from the shore. As I approached I could see some of her crew, about a dozen, already upon the beach and surrounded by a little band of Cubans. Mr. Edson, in charge of another of our boats, having carried a line from the bow of the *Teresa* to the shore, we immediately set about disembarking her crew, letting those who were badly wounded be lowered by ropes to our boats, but compelling the uninjured to come down and out on the life-line until they could drop into one of our boats, which we kept a few yards from the ship's side. By using one of our boats to receive the men, and the other to ferry them to the surf, we got ahead rapidly, and in less than three hours had landed all the living from the ship, to the number of 480. [Norman's numbers are accurate, as he counted the survivors on shore, where he was in charge after the *Gloucester* left.—R.W.] Of these many were wounded, but they and all the rest had to be put over into the water, when forty yards from the shore, and dragged through the surf to the beach. I received in the first boat-load from the deck of the *Teresa* a Spanish officer who could

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A SPANISH PRINT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

SEÑOR DON PEDRO VAZQUEZ, COMMANDER OF THE DESTROYER "PLUTÓN."

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A SPANISH PRINT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

SEÑOR DON DIEGO CARLIER, COMMANDER OF THE DESTROYER "FUROR."

speak English. By retaining him in my boat I was able, in some measure, to direct the actions of those on the ship. Through him I received the promise of the officers set ashore that they would, so many as I wished, return to the *Gloucester* as soon as the work of rescue was finished.

All through the time that we were rescuing the crew of the *Teresa*, small explosions were occurring on and between her decks. The fire was still working forward, and those still left in the ship were urging us to hurry in our work of removing them, as they feared an explosion of the forward magazine. After the crew of the *Teresa* had been gotten ashore, I backed my boat in on the life-line as near as possible, and sent a man ashore with orders for Admiral Cervera, the fleet captain, and the other officers next in rank to come into my boat, which they quickly obeyed, two of our men dragging along the life-line through the surf to our boat's side. I then returned, with these and the officer whom I had kept with me throughout as prisoners, to the *Gloucester*.

I remember well when Norman brought the admiral on board. When I saw that gallant gentleman in his wringing wet underclothes, I felt as if I were a culprit. Huse had, some little time before, come from below and told me that one of the officers—I think Captain Carlier of the *Furor*—was very despondent, and that he had been trying to cheer him up. He suggested that I see him and say a word. So I went down and congratulated him on his hard fight after his crew and vessel had suffered so severely. This seemed to brace him up mightily. When the gallant old admiral came on

board he was no longer an enemy. Not a man but remembered that he had sent us the news of Hobson's safety, and all felt that he was a brave seaman. His tactics may be questioned, but his courage never. I felt proud of the privilege of being the first to congratulate him on his heroic fight. He had no sword to surrender, and he was not

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY W. W. WHITELOCK, AUTHOR OF "A YEOMAN ON THE 'GLOUCESTER.'"

ADMIRAL CERVERA COMING ON BOARD THE "GLOUCESTER."
The officer leaning over the rail is Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, the one at the left is Lieutenant Huse.

a man to shed tears in public. After a courteous reply, his next word was for his people on shore. They were wounded and without supplies, and he mistrusted Cuban generosity.

In the meantime Wood was saving life on the *Oquendo*. He says:

After putting my prisoners on board, I was ordered to save what life I could from the *Oquendo*, hard and fast ashore, and burning furiously. This vessel lay with her bows inshore, and almost perpendicular to the beach, and some three hundred yards from it. On going alongside, as near as practicable owing to the surf and great heat from the burning vessel, I could see none of her officers and crew, except some twenty or thirty crowded on the forecastle and hanging by ropes from her bows; and these I succeeded in rescuing and putting aboard our ship, together with some ten or twelve whom I found floating on fragments of wreck. The burning cruiser, her plates many of them burst outward and red-hot, the roar of the flames, the constant explosions of small-arm ammunition from her guns or of her boilers—this, with the cries of the wretches on her bows for help, all made a scene which was indescribably impressive.

My relief was great when I had all my officers and men safe aboard once more. It was a most anxious time when they were at the

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE "GLOUCESTER'S" BOAT UNDER LIEUTENANT WOOD RESCUING THE CREW OF THE "OQUENDO."

rescue work. Their great danger was only too apparent, and Huse and I kept constant watch with our binoculars, expecting every moment to see some one of our boats overwhelmed by an explosion, and we powerless to help.

After receiving Norman's report and the request of the admiral, I saw it was necessary to care for the Spaniards on shore. Norman was sent, in charge of an armed boat's crew, with all the provisions he could carry, to take charge of the prisoners. In justice to the Cubans, I must say that I do not believe there was any danger of their maltreating the Spaniards if any Cuban officer of rank was at hand. I met several of them near the grounded vessels, and they were courageous gentlemen. Had their opponents been Spanish guerrillas instead of Spanish sailors, the case would have been different.

Before any of our boats had returned to the ship, the *Harvard*, Captain Cotton, came steaming to the westward. I tried to signal

to her that assistance was needed, and received some reply about a Spanish man-of-war coming out. She went past us so fast that we did not get the signal. Soon the *Ericsson* came steaming from the direction of the vanished fleets. They gave us a cheer, and Usher told me that a large Spanish cruiser had been sighted, and that he was going after her. I never saw a man more full of the joy of battle. He had had a long fight to keep his craft going when most men would have given up the job. Here was his chance—not one that many of us would seek for—to stop a big vessel in broad daylight with a torpedo-boat. His broad smile was reflected on the face of all of his crew who were visible, and it looked as if their confidence must bring success. I almost felt sorry when I heard that the reported Spaniard turned out to be an Austrian.

The *Indiana* passed us next, on her way to guard the harbor, and Captain Taylor hoisted the signal, "Congratulations." This praise, from one who, we all felt, knew what good work meant, nearly upset the discipline of the ship, and for a moment we forgot the sufferings of others, and gave vent to our joy by wild cheers.

Before we left the burning ships the Associated Press boat *Wanda* came from the direction of Santiago. Mr. Dunning came on board, and reported that he had ten or twelve Spaniards that he had rescued from the destroyers. Here was a complication. The *Wanda* flew British colors. The prisoners were an embarrassment to the press boat, which did not wish to be placed in the light of trapping prisoners for us. The difficulty was solved by the captain of the *Furor*, who, after the case was explained to him, signed a paper containing directions to the men to report on board the *Gloucester*—the most comfortable solution for all.

The wounded and exhausted, as soon as they reached the ship, were sent below, where they were cared for by Dr. Bransford and his assistants, aided by Edson, who was a good surgeon as well as a brave seaman. The Spanish officers were shown into our quarters, and the men were placed forward, under an armed guard. Both officers and men were clothed and fed to the best of our abilities.

I shall always feel proud to have served with the officers and men of the *Gloucester*. All, or nearly all, came to her from choice, and I should have been deeply disappointed had any failed in the time of battle. But the danger was greater when the time came to save life, and the attending excitement when the fighting blood is up was wanting. Yet every man was more than anxious to aid in the rescue, and it was a struggle among them to see who could do the most for the prisoners. Once Paymaster Brown, who had his hands full during the fight, wanted to jump overboard to save a Spaniard when there was no boat at hand. Huse stopped him for fear of losing time when time meant lives.

When there was nothing more to be done at the burning ships, we steamed off Santiago and reported to Captain Taylor. He directed us to report to Captain Evans of the *Iowa*, the senior officer who was nearest at hand. By his direction, I took Admiral Cervera and his staff to the *Iowa*, landed the well prisoners on the *Indiana*, and started with the wounded for Siboney.

By midnight we were back at our old station off the Morro; but the direction of our most careful lookout was reversed. We now knew that our important work was to keep vessels out of the harbor. During this watch the assistant chief of staff, Lieutenant Staunton, passed us in a torpedo-boat, and gave us the welcome news that the *Colón* had been caught. We had seen the smoke of the burning *Vizcaya*, and knew that the *Iowa* had rescued many of the crew, so this accounted for all the vessels that left the harbor. The victory was complete. Lieutenant Staunton also said, "The admiral admired your splendid work." This filled our cup to overflowing.

I have been asked many times to what the completeness of our victory was mainly due, and how I could account for our small loss of life. To my mind, our victory was due, first, to the care and precision with which the blockade was directed by Admiral Sampson and his staff; second, to the loyal and intelligent support given by every officer and man. Our force was sufficiently strong to insure victory; but had there been a weakness in any one link, the Spanish attempt to escape would have met with partial success. Our small loss of life can be accounted for, humanly speaking, only by our constant target practice and superior nerve. Our constant target practice gave magnificent fire discipline and correct aiming when at reasonable distance. Our superior nerve (not courage, for there was ample courage on both sides of the fight) gave us the ability to hold our range when once it was obtained. Nerve in the engine- and fire-rooms, nerve at the helm, and nerve behind the guns, will account for the complete victory, with the loss of only one American sailor.

THE "TEXAS" AT SANTIAGO.

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) JOHN W. PHILIP.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & CO. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN W. PHILIP IN THE UNIFORM OF A COMMODORE, U. S. N.

ONCE, in the weary days of waiting before the Santiago Morro, when none of us knew whether we were to lie there inactive for a year or to be blown up the next minute by a torpedo, a man came to me, and said:

"Captain, I don't know about this thing of standing up to get shot at. I never thought much about the Peace Society before, but I am becoming more and more convinced that I ought to join it. The truth is, if Cervera ever comes out of his hole and begins throwing eleven-inch shells at me, I am very much afraid that I *shall* be very much afraid."

I met this man again on that bright July afternoon a week or two later, as we lay off Rio Tarquino, watching the quiet surrender of the last ship of the Spanish squadron, with the decks of the *Texas* sole-deep in saltpeter from her guns, her forward upper works shot away, the marks of a Spanish shell in her pilot-house, and the fragments of another in her fire-room, but still able to flutter the signal "No casualties." He looked twenty years younger. His eyes were still bright with the joy of battle.

"Were you afraid?" I asked.

"I had n't time to think about it," he replied.

His somewhat whimsical apprehensions had been born of the tension of waiting.

It is easy now to speak lightly of the blockade, but it made more than one man in our squadron hollow-eyed and fitful-pulsed.

A less equable race could never have maintained it as did the officers and men under the command of Sampson and Schley.

Although this is intended to be a brief account of the battle of Santiago as seen from the *Texas*, I mention the blockade because it was the blockade that made the battle possible. The battle was a direct consequence of the blockade, and upon the method and effectiveness of the blockade was very largely dependent the issue of the battle. It was necessary to have always before the entrance to Santiago harbor a force of ships amply sufficient to cope with the Spanish squadron, should it come out to do battle, and it was necessary to have this force so disposed that none of the Spaniards could escape, if that were their object, no matter which direction they should take. Unremitting vigilance by night and by day was an absolute necessity. Under the orders of Admiral Sampson, the blockade was conducted with a success exemplified by the result.

It was a terrible strain, that month of watching for no man knew what. For weeks hammocks were unknown on the *Texas*, with half the entire crew by turns on watch at night. Every one on board, from prentice to officer, met the arduous conditions cheerfully. Rarely was there an infraction of discipline. One night two tired boys were reported to me as asleep when they should have been awake. It was an offense punishable with death in time of war. I called them aft next morning, in the presence of the assembled crew, and told them that the safety of all depended upon the vigilance of each. They looked for sympathy from their comrades, but got not a glance. With a few more words of admonition, I sent them below in tears, knowing full well that never again would those two boys sleep on post.

That our officers and men bore up so well under this strain, when a trip to Guantanamo for coal was a welcome relief, and a bombardment of the Santiago fortifications a joyous dissipation, is a cheering instance that the American character has plenty of that dogged steadfastness which is more valuable to the doing of things than dash and brilliancy alone.

So, when the Spanish admiral at last made his dash to escape, we were ready—ready with our men, with our guns, and *with our engines*. Any one who intimates the contrary is mistaken, or is desirous of provoking a technical discussion which would leave the public, not understanding the exigencies of the situation, with the impression that there was somewhere a culpable laxness. The *Texas*, for example,—I need not speak for any other ship,—was churning a white wake before the first black prow of Cervera's squadron had fairly showed around Puntilla. Within three minutes of the time when the alarm was given she was under way, at full speed and firing, with every man at his post. What more can "readiness" demand?

Cervera's sally had been so long expected that when it actually came it was unexpected. I, for one, did not dream that, after declining the issue for a month, he would come out in broad daylight. On the morning of July 3 our ship was in her assigned blockading position, a little west of south from Morro Castle, which point was exactly fifty-one hundred yards distant from the *Texas*, then lying between the *Brooklyn* and the *Iowa*. The *Texas* was somewhat farther inshore than either the *Brooklyn* or the *Iowa*, the former being to the westward and the latter to the eastward of her. East of the *Iowa*, again, were the *Oregon* and the *Indiana*, while the *Gloucester* flanked the *Indiana* inshore, and the *Vixen* the *Brooklyn*.

I was half-way up the steps leading from the cabin to the main-deck when the electric gongs sounding the general alarm smote my ears with a fierceness that made me jump. On deck officers and men were running to their assigned stations in time of action, some of the officers who had been off duty buckling on their sword-belts as they ran. I heard some one cry, "They 're coming out!" Glancing toward the Morro, I saw three wreaths of smoke blackening the blue sky over the hills beyond the entrance. It was just thirty-six minutes after nine by our clock. The ship was already under way, headed in. From our signal-halyards flew the flags representing general signal No. 250, "The enemy is attempting to escape." Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol had been the officer on duty on the bridge, and he had lost no time when his quick eyes had discovered the signs of Cervera's sally. Just as I reached the bridge the foremost of the advancing Spanish ships poked her nose around Puntilla. As she swung around, she fired, and almost immediately afterward our forward six-inch spoke. The first shell fired by Cervera threw up a column of water short of us and between the *Texas* and the *Iowa*.

On each side of the *Texas* the *Brooklyn* and the *Iowa* were coming up with a tremendous rush. The dash of these two ships, as soon as the alarm was given, straight for the

enemy, with cascades of water pouring away from their bows (the proverbial "bone in her teeth" of the writers on nautical matters), was one of the most beautiful sights of the battle. They seemed to me to spring forward as a hound from the leash. Farther east, the *Oregon* and the *Indiana* were also headed in, ready for business. From some

SEARCH-LIGHT CAPTURED FROM THE "VIZCAYA," NOW ON THE "TEXAS."

of the ships fluttered the same signal that we displayed, "The enemy is attempting to escape." When so many hundreds of eyes must have seen the approach of Cervera at once, it is to the credit of all that none claims the distinction of having been the first to discover the sally.

The executive officer of the *Texas*, Lieutenant-Commander Harber, and the navigator, Lieutenant Heilner, joined me on the bridge, Lieutenant Bristol hastening to his post at the port twelve-inch turret gun.

It was only a few minutes after we had seen the leader of the advancing squadron that it became apparent that Cervera's plan was to run his ships in column westward in an effort to escape between the *Brooklyn* and the shore before our heavier ships could get way enough to stop him. He afterward said that he had hoped to disable the *Brooklyn* if she showed fight, and to show a clean pair of heels to our battle-ships. In this he made two grievous miscalculations: one in the speed and state of preparedness of our heavier ships; the other, and perhaps even more vital, as to the deadly accuracy of American fire at long range. Before he had fairly found himself outside the Morro, the entire blockading squadron—*Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas*—was pumping shell into him at such a rate as virtually to decide the issue of the battle in the first few moments.

All our ships had closed in simultaneously. When we started we were nearly three land miles distant. The first range that I sent to our twelve-inch was forty-two hundred yards. At a quarter to ten, or ten minutes after the alarm was sounded, the range was given to me as thirty-four hundred yards by Naval Cadet Reynolds, who was manipulating the range-finder on the bridge. This was for the Spanish flagship, which we could see was one of the *Vizcaya* class, and which we then thought was the *Vizcaya*. As every one knows now, she was the *Maria Teresa*.

As the Spanish squadron steamed proudly past the gray-walled Morro and swung in seamanlike precision of column under the guns of Socapa, the scene from the bridge of the *Texas*, as the smoke lifted from time to time, was inspiring. A more beautiful morning we had rarely seen, even in those sunlit tropic waters. Scarcely a breath of air rippled the long-rolling green swell of the Caribbean. Over the waters the mountains of Santiago thrust their lofty wooded peaks into the unclouded sky. On each hand were

our ships of war rushing to the fray, at close view battle-scarred and begrimed, but at our distance glistening in the sunlight and majestic in their suggestion of irresistible power. The picturesque old Morro, which we had come to regard with feelings of friendship, or at least of good acquaintance, rose straight ahead of us, still flaunting the red-and-yellow flag.

The Spanish ships came out as gaily as brides to the altar. Handsome vessels they certainly were, and with flags enough flying for a celebration parade. "They certainly mean us to think they have started out, at least, to do business," remarked an officer near me, gazing at the huge battle-flags that swung from the peaks of the *Teresa;* "but perhaps they have some white ones ready for an emergency." It was this array, perhaps, which caused Lieutenant Heilner suddenly to look aloft. There was the old *Texas* pottering along grimly without any insignia of war except the Stars and Stripes in its usual place at the stern.

"Where are our battle-flags?" he cried.

"I guess they won't have any misconception about our being in battle," I remarked, as one of our six-inch shells threw up a column of spray that seemed to fall over the *Teresa's* deck. But he wanted battle-flags. "What 's a battle without battle-flags?" he demanded, and hurried a messenger after them. The messenger returned with the information that the flags were in the locker and that the chief signal-quartermaster had the key. The signal-quartermaster just then was very busy and somewhat inaccessible, being at his post in the fore upper top. "Then smash the locker," said the lieutenant, and at last we got our battle-flags up. I don't know that the *Texas* fought any better after that, but the lieutenant was certainly happier.

The first shots of the *Texas* were directed, as I have said, at the *Teresa* at long range, as we were steaming almost direct for the harbor entrance. In a very few minutes the engagement had become general. Every one of the Spanish vessels fired as she came broadside on, rounding the western point of the harbor entrance, and the whistle of shells passing over our heads became unpleasantly frequent. Occasionally I saw a column of water shoot straight up in the air, geyser-like, where one of their shells had struck near the ship, but, as nearly as I could tell, most of their shots had too great elevation and were passing harmlessly over us. I had

DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE "TEXAS" FROM COLLISION WITH THE "BROOKLYN."

altered the *Texas's* course to the westward, seeing that that was the direction in which the Spanish squadron was going. Then occurred the incident which caused me for a moment more alarm than anything Cervera did that day.

As the *Texas* veered westward, the *Brooklyn* was plowing up the water at a great rate in a course almost due north, direct for the oncoming Spanish ships, and nearly a mile

away from the *Texas*. The smoke from our guns began to hang so heavily and densely over the ship that for a few minutes we could see nothing. We might as well have had a blanket tied over our heads. Suddenly a whiff of breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall, and there, bearing toward us and across our bows, turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the *Brooklyn*. She looked as big as half a dozen *Great Easterns*, and seemed so near that it took our breath away.

"Back both engines hard!" went down the tube to the astonished engineers, and in a twinkling the old ship was racing against herself. The collision which seemed imminent, even if it was not, was averted, and as the big cruiser glided past, all of us on the bridge gave a sigh of relief. Had the *Brooklyn* struck us then, it would probably have been an end of the *Texas* and her half-thousand men. Had the *Texas* rammed the *Brooklyn*, it would have been equally disastrous; for the *Texas* was not built for ramming, and she would have doubled up like a hoop. Few of our ship's company knew of the incident. It was really the one time in the battle when I thought for a second that I should have to give in to that woman in Brooklyn who shook hands with me just before the *Texas* sailed, explaining that she was the last woman who had shaken hands with the commander of the *Huron*, that ship having been lost with most of her company immediately after the fatal hand-shake. I always wanted to fool that woman, if possible.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT 11:30 BY T. M. DIEUAIDE.

CAPTAIN PHILIP, ON THE FLYING BRIDGE OF THE "TEXAS," WATCHING THE "COLÓN" DURING THE CHASE.

This happened about a quarter to ten. The *Texas*, after having exchanged compliments with the *Teresa*, was thrashing the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* with her main starboard battery. They were then the second and third ships in line, the *Colón*, which was third in coming out, having drawn inside of the *Vizcaya*. The hottest part of the battle was at about this period. The *Oregon* and the *Iowa* had come up with a rush. Both, from their starting positions, came inside of the *Texas*, the *Oregon*, by reason of her superior speed, gradually forging ahead of us. We found ourselves warmly engaged with a Spaniard which subsequently proved to be the *Oquendo*.

The supreme disadvantage was the smoke from our own guns. It got in our ears, noses, and mouths, blackened our faces, and blinded our eyes. Often for minutes at a time, for all we could see, we might as well have been down in the double bottoms as on the bridge. One had the sensation of standing up against an unseen foe, the most disagreeable sensation in warfare. As the shells were screaming about our ears in uncomfortable frequency, I decided—for the sake of the men exposed with me on the flying bridge, as well as for myself—to go to the lower bridge, which encircled the conning-tower. There one could see as well, and some of the bridge contingent, at least, would have the protection of being on the lee side of the tower. In addition to the executive officer, navigator, and range-finder, I had with me on or near the bridge a corps of messengers. I found the messenger system more advantageous than the sole use of telephones and speaking-tubes. For each watch-officer there were special messengers who answered the call of the officer's name. For instance, when I wished to give a direction to Lieutenant Haeseler, in the starboard turret, I called, "Haeseler!" and instantly a messenger was at my side. I gave him the

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT 11:45 BY T. M. DIEUAIDE.

GROUP OF SAILORS ON THE PORT TURRET OF THE "TEXAS" WATCHING THE "COLÓN," AT WHICH THE "OREGON" HAS JUST FIRED.

message, and in an instant it was repeated into the ears of the officer. These messengers, mostly apprentice boys, I found in every case alert, eager, and fearless. After the first few moments of nervousness, they entered into the spirit of the fight with a marvelous zest. I remember hearing one of these boys, a youngster, surely not over sixteen, in the very hottest of the battle, remark to another: "Fourth of July celebration, eh? A little early, but a good one!"

That we left the flying bridge was extremely fortunate, or providential. Within a minute—in fact, while we were still on the bridge, making our way down the only ladder—a shell struck the jamb of the starboard door of the pilot-house, and exploded inside, wrecking the paneling and framing, and carrying away the after-bulkhead. Had we not gone below, the wheel-man must have been killed, and probably some of the others standing on the bridge. This was the first of the three times we were struck.

The *Texas* fired from her main battery only when a good target could be plainly seen. I gave explicit orders to that effect, and they were carried out faithfully. When the smoke lifted and the enemy could be seen, the gunners took careful aim and fired deliberately. It seemed better to fire a few shells and place them, than a great many and lose them. Had it been necessary, thanks to the improvements made in the turret appliances by Lieutenant Haeseler, we could have pumped a shell every minute and a half from each of our twelve-inch guns. As it was, the men in the *Texas* turrets have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that the two big shells which did find their way into the Spanish vessels, so far as discovered by the official board of survey, were twelve-inch shells.

There was credited to the *Texas* little or no confusion in any part of the ship at any time in the course of the battle, and no orders went wrong. Although most of the ship's company had to work, as it were, in the dark, they had been well drilled, and did their duty with mechanical precision fortified by intelligent patriotism.

At ten minutes to ten, as we went to the lower bridge, the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, and *Texas* were pretty well bunched, holding a parallel course westward with the Spaniards. The *Indiana* was also coming up, well inside of all the others of our squadron, but a little in the rear, owing to her far eastward position at starting. The *Oregon* drew up with the *Texas*, and blanketed her fire for a moment or two.

In the course of our fight with the *Oquendo* a shell exploded over our forward superstructure. The concussion lifted the bridge contingent off their feet. I remember pitching up in the air, with my coat-tails flying out behind me, as if I had been thrown by one of Roosevelt's broncos. No one was hurt except Cadet Reynolds, one of whose ear-drums was split. Our port cutter was blown into kindling, the woodwork of the superstructure was torn to bits, and the ship took fire. But the *Texas* was ready for just such an emergency, and in a twinkling a score of willing men were playing the hose upon the blaze, regardless of danger.

A few moments later the Spaniards got in a luckier shot. A shell about six inches in diameter struck forward of the ash-hoist, and, after passing through the outer plating of hammock-berthing, exploded, the mass of

pieces penetrating the bulkhead and casing of the starboard smoke-pipe. This shot, fortunately, hurt nobody, but it caused considerable excitement in the fire-room. Fragments of the shell dropped down there; the hammocks and portions of the sailors' clothing stored in the berthing caught fire and also fell below, causing such a gush of smoke in the fire-room that some of the men thought the ship had blown up. That there was no panic there, nor anything like one, speaks volumes for the discipline of the men and the efficiency of the engineer officers.

Soon after ten o'clock we first observed the so-called destroyers, and at once turned our secondary battery upon them. The *Iowa*, *Oregon*, and *Indiana* also devoted their attention to the much-dreaded little craft. The hammering they got from the four ships must have been terrific. As we passed on down the coast, leaving the destroyers in the rear, we saw the *Gloucester* was pounding them to a finish at close range. The *Furor*, the leading destroyer, blew up with a crash that sounded high above the roar of battle. There was a great gush of black smoke, and a sheet of flame seemed to leap above the tops of the hills under which the doomed craft lay. The men of the *Texas* have always insisted that this was caused by a shell from Ensign W. K. Gise's six-inch gun.

DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JULY 3, BY T. M. DIEUAIDE.

FORWARD SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "TEXAS," SHOWING WRECKAGE CAUSED BY THE CONCUSSION OF THE SHIP'S OWN GUNS, OR BY SPANISH SHOT.

About a quarter past ten the *Teresa*, which had been in difficulties from the moment she left the shelter of the Morro, turned to seek a beaching-place. She was on fire, and we knew that she was no longer a quantity to be reckoned with. Five minutes later, our special enemy, the *Oquendo*, also turned inshore. The *Vizcaya* was then in the lead, with the *Colón* not far away and inside. It seemed to us as if the *Colón* were trying to shield herself, and that was undoubtedly the reason why she gave us so long a chase. When her sister ships were blown up she was uninjured.

At twenty-five minutes to eleven, as the *Texas* passed the *Oquendo*, that ship ran up a white flag, and I gave the order, "Cease firing." The *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn* were in the lead, the *Oregon* considerably farther inshore, hammering at the *Vizcaya* and the *Colón*. The two Spanish ships ashore were seen to be burning fiercely. We could see boat-loads of men leaving them. The *Indiana* and the *Gloucester* went in to receive their surrender and rescue their survivors, while the rest of us pushed on after the two remaining ships. Then we knew that the battle, which had lasted less than an hour, was virtually over. But there were still two of the enemy's ships to run to ground. The *Colón* forged well ahead, and was running like a greyhound for safety, but keeping so far inside that she followed the sinuosities of the coast. The *Texas* followed the *Oregon* at

her best speed, the men in the engine- and fire-rooms working like beavers. The *Vizcaya* kept blazing away viciously, but the pounding she got from our four ships, more particularly the *Oregon*, was too much for her, and in half an hour she too headed for the beach. At a quarter to eleven the *Brooklyn* was abeam of her, about two miles outside; the *Oregon* was nearly abeam, half a mile farther inshore; and the *Texas* was on the starboard quarter of the *Oregon* and about a mile in the rear. All three were steering parallel courses to the westward. The *Vizcaya* was still firing occasionally, and at fairly long intervals our ships took a well-aimed shot at her. We could see that she was on fire, and knew that her surrender was only a question of time. Just after eleven o'clock she veered toward the shore. The *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn* paid no further attention to her, but put after the *Colón*, which was scurrying westward at a great rate. As we drew up on the *Vizcaya*, a moment or two later, her stern flag came down on the run. There were colors still flying from her truck, however, and as she displayed no white flag, some of our officers thought that she might not yet have surrendered, and that the stern flag might have been shot away. But we could not fire on her, even if she had not surrendered. Flames were shooting from her deck fore and aft, and as her nose touched the beach two tremendous explosions in succession literally shook her to pieces. The *Iowa* having been signaled by Admiral Sampson to go in to her, I determined to push on with the *Texas* to render assistance, if any were needed, in capturing the last survivor of the squadron.

That ship, wiliest of all the Spanish vessels, was making a great race for liberty. Something might happen to the *Oregon;* the *Colón* was supposed to be the superior of the *Brooklyn* in strength: it was very clearly the duty of the *Texas* to keep along in the chase, with all her energies. It gives me pleasure to be able to write that, old ship as she is, and not built for speed, the *Texas* held her own and even gained on the *Colón*, in that chase. When it was seen later that there was no earthly chance for the *Colón* to escape, I shut off our forced draft, remembering the hard-working and gallant fellows in the engine- and fire-rooms. In this chase but few shots were fired on either side. It was a test of engines, and not of guns, and we hoped to capture the ship uninjured.

For two hours this grim and silent chase was pursued over the smooth and foamless seas, under a sky of blue, and with a background of beautiful Cuban mountains. The *Colón*, following the coast, was in a trap. The *Brooklyn*, drawing ahead, made to cut her off at a point of land jutting out farther westward. The *Oregon*, nearly abeam, cut off any attempt to escape by striking out to the open sea. The *Texas*, in her wake, prevented her doubling. Hemmed in on all three sides, there was only the shore to choose, and the *Colón* wisely chose it. At a quarter past one the *Colón* surrendered and beached. The *Texas* signaled, "Enemy has surrendered." The signal was repeated by the *Vixen*, then coming up behind us, to the *New York*, some miles to the eastward, but was not acknowledged. The *Texas* closed in on the *Colón* a few minutes after the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*.

It has been asserted that Cervera would have had a better chance had he led his squadron to the east instead of to the west. He then would have had a clear run, with only the *Gloucester* in the way, and the only one of our blockading ships supposed (on paper) to be the equal of his in speed, the *Brooklyn*, away over at the westward end of the line. But he must then have reckoned with the *Indiana*, the speed of which was impaired, but whose guns and men were not; he would have run into the teeth of the *New York*, coming up from the direction of Siboney, and the *Oregon* and the *Iowa* would have had as good a chance to go after him to the eastward as they had to the westward. For my part, I cannot help thinking that had Cervera been able to steam straight out, radiating the ships of his squadron from the Morro as a center, one or more of them, in the confusion that must have resulted, might have got safely away for the time. More especially would this have been the case had he sent his torpedo-boat destroyers in advance, under full head of steam, straight for our line of battle-ships. I do not think that the destroyers could possibly have lived long enough to do any damage to one of our ships. They would have been sacrificed, but they were sacrificed anyhow. The effect might easily have been, I conceive, that, with our ships blanketed in the dense smoke from their guns and not knowing at times whether their neighbor was friend or enemy, some of the Spaniards might have pierced our line and got to the open sea without material injury. But the reception they got, literally at the very moment of showing themselves, made it advisable to hug the shore and keep one eye out for a soft place to beach, where, if life survived the peril of shot and shell, it might not be snuffed out by drowning.

THE "BROOKLYN" AT SANTIAGO.

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. COOK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY C. E. BOLLES. TAKEN DURING THE NAVAL REVIEW AT NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1898, ON THE RETURN OF THE FLEET FROM SANTIAGO.

THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

ON the beautiful tropical morning of July 3, 1898, the fleet of Admiral Sampson was continuing its long and tedious vigil at the entrance to Santiago harbor, to prevent the escape of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera. The instructions from Admiral Sampson to meet such an attempt on the part of the enemy were complete, and were understood by all commanding officers.

The *Brooklyn* was flying the flag of Commodore W. S. Schley, second in command off Santiago. The flagship *New York* left her station at 9 A. M., flying the signal to disregard her movements, and disappeared to the eastward, leaving Commodore Schley in command.

Taking advantage of the exceptionally fine day, instructions had been given by me to the

executive officer to go to quarters at 9:30 A. M., and to march the crew aft for general muster and inspection. "White mustering-clothes" had been ordered for the crew, and "all white" for officers. The first call for quarters had been sounded. I had laid out on my bunk my last laundered white coat, and reported it from the bridge, where he had relieved the officer of the deck for quarters. I rang full speed on both engines, ordered steam on all boilers, and directed the helmsman to stand for the head of the Spanish column.

Commodore Schley was standing on the

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.

and was about to don it for the occasion, when I heard the ringing voice of the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Mason, calling, "Clear ship for action!" As I had given no orders, I knew at once from the tone that it "meant business." I ran to the forecastle, and was there informed from the bridge by Lieutenant Hodgson, the navigator, who was ever alert, that all was connected in the conning-tower and ready. He was the first in this ship to discover the Spaniards coming out from the entrance, platform erected around the conning-tower, in the best position for communication, and from which he could observe the movements of the fleets and direct the signaling. His aides and signalmen were directly in front of him.

I got out on the forecastle, and a grander sight could not be conceived. Here was to be the culmination of our hopes, and the end of our vigil. I felt that victory was certain, though it was natural to suppose that we should suffer losses.

The Spanish fleet in column was just outside the entrance and heading about southwest. It consisted of the *Maria Teresa* (flag), *Vizcaya*, *Colón*, and *Oquendo*, followed some time afterward by the destroyers *Furor* and *Plutón*. I have no personal knowledge of the movements of the torpedo-boats, as they were too far away and were obscured by smoke, and I was intent upon the main fleet.

Within five minutes from the discovery, we opened fire on the leading ship with our port battery, as we stood with port helm to head off the enemy. We gave her a raking fire at about fifteen hundred yards' range. Our whole fleet was pouring upon them a rapid and destructive fire. The fate of two, the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo*, was soon virtually decided. The enemy turned to the westward and close in to the land. The *Brooklyn* was turning rapidly with port helm, and continued to turn, firing all the time with the port battery, and following around until the starboard battery was brought into action. Our "tumbling-in" sides enabled us to maintain a continual fire while turning.

The *Brooklyn*, in the lead, was followed by the *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and *Gloucester*. The *Vixen*, which had been to the westward on the blockade, ran to the southward and eastward of us, and kept for some time off our port side, distant about one thousand yards, evidently to be ready to guard against torpedo attack on this ship. The firing from the Spanish ships was now rapid, and the whistling of shell incessant. Most of the projectiles passed over us and fell near the *Vixen*, some passing over her. Our escape with so little injury was miracu-

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. COOK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE DURING THE BATTLE BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM.

COMMODORE SCHLEY AT THE CONNING-TOWER DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

The man standing just below the commodore is Chief Yeoman Ellis, killed soon after this photograph was taken.

lous, and can be attributed only to the bad marksmanship of the enemy.

While we were wearing, the *Teresa* dropped astern, on fire, and, harassed by the heavy firing of our fleet, soon ran ashore. The fact was communicated through the ship, and the cheering of the crew could be heard amid the roaring of the guns. The *Vizcaya*, now leading, and followed by the *Colón* and the *Oquendo*, was rapidly steaming to the westward. The *Brooklyn* was engaged with all three as the *Vizcaya* forged ahead. The *Texas*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana* were maintaining a rapid fire. The *Oregon* shot out from among the battle-ships, carrying a large white wave before her, the forced draft puffing thick black smoke spasmodically from her stacks. She soon outstripped the others, and came up to within about six hundred yards of our starboard quarter, and maintained a position from that to within about two thousand yards until the end of the battle. We were making fourteen knots at the time she shot out from the other ships, soon after we made fifteen, and just before the end nearly sixteen knots, reckoning from the revolution counters.

Soon after the falling out of the *Teresa*, the *Oquendo* wavered awhile, and then turned back and inshore, and, in flames, ran aground. Our crew, in transports of joy born of such triumph, were cheering, and forcing their best efforts at the battery.

The *Vizcaya* and the *Colón* continued on, hard pressed by the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*. The *Colón* passed inside of the *Vizcaya*, and took the lead. Orders were given to fire as rapidly as possible while the two ships were

over-lapped and in range. The *Vizcaya*, at about 10:50 A. M., was seen to be on fire, and evidently in distress, and at 11 A. M. turned inshore, all ablaze, and hauled down her flag.

Firing immediately ceased, and we continued the chase of the *Colón*, now about twelve thousand yards away. The ranges ran from fifteen hundred to three thousand yards with the *Vizcaya*, as she kept in and out from the coast. When she beached and surrendered, she bore forward of our starboard beam about a point.

The *Oregon* kept a parallel course about three hundred yards inside of ours. The *Colón* kept close in to the land, running into all the bights. We steadily gained on her, and were getting more steam all the time. We had four main and one auxiliary boiler on, and the remaining one and the other auxiliary were nearly ready. After running about fifty miles from the entrance, the position of the *Colón* became desperate. She was already within range of the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, and could not come out without crossing the bows of both and engaging us. We expected her to do so. Our eight-inch shells were passing over her stern at sixty-eight hundred yards, and the *Oregon* sent a heavy shell just ahead of her, fired at eighty-nine hundred yards. Immediately after this shot, and at 1:15 P. M., the *Colón* turned in to the beach, fired a lee gun, ran ashore, and hauled down her colors. We had reduced our range to sixty-seven hundred yards, but did not fire. The crews of the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, wild with enthusiasm, cheered each other lustily, and complimentary signals were exchanged.

Commodore Schley sent me to board the *Colón* to receive the surrender. While the boat was being hoisted out from the cradle, I went to my room and changed my black-alpaca coat and white sailor's hat for my uniform blouse and cap, and with a quick "lick and promise" at hands and face, which were covered with perspiration and sulphur, I awaited the boat. Lieutenant Wells and Ensign McCauley accompanied me, and Boatswain Hill took charge of the boat.

I shall ever regret that the snap shot taken of the crew of the boat, as it shoved off from the side, by Mr. Graham, Associated Press correspondent on board, who had stood on deck during the entire action, coolly taking notes, proved to be a failure, the films being ruined by the sulphur. The crew was muscular and well-developed, stripped to the waist, and their bodies were besmeared with perspiration and the refuse of burnt powder. They were a mild, well-disposed set of men, but they looked angry.

As we went alongside, some of the crew of the *Colón* called out to our men, "Bravo, Americanos!" And as I went up the gangway I heard the reply, "Bravo, Españoles!" I found most of the Spanish officers on deck. Captain Moreu received me with tears in his eyes, and said: "I surrender. You are too much for us." Commodore Paredes, second in command of the Spanish fleet, was much overcome by grief, and sobbed bitterly. We went to the cabin, which had been wrecked by a shot which had passed through it, throwing table, chairs, and furniture in confusion. We had a pleasant sailor talk for a few moments, and then I told Captain Moreu that his surrender must be unconditional. He replied that the officers wished to retain their personal effects, and I answered that the commander-in-chief was coming up, and no doubt would grant that. [This was done.—EDITOR.] I left the ship at about 2:15 P. M., the officers being drawn up as I left the quarter-deck. As I left the *Colón*, the *New York* came in between the *Brooklyn* and the *Colón*. I waited until she backed her engines, and then boarded her, and reported to Admiral Sampson the unconditional surrender of the *Colón*, mentioning Captain Moreu's request.

Upon my return to the *Brooklyn*, Commodore Schley took the boat and went to the *New York* to report to Admiral Sampson. He soon after returned, and informed me that he had orders to go at once in chase of two armored Spanish cruisers, supposed to be the *Pelayo* and *Carlos V*, and reported by the *Resolute* as being between us and Santiago. The *Oregon* was to join us. We started at once, under all steam, to eastward. I said to Commodore Schley that it might be the *Carlos*, but I knew of no other Spanish ship that could cross the ocean. We soon sighted a large strange vessel coming rapidly west, and made out the Spanish colors. All was excitement and enthusiasm, and the crew went promptly to their stations. We were alone; the *Oregon* had not started; and we were short of ammunition: but the spirits of the crew were such that they would have been ready for anything. Gunner's Mate Diggins brought me a book of plates of the Spanish ships, and the appearance of the stranger would answer only to the drawing of the *Cardinal Cisneros*. I so told the commodore, and added that, from all our information, that vessel was a year from completion. Darkness had now set in, and we were head-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM.

CREW OF THE "BROOKLYN" CHEERING THE "OREGON" AS SHE FIRED AT THE "COLÓN."

ing straight for her. She observed this, and turned her search-lights full on her flag, and also upon an international signal flying at her foremast, informing us that her colors were Austrian. We made out her flag at the same time. She proved to be the Austrian cruiser *Maria Theresa*. An officer from her boarded us, and asked Commodore Schley if she could communicate with the harbor of Santiago in the morning. The commodore told him that he would probably find Admiral Sampson off Santiago in the morning, and that no doubt permission would be granted. He then asked where they had better go for the night. The commodore replied, "Twenty miles off the coast, at least. This is a bad coast to-night for strangers." The Austrian then said, "We will go forty miles off."

We now steamed for Santiago. Just as we were abeam of the burning wreck of the *Vizcaya*, and at about three quarters of a mile from her, the forward magazine of the wreck blew up, throwing a column of fire and debris high in the air, from which fiery serpents of variegated colors flew in all directions. It was a beautiful display, and, as between the *Brooklyn* and the *Vizcaya*, "closed the incident." It was a terrible explosion, but it did not lift her keel, or blow her plates inboard. These two ships had first met at the Queen's Jubilee, Spithead, England, where they had been sent to represent their respective flags.

We arrived off Santiago at midnight, and steamed close to the *Indiana*. It was a clear, starlight night with a calm, smooth sea. The crew of the *Indiana* were all up, crowding the turrets and superstructure, eager to get the news. We were hailed, and asked what had become of the *Colón*. Upon our answer that the *Colón* was beached about fifty miles up the coast, and had surrendered, the cheering was loud and prolonged. We then steamed down to the *Iowa*, and found her crew also on deck awaiting news. We were hailed and the same inquiry was made. When we told them of the fate of the *Colón*, there was some clapping of hands and a stir of voices, but no cheering, and we were immediately informed that Admiral Cervera was on board, and many Spanish wounded. Our men were standing ready for a cheer, but upon hearing this news there was respectful silence, not only because they had learned that there were suffering wounded on board the *Iowa*, but because every man knew of the nobility displayed by Admiral Cervera in the treatment of Hobson and his men, and they thus recognized it. Commodore Schley went on board and paid his respects to Admiral Cervera. The commodore being an accomplished linguist, and being most courteously re-

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY FERNANDEZ. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

CAPTAIN DON EMILIO DIAZ MOREU, COMMANDER OF THE "COLÓN."

ceived, had a long and pleasant conversation with the admiral, who was dignified and pleasant, though naturally cast down by defeat. He expressed himself as particularly touched by the kind treatment and the consideration shown him by all.

Upon the return of Commodore Schley, we steamed to a station south of the Morro for the remainder of the night. Several vessels came within hail and asked for news of the *Colón*. The little terror *Suwanee*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, finally came up for news. Upon our reply, and after hearty cheering by the crew, Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty called out, "Well, they would n't have gotten away from the entrance if the *Suwanee* had been here." Loud laughter greeted this remark, but we all felt that the *Suwanee* would have been "in the thick of it" could she have had a chance.

It was a glorious victory, in which all shared alike. We have a right to be proud of the fact that every vessel did her full duty, and that nothing was left undone. No better evidence of the readiness and efficiency of the fleet could be furnished than that it cannot be determined which ship first discovered the enemy. The *Iowa* was first to signal the fact, but the other vessels were in the act of hoisting the signal arranged by the admiral. Certain it is that within five minutes from the discovery our fleet was firing at the Spanish vessels.

The *Brooklyn* was little injured, and lost but one man killed, George Ellis, chief yeoman, and one wounded, J. Burns, fireman, first-class.

Ellis acted as my clerk. He had a clear and excellent record. He had served his time as a naval apprentice, and had received an honorable discharge. He reënlisted, after a while on shore, and had been advanced to chief yeoman on account of his superior qualifications as a writer. His station in battle was to assist the navigator in getting ranges. He had been instructed and had become proficient in the use of the stadiometer. While engaged with the *Vizcaya*, he stepped forward of the turret on the forecastle and measured the distance from the enemy. He had returned, read aloud the distance, and communicated it to the navigator, when a shot passing over the deck struck his head, and he was instantly killed.

Burns belonged to the reserve engineer's force, and was stationed in the fire brigade. A shot passing through the superstructure near the forecastle, in which hammocks were stowed, set them on fire. Burns drew them out on deck, and was in the act of stamping out the fire when a one-pounder shot glanced from the casing of a superstructure door, burst near him, and several pieces passed through the fleshy parts of his legs, with, however, no serious injury.

It had been reported to me early in the engagement that a large shot had passed through the sides in a berth-deck compart-

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

GEORGE ELLIS, CHIEF YEOMAN OF THE "BROOKLYN," THE ONLY MAN KILLED ON THE AMERICAN SIDE IN THE ENGAGEMENT.

ment and had exploded inside and wrecked the surroundings. Knowing that many of the crew were stationed in the compartments of the berth-deck belonging to the supply division, I thought that some must be wounded, if not killed. During the first moments of respite after the surrender of the *Vizcaya*, I sent one of my orderlies to the officers of the divisions to ascertain the casualties. I can never forget my surprise and gratification to find that there were none to report.

compartment, passed through both parts of the heavy coal-chute leading from the outside coaling-port to the bunkers, and exploded. The deck was badly torn up from this point to the bulkheads of the drum-room of the middle smoke-stack. Pieces tore through the iron deck and coal-bunkers, bulkheads, ladders, box-racks, etc. It is difficult to understand how any of the eight men stationed in that compartment escaped. Some were dazed awhile, but none were touched.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE "NEW YORK," BY G. W. STROLLUM, AT 2 P. M., JULY 3.
THE "COLÓN" AFTER THE SURRENDER, SHOWING THE WATER POURING OUT OF HER TORPEDO-TUBE.

The ship was struck twenty times by whole shots, but no material damage was done. The rigging, flags, and halyards were cut by flying projectiles high above the decks. A six-pounder passed through the bell of the escape-pipe of the middle smoke-stack, eighty feet from deck. A five-inch and a one-pounder shot passed through the middle stack. The *Brooklyn's* high smoke-stacks have been the subject of much comment. Experience has proved that they not only furnish a great natural draft, but also a fine decoy for the enemy's shot; it might be well to add another hundred feet. The most damage done was by a six-inch shot which entered the berth-deck at the midship

The *Brooklyn* is a magnificent fighting machine. American skill designed her, and American workmen built her, and every particle of the material was produced from American factories. No detail of her build escaped thorough workmanship. She has been over two years in commission, and has passed through some severe tests,—much more severe than could ever be given in experiment or trial,—and has never shown a sign of weakness or defect. Her organization was complete, and her crew had been continually instructed and drilled. Every officer and man knew his duty in battle, and did it. It was my simple duty to push the button, and their work was done.

NOTE ON CERVERA'S STRATEGY.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK OF THE "OREGON."

THE article by Lieutenant Eberle which follows (see page 104), having been sent by the editor of THE CENTURY to Captain Clark, he kindly permits us to quote here his estimate of it. He says: "I am very much impressed with the correctness of the account which Lieutenant Eberle has written of the part taken by the *Oregon* at Santiago. It is an excellent description of the engagement as I saw it."

In a personal interview, in answer to a question by the editor, Captain Clark gives the following opinion of the Spanish admiral's strategy:

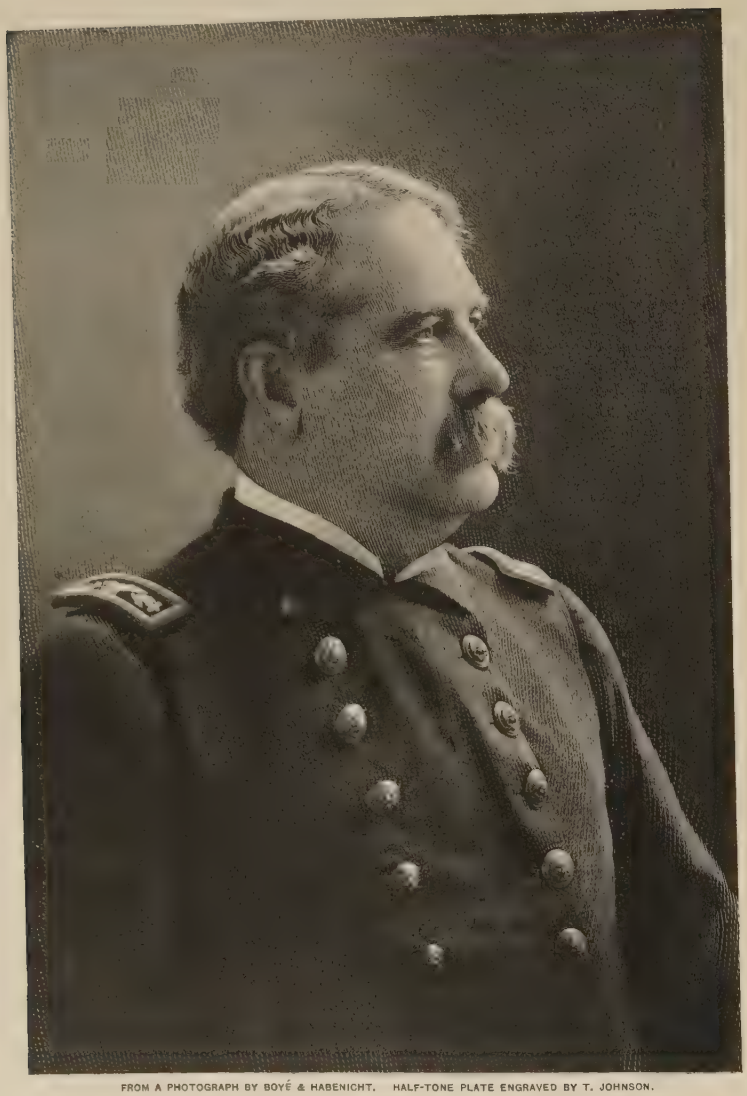
"ASSUMING that the Spanish fleet had to come out (and I, for one, had given up the hope that it would do so), it is my judgment that Admiral Cervera should have preferred night to day as the time for the sortie, notwithstanding the search-light watch so rigidly maintained at the entrance. He could have placed as guides to the channel, along the shore and on the smoke-stack or mast of the sunken *Merrimac*, lights screened toward the sea, so that we could not have detected them. His best chance would have been to get up his anchors and begin to move about dusk, when he would have had light enough to see the shore and the channel marks, timing the movement so that he should dash out just as darkness fell. We could not then have closed in upon him without great danger to ourselves. The firing would have had to be done virtually in the dark, for the search-lights (even supposing that others than the one regularly in use had been turned on) would soon have become ineffective, on account of the smoke and from the shattering force of the guns, which probably would have extinguished them. The direction of the enemy could thus have been masked, and as each of our captains would have been concerned with the risk of his ship being rammed or torpedoed, our onslaught would have had a far different result than it actually had when full daylight enabled every commander to see what all the others (as well as the enemy) were doing, and exactly what was to be done. It was the difference between certainty and uncertainty. In the daytime we were able to choose our distance from the enemy with relation to the danger of being torpedoed. As all his ships were supposed to be provided with Whitehead torpedoes, I determined, unless an emergency should require it, not to go inside of half a mile, that being the effective torpedo-range, since our superiority in ordnance and armor would thus have been neutralized.

"Considering the courses that were open to Cervera, I should probably, in the circumstances, have done as he did—head to the westward, keeping the fleet together in the hope of destroying any vessel which might be able to overtake me. Cienfuegos was his nearest and natural port, and there he would have been in direct communication with Havana by rail, and, so to speak, would have been in a Spanish environment. If he had intended to go to Havana, it would have been better to go westward than eastward, for, though the distance is somewhat greater, the current would have favored, and there was no additional force to be considered like that at Guantanamo. To have divided his fleet, part going eastward and part westward, would have been to leave one half to Admiral Sampson and the other half to Commodore Schley.

"There remained one other course. The result of the sortie shows that he might have stood a better chance of saving one or two or even more of his ships by the policy of scattering, with an ultimate rendezvous. Only three of our ships were superior in speed to his vessels, namely, the *New York*, the *Brooklyn*, and the *Oregon*—possibly the *Texas*. Even if each of these could have selected and pursued a Spanish ship, it is possible that not every one of them would have been equal to the task of destroying her chosen antagonist. The armored cruisers, the *Brooklyn* and the *New York*, might have found that they had 'caught Tartars.' They could not have pierced the armor of the Spanish vessels, while the Spanish guns could readily have pierced theirs. There were no orders to our vessels for such separate action, for neither Admiral Sampson nor any one else could have anticipated such tactics. It is a matter of pure conjecture, but I am inclined to think that the confusion resulting from such a movement would have strongly favored Cervera."

THE "OREGON" AT SANTIAGO.

BY LIEUTENANT EDWARD W. EBERLE,
In Command of the Forward Turret during the Battle.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYÉ & HABENICHT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, COMMANDER OF THE "OREGON."

ON Sunday, the 3d of July, 1898, a disheartened lot of officers sat about the *Oregon's* ward-room breakfast-table, off Santiago; for the officer of the morning watch had sent down the news that a press-boat had just hailed the ship and reported that the army had suffered heavy losses in front of the city, and that the outlook was very discouraging. Our officers and men were dressed in their cleanest white, and the bugle had sounded the first call for Sunday morning inspection, when suddenly, at twenty-eight minutes after nine, our sharp-eyed chief quartermaster sighted the masthead of a ship coming from behind Smith Cay. Immediately the alarm-gongs rang out the call to battle-stations; the emergency signal, "The enemy is escaping," was hoisted; and a six-pounder was fired and the siren was sounded to attract the attention of the fleet. For thirty-four long days and nights we had constantly watched that "hole in the wall," praying that Spain's fleet would come out and give battle; and after having abandoned

hope, here they were at last! Our men jumped about the decks, waving their caps and cheering, and enthusiastically yelling, "There they come! There they come!" The officers were more serious, for we expected a day of hot work. No artist could do justice to that fascinating and awe-inspiring scene, when, led by the *Maria Teresa*, the Spanish fleet majestically swept out of the narrow harbor. Their large red-and-yellow ensigns stood out brilliantly against the dark-green background of the Morro and Socapa headlands, and their massive black

For some minutes Captain Clark stood on the bridge, giving orders, and studying the situation; and the thought that was then uppermost in his mind is clearly expressed in the words of his official report to Admiral Sampson: "As soon as it was evident that the enemy's ships were trying to break through and escape to the westward, we went ahead full speed, with the determination of carrying out to the utmost your order, 'If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

CAPTAIN CLARK, AT THE LEFT, AND NAVAL CADET OVERSTREET WATCHING A SHOT FIRED BY THE "OREGON" AT THE "COLÓN."

hulls, with great white waves piled under their bows, seemed veritable things of life. At the call to general quarters, the *Oregon* charged ahead at full speed under forced draft, and the fleet headed in to meet the enemy. The *Teresa* was just abreast the Morro as we opened fire with an eight-inch gun, to which she and the forts replied with a shower of shell. She turned sharply to the westward, and was followed by the *Vizcaya*, *Colón*, and *Oquendo*, in the order named. As soon as they cleared the harbor their speed was increased and their fire became furious. Our ships opened a heavy fire, and then the *Oregon* turned more to the westward, in order to head off the rapidly moving column.

force them to run ashore.'" The Spaniards passed rapidly to the westward, and the firing being at long range, we sent our six-pounder crews behind the turrets for protection. Our turret crews soon settled down to steady and deliberate work, and as the ship's increasing speed enabled us to close in on the enemy, our gun fire became very effective. The engineer force was doing magnificent work, and the *Oregon* was fairly jumping out of the water; and at ten minutes to ten she dashed between the *Iowa* and the *Texas*, passing within one hundred yards of the *Iowa*, and continued her destructive gun fire. This wonderful burst of speed, which enabled the *Oregon* to pass all the ships except the *Brook-*

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGILL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

CREW OF THE "OREGON'S" STARBOARD FORWARD 8-INCH TURRET, DURING THE CHASE OF THE "COLÓN," WATCHING THE WORK OF THE FORWARD 13-INCH TURRET.

lyn, excited the astonishment and admiration of the officers of the *Iowa*. One of them described it thus: "The *Oregon* came racing across the *Iowa's* bows, and charged right down on the Spanish fleet, letting go first at one vessel, then at the other, and all the time carrying a great white bone in her teeth, that told of her engine-power and wonderful speed." By this time Admiral Cervera's ships were in a well-defined column, steaming parallel with the coast-line, at high speed. The gun fire of both fleets was rapid and furious, but most of the enemy's shells passed over us.

As we swept past the *Iowa*, Captain Clark was standing in his favorite place on top of the forward thirteen-inch turret, when word came to him that the torpedo-boats were coming out. The six-pounder crews were immediately ordered to their guns, and in less time than it takes to write it they were peppering away at the two destroyers. As the leading vessel, the *Plutón*, came out, she appeared to hesitate for a moment, and then turned to the westward and followed in the wake of the others. Our after-guns were also turned upon the torpedo-boats, and the fire of these guns, together with the fire of all the ships astern of us, simply overwhelmed them. There was a perfect hail of projectiles, and the water about the boats was whipped into a mass of foam; but the plucky little vessels fought their guns until a shell (which, it is claimed, was fired by our after six-inch gun) struck the *Furor* amidships and caused an explosion. This torpedo-boat was literally torn to pieces, and in her death-agony circled round and round before disappearing beneath the waves. Her rudder had been jammed hard over, and with the last steam in her boilers her propellers continued to turn, mangling those who had life enough left to jump overboard. With her consort destroyed and herself a battered wreck, the *Plutón* crept inshore, and sank in shoal water, about four miles west of Morro Castle. Just twelve minutes of gun fire had accomplished their destruction.

While our after-guns were firing on the torpedo-boats, our forward guns were hammering away at the third and fourth armored vessels, which were now on our starboard bow, in a broken column. The *Brooklyn* was on our port bow, engaging the two leading ships. The *Teresa* was farther offshore than the other three vessels, and was being passed by them. We brought her sharp on our starboard bow, and as we gained on her our forward guns engaged her at two thousand yards' range, when (about ten minutes after ten) we discovered her to be on fire. The *Teresa* was soon left behind by the other vessels. Smoke and flames were pouring from her upper works, and the sight of her hopeless condition served to double the energy of our ships, for their fire became more rapid and deadly than ever. The *Oregon*, *Texas*, and *Iowa* hurled their terrific broadsides into her as she turned inshore and steamed slowly for the beach at Juan Gonzales, six miles from Santiago. Only forty minutes had elapsed since the stately *Teresa* had led the column out of the harbor. She boldly went to her death, fighting her guns until overwhelmed by fire and shell.

The *Oregon* now charged on after the *Oquendo*, and opened on her with the forward guns, and also with all the guns of the starboard battery as soon as they could be brought to bear. For a while the enemy's vessels appeared badly bunched. The *Colón* was just passing inshore of the *Vizcaya*, and the *Oquendo* was in a direct line between us and those two ships. We closed rapidly on the *Oquendo*, and, at a range of nine hundred yards, poured into her the hottest and most destructive fire of that eventful day. Each gun-captain fought his gun as if victory depended upon him alone, and within twelve minutes after the *Teresa* had given up the fight the *Oquendo* was burning fiercely. She too turned inshore, with port helm heading slightly to the eastward; and as we drew her abeam, our guns raked her unmercifully. The *Oquendo* made the pluckiest fight and suffered the most severe punishment, as is attested by her torn and battered hull, which rested upon the beach half a mile west of the *Teresa*. When flames burst from the *Oquendo*, and she turned inshore, Captain Clark, who was standing on top of the forward thirteen-inch turret, called out to me, "We have settled another; look out for the rest!" This was answered by a mighty cheer, which was repeated through the ammunition passages and magazines, and down among the heroes of the boiler- and engine-rooms.

With bulldog determination, the *Oregon* continued on in her mad race after the *Vizcaya*, now two miles away, and opened with the forward guns. The *Brooklyn*, still on our port bow, was apparently about two miles

DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

THE SURRENDER OF THE "COLÓN."

The Spanish vessel is shown on the point of turning for the beach and pulling down the flag. The American vessels from right to left are the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Oregon*, and in the distance the *New York*. In the foreground is shown the column of water raised by the *Oregon's* last shot.

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ENGAGEMENT BY S. G. MAGILL.

THE CREW OF THE "OREGON" RETURNING CHEERS FROM THE "TEXAS" AFTER THE "COLÓN'S" SURRENDER.

The *New York* is shown in the distance, the *Colón* farther to the left.

off the *Vizcaya's* port beam, and all three vessels were firing furiously. The *Colón*, now far ahead and close inshore, was increasing her lead. The *Brooklyn* signaled to the fleet, "Close up," and we repeated the signal to the ships astern; but the clouds of smoke and the long distance prevented their seeing it. In fact, the only vessels that we could distinguish astern were the *Texas* on our starboard quarter and the *Vixen* on our port quarter. Our speed steadily increased, and when we were about three thousand yards from the *Vizcaya*, that vessel swung offshore and headed across our bow, firing her forward guns at the *Brooklyn* and her port ones at us. By this manœuver the *Vizcaya* exposed her broadside to us, and a big shell from one of our turret guns seemed to strike her in the port bow, when she immediately resumed her former course. A few minutes later, at about a quarter to eleven, the man in the fighting-top reported that a thirteen-inch shell had struck her amidships, heeling her to starboard and sending up a volume of steam and smoke. Cheer after cheer rang through the ship, and our gun fire increased in rapidity. The *Vizcaya* was on fire and heading for the shore! Captain Clark, who had been moving about the decks commending officers and men for their good work, and telling his "children" not to expose themselves needlessly, was at this instant standing on top of the after thirteen-inch turret, conversing with the officer of that turret. The turret-officer was deploring the fact that his guns would not bear on the enemy's remaining ships, when suddenly the burning *Vizcaya* was seen off our starboard bow, heading for the beach, and the captain exclaimed, "There 's your chance! There 's your chance!" and in another moment the after-turret was thundering away with awful effect. The close range enabled our six-pounders to play havoc with the *Vizcaya's* upper works, and our fire was very heavy until she drew abaft our starboard beam, when, at eleven o'clock, she hauled down her colors and ran ashore at Aserraderos, eighteen miles from the Morro This made the third large burning wreck within ninety minutes.

When the *Vizcaya* gave up the fight and headed for the shore, the *Brooklyn* hoisted the signal, "Well done, *Oregon*"; and then began the grandest chase in naval history. The *Colón* was now six miles ahead, and for a time it looked as if she might escape; but our efficient engineer department proved equal to the occasion, and our speed increased to more than sixteen knots. The *Brooklyn*, now broad off our port bow, was steering for the distant headland to cut off the *Colón*, while we were steadily edging in on her and forcing her nearer the shore. We sent our men to dinner by watches; but after getting a bite, they returned on deck to follow the exciting chase and take a pull at their pipes. The *Brooklyn* signaled, "She seems built in Italy"; and Captain Clark told the signal-

officer to answer with the following message: "She may have been built in Italy, but she will end on the coast of Cuba." As we dashed onward, slowly gaining, and soon to be within range, the enthusiasm was at high pitch. An old boatswain's mate stationed in the fighting-top gave way to his excited feelings, and yelled through a megaphone, "Oh, captain, I say, can't you give her a thirteen-inch shell, for God's sake!" The men in the engineer force, ever unmindful of the frightful heat, were straining every muscle to its utmost, and their heroic officers were assisting the exhausted firemen to feed the roaring furnaces.

Several times the *Colón* turned in as if looking for a good place to run ashore, but each time changed her mind and continued to run for her life. It was ten minutes to one when Captain Clark gave me orders to "try a thirteen-inch shell on her"; and soon an 1100-pound projectile was flying after her. The chief engineer was just coming on deck to ask the captain to fire a gun in order to encourage his exhausted men; and when they heard the old thirteen-inch roar, they knew that we were within range, and made the effort of their lives.

The scene on the *Oregon's* decks at this time was most inspiring. Officers and men were crowded on top of the forward turrets, and some were aloft, all eager to see the final work of that great day. The *Brooklyn* fired a few eight-inch shells, and we fired two eight-inch; but all fell short, and the eight-inch guns ceased firing. The *Colón* also fired a few shots, but they fell far short of their mark. Our forward thirteen-inch guns continued to fire slowly and deliberately, with increasing range, and the sixth shot, at a range of ninety-five hundred yards (nearly five miles), dropped just ahead of the *Colón*, whereupon she headed for the shore. Our men were cheering wildly, and a few minutes later, at twelve minutes after one o'clock, a thirteen-inch shell struck under the *Colón's* stern. Immediately her colors dropped in a heap at the foot of her flagstaff. The bugle

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "OREGON'S" AMATEUR BAND PLAYING ON THE TURRET AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE "COLÓN."

sounded, "Cease firing!" The *Colón* had surrendered, and the last shot of July 3 had been fired.

That was a moment to live for. Suddenly the thunder of heavy guns was replaced by the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" from the band. On our forward deck, five hundred and fifty men, mostly bare to the waist, and begrimed with powder, smoke, and coal-dust, were embracing one another, and cheering with that fervor and joy which mark the outpouring of the hearts of men who know how to look into the face of death. There were rousing cheers for our beloved captain, and the tender words he spoke to the crew caused many a heart to soften. Amid ringing cheers the *Brooklyn* signaled, "Congratulations upon the glorious victory"; and her cheers were returned with wild enthusiasm.

After lowering her colors, the *Colón* ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, one of the most beautiful spots on the south coast of Cuba, about fifty miles west of Santiago and thirty-two miles beyond the *Vizcaya's* resting-place. Her demoralized and drunken crew treacherously fell to destroying her armament and equipment.[1]

At the time of the *Colón's* surrender the *Brooklyn* was off our port bow, while between six and seven miles astern, and hull down, we saw the masts of two vessels which were reported as the *Iowa* and the *Texas*, but proved to be the *New York* and the *Texas*. These two vessels and the *Vixen* joined us at about twenty minutes after two, just as the *Brooklyn's* boat was returning from the *Colón;* and their splendid crews gave us rousing cheers. All commanding officers reported on board the *New York*, and Captain Clark received an ovation from the flagship. Thanksgiving went up from every heart when the casualty signals announced that only *one* life had been sacrificed in the annihilation of Spain's naval power in the Western Hemisphere. Captain Clark soon returned from the flagship, with orders to go to the eastward, with the *Brooklyn*, and destroy the Spanish battle-ship that was reported off Siboney. This news put new life into our tired men, for we concluded that Admiral Camara's squadron had arrived, and that we had more interesting work ahead of us. But just as we were ready to start the flagship learned that the reported Spanish battle-ship was an Austrian vessel, and signaled, "*Oregon*, take charge of prize and haul her off the beach."

This was after four o'clock. When our prize crew reached the *Colón*, they found fifteen feet of water in her engine-rooms,

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"CRISTÓBAL," A PET FROM THE "COLÓN," TAKEN BY THE CREW OF THE "OREGON," AND PRESENTED BY THEM TO CAPTAIN CLARK.

and all valves open. The prisoners were immediately sent aft on the quarter-deck, and, with their effects, were transferred to the *Resolute*. These men had been told that we would starve them or cut their throats, and it was pitiful to see them with their pockets filled with hardtack and strips of raw meat, to subsist upon until their throats were cut. How their faces brightened when they learned that they were to be treated with every kindness and fed far better than they had ever been fed before!

Five cows were found tied up on the *Colón's* forecastle, and some of them succeeded in swimming ashore after our men had cut them adrift. Our souvenirs consisted of several battle-flags, pictures of the ship and officers, a captain's gig, two cutters, a dog, two cats, some chickens, and a black pig. The *Colón's* pig became the *Oregon's* mascot, and was promptly named "Dennis Blanco": "Dennis" because all his predecessors in the navy had borne that name, and "Blanco"—well, prob-

[1] Another officer of the American fleet makes the following statement: "The condition of the crew of the *Colón* was anything but satisfactory. Her firemen and coal-passers had been on shore in the trenches without food for thirty-six hours, and by some mistake there was no food prepared for them when they were embarked. To make up for this, they were liberally dosed with brandy to brace them up, and the result was not bad for the first hour; but then the reaction came. The *Oregon's* men found most of them under the influence of liquor, and many of them helplessly drunk. One of the first duties of the prize crew was to break or throw overboard the half-emptied brandy bottles lying about the decks."—EDITOR.

ably because he was of the opposite color, so very black.

It soon became necessary to let go the *Colón's* anchor, and our chief boatswain's mate (a man of many years' naval service) was on the forecastle, getting the anchor ready, when that unfortunate vessel's chief boatswain's mate began giving orders, whereupon our old shellback drew his revolver, and marched the intoxicated Spaniard aft to the quarter-deck, proudly remarking, "I 'll have you understand that *I* am chief boatswain's mate of this ship now!"

Several dead bodies with bullet-holes through them were found in the fire-room and on deck, and members of the *Colón's* crew volunteered the information that these men had been shot by their own officers for attempting to come on deck from the fire-room to get a breath of fresh air.

After our men had taken possession, one of the wounded prisoners died. He was wrapped in the flag of his country, and as he was lowered into the deep, one of his drunken shipmates pronounced the benediction: "Pobre diablo! Viva España!" When the prisoners were told the name of our ship they exclaimed, "Oh, that 's that Yankee devil!"—the most gratifying compliment of the day. While they were being transferred, our officers and men were working like beavers to keep the *Colón* afloat; but their efforts were in vain, for at eleven o'clock that night she listed to starboard and turned over on her side, our officers leaving her just as she went over. The American flag had been hoisted, and went down with her. The *Texas* and the *Oregon* remained by the wreck all night, and the next morning we started for our station at Santiago. The burning and battered wrecks strewn along the beach made a pitiful picture. Floating about them were uniforms, boxes, trunks, and here and there bodies of the dead.

The *Oregon's* Fourth of July reception by the fleet off Santiago, and Commodore Schley's greeting signal of "Welcome back, brave *Oregon*," were something to be cherished.

THE "NEW YORK" AT SANTIAGO.

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, CHIEF OF STAFF.[1]

IN the early night of the 2d of July several of the mountain-peaks about Santiago were lighted up with the burning of block-houses established on prominent points by the Spaniards. Some of these were on elevations of four or five thousand feet, and were so placed as to command a view down the more important valleys, in which ran the trails dignified by the Cubans with the name of roads. We of the blockading fleet came to the conclusion that the garrisons were being withdrawn, in order to reinforce Santiago. The rest of the night passed without event, and the morning of the 3d of July dawned with less wind and a smoother sea than usual. The *Hist* had come near the flagship to arrange for an additional three-pounder, and our carpenter's force was busied in getting ready the material. It was found that this would take considerable time, so the flagship was turned for Siboney, accompanied by the *Hist* and the torpedo-boat *Ericsson*, in order that the admiral and his staff might meet the appointment made with General Shafter to discuss combined operations against the entrance, so that the fleet might enter and destroy the Spanish squadron. The officer of the deck sent word asking if he should increase the speed; but he was told to go at an easy gait, which was fortunate in that when the admiral, who was on deck, saw the smoke of a shot inside the entrance, we were not so far away as we otherwise should have been. I was just coming from below, the crew being at quarters for inspection, as usual, at half-past nine Sunday morning, when I saw that the ship had begun to turn, and at once went forward, sending word to the chief engineer to get up all the steam possible. In the time of telling this all hands were at their stations for action. As I reached the bridge, the chief quartermaster said, "There comes the second ship," and he called them one by one as they appeared. We were now well on our way back, and the four large Spanish ships were out. There came a considerable interval before the torpedo-boat destroyers appeared. All stood westward, well in under the land. Our ships by this time had also taken a parallel westerly course. Every ship was clearly visible, a cloud of smoke hanging about each. It seemed to me only a few moments when Ensign Brumby, my aide, said

[1] A portrait of Captain Chadwick may be found in the preceding number of THE CENTURY, accompanying Admiral Sampson's paper on "The Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War."—EDITOR.

THE FOUR BURNING SPANISH VESSELS, AS SEEN FROM THE "NEW YORK," WITH DISTANCES FROM THE MORRO, TAKEN FROM THE MAP OF THE WAINWRIGHT BOARD.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. STROLLUM, STEWARD TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

to me, "There is one of the Spanish ships turning inshore, afire"; and only a few moments after, "There is another." And the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo* were on the beach, having made but six and six and a half miles respectively from the harbor entrance.

Appeals were being sent by messenger, by voice-tubes, and by telephone to the engine-room to rush the fires. We had started with steam on four of the six boilers, and hot water in the fifth; the sixth was ready for lighting fires, which had been done at once. The *New York* and the *Brooklyn* have the peculiarity of having four sets of engines; the two after-sets are used ordinarily, and with these the *New York* can make a good seventeen and a half knots, as was done later that morning. The four engines cannot be run advantageously together without all the boilers and at high pressure. It would thus have been foolish to couple up in starting, and equally foolish to have stopped twenty minutes to do so when going over seventeen knots, and when all knew that we were overhauling the chase.

But we were rapidly coming to the fray, the farther part of the scene being much obscured by great billowy clouds of powder-smoke, against which were silhouetted the *Gloucester* and the torpedo-boat destroyers, firing in a very lively manner. We were close under the batteries, but paid no attention to the shots which came over us. One of the torpedo-boats had now turned, and was evidently heading toward the port. We stood in a little closer to head her off. The farther one at this time got a shot in her boilers from one of our ships, and I shall never forget the wonderful, swift jet of silvery steam, like an

ostrich-feather, that leaped five hundred feet into the air. She was clearly done for, but the actions of her comrade made me think she was endeavoring to escape, and two or three shells were fired at her from our starboard-bow four-inch gun.

Knowing that the *Vizcaya* and the *Colón* were still going to the westward, we rushed past the *Gloucester* and the destroyers, both of which were now clearly out of action. In a few moments we passed the *Maria Teresa* and the *Oquendo*. Both showed lurid masses of flame and smoke from the mainmast aft, and the men were dropping over the bows into the water. But we could not stop with an enemy yet unsurrendered ahead, and quickly coming up with the *Indiana*, between ten and eleven miles beyond the port, we signaled her to go back and resume the blockade, lest another Spanish ship might come out of the harbor to annoy the transport fleet; and the work of rescue here was taken in hand by the *Gloucester* and the *Hist*, and shortly afterward by the *Ericsson*.

The *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *Oregon* were on our port bow in the order named from aft forward, and between the *Iowa* and the *Texas* was the *Vizcaya*, still headed west, and directly ahead of us the *Colón*. The battle by this time (11:05) had moved eighteen miles from the harbor entrance, when the *Vizcaya* turned in with colors down, and headed for the beach. She had begun to smoke slightly aft. She steamed in rather slowly, and at such short distance crossed our bows, and those of the *Iowa*, which had stopped near by, that the crews were virtually face to face, and we looked at each other,—victors and vanquished,—the former without a cheer, the latter huddled forward, clear of the flames, without sound or movement, but with emotions of the sort for which no dictionary has a transliteration. We were abreast of her almost at the moment of her striking on the reef inside of which is the little harbor of Aserraderos, and above which, on the hill, was the Cuban camp where, on the 20th of June, Garcia had met our admiral and General Shafter. After we had gone miles to the west of her, we saw a pillar of smoke mounting straight into the air quite a thousand feet in height, from the explosion of her forward magazine.

The *Iowa*, by the admiral's orders, had remained where she was, and was engaged in the rescue of the *Vizcaya's* men. Well seaward were the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, and the little *Vixen*. We were close inshore, with the *Colón* still directly ahead, and we settled down to the chase, sending the men to dinner so that all should be ready for action when we should come up with the enemy, as we knew we surely should. I said to Admiral Sampson that I knew they could not hold out at high pressure, whereas we were sure of our own men. Machinery is a good deal of an unknowable world to the Spanish mind, and I felt absolutely certain of overhauling them. Our own ship was quivering fore and aft, and had set up the pleasant jingling of certain metallic objects on the bridge which we knew meant high speed. The chief engineer had reported that the engines were doing their best, and had also reported some time before that everything was ready for coupling the forward engines, if desired; the officer of the deck every few minutes counted the indicator showing the turns of the screw. The two forward ships, the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, had begun to fire occasional eight-inch shells, and we were carefully noting their fall; but the *Oregon* found that these did not reach, and opened with her thirteen-inch guns. She fired six shots, beginning at 4.8 land miles, rising to 5.4 miles, and the last at a trifle over 5 miles. The *Colón* now turned in and hauled down her colors. She came in under the point of land ahead of her, and slowly moved to the beach, where she drove up, her bows in eight feet of water and her stern in seventy.

By the time the flagship came up, Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn* had boarded the *Colón;* he returned from her and reported on board the *New York*, and immediate preparations were made for the transfer of her crew and for taking possession of the ship. It was soon found that she was sinking, her sea-valves having been opened by the Spaniards. It is claimed by them that this was done before the hauling down of her colors, and we now know that preparations for it were made before leaving port. A prize crew from the *Oregon* had been placed aboard, but it was soon found impossible to keep the ship from sinking. After dark she floated with the rising tide. Both her anchors were let go, and the *New York*, putting her stem against her starboard quarter, pushed her in on the beach so that she should not sink in deep water. The transporting of the captured crew, the searchlights against the sinking ship, the deep gloom of the mountains rising eighty-four hundred feet from the water's edge, made a wonderfully powerful and dramatic scene, a fitting climax to a day with whose sun had set that of Spain's ancient dominion.

Before the *Colón's* crew could be transferred to the several ships, as had been intended, the *Resolute* arrived, having come to report the approach of a supposed Spanish battle-ship. The prisoners were then transferred to the *Resolute*, the commodore and his aide and Captain Moreu being taken on board the *New York*. On the report of the *Resolute*, the admiral, though he felt sure that the vessel could not be a Spanish ship, ordered the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* to look after her. Then he remembered that a circular had been issued some little time before, at the instance of the Navy Department, ordering that a lookout should be kept for the arrival of the Austrian armored cruiser *Maria Theresa*, and that caution should be exercised not to mistake the flag for the Spanish; in consequence he recalled the orders of the *Oregon*, which had been delayed in leaving. He knew, too, that, whatever the character of the approaching ship, she would have to pass the *Iowa* and the *Indiana*, either of which was amply able to look after a hostile vessel of any class. The vessel proved to be the Austrian ship. The astonishment of her lieutenant when informed of the fate of the Spanish fleet was equaled by that of an officer from the English cruiser *Pallas*, which came next morning from Jamaica to remove the English citizens from Santiago before the announced bombardment by the fleet. She had left Kingston before the receipt of the news of our battle of the 3d. When she came up to the fleet, a lieutenant was sent on board the flagship to request permission to go in. When this had been granted, he said casually that he supposed there would be no trouble in getting similar permission from the Spanish fleet inside, whereupon I remarked, "We sank them all yesterday." His astonishment may be imagined.

On the 5th of July, when Captain Paget (the English naval attaché) was sitting with me in the cabin of the *New York*, after we had returned from the Spanish wrecks, we heard a heavy report, and the officer of the deck sent down word that a gun had gone off on board the *Oquendo*, and had sunk a small boat belonging to a press-boat, cutting it in two, though, as we afterward learned, no lives were lost. It is strange that the gun should have waited two days to discharge. What fire still existed was at the bows, except here and there a smoldering piece of deck. It is a curious coincidence that the three members of the Maine inquiry board were present at Santiago to receive thus dramatically, in the condition of the Spanish wrecks, positive confirmation of their conclusions about the manner of the destruction of the *Maine*.

A striking instance of the influence of discipline upon the American crews, even in moments of recreation, came under my notice after the tension of battle was over and the fleet had assembled in Guantanamo Bay. One evening, while sitting on deck and watching the enjoyment of the men who were bathing, when the colors were saluted, as usual, at sunset, by the band playing the national air, on rising to "attention" myself, I noticed that every man had begun to "tread water" and was facing the flag by way of salute.

The admiral, having made the engagement to consult that morning with General Shafter, and expecting to ride to headquarters on landing, had put on leggings and spurs (as had also the assistant chief of staff, Lieutenant Staunton), and in the excitement did not remove them till after the battle—a costume which would have surprised an uninformed observer.

ON THE "GLOUCESTER" AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY LIEUTENANT HARRY P. HUSE,
Her Executive Officer during the Engagement.

WHEN Admiral Cervera came on board the *Gloucester* after his surrender on shore to Lieutenant Norman, he was dressed in a flat white sailor cap, a wet sack-coat, an undershirt, and a torn pair of trousers which might have been discarded by a tramp. He climbed up the rope ladder which was hanging down the ship's side, and as he stepped on board all of the *Gloucester's* crew were drawn up to receive him, and Captain Wainwright stood at the gangway. [See drawing on page 84.] We had no bugle to sound the proper flourishes, and as our boatswain's mates were all out of the ship, we could not even "pipe the side." The captain held out his hand and congratulated the admiral on the heroic fight he had made. It was just the right thing to do, and perhaps from that moment dates Admiral Cervera's kindly feeling for this country. Captain Wainwright escorted him aft, and I showed him below into the cabin, where the captain's private quarters were placed at his disposal. His son, Don Angel, was with him in the capacity of flag-lieutenant. Captain Concas of the *Maria Teresa* was given my room, and, being wounded, was cared for by our surgeon.

The admiral had been on board only a few minutes when he expressed a desire to see the prisoners forward, especially those who were hurt. The captain gave his consent, and we went forward. The unwounded prisoners were all up in the bows, where a temporary awning had been rigged for them. As they equaled the crew of the *Gloucester* in number, and many of our people were away in boats, a dead-line had been stretched across the deck, and two sailors with loaded rifles stood one at each end, with orders to shoot any Spaniard who should start to pass it. As an additional precaution, a Colt automatic rifle was pointed just over the heads of the prisoners, needing only a touch of the hand from the man stationed by it to start a fire of four hundred shots a minute. As the admiral passed forward, barefoot and ragged, the crew saluted and the sentries presented arms, just as they would have done for our own commander-in-chief. He spoke a few words to his men, and asked if anything could be done for them. He seemed to be satisfied with their answers, and passed on down to the berth-deck, where the wounded lay. His cheery greeting brightened many faces. If I remember correctly, he spoke to each man a few encouraging words, and spent several minutes by the side of Lieutenant Arderius, who had been badly injured on the *Furor*. It was fine to see the gallant old gentleman taking steps to secure the comfort of his men before he allowed any to be taken for his own.

Not much attention had been given to preparations for luncheon. The officers' store-room was almost bare, and when the steward was told to get a meal ready as soon as possible for all the Spanish officers, as well as for those of the ship, he looked a little blank. However, he rose to the emergency, and about two o'clock announced that all was ready. The ward-room could not accommodate everybody at the same time, so it was decided that our guests should eat first, and the officers of the ship should wait. Captain Wainwright sent me below to represent him at the first table, and I asked Paymaster Brown to keep us company. Admiral Cervera sat at one end of the table, and I at the other, while the Spanish officers, at the request of the admiral, seated themselves without regard to rank. Lieutenant Cervera was at my right. I think the admiral was flanked by the captains of the destroyers *Plutón* and *Furor*, Commanders Vazquez and Carlier. Most of the Spaniards were in very informal costume, several having on only a shirt and a pair of trousers, and these in some cases had been furnished from our wardrobes. There had been no opportunity to do more than supply the most urgent needs.

Far from being depressed, the admiral was in high spirits. He had done his duty to the utmost limits, and was relieved of the terrible burden of responsibility that had weighed upon him since leaving the Cape Verde Islands. Perhaps, also, he wished to cheer his fellow-prisoners, for he gave full rein to his naturally genial temperament. I referred to the meagerness of our fare. The admiral expressed his satisfaction at having a meal before him, as he had had only a cup of chocolate brought to him on deck by his servant, very early in the morning, before starting out. For a moment there was silence, and perhaps the same thought occurred to all of us: what great changes had taken place since breakfast! A comparison of notes

among the Spanish officers showed that all had breakfasted lightly.

Mr. Brown asked his neighbor why the fleet had not come out at night, and several, hearing the question, turned toward him as if interested in the subject. The answer was that it was impossible to come out in the face of the search-light our battle-ships threw into the entrance. In this all agreed. "We could not," said young Cervera. "Your light was maintained continuously, without interruption, shining right up the channel." I understood from them that it was actually impossible to navigate the ships in the beam, and quite believed it, remembering an experience of my own when the *Brooklyn* threw her light upon us. When I asked why they came out in the face of such crushing superiority, I think it was again Don Angel who answered, shrugging his shoulders: "Your army surrounds the city, and can enter when it chooses; we were driven out." The admiral remarked that he acted under positive orders to come out. I said to Don Angel: "Nous avons remporté la victoire, mais la gloire est à vous." He called to his father at the other end of the table, and repeated the remark. "C'est très bien!" said the old admiral, and he nodded to me approvingly. The remark was repeated in Spanish to those who had not understood the French words, and a murmur of approbation rose from all sides. One officer, who showed signs of the terrible strain he had been subjected to, almost broke down, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

The officers naturally asked one another about their friends on the different ships, and all, especially the admiral, seemed distressed at the death of Dr. L'Allemand, the fleet surgeon. They could hardly believe it when told that he was safe in our sick-bay, having been rescued from a piece of floating wreckage by the dinghy. It is a strange fact that this man owed his rescue to his religious fervor. From the bridge I had seen the wreckage, and, watching through a binocular for possible signs of life, saw him raise his clasped hands in prayer. But for this movement he would have been lost, for our boat reached him just in time.

Late in the afternoon, the admiral and a few of the higher officers were transferred to the *Iowa*, and all the rest of the unwounded prisoners to the *Indiana*. As far as our limited supplies allowed, they had been clothed and made comfortable. I gave the admiral the only suit of citizen's clothing I had on board. The wounded were taken to Siboney, where room was found for them on the army hospital steamer *Olivette*. One poor fellow had died, and about half-way between Siboney and Santiago, on our return trip, the pipes of the boatswain's mates were followed by the call, "All hands bury the dead." The officers and men mustered on the quarter-deck, the engines were stopped, and the body of the dead sailor, sewed in a hammock and covered with the flag of the *Furor*, was brought aft. The chief master-at-arms, a Roman Catholic, read the service. A sailor's funeral at sea is always impressive, and in this case it seemed a most fitting end to the events of the day. I heard a man say, as he went forward after the ceremony: "If they had hit us only once, there might have been a lot of us dropped overboard to-night instead of that Spaniard." And an answering voice said grimly: "Yes; and perhaps the funeral would have been in the forenoon, and with nobody to read the service."

RESCUING THE ENEMY.

BY WILLIAM G. CASSARD, CHAPLAIN U. S. N.,
Attached to the *Indiana*.

WHILE the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Texas*, and *New York* were yet in pursuit of the fleeing *Colón*, other ships of our fleet were succoring the crews of the three Spanish cruisers and the two torpedo-boat destroyers. The survivors of the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo* had escaped to the shore, and were gathered at a point near the *Teresa*, selected because the beach was sandy and level, while the adjacent parts of the coast were extremely rocky and precipitous. As soon as it was apparent that the fight was over, our commanding officer, Captain Taylor, hastened the organization and departure of two volunteer relief parties. Everybody not detained by duty was willing to go. The first party was in command of Lieutenant Benton C. Decker, and went in to the point where the destroyer *Plutón* had been run ashore and abandoned. Mr. Decker went in cautiously, with arms lying convenient for use in case of resistance, as the wrecked *Plutón* was within the Spanish lines to the westward of Santiago. But the few scattered Spaniards had neither means nor

disposition to resist. In abandoning the *Plutón*, which lay in the terrific roll of the surf, they had been compelled to swim ashore, had thrown aside their clothing, and were entirely naked. They were, moreover, torn and bleeding from contact with the rocks, against which they had been hurled by the sea; and when Mr. Decker took them into his boat, they lay half dazed and utterly helpless. Seventeen were found at this point and brought off to the *Indiana*, where they were received and cared for with all possible kindness. Among this number was Lieutenant Nonval, a young officer from the destroyer *Furor*. In jumping from his sinking vessel, his foot had been caught in the propeller and cut off above the ankle. He was in the water for quite a while, and when he finally got ashore improvised a tourniquet from a remnant of clothing which, fortunately, had clung to him, and thus stanched the flow of blood from his wound. He was exhausted and helpless, and Mr. Decker had the men of his party lift him carefully into the boat. When he arrived on board the *Indiana*, it was found necessary to amputate the leg at a higher point, as the bone had been left jagged and exposed by the accident. This operation was performed in the ward-room by our senior surgeon, Dr. Ferebee, and was borne with great fortitude. The lieutenant received the most sympathetic and considerate treatment from all our officers, Mr. Decker being particularly gentle and unremitting in his ministrations. He was sent North in the hospital ship *Solace*.

The second relief expedition went directly n to the shore, where the survivors of the *Teresa* and the *Oquendo* were gathered. The officers of this party were Captain Waller of the marine corps, Ensign Olmsted, Assistant Surgeon Costigan, Cadet Helm, and the writer. It was known that many wounded would be found at this point, and we carried large quantities of medical and surgical supplies, in addition to water and hard bread. When we reached the shore we saw a sad and memorable spectacle. On each hand lay the burning ships *Teresa* and *Oquendo*. Explosions on board these ships were frequent, and the guns, which had been left loaded by the escaping crews, were being discharged by the intense heat. The forward magazine of the *Teresa*, with its tons of powder, was still intact, and the Spanish officers expected it to explode at any moment. The Spanish prisoners and our relief party were in great and constant danger from these sources. However, the work of relief went steadily forward, no attention being paid to the dangers of the situation.

We found about six hundred prisoners from the two ships. The large auxiliary cruiser *Harvard* was lying just outside the wrecks, and her boats were carrying off the uninjured. We had our steam-launch, and this was at once put in use towing the *Harvard's* boats. The surf was running high, and our men, in steadying the boats and assisting the prisoners into them, were most of the time in water up to their necks. Not a murmur of complaint was heard, and every one seemed to think of nothing save the work of relief. Before our arrival on shore, owing to the absence of surgeons and medical stores and appliances, nothing had been done for the wounded, of whom there were about forty. We saw only three dead on the beach, and these had been drowned in attempting to get ashore. The *Teresa* and the *Oquendo* were only a few hundred feet offshore, but their crews, having been exhausted by the dreadful ordeal through which they had passed, had been in no condition to battle with the surf, and it is surprising that so few were drowned. One of the bodies found was that of Captain Lazaga of the *Oquendo*, who was reported by several newspapers to have committed suicide. We examined his body carefully, and saw no marks of violence, and we were expressly informed that he had been drowned. Those who had been killed in action were burned where they fell, and doubtless many of the wounded who were in inaccessible parts of the ships shared a similar fate. Those of us who saw the quick and fierce destruction of these vessels were not surprised, when subsequently visiting the wrecks, to find charred bodies on every deck.

We began without delay to care for the wounded, some of whom were on rudely improvised palm-leaf litters, while more were lying in the sand, their wounds simply covered with rags. Dr. Costigan went to work with great vigor, and proved himself equal to this emergency of a lifetime. He displayed quick and accurate powers of discrimination in selecting the cases in most urgent need of attention, and great skill and sympathy in his work. Others of our party did all in their power to second the work of the surgeon in the relief of the suffering. One Spanish surgeon had escaped, but was so shattered in nerve and exhausted in body by the awful experiences of the day as to be of little assistance. Yet he said to Dr. Costigan, "We have surrendered; I follow your

instructions." He was one of the few prisoners who spoke English, and I said to him, "War is a sad, sad business." "Yes," he answered; "but we have met a brave and kind enemy, and Spanish honor is well now. This will end the war." All the prisoners were parched with thirst, and we met first with pitiful appeals for water, and then with profound thanks as, with cup and canteen, we went about doling it out. It was eight o'clock before the last prisoner, including the wounded, had been sent off to the *Indiana* and the *Harvard*. As darkness came on, the fire from the burning ships threw a pale and uncertain light upon the tragic scene, and this was reinforced by the light of a large bonfire which our sailors had built; and in the somber-shadowed background, against the black outline of dense undergrowth, stood a group of gaunt, half-clothed Cuban soldiers. When we got back to the *Indiana*, between eight and nine o'clock, we found that the care of over two hundred prisoners had fallen to our lot, at least overnight. They had been brought off by our own boats and by the gunboat *Hist*, and were only the *Indiana's* proportion of the entire number of prisoners. Many of these prisoners, like those rescued by Mr. Decker, were totally destitute of clothing, and the man who had a suit of pajamas or of underclothing was the envy of his companions. Our ship's stores were liberally drawn upon to meet the emergency. The Spaniards donned the new uniform with calm philosophy and without comment. After the terrible defeat of the morning, they had apparently come to regard everything as a matter of course. Among our prisoners were seven officers (not including the wounded Lieutenant Nonval), and these were entertained in the ward-room, and treated with every courtesy due their rank. They were a modest and gentlemanly set of men, and seemed deeply touched by the consideration shown them. The enlisted men were treated to a bountiful supper, and were then given hammocks on deck, where they slept in peace. On the morning of July 4 the injured were transferred to the *Solace*, to be cared for as tenderly as our own wounded, while the uninjured were put aboard the *Harvard* and sent North to well-ordered military prisons. The treatment accorded the Spanish was the spontaneous act of our navy, and shows that the American sailor is as kind as he is brave.

A HISTORIC SCENE ON THE "TEXAS."

BY T. M. DIEUAIDE, WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE battle of Santiago was over, the chase was ended; we had fought the good fight, and the victory was ours. The *Texas* had been in the thick of it all, and now, early in the afternoon of July 3, 1898, she lay, with engines stopped, off Rio Tarquino, sharing with the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* in the surrender of the *Colón*. When the admiral signaled, "Report casualties," the *Texas* was able to reply that not a man aboard bore so much as a scratch to testify to the seriousness of the combat. The other American ships had been almost equally fortunate. They lay in a semicircle about the *Colón*. Nearly every man aboard was on deck. The dominant feeling was the natural one of exultation, and far up the mountains floated the echoes of the Saxon cheers. The *Texas* cheered the *Brooklyn*, the *Brooklyn* cheered the *Texas*, and both cheered the *Oregon*. The American commanders called felicitations to one another across the water. From the *Oregon* came the jubilant strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." On the bridge of the *Texas* a group of hilarious officers surrounded their commander, Captain Philip, who seemed noticeably reserved and thoughtful. Suddenly he turned to his executive officer, and said quietly, "Call all hands aft." The five hundred men of the ship trooped to the quarter-deck, which was still snow-white with the saltpeter from the guns, and listened reverently while Captain Philip offered thanks to God for their preservation from the perils of battle. "I want," said the captain, as he stood with bared head, "to make public acknowledgment here that I have complete faith in God, the Father Almighty. I want all of you, officers and crew, unless there be those who have conscientious scruples against so doing, to lift your hats and in your hearts to offer silent thanks to God." As the strong tones of the captain's voice died away, every man stood reverently, for a moment or two, with bared and bowed head. Many of the men were much affected. In the eyes of more than one brawny Jacky I saw the glimmer of a moisture that was hastily brushed away. As the men were dispersing, one big fellow called, "Three cheers for our captain!" and they were given with a heartiness that fairly shook the ship.

THE LAST OF THE MULBERRY-STREET BARONS.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

THERE had been a feud of long standing between the reporters in Mulberry street, and in consequence news was plentiful. There were mutual scores to be paid off, and we paid them off in the coin of the realm. The coin of Mulberry street was murder, fire, and sudden death (we had passed the stage of boxing-gloves, and did not speak as we passed by), and it went a long way. I do not mean, of course, that we murdered or burned up one another, but these things were the staples of our daily work as police reporters; and when we were "out" the precinct returns received an extra sifting, with the result that many a grain of newspaper wheat that would otherwise have escaped was rescued from the dust-bin. It was inevitable that some of the chaff went along occasionally, but "the desk" was not too critical. It was disposed to look with approving eye upon those outbreaks, for any inflation of our currency meant, translated into the medium of the desk, "copy," and the stage of deliberate invention of news had not yet been reached. There were emergencies, to be sure—calamities occurring at impossible hours, which called for the exercise of imaginative faculties, always held in reserve against the mischance of a luckier rival being on the spot; as, for instance, when once a second alarm called the firemen to a point on the river hopelessly out of reach, with the paper going to press in fifteen minutes. I remember the pride with which we glanced over the paper, yet damp from the press, with the half-column description of the conflagration, even then yet in its first fury; the rush of the engines to the spot (they were mentioned by number; we had the alarm-book in the office, with the companies that were going set down against each alarm-signal), the mad gallop of the horses, the crash and grinding of the heavy wheels that struck fire from the pavement, and all that; and our consternation afterward when we found out that these "engines" were the river fire-boats. We had forgotten, in our haste, that the boats were down in the book as numbered companies.

But these were the minor mishaps of our life, and harmless enough. The firemen and "the others" saw to it that we did not die in our sins. We were not often called upon to draw upon our imagination. The raw material, honestly exploited, was exciting enough, and left a sufficient margin for individual enterprise. I have a very distinct recollection of a most impalatable mess of smelt set before me by Tom Alvord, the reporter for the "Herald," on the day of all days when we were going to the police captains' first dinner. It had poisoned—the smelt, I mean—a whole family, and I had missed it. I did not enjoy the dinner, but I paid my enemy back within a week with seventeen cases of trichinosis, all out of one ham, which I had ferreted out. In fact, I had diagnosed them unaided, and only after I had satisfied myself of their true character had brought the attending physicians together for consultation, and put the facts before them. None of them knew of the party at which the ham had been eaten, and which their patients had all attended, and they were not in a position to guess the truth. But they saw it at a glance. It makes me laugh now to think of the frantic appeals of the beaten ones to Dr. Edson to say that "it was n't so," and the despair with which they beheld under his microscope one of the little beasts curled up and taking a nap in a shred of muscle just taken from one of the patients. To me it seemed the sweetest creature alive. Thus does professional rivalry harden the human heart.

We had our specialties in this contest of wits. One was distinguished as a sleuth. He fed on detective mysteries as a cat on a chicken-bone. He thought them out by day and dreamed them out by night, to the great exasperation of the official detectives, with whom their solution was a commercial, not in the least an intellectual, affair. They solved them on the plane of the proverbial lack of honor among thieves, by the formula, "You scratch my back, and I 'll scratch yours."

Another came out strong on fires. He knew the history of every house in town that ran any risk of being burned; knew every fireman; and could tell within a thou-

sand dollars, more or less, what was the value of the goods stored in any building in the dry-goods district, and for how much they were insured. If he could n't, he did anyhow, and his guesses often came near the fact, as shown in the final adjustment. He sniffed a firebug from afar, and knew without asking how much salvage there was in a bale of cotton after being twenty-four hours in the fire. He is dead, poor fellow. In life he was fond of a joke, and in death the joke clung to him in a way wholly unforeseen. The firemen in the next block, with whom he made his headquarters when off duty, so that he might always be within hearing of the gong, wished to give some tangible evidence of their regard for the old reporter, but, being in a hurry, left it to the florist, who knew him well, to choose the design. He hit upon a floral fire-badge as the proper thing, and thus it was that when the company of mourners was assembled, and the funeral service in progress, there arrived and was set upon the coffin, in the view of all, that triumph of the florist's art, a shield of white roses, with this legend written across it in red immortelles: "Admit within fire lines only." It was shocking, but irresistible. It brought down even the house of mourning.

The incident recalls another in my experience, which at the time caused me no little astonishment. A telegram from Long Branch had announced the drowning of a young actor, I think, whose three sisters lived over on Eighth Avenue. I had gone to the house to learn about the accident, and found them in the first burst of grief, dissolved in tears. It was a very hot July day, and to guard against sunstroke I had put a cabbage-leaf in my hat. On the way over I forgot all about it, and the leaf, getting limp, settled down snugly upon my head like a ridiculous green skullcap. Knowing nothing of this, I was wholly unprepared for the effect my entrance, hatless, had upon the weeping family. The young ladies ceased crying, stared wildly, and then, to my utter bewilderment, broke into a fit of hysterical laughter. For the moment I thought they had gone mad. It was only when, in my perplexity, I put up my hand to rub my head, that I came upon the cause of the strange hilarity. For years afterward the thought of it had the same effect upon me that the cabbage-leaf produced so unexpectedly in that grief-stricken home.

Not the least important man in our camp was he with a nose for a count. Hunting this noble game constituted one of our most cherished diversions. There must surely be a surplus of counts somewhere that so many can be spared to the ordinary, unromantic precincts of Mulberry street. We dug them out in Wooster-street attics, in the tenements of the East Side, in every kind of unlikely place, and, when found, we made the most of them. In the language of the "Delectable Ballad of the Waller Lot":

> Then dignities were heaped upon
> Clow's noble yellow pup.

The mere suggestion of a *de* in a name, or of the less exciting but always interesting *von*, sent us away on the hunt in full cry, and strangely pathetic were the disclosures that sometimes resulted. I see before me yet the room in a Clinton-street tenement, with the evening shadows creeping across the floor, where the tenant, an old cobbler, lay dead in his own blood. He had shot himself that day, and inquiry proved true the suspicion, aroused in me by reading his very unusual name on the police slips, that he was the last descendant of Count Struensee, the unhappy minister of a feeble-minded Danish king, whose head had fallen upon the block a hundred years before, on the trumped-up charge that he had won the queen's love away from her royal master. Two oceans and a century were bridged over in that dark little room, and in the red splash upon the floor the old tragedy was mirrored with a new horror in my sight.

It was in pursuit of the story of a Breton nobleman of hoped-for ancient lineage that I met with the most disheartening set-back of my experience. The setting of the case was most alluring. The old baron—for he was nothing less, though in Minetta Lane he passed for a cat's-meat man who peddled his odd ware from door to door—had been found by the police sick and starving in his wretched cellar, and had been taken to Bellevue Hospital. The inevitable *de* suggested the story, and papers that I found in his trunk—papers most carefully guarded and cherished—told enough of it to whet my appetite to its keenest edge. If the owner could only be made to talk, if his stubborn family pride could only be overcome, there was every promise here of a sensation by means of which who could tell but belated justice might even be done him and his family—apart from the phenomenal trouncing I should be administering through him to my rivals. Visions of conspiracies, court intrigues, confiscations, and what not, danced before my greedy mental vision. I flew rather

than walked up to Bellevue Hospital to offer him my paper and pen in the service of right and of vengeance, only to find that I was twenty-four hours late. The patient had already been transferred to the Charity Hospital as a bad case. The boat had gone; there would not be another for several hours. I could not wait, but it was a comfort, at all events, to know that my baron was where I could get at him on the morrow. I dreamed some more dreams of happiness as I went back, and was content.

As it happened, I was very busy the next day and for several days after. The week was nearly spent when I found myself on the boat going up to the island. At the hospital office they reassured me with a queer look. Yes; my man was there, likely to stay there for a little while. The doctor would presently take me to see him on his rounds. In one of the big wards I found him at last, numbered in the row of beds among a score of other human wrecks, a little old man, bent and haggard, but with some of the dignity, I fancied, of his noble descent upon his white and wrinkled brow. He sat up in bed, propped by pillows, and listened with hungry eyes as, in French which I had most carefully polished up for the occasion, I told him my errand. When at last I paused, waiting anxiously for an answer, he laid one trembling hand on mine—I noticed that the other hung limp from the shoulder—and made, as it seemed, a superhuman effort to speak; but only inarticulate, pitiful sounds came forth. I looked appealingly at the doctor.

"Dumb," he said, and shook his head. "Paralysis involving the vocal organs. He will never speak again."

And he did n't. He was buried in the Potter's Field the next week. For once I was too late. The story of the last of my barons remains untold until this hour.

THE DEAD BEE.

BY ALICE LENA COLE.

DEAD amid the dewy clover
Lies a bonny little rover
Who could shape his course afar,
Without compass, without star.

Nevermore across the azure
Shall he sail in search of treasure;
Nevermore, when day is gone,
Home shall hie his galleon,

From the jonquil's golden chalice,
And the lily's ivory palace,
And the violets' divine
Cups of white and purple wine.

Smile, smile on, thou faithless summer,
To forget thine early-comer.
Say, if thou hadst first departed,
Had he still been merry-hearted?

On the boughs in rapture swinging,
Gleefully the birds are singing.
I, who mourn thee, little bee,
Will pronounce thine elegy:

Be it meetness or unmeetness,
Thou didst garner up life's sweetness,
Wiser than the sages wist;
Earth has one less optimist.

TWO LOVERS OF LITERATURE AND ART.

CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

CHARLES and Mary Cowden Clarke belong among the appreciators and disseminators of the best things in literature. They may not be placed among the great originators, but they were born with reverent souls and keen artistic understanding. Perhaps a true appreciation of contemporary genius, and a reverence which makes the lesser things of the world subservient to the higher, are almost as valuable as creative power itself. Surely it is faith in the existence of such natures which serves to quicken the artist to his work. Emerson used to say that his own particular audience was a very small one, but it was of a quality to be trusted to disseminate his thought among thousands whom he could not himself reach.

Mary Victoria Novello was one of the figures who may justly be called a flower of literature and art. She was not a great writer, she was not a great musician, she was not a great actor; but her character was so imbued with the spirit of art that her life was drawn from these fountains. This was her charm. There was no sentimentalism in her attitude. She was ready for hard work, and early accustomed herself to labor joyfully: first, that she might help to support those who were dear to her, and, second, that whatever she did at all might be done well and bear the artist stamp. When we recall the natural joyousness of her nature, we must recall also how her gaiety was tempered by ardent love for her parents and her husband, and how for sixteen years she labored continually upon what must often have become weary work enough—that monument to industry, "The Complete Concordance to Shakspere."

She was born in the month of June, 1809, and was the eldest of eleven children. Her home in London was the same to which her Italian grandfather came with his English wife years before. Vincent Novello, her father, was not long in making himself prominent by his distinguished musical talent, and although they had not much money, they were comfortable and happy. "Out of the limited means of a young professor," Mrs. Cowden Clarke wrote in later years, "my mother contrived to make for her husband and children a neat and even elegant home, also a superior circle of friends, and many advantages only to be obtained through the influence of a wife and mother. . . . No expense was spared in the education of the children; both father and mother agreed in this."

Victoria Novello enjoyed the exceptional privilege of going to Miss Mary Lamb to repeat her Latin grammar, and to listen to Miss Lamb's reading of poetry. "The echo of that gentle voice," she wrote, "vibrates true and unbroken in the heart where the low-breathed sound first awoke response." The son of William Hazlitt also came to Mary Lamb on a like errand. He was a lively, rapid boy, and was once allowed to recite his grammar while Victoria waited. His brilliant method fired her ambition, and when her turn came, she began to scour through her verbs in the same fashion. "What are you about, little Vicky?" Miss Lamb asked, laughing. "I see we are trying to be as quick as William; but let us each keep to our own natural ways, and then we shall be sure to do our best."

"The way in which books were made high treats in the Novello family," continued Mrs. Clarke, "furnishes a pleasant and salutary example for other young fathers and mothers rearing a family on slender pecuniary resources. Often, when late overnight professional avocations made early rising an impossibility to Vincent Novello, he would have his young ones on the bed while he ate the breakfast his wife brought him, and showed them some delightful volume he had purchased as a present for them." Nor was the theater omitted as a grand source of education as well as pleasure. Mrs. Cowden Clarke remembered well the glorious occasions when

Mr. Novello took his little girl to the play: once when she came riding home, doubtless half asleep, on her father's shoulder, and once, a night of "joyful surprise, when, coming home after a long day's school-teaching, he bade his little daughter get Shakspere's play of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and read him the opening scenes while he ate his dinner (which she had prepared, laying the cloth for papa, as mama was up-stairs with the new baby); and then, as a reward for his daughter's good housewifery, telling her to put on her bonnet, and he would take her to Covent Garden Theater to see Charles Kemble play *Benedick*."

Surely a child educated by continual opportunities to enjoy music, books, and the best acting may well have been different from others; yet when we reflect that such pleasures are within the reach of many who do not feed upon them and many who are not nourished from these fountains, it is quite worth while to pause and see how rich this child became, though poor in this world's goods, and how wholesomely her nature developed itself.

From the first the eldest child was accustomed to bear her share of the family burdens. She was hardly done with her own studies when she took a place as governess, which she held until her parents decided that the care of five children was too great for her to bear at her still tender age. In considering her character one is reminded of what our American wit, Tom Appleton, once said after some months of travel in the company of an interesting Frenchwoman—that she was the only person he had ever heard of who could live upon sunsets. There was something like this in the whole Novello family; a plain house, plain food, and laborious days were no pain to them if they could take care of one another and enjoy true pleasures in one another's society.

Charles Cowden Clarke was a teacher by nature, one of the most enviable endowments a human creature can receive. He was his father's chief assistant in the school at Enfield from a very early age, and there he remained until he came up to London to follow his desire for a literary life.

Keats's love for Cowden Clarke from the time they found each other out in the schoolhouse at Enfield will keep the name and memory of the poet's friend green so long as poetry endures. Charles was already a confirmed reader of good books. It was to him Keats wrote:

> You first taught me all the sweets of song;

and again:

> I have long time been my fancy feeding
> With hopes that you one day would think the reading
> Of my rough verses not an hour misspent.

Cowden Clarke was gifted with a calm nature and one fitted to bear with gentleness the buffeting fortunes of a long life. He modestly says of himself and of his wife: "To the fact of our having had preëminently good and enlightened parents is perhaps chiefly attributable the privileges we have enjoyed. . . . Both John Clarke, the schoolmaster, and Vincent Novello, the musician, with their admirable wives, liberal-minded and intelligent beyond most of their time and calling, delighted in the society of clever people, and cultivated those relations for their children." His earliest school-days were guided and stimulated in the right direction, not only with regard to reading and study, but in the choice of congenial companions. "John Keats," he writes, "was one of the little fellows who had not wholly emerged from the child's costume upon being placed under my father's care. . . . He once told me, smiling, that one of his guardians, being informed what books I lent him to read, declared if he had fifty children he would not send them to that school." These books, it appeared, were Burnet's "History of His Own Time" and Leigh Hunt's "Examiner."

It is easy to see that the two boys "took to each other" in spite of some disparity of age, and Cowden Clarke's quick discernment of the inspired child showed that his own nature was already unfolding a power of discrimination unusual in the ordinary schoolboy. His friendship with Keats was not interrupted when, a few years later, both went to London to pursue their several callings. "He was not long," writes Cowden Clarke, "in discovering my abode." Mr. Alsager, it seems, lent them a copy of Homer, and they were soon at work.

Clarke first met Leigh Hunt at an evening party, and was greatly attracted to him. Shortly after came the news that he had been thrown into Horsemonger Lane Jail for a libel on the prince regent. Charles's father gave him permission to visit the prison and carry Leigh Hunt, weekly, fresh flowers, fruit, and vegetables from the Enfield garden. During these visits he made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore and other interesting men, and subsequently, probably through Leigh Hunt, of Vincent Novello. "This was the opening of the proudest and happiest period of my existence," he once wrote.

Imagine what it must have been to a young man of keen social instincts and tastes like his own to have those wonderful evenings of sacred music thrown open to him, when Vincent Novello played the organ at the Portuguese Chapel and introduced into England for the first time the masses of Haydn and Mozart; life must have seemed suddenly glorified, and the world a new place to his receptive mind. Then followed the "exquisite evenings at Vincent Novello's own house, where Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, and the Lambs were invited guests." It was on one of these occasions that Victoria, full of girlish enthusiasm, crept behind the sofa and laid her little soft cheek upon Leigh Hunt's resting hand, which, she says, was slender and white—a true poet's hand. Then followed suppers "at the alternate dwellings of the Novellos, the Hunts, and the Lambs, who had mutually agreed that bread and cheese, with celery and Elia's immortalized 'Lutheran beer,' were to be the sole cates provided." There were also meetings at the theater when "Munden, Dowton, Liston, Bannister, Elliston, and Fanny Kelly were on the stage, and picnic repasts together by appointment in the fields that then lay spread in green breadth and luxuriance between the west end of Oxford street and the western slope of Hampstead Hill." To crown the pleasure of one of these days in the fields, Leigh Hunt read to the assembled group, "growing and grown up," the *Dogberry* scenes from "Much Ado about Nothing," till the place rang with laughter.

At last a city friend found for Cowden Clarke a small clerkship in the office of works, Guildhall, "until he should get something better; but nothing better ever came to him in the way of official employment," his wife afterward wrote, "and he never became a rich man, though he also never became other than a most cheerful, contented, nay, happy man."

Cowden Clarke went to live for a while at Ramsgate about this time, and hearing that Charles Lamb and his sister were at Margate, went over to see them. "It seems," he writes, "as if it were but yesterday that I noted Lamb's eager way of telling me about an extraordinarily large whale that had been captured there, of its having created a lively interest in the place, of its having been conveyed away in a strong cart, on which it lay, a huge mass of colossal height; when he added, with one of his sudden, droll, penetrating glances, 'The eye has just gone past our window.'"

Leigh Hunt had already been some time in Italy when there came the sudden and terrible news of Shelley's death. Shortly after, Mary Shelley and Jane Williams, beautiful in their young widowhood, returned to London, bringing a letter from Leigh Hunt recommending them to Mrs. Novello's special care. The Novellos had taken a large, old-fashioned house and garden on Shacklewell Green, and it was here they made the travelers welcome, "wooing them by gentle degrees into peacefuller and hopefuller mood of mind after their storm of bereavement. One of the first objects of that period was to cheer and enliven the two ladies during the evening hours." There were voices enough in that musical circle to perform "the various madrigals or Mozartean operas that were most frequently performed by them." There were also animated discussions "of poetry, of rare old books, and of last new books, besides graver arguments."

Of all those musical evenings, the one referred to in a note appended by Vincent Novello to his composition called "Thanksgiving after Enjoyment" was perhaps the most memorable. "It was soon after Malibran's marriage with De Beriot, and they both came to this party at the Novellos' house. De Beriot played in a string-quartet of Haydn, while his wife sang many times with wonderful feeling and spirit. Mendelssohn, who was present, was deeply moved and excited, and yielded readily to Malibran's entreaty when, with her pretty foreign accent, she said: 'Now, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; you must play for me now I have sung for you.' He went at once to the piano, and in his improvisation introduced the several pieces Malibran had sung, one after another, and finally in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint." Vincent Novello said afterward to a friend: "He has done some things that seem to me impossible, even after I have heard them done."

It was about this period that Cowden Clarke was engaged on the "Atlas" newspaper to write the articles on fine arts, and Leigh Hunt, having returned to England, also engaged him to contribute to his "Tatler" and "London Journal." He soon wrote his "Tales from Chaucer" and continued to produce other and less known books.

He now felt that the moment when he could ask for the woman of his choice had arrived, although she was still very young.

Keats had already died, leaving a gap never to be filled in the loving heart of his friend. In Cowden Clarke's "Recollections of John Keats," a most delightful record of the poet, containing hints and pictures to be found nowhere else, he says: "I had been absent for some weeks from London, and had not heard of the dangerous state of Keats's health, only that he and Severn were going to Italy; it was therefore an unprepared-for shock which brought me news of his death in Rome."

Mary was married when she was only nineteen years old, and came home with her husband to live in her father's house. For a family of different quality of character this marriage might have seemed a hardship; but not so with the Novellos. We hear occasionally of rare persons to whom poverty is no insuperable burden, to whom the sweetness of life is rendered only more sweet by sacrifice and honest exertion; but more frequently, alas! with finely endowed natures, we find either the scars of battle, or penurious thought, or increasing loss of power of self-dependence. These pecuniary straits, however, did not continue many years with Charles and Mary Clarke. They were young, strong, and exceptionally happy in each other's society. They were accustomed to work, and determined never to allow their energy to flag. Hence the story of these early years is as valuable as it is beautiful. What could be better than the account of their wedding and the honeymoon?

"Her father and mother were the only persons who went early one bright summer morning, July 5, 1828, with their daughter to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, where she married the man of her heart, whom they also entirely loved and esteemed. A couple of milkmaids were sole observers of the small wedding-party that went up the flight of steps, whispering, 'That 's the bride,' as the young girl, in a simple white-satin cottage bonnet and a white-muslin frock, both made by her own hands, passed near." Quietly they walked home again after the marriage ceremony, when, having enjoyed a breakfast prepared by her brothers and sisters, with gifts from the bride on each plate, and "the wedding-dress having been exchanged for a less noticeable straw bonnet and plainer white frock," they walked away to take the stage-coach for Edmonton. "At Edmonton they left the coach and took their way across the fields between there and Enfield, Charles making his native village the scene of his honeymoon. At a modest hostelry, called the Greyhound, boasting two pretty rooms, the couple housed happily for some weeks, lingering among the nooks most associated with John Keats" and other points of interest to the lovers. "So little changed was Charles in boyish looks that he was often saluted by the villagers with the exclamation, 'Ah, Master Charley, glad to see you again!'"

Charles Lamb wrote to Clarke a little later: "The autumn leaves drop gold, and Enfield is beautifuller, to a common eye, than when you lurked at the Greyhound. Benedicks are close, but how I so totally missed you at that time, going for my morning cup of ale duly, is a mystery. 'T was stealing a march before one's face in earnest. But certainly we had not a dream of your appropinquity. I instantly prepared an epithalamium, in the form of a sonata, which I was sending to Novello to compose; but Mary forbid it me, as too light for the occasion. . . . I promise you the wedding was very pleasant news to me indeed."

Cowden Clarke's new occupations in London did not prove very lucrative, and his wife relates a touching anecdote of her mother, during these early years of married life, which gives an idea of the cheerful household and of the happy relations between its members. Mrs. Novello was very ill, and it was thought she might not recover. One day she called Charles and Mary to her bedside, "bade them bring her the little red account-book in which memoranda were kept of the modest sums paid to the parent fund for board and lodging, telling them that their father and she had agreed to *cancel* whatever arrears of debt might there be entered, and they would henceforth 'start afresh.'" This was only one more proof of their parents' confidence in Cowden Clarke's character, which was indeed of the finest quality. He proved from the first altogether worthy of the trust reposed in him.

There is a homely incident which possesses all the charm of spontaneousness and goes to corroborate what has been suggested of his influence over children. A little girl, a near relative of his wife, had been sitting by his side one day, cuddling close and gazing at him without a word. Her steadfast look at last attracted him. "Well, what do you want, you blessed little creature?" he said. "Oh, nothing," she answered; "I am only doating up at you, Clarkey."

"Every guinea Charles gained he brought to his wife. He confided to her from first to last the entire management of whatever

money they earned. No hour in the twenty-four was spent away from her whom he liked to have always with him. The mornings were spent at their writing-table, where, on either side of his chair, as quiet as mice, his wife's two youngest sisters, then mere children, with slates, maps, and books piled up around them, were preparing lessons for him, as he undertook to teach the little girls. . . . The afternoons were generally dedicated to a walk in the open air, and the evenings often brought visits to the theater, where William Hazlitt soon became one of their companions."

Before the first decade of their married life was ended Charles embraced a suggestion from his wife that he should become a lecturer upon literature. He was admirably fitted for the task, with an untiring power of reading aloud, and a fine, full, flexible voice, not to speak of his knowledge and love of his chosen subjects and his inherited power of teaching. Altogether the scheme was a great success. He became immediately popular. "His lectures were carefully written essays, the result of long and patient study, full of acute and subtle criticism, and always throwing new lights on the subject in hand. . . . He lectured on Shakspere, —his fools, his clowns, his kings,—on special characters or plays, and every library soon found an increased demand for Shakspere's works." There were thirty different lectures, written out and delivered many times. Those on Molière were also very popular; and in addition to his lectures his pen was daily occupied in other directions. For more than twenty years he continued this incessant labor, apparently without any sense of overwork, and with increasing pleasure at the independence he thereby achieved.

Meanwhile, one year after their marriage, Mary set herself to the great task of making a Shakspere concordance, which was a constant labor during sixteen years. But the work was not without its reward in the doing, and it has held its place unchallenged in the gratitude of all readers for nearly fifty years.

The year 1845 was made memorable in the lives of husband and wife by the completion and publication of the book. Mrs. Clarke has written regarding the inception of this work: "It is now more than half a century ago, when, on the 15th of July, 1829, sitting at the breakfast-table of some friends in pleasant Somersetshire, regret was expressed that there existed no concordance to Shakspere, whose works formed the Bible of the intellectual world. Eager in everything, I resolved there and then that *I* would write this desired concordance; and that very afternoon, while joining my friends in their walk through the fields, I took a volume of the poet and a pencil with me, and jotted down the first lines of my book under B:

> Boatswain, have care.
> (Tempest, I, i.)"

Many tributes were showered upon her when the book was at last published; but nothing expressed more truly the wide recognition of her benefaction to the world than the handsome chair sent from America, presented by "several ladies and gentlemen of the United States." Among other "honored names engraved upon it," wrote Mrs. Clarke in one of her letters, "are those of Austin Allibone, William Cullen Bryant, Charlotte Cushman, Washington Irving, H. W. Longfellow, George Ticknor, R. Grant White, and Daniel Webster." Some kind friend preserved the very gold coin which was the form in which Daniel Webster's contribution was given, and sent it to the author. She always kept it among her treasures. Webster once said of Mrs. Clarke's concordance, "She has treasured up every word of Shakspere as if he were her lover and she were his."

One of the most engrossing labors and pleasures of Mary Cowden Clarke's life was her association with Dickens's Amateur Company of Players. He was eagerly looking for some one to enact *Mistress Quickly*, in Shakspere's "Merry Wives," when, to his great satisfaction, Mrs. Clarke offered her assistance. The prime object in view was to endow a perpetual curatorship for the house in which Shakspere was born. Her own story (with Dickens's letters of that period) gives a wonderfully graphic picture, not only of the scenes they passed through, but of the persons concerned.[1]

After more than twenty years of such

[1] Curiously enough, when Charles Dickens was last in this country Mr. Fields found in a shop window in New York a water-color drawing of Mary Cowden Clarke as *Mistress Quickly*, done in the year 1848, when the play was produced. Here is the "black-velvet cap, lined with scarlet silk, to which I added a pinner and lappet of old point-lace, . . . so as to give an idea of the ship-tire mentioned by *Falstaff*." Dickens thought the drawing must have been done by Leslie, but in the following letter from Mrs. Clarke she expresses some doubt on the subject as to which of the many artists connected with their corps drew this particular sketch. She says: "You speak of a colored sketch of me in *Dame Quickly*, and ask if it could have been by Leslie. The only picture I know of the kind is one in water-colors by William Havell, which he took of me after my return to

ncessant occupation, death having taken heir beloved parents and others nearest to hem, it was agreed by the remaining mem-ers of the Novello family to return to Italy, he land of their progenitors, to live. There vas a year of farewells, which were not easy o affectionate natures like theirs; but after he change was once made there were no egrets.

Of their Italian home Cowden Clarke wrote nce to Mr. Fields: "My brother, Alfred Novello, has converted one of the old Geno-se palaces into a comfortable modern man-ion, wherein my wife and I have a snug ook, comprising a library and rooms that verlook on one side the blue Mediterranean nd the harbor of Genoa, on the other the air green hills, I might say mountains, that ead away toward Tuscany. In the aforesaid brary we two work along at our favorite abor."

The musical career of Mary Clarke's sister, Clara Novello, one of England's most famous ingers, and her subsequent marriage in taly to Count Gigliucci, continued Mrs. Clarke's affiliation with the great world, which otherwise might have been more slenderly naintained after the retirement of the family o Genoa. Especially might this have been he case during the later years of her long fe, when, on the contrary, the companion-hip and musical tastes of her nieces were a ontinual and sufficient happiness.

The old Genoese palace, with its frescos nd the garden with roses and laurel looking ut over the Mediterranean, would some-mes have been but a silent abode except or the joyful enlivenment of these young isitors. It is delightful to look at the photo-raphs of the family in theatrical costume fter the play of "Bluebeard's Widow," ritten by "my sister Sabilla," as Mrs. larke wrote, which had been performed at he villa, and to remember the days and ights of music in the room with long win-ows overlooking the bay. Yet, though the resence of the young is always renewing, here was an unfailing youth and good cheer in the inhabitants of the Villa Novello. They never grew old to each other.

As the years passed, Mrs. Cowden Clarke would describe in her letters the particulars of their life in Genoa and the continuance and progress of their literary work. She says in 1875: "We have been idly busy receiving a newly married nephew and his bride, who, after a moon of honey in the valley of the Engadine, came down to stay with us in Genoa, and who sing to us duets by Gounod and Lassen and songs by Gounod and Schumann, while we have the joy of bringing them acquainted with 'Christabel,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Tintern Abbey,' 'Laodamia,' 'Story of Rimini,' 'Abou ben Adhem,' 'Abraham and the Fire-worshiper,' etc., for the first time in their lives. Fancy the enchantment I am in at reading aloud these beloved old poetical favorites to young, fresh hearers, who fully appreciate the beauty they hear as novelty. The audience employ their fingers, while listening, by making lint for the hospital here, which occupation serves our men-folk to savor the pleasure we women-folk taste from needle-work during reading aloud. Sometimes our nephew takes the place of reader by giving us a comedy or two of Scribe and a few clever Italian pieces, one of which ('Il Parlatore eterno') I always used to wish to translate for Charles Dickens to act—he would have done it to perfection!"

Surely few domestic pictures could be prettier: the youthful lovers listening to Coleridge, Keats, and Leigh Hunt for the first time from the mouth of the silver-haired old lady in her diaphanous cap, while she unfolded their beauties in her own persuasive manner, and the lint-pickers sat around. Her appreciation of American writers was also delightfully hearty. Her letters are full of messages to Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Celia Thaxter, "the young poet Aldrich," and other favorites. She entered upon new correspondence with her young friends Sarah Jewett and Imogen Guiney with the zest of a girl.[1]

raven Hill Cottage from the Amateur Expedition in 348, and which has always been (and is still) in our vn possession. He may have made a duplicate, but I ver heard of his having done so. The artists belong-g to our company were John Leech, Frank Stone, pham, George Cruikshank, and Augustus Egg, and ssibly they or some one witnessing those perform-ces may have taken sketches of some of the per-rmers." (Dickens was usually very accurate, and spoke nfidently of the sketch as being by Leslie, but I do t remember what foundation he had for the state-ent. It is, however, an interesting memento of that riod.) "It is far from improbable that Augustus Egg took the sketch you mention of *Dame Quickly*, because I recollect that he praised the costume worn in the character, for the artistic reason that it looked 'toned down,' and not too new, as those of the rest of the performers did. My having made my own dress for that and all the characters I played, using material which had already served me in other forms, occasioned this desirable effect, so that the costume in question looked as though its wearer had often pottered about in it through Windsor streets."

[1] In any mention of Mrs. Clarke's friends the names of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Howard Furness must not be omitted. Her deep appreciation and understanding of

In 1876 Mrs. Clarke says of her husband's health: "I have excellent reason for agreeing with *Touchstone* in averring that 'so-so' is not good; 'it is but so-so.' However, I 'm grateful that it 's no worse, but only so-so."

In March, 1877, Charles Cowden Clarke died, "the spring sunshine falling on his bed as he lay with eyes closed, and a tranquil expression on his whole countenance." He had reached the great age of ninety years, being nearly twenty years older than his wife. Nevertheless, the book of "Memorial Sonnets" dedicated to him, which she published a few years later, might have been dedicated to a young lover. They are most touching in their simple record of affection. When Cowden Clarke was nearly seventy years old, he wrote to a sister, speaking of his wife: "My soul seems daily more and more knit with hers; . . . and I do not conceive how there can be a happier being in existence than your loving brother Charles."

Two years after his death Mrs. Clarke was persuaded to see Rome for the first time. She says: "You may be sure that as I entered it I found myself thinking of Coriolanus's 'noble wish':

> The honor'd gods
> Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
> Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
> And not our streets with war!"

She describes her deep interest in the scenes around her, and says laughingly, as she could only remain a fortnight, she was reminded of Dick Swiveller's telling the marchioness that "beer ain't to be tasted in a sip." She found time, however, to see Mr. Severn, Keats's friend, who was lying on his death-bed. "Opposite the foot of his bed," she writes, "hung a portrait of dear John Keats, which he had painted from memory rather more than a year ago. It was animated, bright, and a good likeness, especially of the eyes and mouth." When she came away she says: "He gave me his thin, trembling hand, which I put against my cheek, as I bade him farewell on taking leave."

Mrs. Clarke's letters did not cease to come with their accustomed punctuality and sympathy so long as she could hold a pen. She seldom dwelt upon her own grief, or hinted at it save in such passages as the following, where she is speaking of Longfellow's sonnet on "Holidays":

"Please tell him," she says, "that it procured me (a night or two after its perusal) 'a dream' far more lovely than I can tell, and far more intense in beautiful revealment of the immortality of love than I can recount, even to *you two* and to him. It seemed a direct vouchsafement from Heaven in confirmation of the venerable poet's words, and sent for my special consolation."

She was enabled to live up to a jocose passage in one of her own letters, where she says: "How well are your words, 'What nonsense it is to feel old!' and 'I am sometimes afflicted to hear young fellows of seventy or eighty call themselves old,' verified by the energy and activity of those fine boys Moltke and the King of Prussia, and some others one could name! Really it seems to me that nowadays it is the elderlies of under twenty and thirty who are the blasé effetes, while it is the stripling octogenarians who are full of life and vigor and faith in good."

We have already referred to Mrs. Clarke's vitality and power of enjoyment. When she was seventy-nine years old she speaks in one of her letters to Miss Guiney of a summer she and her sister passed in Germany: "At Dresden we enjoyed sixteen operas and twenty dramas (among which were Shakspere's 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' with Mendelssohn's music, Goethe's 'Egmont' with Beethoven's music, and Byron's 'Manfred' with Schumann's music, and superbly poetic scenery), going on foot every evening to the excellent Hoftheater in the glow of the setting sun, and returning in time to go to rest before ten o'clock; so that I, who love early hours, can revel in theater-going when in Germany."

Mrs. Clarke was eighty-two years old when I saw her for the last time at the hospitable gates of the Villa Novello. Snow had fallen that morning in Genoa; nevertheless, the dark-red roses twining themselves around a splendid laurel-tree by the long dining-room window were not in the least discouraged, nor the Maréchal Niel roses in the garden. A fortnight earlier we had left the bleak shores of New England, and the change was wonderful. The brilliant afternoon sun poured into the drawing-room, making the little show of winter evanescent indeed.

All the modest treasures of the Novellos' London home were transported to this delightful spot chosen by Alfred Novello for their future residence. The villa had been

their work brought them into close sympathy and affection. Mrs. Furness, as it were, crowned Mrs. Clarke's work by her "Concordance to Shakspere's Poems," while Mr. Furness's great and scholarly work in editing the Variorum Edition of the plays, of which ten volumes have already appeared, could find no more true understanding than she gave to his labor.

degraded into a leather-dresser's establishment when he first saw it; but, standing as it did within a short drive or comfortable walk from Genoa, with fertile vineyard and grounds sloping down and washed by the Mediterranean, with a view of the mountains

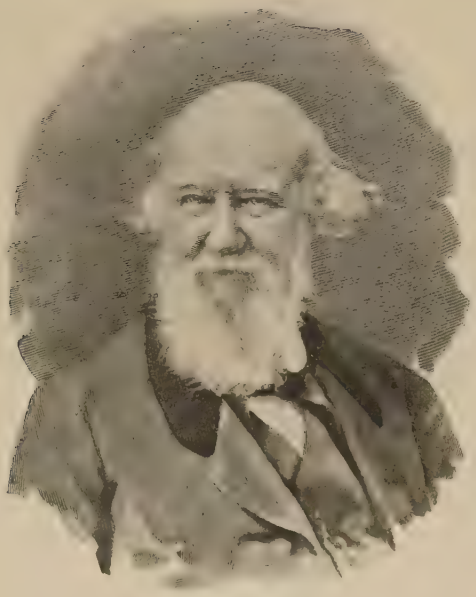
ous stores of relics perhaps in the world is that of the locks of hair preserved by Mrs. Clarke. These treasures have all been mounted by her own hand between pieces of glass, with autographs and suitable inscriptions added by way of explanation. I

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE, AUGUST, 1881.

lso, he at once saw the opportunity, by dint f careful restoration and planting, of mak- ng it one of the loveliest spots in Italy. Here ve saw a sketch in water-colors by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Mrs. Siddons, which eemed to bring her nearer "in her habit as he lived" than the more effective portraits ainted for the public by which she is gener- lly known. Here also one of the most curi-

asked how Mary Shelley looked, for I was surprised to see that her curls were almost as fair in color as those of Shelley. "I wrote about her for a magazine a year or two ago," she said, "and described her as she was; but the critics said I was always seeing everything through rose-colored spectacles. I was only trying to tell people how the lady looked who had attracted the poet's love. For all



DRAWN BY A. ABENDSCHEIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCIUTTO & CO., GENOA.
CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, MAY, 1873.

that, she *was* beautiful, with her well-shaped, golden-haired head, almost always a little bent and drooping; her marble-white shoulders and arms statuesquely visible in the perfectly plain black-velvet dress, which the custom of that time allowed to be cut low; . . . her thoughtful, earnest eyes; her short upper lip and intellectually curved mouth, with a certain close-compressed and decisive expression while she listened, and a relaxation into fuller redness and mobility when speaking; her exquisitely formed hands, too—I can see them all again in my memory." There were also in this extraordinary collection a curl from the head of Mozart, given to Vincent Novello by his widow, and the hair of Beethoven, besides a strand from Shelley's curling locks, Mary Wollstonecraft's, Leigh Hunt's, Mazzini's, Garibaldi's, Mary Somerville's, Florence Nightingale's, Malibran's, and others'.

"Did you ever see Shelley?" I asked. "Only once," she replied, "when I was a child of eleven, just before he went to Italy. He had called to see my father, and was about leaving the house when my mother said: 'Run to the window, Victoria, and see the poet Shelley, who has just been making a visit to your father.' I ran eagerly and put my head out, when, for some unexplained reason, just as he was putting on his hat, he turned and looked up at the window where I was, and smiled at me. I cannot forget it; indeed, I seldom forget anything," the old lady added.

Here, too, stands the famous chair to which we have already referred, presented to Mrs. Clarke by her American friends after the completion of the concordance. It is handsomely carved, and partly made of wood cut from Shakspere's famous mulberry-tree in New Place. The rich brocade with which it was originally covered was worn out many years ago, but it has been recovered with needlework most precious in Mary Clarke's eyes, done by her famous sister, the great singer Clara Novello.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke's reminiscences were extraordinary because they were accurate and as if engraved on her memory. In looking at the portrait of Mrs. Siddons she was led to recall the first appearance of Fanny Kemble as *Juliet*, which she watched from a stage-box with the profound interest of a loving friend. Mr. and Mrs. Kemble played with their daughter, the latter taking the part of *Lady Capulet*. "I saw her as she stood at the wings, biting her lips, her eyes fixed upon her child, while the tears streamed down her cheeks." "The green baize of the floor came up and struck me in the face," said Fanny Kemble afterward, describing the agitation which almost overpowered her. "Fanny Kemble," said Mrs. Clarke, "showed

HOUSE WHERE CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE WAS BORN.

true originality in the rendering of her part. Where she is seen watching for the nurse, the young *Juliet* stood at one side of the stage, half kneeling in a chair and gazing eagerly, *with her back to the audience*. In those days such a thing had never been seen. She was very beautiful in the part, and beautifully dressed, but it was easy to see that she was laboring under great excitement."

The loveliness of the old villa yearly increased, in spite of some dreaded encroachments. We find a little description of the garden written by a friend in those later years. He speaks of "the sunny terrace commanding the blue bay, where the African hoopoe yearly alights early in September," of its fountains and runnels of fresh water, "enticing the nightingale to make her abode among the eucalyptus- and palm-trees," and the "sound at evening of the Garibaldian hymn played by soldiers who guard the forts beneath the garden walls."

When the news of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's death was recorded in the London "Athenæum" the writer added that "one of the last links was severed between those who knew Keats and Shelley and the present generation. Her cheerful optimism and her kind heart made her conversation most charming to listen to, and the vivacity she retained at her advanced age was surprising. Her activity, mental and bodily, was great."

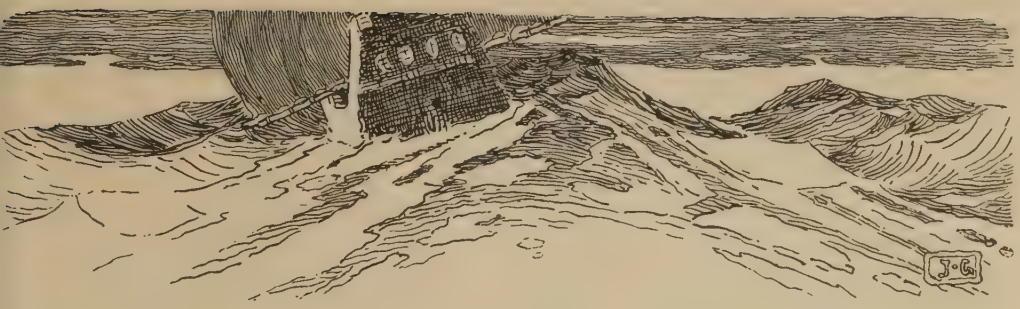
FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING LENT BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE AS MISTRESS QUICKLY IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AS PERFORMED BY DICKENS'S AMATEUR COMPANY IN 1848. "SURELY, I THINK YOU HAVE CHARMS, LA."

Mary Cowden Clarke died January 12, 1897, at eighty-eight years of age. It was a long sunsetting, but there is also a long afterglow for such lives as hers and her husband's; not because they possessed in themselves what is called genius, but for the tender reverence which was in them for all best things, and for the light which these things shed upon their own lives.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

'WE 'RE LOST!' HE SHRIEKED, AND FELL
ALL STUMBLING TO THE DECK."



THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

AS gray as the booming surf,
As bleak as the ocean vast,
With the moving dead at her horned head
The *Flying Dutchman* passed.

No wake her passage made,
No sound of weal or woe;
Without a sigh, 'twixt wave and sky,
All silent did she go.

None saw the shape but one,
And moaning, "Woe is me!"
He traced her course, with accents hoarse,
For the mate and men to see:

'The dry-rot stung her sides,
I saw its glitter brave;
And where she sped the air seemed dead
As in an opened grave.

'Upon her gloomy spars
St. Elmo struck his light;
The death-dew on her canvas shone,
And shed a dripping blight.

'I saw her crew bend wan
And stiffly to their task;
Each seaman's face—God give me grace!—
Went staring like a mask.

"Each seaman's bones were sharp,
And, by the sea-wind jarred,
His garments hung and swayed and swung
Like loose sails on a yard.

"We 're lost!" he shrieked, and fell
All stumbling to the deck.
Ere next day's sun his course had run
They were a drifting wreck.

They drifted toward the north,
They turned and drifted south;
Man after man to rave began,
Dry-tongued, with gaping mouth.

Man after man did die,
Till only one was there,
Who huddled alone like a staring crone,
With madness in his stare.

One morn there came a ship;
He heard the sailors shout,
As merrily and cheerily
They brought the boat about.

He rose with shaking limb;
He clasped his bony hand;
But all his fears dissolved in tears,
As they bore him to the land.

. . . . . .

No more to sea sail I,
But pray and go to mass;
For I am he—God lean to me!—
Who saw the *Dutchman* pass.

A NOTE OF SCARLET.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART,
Author of "Sonny" etc.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

ISS MELISSA ANN MOORE was a spinster who knitted green moss mats. She had learned how to make these mats when she was very young, and constant practice had kept her art perfect through many years.

There are two classes of needlework women: there are those who learn a pattern to honor it all their days—to whom it is as a creed, and who would scorn a departure as they would scorn a heresy in religion; and others there are whom a design serves only as a hint, valuable chiefly as a point of departure into ways of their own without end. Even womanly women of this latter type have been known to confess a momentary grudge against a pair of tiny pink feet that demanded two of a kind from their all too adventurous needles.

Miss Melissa was an orthodox creature, and not more steadfast was she to the faith of her fathers than to the one moss pattern of her mothers. She fully believed that every perfectly constructed mat that emanated from her faithful fingers was foreordained to be, from the beginning of time, else it would never have been counted worthy to materialize.

There were examples of Miss Melissa's art in nearly every home in Simpkinsville—examples more or less faded and worn, according to circumstances, but all faithful witnesses of her entire worthiness to perpetuate the species. And, be it said to her credit, those that she made to sell were handled and their proportions verified with the same scrupulous care as were such as came into being for bridal or Christmas presents, or to adorn the marble base of her own evening lamp. You could measure the distance between the little moss clumps in the border of any of them, and find each one precisely as long as the index-finger of Miss Melissa's left hand, measured from the mole downward. She would no sooner have guessed at one of these intervals than she would have prevaricated in a statement of fact.

Miss Melissa lived with her married brother Nathan; and at the birth of each of his nine children there had been a pair of "aunty's lovely moss mats" ready as a welcoming gift to the little stranger, to be laid out for inspection among the pink and blue socks and sacks that were sent in by friends and relatives, after which they were withdrawn and packed away in camphor, to be kept until their owners should marry, when they would do double duty as wedding presents. Not that Miss Melissa was parsimonious. Far from it. But she was getting old, and, as she expressed it: "I 'll be mos' likely passed away long befo' that time; an' so I put a' envelop o' good wishes an' advise in with each set, which it seems to me 'll be mighty impressive, comin' from a dear dead aunt, same as a voice from the grave."

She had even kept an extra pair of mats on hand, carefully wrapped and perfumed with sachet-powder, against the arrival of impending twins,—the same "runnin' in both families,"—so that, to quote again from her own lips, "the unexpected, ef it *should* come, should find itself expected in one quarter, at least." Indeed, she insisted that, for her part, she 'd see to it that a duplicate baby should n't fall short of its welcome just for the sake of a few stitches she 'd put into a duplicate pair of lamp-mats, "an' it jest as much a blood-relation to me as its twin, every bit an' grain."

She always made her mats in pairs, because they were "intended to be made in pairs"; and she set them, "as they were meant to be set, on each end o' the mantel-shelf, with a lamp all ready to light a-standin' in the center of each one." It is true, she used one of her own pair on the small center-table in her bedroom, but she always consistently borrowed it from its station opposite its mate and put it carefully back next morning.

For twenty years and more Miss Melissa had pursued her gentle art, and, as she herself was pleased to assert, she "had n't never turned a mat out of her hand thet she would n't be more 'n willin' to have raveled out an' counted, an' ef she ever should do sech a thing as to turn off one with a false

stitch in it, it would run in her head same as a tune out o' tune, an' she 'd look for a lamp to sputter quick as it was set in it."

There seems to be a serene pleasure in this kind of orthodox needlework. That there is joy in the other sort, with its fitful departures and sometimes eccentric creations, does not alter the matter. The even tenor of unquestioningly following a lead is conducive to length of days and a fair showing of good works therein.

It is the dweller upon the plain who has seen a mountain—either seen it with his mortal eyes or evolved it out of its antithesis—who becomes discontented and—does something. What he does is—is it not? —largely a matter of temperament. He may forsake the dead level of his native heath and go in search of his mountain, or he may mope and grow weary, and have nervous prostration or "low sperits," according to his social position.

No one knows, excepting the doctor, maybe,—and of course we all know that he does n't,—what it is precisely that induces the condition so variously called, and which exhibits itself first in an ignoble discontent.

Why was it that, after all her years of faithful pursuit of it, Miss Melissa one day found herself restless in the practice of her art? When she wound the green zephyr for the moss border around the outsides of the parlor chairs, as she had so often done,—"settin' each chair jest far enough from the wall to be walked behind, an' takin' in the top grape on the back o' the haircloth sofy," —why did she stop as many as three times on the third round, and raise the strands in her fingers, studying them thoughtfully until she finally said aloud: "'T ain't because it 's green—though they do say green is forsaken; an' of co'se I know it 's exac'ly the right shade, for I 've matched it time an' ag'in by the livin' moss, an' it 's, ef anything, even more natural. I 'spect it 's my liver thet 's torpid."

She started off again, though, and did not stop until she had wound the required number of strands. When she had finished, however, instead of cutting the zephyr, she hesitated and looked at it.

"I 've got half a notion to wind on another row!" she exclaimed. "I 've often thought lately thet I 'd like to see how that moss would look ef it seemed to grow a little thicker—or thinner." And even as she spoke she began her promenade around the horsehair set; but there was a new look in her eyes, and she walked faster than on any of the earlier rounds.

Then came the tying of the strands preparatory to the cutting. At first she measured, as always, from the mole; but when she had tied one or two in this way, she suddenly thrust her hands behind her, and exclaimed: "Lordy, how tired I am of it all! I 'm a-goin' to stop an' guess at these spaces—that 's what I 'm a-goin' to do." And guess at them she did, tying faster and faster as she went.

It was her habit to take her work into the dining-room after supper, joining the family until they separated for bed; but to-night she stole into her own room, and locked the door.

That mat was never finished. Although she worked far into the night, and chuckled often over the irregularities that were so many expressions of her spirit of revolt, her joy was not full. The color wearied her. It was representative of a long way that had had no turning. Of course she could not know this. She knew only that, for some occult reason which she did not try to understand, she would have given her eyes, almost, if the strands had been red—"not none o' yo' pale pinky reds, neither, but jest a' all-fired red"; and the more she thought of it, the more the idea haunted her—the more the red invited and the green "tormented" her.

Two days afterward the center of the mat was done, and half of its irregular growth of greenery was already in place, when, in an access of impatience that surprised herself, Miss Melissa suddenly threw it into the top bureau-drawer, turned the key, and, seizing her sunbonnet, started down the street. Within an hour a light and bulky parcel was lying, still wrapped, beside the unfinished green mat, under lock and key; and while she played with the baby in the dining-room, after supper, her brother remarked that he did n't know when he had seen Melissa looking so well or so young.

She did not wait for the family to separate, but, slipping away early in the evening, she escaped to her room, and turned the key in the door. Then she lighted the lamp and drew down the window-shade before she drew forth the parcel of scarlet wool and shook it out and held it before her, laughing aloud. Her brother was right. She did look young and pretty to-night—that is, young for forty-one, and pretty *for her*.

After admiring the hank of wool for some minutes, she laid it aside, hastily undressed, took down her hair and braided it in two long plaits for the night, and put on her flannel wrapper over her nightgown. Then she fastened one end of the red zephyr to one of her bedposts, drew back the rocking-

chair until it stood in line for attachment, steadied it by slipping a shoe under its left rocker, passed over to the sewing-machine, took its spool for her next support, and so completed a circuit. Then, taking a bit of sweet-gum into her mouth, she fairly flew round and round, until the thickness of the strands "seemed jest about right," when she recklessly bit the zephyr from the ball with her teeth, and sat down. The scissors lay within reach, but it suited her mood to ignore them. She even said aloud, as she glanced at them: "Lay still; I don't need you this time"; but when she had bitten the wool, she made a wry face, and added, "Reckon I better look out an' not bite that pivoted tooth out." But she chuckled as she said it.

The making of the red mat was the marking of a new era for Miss Melissa. The note of fine fresh color in her room, in her fingers, on her lap, and always in her consciousness, even when locked from sight, in some mystic way answered a need of her monotonous life. It appeased, if it did not satisfy, the weariness that was expressed as color-hunger of her eyes; and it is not surprising if in the joy of it she felt a sort of shame, and would not for all the world have had any one know about it.

She would light both lamps at night now, and turn them up to their full height, while she tried the effect of the mat on the mantel, putting its unfinished half in front under one lamp, while she laid the red zephyr around the base of the other, to get the effect of the balancing touch of red; and although she did not know it, the tune she hummed under her breath was one she had not sung for years. She never knew that the red mat took shape to the air of "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming." To be fair to her, there really was no especial "thee" in her case. The term was generic, and even in this sense it was misleading. Miss Melissa had not been a woman of dreams or of imagination or regrets, nor was she in any sense sentimental.

She was acting under an impulse more lawless than any of her early girlhood, and while she experimented with the mat in various situations, she finally tried the color against her face, laying the unfinished mat as a collar on her neck. The picture pleased her, and she even pinched her cheeks till a faint color showed in them. Seeing this, she blushed to crimson from real shame, and hurriedly turning out one lamp, she humbly removed the mat from her neck and went on with her work. But she did not forget how she had looked to herself in that one brief moment when she had blushed at her own vanity, and she hummed another tune of her young days, one called "The Rock Beside the Sea," which had no more or no less application to her case than the first. Both were simply bodily reminiscent, and while she was turning backward they met her on the way.

But on the morrow, when she realized that it was Sunday, and yet she took up her mat,—she was on the second one now,—her song was still another, and there seemed to be a relation between it and her mood as she sang gaily:

> I 'm going, going, going, going;
> Who bids, who bids for me?

It had never been the kind of song she liked, and the girl who had sung it at school exhibitions, twenty-five years before, was one she had not admired. Yet here she was singing away at it, and on Sunday! She sang it only because it was the most reckless song she knew, and she was misbehaving as far as she could. And she was having fun.

When the family had gone to church, her voice rang out pretty loud several times, but she had no fear. Cynthy, the black cook, was shouting, "Rock-a my soul on de bosom o' Aberham!" in so loud a voice that nothing short of an explosion would have attracted her attention. Miss Melissa had pleaded headache and remained from church; or, to be fair to her, she had not used the word "headache," but had simply said that her head "did n't feel like as ef she could set th'ough a sermon," which was true.

It was a beautiful day in May, and the sound of bees came floating in at the open window. Indeed, one yellow-waistcoated fellow actually darted into the room, and flaunted his Princeton colors almost in Miss Melissa's face. Then, seeing the red zephyr, he buzzed about it several times, and, as suddenly as he had come, shot upward in a shaft of sunshine, and disappeared.

Miss Melissa's eyes followed him, and when she knew that he was gone, she suddenly realized all the outside beauty of the spring day. In imagination she saw the opening dogwood, and the stately spruce-trees filled to dripping with odorous sap, their thousands of fragrant cones fairly bursting with a spicy stickiness. She realized the winding branch where the willows swung their light-green fringes and the clumps of wild plum were in flower. It was the plum-blossoms that decided her. She sprang from her chair and got her bonnet. Then she wrapped her knitting carefully in a fresh handkerchief, stuck it in her pocket, and started out.

It was not her fault that on her way through the cow-lot she saw the fishing-rods lying over the rafters in the cotton-seed shed. She had frankly set out to follow any vagrant impulse,—to do the thing that seemed pleasantest, to go where there was beauty and unrestraint,—and she had deliberately taken her work with her—on Sunday. She knew that she could not match the finished mat at home; but if she could have done it, she would not have wished to. The mat that was done was "a ravin', tearin' beauty"; and its mate would match it in recklessness, which was all she meant it to do.

But one glance at the fishing-poles made the mat seem tame. She knew as soon as she set eyes on them that she was going fishing. "No, Satan; you need n't to get behind me—not a bit of it. You can walk before me, or beside me, or any way you choose; or you can skeet off about your business. *I* 'm a-goin' fishin'." While she was thus openly declaring herself, she had already begun climbing over the cattle-troughs to secure a rod. When she had got it down, it occurred to her that she ought to leave some explanation of her absence, and so she turned back, crossed the yard to the kitchen, and called: "Oh, Aunt Cynthy! Tell 'em all I 've went out to get a little fresh air; an' whilst I 'm out I 'll mos' likely go an' see how ole Mis' Gibbs is; an' ef I 'm late for dinner, tell 'em not to wait."

In about three minutes, while the fat old woman was still drawling, "What is Miss M'lissy sayin', anyhow?" the tip of a long bamboo fishing-pole was grazing the young under leaves of the sweet-gum trees in the lane, and a middle-aged maiden was singing in a low, swinging voice:

I 'm *go*ing, going—gone!

And Aunt Cynthy, dropping a bay-leaf into her gumbo-pot, turned her head and listened. "What dat?" she ejaculated. "Three times dis mornin' seem like I 's heerd sperits. I sho trus' dey ain't come to 'nounce no harm to Miss M'lissy."

And at that moment this same reserved and orderly person was on her knees before a dirty plank at the cattle-crossing, lifting squirming earthworms out of their beds with her hair-pin, and dropping them into a little pocket she had improvised by pinning up the end of one of her broad bonnet-strings upon itself. And in a surprisingly short time this same pink bonnet might have been seen a mile away,—was seen by the mocking-birds and squirrels, that came out frankly to inquire,—shining through the bush that sparsely covered the jutting rock where goggle-eyed perch were known to congregate.

As Miss Melissa settled herself upon the rock, she laughed. "Reckon I ought n't to expec' any luck to-day, jest to punish me; but I do, jest the same. An' I reckon, ef I was n't hardened, I 'd have the cold shivers puttin' these worms on the hook an' seein' 'em squirm; but I don't. Somehow, squirmin' is expected of a worm—one way or another. Well, they 's one comfort, anyhow: I ain't settin' anybody a bad example. Ef they 's one thing Simpkinsville can keep, it 's Sunday—an' that 's why this tickles me so." And she chuckled again as she added, "Like as ef the fish knew any difference."

When she had finally dropped her line into the water, carefully baited from her bonnet-string, and when she saw that the fish were not waiting to seize it, she said: "B'lieve I 'll take out the mat an' knit a few rounds while the fish are getherin'"; and holding her rod awkwardly with her knees for the moment, she drew out the parcel. Before she was hand-free, however, the cork sank quite out of sight. There was a scramble, and in a second a fine "goggle-eye" flapped into her very lap, dropped over her shoe, and fell with a splash back into the water.

For a moment she felt as if she would never recover from the panic that it gave her—this actual, expected yet unexpected contact with the beautiful, shimmering, live thing. She thrust her work back into her pocket; then, mounting the bank, she cut a leaf from the palmetto, tore it into shreds, which she laid beside her, and set earnestly to fishing. And the tune that she thought now—thought rather than hummed it—was "Listen to the Mocking-bird":

H-h-h-h-*h*-h-h!
H-h-h-h-*h*-h-h!
H-h-h-h-h-h-*h*-h-h-h-*h!*
H-h-h-h-*h*-h-h!
H-h-h-h-*h*-h-h!
H-*h*-H-H-H-H-*h*-*h*-*h*-h!

So, without vocalization, her spirit sang the sprightly measure, and she knew not at all that it was because the mocking-bird's trill was in her ears all the time. Nor, when she smiled down at the bank, had she the least idea that it was because the tiny blue and purple blossoms along its margin were all in broad grins, nodding at her. Even when she tried to fit her tune to the funny darting movements of the black-satin-backed bugs that went through their dance-

figures for her on the water's surface, she was consciously thinking only of her line. She had thrown open all life's doors and windows, and was letting in light and color and sound; and she knew only that she was out on a great lark, and she was reckless as to where it might lead her. Of course it was all wicked, and she would be in sackcloth and ashes pretty soon; but she would not feel that she was there for nothing. She was earning her penance.

The fish bit finely, after a little. Silver and speckled beauties followed one another on the cruel palmetto strip, whose lengthening burden kept up a perceptible movement in the water, even though the string hung deep. In through the delicate coral gills, and out by way of the pretty mouths, so she strung them.

There is such a thing as fishing's being *too good*. It lacks the zest of patient angling. So Miss Melissa must have found it to-day, for she remarked, as she sent a slim perch down the fatal string to the number thirty-one, "I wish to goodness you-all would n't bite so fast, an' give me a chance to fish."

Of course she was fishing merely for sport —a most cruel thing to do, even on a week-day. To have carried the fish home would have been a village scandal. Still, knowing this, she had not the courage to throw them back into the stream. She thought of it, but only for a moment, and her argument against it closed with: "An' maybe ketch the same one over an' over ag'in? No, not much. Ef I say to myself, 'I 've caught a dozen fish,' I 'll know I 've *caught* a dozen. But I 'll do my best for 'em. I 'll string 'em, an' hang 'em in their native element; an' ef they 're lively, time I git through maybe I 'll turn 'em loose—*maybe;* though I 'd hate to ketch the same ones over ag'in, even ef it was next week. Ef ole Mis' Gibbs did n't have sech an inquirin' mind for scandal, an' sech a talent for distribution, I 'd take 'em up an' fry 'em for her—an' I 'd eat my share, too."

And here she stopped suddenly, as if surprised by a new thought.

"Would n't that be perfectly lovely?" she said slowly, in a moment. "But of co'se I could n't do it—an' no fryin'-pan here, nor nothin', an' no match to light a fire, even ef the smoke could be persuaded not to rise."

Could it be possible that Miss Melissa Ann Moore, Sunday-school teacher and secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, was contemplating a solitary fish-fry on the holy Sabbath? Perhaps not.

She fished until she was very tired, and then, fighting her fatigue as a baby fights sleep, she kept on from sheer inability to stop until she had used her last bait. Then, hastily wrapping her line, she drew up the fish and looked at them.

"Pity I could n't send you over to the porehouse for the widders, like Deacon Tyler does his week-day surpluses," she said, addressing the fish; "but of co'se you 're a Sunday ketch, an' noways fitten to nourish a Christian widder. Lordy, but what a sinner I am to be referrin' so familiar to Deacon Tyler, an' he sanctified these ten years an' over! Funny notion that was of Mis' Gibbs's thet he ain't never married because they ain't no sanctified woman fitten to mate with him! She settles everybody's hash, one way or another. But I reckon she 's about right about him. Wonder what she says about me not bein' mated, ez she calls it? *I* 'd as lief think o' marryin' that ole feller the bishop told about thet set his life away on top a pillar—St. Simon What-you-may-call-'im—I forgit his surname. Not thet I don't reverence the deacon—"

Miss Melissa had not had the least sense of fear, and yet, when she presently heard footsteps behind her, she felt a sudden terror lest she should fall off the bank. She was too much frightened even to glance over her shoulder when the bush against her arm trembled; but in a moment her fear was relieved in part, as she recognized the tall, gaunt figure that emerged from behind her and took a seat upon a projecting rock about a dozen yards from where she sat. It was one she had seen once before. She instantly realized it to be that of a vagrant negro, and she knew that he had come for his dinner—he or she. This very non-committal and elusive old person, whose haunts were the cane-brake and the swamp, had been in slavery days a menace to the runaway, who feared his evil eye and silent potency in witchcraft—for he was a mute; and when it was discovered that he frequented the brake he was not molested. The "haunt" that the negroes were afraid either to kill or to confront was better than a pack of hounds to clear the thicket, and so "Silent Si" had lived a charmed life—done as he pleased,—not responsible to law or order, and was reckoned no more than the other half-shy, half-bold inhabitants of the woodland. Some said he was a voodoo woman who had escaped from the Barbour plantation seventeen years before—a woman who could cast spells at long range, and had made so much trouble on the bayou that when she ran away she was not pursued. Then there were others who felt sure he

was a man who once lived on Bayou Lafourche, and who had strange white spots on his body, and claimed that God was gradually making him over into a white man, though a few feared him as a leper. And there were other stories, but none of them invited friendship with the uncanny personality that even yet chose the life of a hermit, and whose clothes, rescued from the village dumping-ground, and laundered in the creek, were so freely promiscuous in their suggestions as to be entirely non-committal.

When Miss Melissa had recovered from her first surprise, she burst into a hearty, ringing laugh. "Well," she exclaimed, "ef they 's one person on earth thet I 'd be willin' to see me here, it 's you, Silent Si."

For some minutes she sat chuckling to herself over what seemed a humorous situation.

"Don't reckon he even knows it 's Sunday —or thet they is any Sundays, for that matter. Don't seem like they could be any need of religion in a cane-brake, noways, with no other sinners 'round. Most of our needs of grace is through dealin' with our feller-man, looks to me like, though I don't know. I 've been doin' pretty well to-day all by myself.

"Lordy, ef this ain't the funniest! Even ef he knew me, he could n't tell.

"Well, they 's one thing, shore: I 'm a-goin' to give him my fish. Yas; I 'm a-goin' to give him my fish, an' see thet he has one square meal, anyhow. He can't break a sabbath thet he ain't never heard of; an' as for me, well, maybe the good Lord 'll let the charity of it balance the sabbath-breakin'."

At this, she called bravely:

"Si! *Oh*, Si!"

"*Oh*, Si!" answered a distinct echo from across the creek.

It seemed a mocking reminder of the mute's deafness, and there was something so uncanny in it that, although Miss Melissa laughed, it was with nervous laughter.

"Well, you cert'n'y are deef in both ears, old Si," she chuckled; "for ef you could n't hear out o' the one on this side, the echo has sampled the other for me. This would be a good place to fetch the deacon to. I would n't feel so called to quote Scripture to him ef I could jest locate his good ear. I know ef he ketches one word of a scripture quotation he can finish out the verse, an' I 've more 'n once fell back on the Bible for conversation when a worldly remark was on the tip o' my tongue. I know it 's the right ear thet 's good, an' yet I 'm so used to makin' allowances for me bein' left-handed thet somehow I gen'ally git confused an' say things in the deef side. But out here the echo would be bound to strike it.

"I see Si is spittin' on his bait for luck. He 's learned *somethin'* ef he *is* deef. Maybe he does know it 's Sunday, after all. I reckon some folks would be afeerd of him, out here by theirselves, but I ain't. I ricollect too well what a mild face he had the day he come out o' the bresh, that summer, when we was clairin' off the ground after our Sunday-school picnic, an' I give him a lot o' the scraps. I was n't a bit afraid of him then. I jest passed the things to him on a broom because some folks said he had the leprosy. Of co'se time has proved he ain't got that. I believe I 'll unwrap my line an' fling it over his, an' make him take notice."

No sooner said than done. Attracted thus, the mute turned and looked at her. With a motion of her hand she held his attention until she had drawn up the string of fish, and then by a simple pantomime she offered them to him. A difficult medium of communication seems sometimes to be conducive to a swift understanding, for in a surprisingly short time these two people, who had met only once in a twilight wood many years before, had so well understood each other without the aid of speech that the mute was building a fire under a ledge of the rock a few feet away,—a secret hiding-place from which he soon brought forth a rude cooking equipment,—and Miss Melissa Ann Moore was scaling fish with her own hands, using for the purpose first one and then another blade of her scissors. She had rolled up her sleeves, and pinned up her dress-skirt to serve as apron, and while she scraped off the silver scales and trimmed the glittering fins, she hummed a tune into which she was presently fitting the words, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Her song was low at first, a soft, gurgling treble; but as she went on it gradually yielded to the inspiration of the wood, abetted by the brave note of a stalwart bird that poured out his joy from a tree above her, until she was singing as she had never sung in her life before.

It was a fine duet for a while; but soon neighboring birds, hearing it, came and sang with the two until the woods rang; and no one but God heard the anthem—God and perhaps the squirrels and other voiceless creatures who came out of hiding to peep and to listen. Miss Melissa, strange as it may seem, was all unaware of aught save delight. It was as if the long-pent joy that ought to have expressed itself through years of living had sud-

denly burst forth, demanding right of way, and converting her, for the time, into a simple instrument of song. And the birds, knowing the life-notes, understood, and sang with her.

And all the while she mechanically continued to scale the fish. But so translated was she that when the mute came and stood beside her, she did not see him until a breeze blew his skirt across the line of her vision, and she turned. When her eyes fell full upon the slender oval face of the tall yellow "human" standing dumbly beside her, she stopped singing and withdrew her hands. He took the motion for permission, and quickly gathered up the fish and returned to the fire. His coming so near had broken the spell and brought her back to earth. She watched him in awed silence for a moment, and then she said, quite as if the circumstances were in no wise out of the ordinary:

"Well, whilst the picnic 's progressin', reckon I might 's well knit a few rounds on the red mat."

Suiting the action to the word, she took out her knitting, and as her needles flew she soon fell into speculative discourse with herself concerning her companion.

"I declare," she began, "I feel like as ef I was jest about half in a dream, an' liable to wake up any minute; but I 'd be mighty disappointed ef I was to wake up before them fish are fried an' e't'. No, 't ain't no dream; they say you can't never dream smells. Ef anybody had 'a' told me, I would n't 'a' believed he 'd be so clean about it—washed his hands in the branch even before he built the fire. An', come closet to 'em, her clo'es is more faded 'n they are dirty, anyhow; an' I 'm shore no hair could be whiter—jest like the driven snow—"

She had dropped her knitting in her lap while she watched the silent figure at work. There was something so weird about it all that even Miss Melissa, unimaginative as she was, felt the strange spell.

"What would I give ef I could git her to come an' set down here by me an' tell me the story of her life! They can't be a life without a story, an' I reckon hers would be so unnatural thet it would make a good book. No speech,—no relations,—no knowledge of God or the devil—jest herself, day in an' day out.

"Or hisself," she added, seeing the mute break a stick of wood across his knee. "But jest to think of thinkin' thoughts with no words to think 'em in. I would n't undertake it, I know. Thoughtless words are common enough, but wordless thoughts—I can't conceive of sech a thing. Imagine me tryin' to think in Hindu an' not knowin' so much as *polly fronsay* in it to explain my thoughts to my mind. I often wonder what sech a one will do at the jedgment, when he 's required to give an account of hisself.

"But he must have ricollections of somethin' or somebody. But I 'd think even ricollections 'd git to be monotonous, after a while, for a main dependence. Somehow, I doubt ef he remembers anything. I reckon he jest gits up every mornin' an' scrimmages for food, an' goes to bed at night an' rests from his scrimmagin'. Come to think of it, that 's what all the world 's a-doin', more or less.

"I s'pose they 's any number o' places where he 's got fryin'-pans an' things hid, an' little strips of bacon like that he 's fryin' with now.

"Meal in a bottle with a cork in it! Who 'd ever 'a' thought o' sech a thing! Well, it 's a good way to keep it dry. I s'pose the annual picnic leavin's is the same as a Christmas dinner to him. They say it don't make no difference where they have the picnics,—down at Silas's mill, or at the camp-meetin' grove, or up at Pump Springs,—he always gits wind of 'em an' somebody sees him prowlin' round for the fragments; but from this time on, I intend to see thet he finds somethin' more 'n broken victuals. I 'd do that much for a dumb brute without a soul to save. What is he doin' now, for gracious sakes? He 's a-cuttin' off a bunch o' that palmetter an' tyin' it to a pole. I do wonder ef he 's a-goin' to sweep the ground off before he sets the food on it. He don't know it 's a sin to sweep on Sunday, I don't reckon. Ef I did n't have this mat to finish, I 'd try the deef-an'-dumb alphabet on him, an' spell out the fo'th commandment."

The mute had, indeed, fashioned a rude broom from the materials at hand, and before Miss Melissa could anticipate his intention, he had taken a beautiful leaf of the green palmetto, laid it on the improvised broom, placed the fish and a corn-dodger upon it, and, standing at arm's-length, was presenting it to her.

It meant recognition.

So she had served him years ago in the twilight wood. She was much startled for the moment, but a swift glance at his pathetic face touched her almost to tears. As she looked into his eyes a flicker of servile pleasure illumined them—a flicker that she felt rather than saw, like the blink of a summer sky when one says, "Was that lightning?" and cannot be quite sure whether it was until it comes again.

When she took the fish she was so agitated that she said, "Thank you, Si," quite aloud; but the words fell upon his back, for he had not lingered.

For some minutes Miss Melissa sat and looked at the feast—it seemed a feast, for the hour was late, and she was hungry—before she could recover herself enough to touch it. But finally she drew the palmetto up on her knee, and began her novel meal, which she ate as unquestioningly as a child. She had been all her life accustomed to the negro's hand as a server of food—the negro, taken many times without question from field or forest work; and when once this sort of service is accepted, and one learns the usual cleanliness of the shapely hands of the most uncouth among them, he has arrived at a comfort point which does not always exist in more pretentious serving. The old "aunty" who shucks her roasting-ears all over her kitchen floor, and spreads

DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"SHE HAD DROPPED HER KNITTING IN HER LAP."

her baby's pallet on the pile of bark in the corner, will make biscuits as white as snow, and her pine table will show its pretty grain even down its scoured legs. The floor is hers, but her hands and the table where she prepares his feasts are consecrate to her master's service.

It was some minutes before Miss Melissa thought of looking after the mute, and when she did look he was gone. There was not even so much as a trace of the fire he had built upon the ground. Indeed, she would not have known where it had been but for the pile of brush he had drawn over the spot.

She stopped eating, and looked about her.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I don't doubt a minute but what I 'm hoodooed, an' none o' the things I seem to see are really happenin'.

"Of co'se here 's the fish, an' my red mat; an' there 's my fishin'-pole, layin' where I throwed it over the buckeye-bushes. That much is real. But that gray squir'l climbin' down the tree-limb, there, looks like as ef it might easy be in a dream an' suddenly dissolve. I do declare, I feel almost like as ef I was in the Garden of Eden. Ef I was to see a snake anywhere, I 'd fully expect it to enlarge an' come forward an' try to tempt me. I wonder what time o' day it is, anyhow? I see the shadders is all reversed, an'—

"Why, it 's gittin' dark."

She rose to her feet and looked about her and shuddered.

"Deary, deary me!" she said, "how far wrong one bad act will take a person! Only three days ago I stopped counting my strands—an' now what an awful sinner I am! Will I ever have forgiveness an' peace of mind again, I wonder?

"What would the deacon say—or even Gord? Somehow, I don't mind the Lord knowin' it ez much as I would the deacon. He 's *so* sanctified. An' of co'se Gord knows all the inns and outs of it, how werried I was, an' he 's authorized to blot out. Maybe this is the real me, after all, an' I have n't been no more 'n a hypocrite all these years.

"No," she added, looking upward, "'t ain't that. Whatever it is, I ain't a hypocrite, I *know*. Some say Gord judges us by our best days, an' some say he holds us for our worst. An' then, ag'in, some say he averages. Maybe ef he 'll average up these last three days with my forty-one years of tryin' to live righteously, it 'll seem like as ef I 've been passable good right along.

"But I must be goin'."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

"TEMPTED OF GOD."

And captive good attending captain ill.
SHAKSPERE, Sonnet LXVI.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

STRANGE paradox! Yet not more strange and sad
Than true to life. For often 't is the good,
With strong temptation not to be withstood,
That lures us surely downward to the bad.
Here with some beauteous moment sweet and glad,
There with some voice of pity, we are woo'd
(Which to resist were shameful, if we could),
And straightway we are passion-drunk and mad.
O God! repent; nor give to Sin the power
To bait her trap with morsels such as these—
Things fair to see and kindliest sympathies,
Which turn our good to evil in an hour,
Or, with the lapse of many treacherous days,
Fill all the soul with terror and amaze.

OUR MANTUA-MAKER.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO.

ONE morning Miss Milman came to me with grateful news. "I have heard," said she, "of a sewing-woman who surely must be just the one we are wanting." We were always stranded between the regular dressmakers who could not condescend to mend and make over, and seamstresses who, in their phrase, "go out by the day," and with whom, in our little place, we could not be bothered.

Amy went on to say that the new treasure would do anything in the world we wished, do it at home, and (her temperament is sanguine) do it well. She had the word of the Maynards for it. The Maynards—a mother and two daughters made up the family—were friends of ours, and excellent authorities on all the mint, anise, and cumin of life.

The name of this treasure was Hannon,—Miss Hannon,—and her residence on Eighth Avenue—well up Eighth Avenue.

It happened that just then I was the one most needing Miss Hannon's ministrations, so the next day I betook myself to Eighth Avenue. When I found Miss Hannon's number my faith increased, for her very door was not as her neighbors' doors. It bore a brass plate setting forth that she was a dressmaker, and the brass plate and the brass bell-handle were polished as was never another bit of brass for miles around. I cannot tell you how impressive, amid the surrounding dinginess, was this brilliant metal; it seemed to speak of moral qualities.

Meanwhile the door was opened with a crank (I believe that is the phrase for describing this popular but ghostly proceeding), and I was free to find my way up the flight of stairs before me. The stairs were steep; they were dark: but—and the experience was unique in my considerable acquaintance with New York tenement-houses—they smelled of yellow soap—of yellow soap, and nothing else. When I reached the first landing I stood peering about, wondering what to do next, when a door opened, and a soft old voice with a round old-country accent asked whom I wanted to see, who I was—something of the sort. The next moment Miss Hannon was welcoming me as a friend, and was ushering me into her sitting-room.

I despair of putting it—that room—before you. Perhaps if I could you would still not share my delight in it. One must have lived much in hotels, in furnished lodgings, and among people all whose possessions are new and ready-made, to be able to appreciate the beauty of age and long-wonted use in things as intrinsically ugly as Miss Hannon's belongings. Miss Hannon was an Englishwoman—that the first tone of her voice told me; and as soon as my eyes saw her, I knew that the cap on her head came from England with her, probably early in the century. With all the sterner virtues that her front door and her stairway bespoke, she was the friendliest and most self-effacing human creature I ever saw. The mystery of her confidence in and affection for all members of our fallen race began to stir my respectful curiosity, imperfect as was my acquaintance with these sentiments, before I sat down; and I might as well add here that it was a mystery I never solved.

What passes as friendliness is often so offensive that it is an injustice to the quiet, unconscious tenderness of Miss Hannon's manner not to find a fresher word for it. It was a thing so simply and beautifully human that in its own way it lifted intercourse with her above all small superficial considerations,—all remembrance, for instance, of the fact that we were strangers,—and put us face to face with such unembarrassed directness as might be enjoyed by angels meeting for the first time on the streets of the New Jerusalem.

I presented my roll of silk confidingly, I am sure; confiding I felt. "I want to have a petticoat made of it; Mrs. Maynard told me to come to you."

"Yes, dear; sit down—this chair is more comfortable. Yes; is n't this beautiful! Mrs. Maynard 's the best lady," Miss Hannon prattled on softly, in a small swirl of delightful agitation over my arrival. "I tell me niece, sometimes, that I do think Mrs. Maynard is the very kindest customer I ever had in me life—she and the young ladies. Fifteen years I 've been doing for them—fifteen years come Michaelmas. Me niece says she feels as if she knew them all."

She examined my silk—it was an old dress

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"'I 'VE GOT SOME OF ITS PRETTY BITS OF DRESSES HERE.'"

(SEE PAGE 151.)

ipped up—with an executive eye. "Why, his is so good, it 's so nice," she observed vith enthusiasm, "I could make it over for ou. I can make it up into a suit again."

For one wild instant that joy moved me to ontemplate a sacrifice on a moral level with tself—I would let her make an unwearable uit, if she wished to; but I speedily gravi- ated to a lower and more accustomed plane f conduct, and said sorrowfully that I did ot need a suit, and must have a petticoat. Then indeed I saw of what rare stuff Miss Hannon was made. Plainly she suffered t this unaccountable decision. Miss Han- on had gratuitously offered to accomplish a riumph of skill; but she bore my blindness vithout the faintest sign of irritation or sense f superiority. Before I left I asked how ong she had lived where I found her.

"Eighteen years it was last May-day since ne sister and I took this house"; and then he explained that she let all but two of her ooms to lodgers. "I and me sister kept hree, but for meself alone I need but two." After a moment's silence she explained: "Me ister lived but two years after we came to the ountry. 'T was consumption. The youngest f us all she was, too—the youngest and the rettiest and the best. Oh, she was pretty, ut she had a world of trouble before she ent."

Miss Hannon was turning about my goods nd patterns in an absent-minded way, shak- ng her head softly; and as she paused she fted her faded eyes to mine, and in them hone the pitiful unshed tears of old age.

"Have you a picture of her?" I asked, for ack of something better to say.

In a moment the look of gentle peace that nderlay all her expressions prevailed again.

Yes, she had a picture. "But it 's at me iece's now. I 've another here, but it 's not o good. I should wish you to see the one ne has first. I 'll get it before you come gain—or I 'll bring it down with me, if ou 'd wish me to try this on."

A few words more, and she was telling me nat this niece was the dead sister's child. y the way, she never used the word dead, ut slipped by it, not with any set euphemism, ut now this way, now that, as if the un- oiced horror of its sound never ceased to ill her tender humanness. When once the ubject of the niece was opened, I was like o spend the day on Miss Hannon's haircloth ofa.

"She 's just a bit of her mother to me, ough mayhap not so pretty," said she. Her mother left her to me, and that was when she was four years old, and the rarest little curly-head ever you will see. Her father and her mother were gone, and she had nobbut but me to look to, and truly she was a rare one."

Miss Hannon, in her mouse-like manner, grew incoherently loquacious on this theme. I had an engagement which it was high time I should call to mind; but before I left I learned that this niece was married to a husband as good as gold; that he was a veterinary surgeon, and a good one; that he kept her so as if she were in pink cotton; and that the two of them wished Miss Hannon to come and live with them.

"But I tell 'em I 'll keep a bit of a place for meself awhile yet," said she, as she opened the door for me. "I 'm seventy-two, and maybe I 'd lose me spirits not to have me own place after all this while, though they two be the best in the world, and best of all to me."

After taking my leave, some forgotten consideration induced me to turn back and ask Miss Hannon to come to me Saturday evening, rather than on the Friday before agreed upon.

She drew me softly back into the room, and as softly shut the door. "Saturday, if you don't mind, I 'm afraid I 'll have to stay at home. You see—let me tell you how 't is. I always stay at home Saturdays"— she low- ered her low tone still more—"on account of the lodgers." I stared, uncomprehending. "Saturday is the day they pay, in general."

"Oh, they do; I 'm delighted to hear it," I laughed. "With you for a landlady, I much feared, Miss Hannon, they rarely paid at all."

"Oh,"—faintly pained and shocked on the lodgers' behalf,—"they pay; nearly always they 're prompt; but—it 's easier for them to do it Saturday evening, when they mostly have their week's money; they have it on their minds then, and if I 'm out—" she hesitated.

"It slips off their minds, I suppose; I know just how that is myself."

"They spend their money sometimes," said Miss Hannon, very confidentially.

Miss Hannon's attitude toward the world at large provoked my curiosity—a curiosity as to how any one, especially any one meeting mankind as a lodging-house keeper and a dressmaker, could maintain Miss Hannon's all-embracing friendly faith in them, and how, maintaining it, she ever contrived to get a living. Now, impelled by a desire for knowledge, I broke forth: "Tell me truly. Don't they frequently spend their money?

Don't they cheat you week in and week out. Don't you lose a lot?"

"No, no; oh, no," she protested. Then with pained hesitation, as if she were on the witness-stand, and morally bound by the witness's oath: "Once one man did go away without paying; he went when I was out; he owed two weeks. That was five years ago. Then sometimes I've let one off a little—not very often, though. I've me own rent to pay, you know."

Amy was present when the petticoat was brought home. It was on this occasion that we first heard of the baby.

"Me niece," said Miss Hannon, in response to some leading question, "always helps me about the fashions. She tells me what she sees as she goes about. Of course I 'm an old woman" (the soul of her was just seven at that moment), "and I don't keep up so well as I once did, perhaps; but I don't forget that young people want things different. I keep up pretty well when me niece is about, but she does n't see much now."

"Is she ill?" asked Amy, with solicitude.

Miss Hannon took advantage of the opportunity she plainly had sought.

"Oh, she 's very well for her state—she 's going to have a little baby." She spoke in the tone of hushed delight with which children talk of fairies. Well, the ice being broken, that little baby was never again, while we knew her, ten minutes absent from Miss Hannon's conversation. She never spoke of it without the minimizing adjective, as if some women might bring forth their offspring half-grown, and at once start them off to school with Latin grammars under their arms, and her niece's better taste was worth remarking. Amy took it upon her to answer the announcement, and say what a delightful piece of news it was.

"You may say so," Miss Hannon replied. "Me niece has fair pined for a little baby these five years, and now we 're all that pleased. Me niece won't let any one at all sew for it but just herself and me. Most of the things she 's made herself, and I've given her some her mother made for her, that I kept—I 'm a great one for keeping things; and now, see! they 've taken up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief, and she would n't tak' their weight in gold three times over for them. She said to me, 'Auntie,' said she, 'I 've got the money to buy what I want,'—her husband 's the freest-handed man in the world, and has plenty; 'I can buy things,' said she, 'but I can't buy me mother's stitches. You 're the only one,' she said to me, 'that ever could have given me her own handiwork for me little baby.' She 's the tenderest feelings; she always had."

Miss Hannon told us that in two months the baby was "expected."

We soon found ourselves expecting it. Amy, though barred out from any part in the wee wardrobe, found herself moved to put her clever fingers in some way in the service of the little baby; and, with that reckless generosity by which she occasionally balances a vast indifference to the world in general, she began to embroider it a carriage-blanket. As a natural consequence she decided to have Miss Hannon do much sewing that she had intended to do herself. Our little dining-room was converted, if you please, into an altar of fashion, and Miss Hannon installed as priestess; and there she enriched us with a deal of precious prattle.

"Will you want these bodies high or low?" she asked, one day, beginning work on some underwaists for Amy.

"I have n't made up my mind. Just cut them all high, and we can cut out the neck of some afterward."

"Oh, my dear, but the waste!" Miss Hannon protested faintly, while preparing to follow orders. "The first high-necked dress I ever made was for Miss Mary Tunbridge"—by little murmurs of interest and query we kept her chirping on; "that was when I first went to Liverpool. I did a deal of sewing for the Tunbridges. They were such good people—just as kind as the day was long."

Amy, having just then freed her mouth of pins, broke forth with a question. "Miss Hannon," she cried, "did you ever work for any one that was n't perfectly lovely—just as good as gold? Was n't any one ever mean to you, unreasonable, or hateful about money?"

Miss Hannon dropped her hands an instant, and looked up at her; then her eyes fell, and she handled her work aimlessly an instant before she answered in a repressed voice:

"A lady in Liverpool was dissatisfied once."

Amy threw her handkerchief over her face, dropped her hands, and sat down in the nearest chair. After a short season of silence she removed her handkerchief, wiped her eyes, and said very quietly: "What was the matter, Miss Hannon?"

Miss Hannon's head was still bowed; for an instant she did not reply; it was as if the recollections crowding upon her were too sorrowful for words. But she was a meek spirit,

she had been asked a question, and presently she answered: "She wanted me to mak' a mantle for her like one she 'd seen in a fashion-book. She 'd seen the book in a shop, and I went and looked at it very careful myself, and I knew I had a pattern that was just the same, but that it was longer. I took notice the one she wanted was shorter than most they wore then; I took notice of that particular. She said I made it too short," said Miss Hannon, with a sort of despairing calmness, "and that nothing could be done. She was—"

Amy lapsed into some strong language of a sympathetic sort, but Miss Hannon took no special notice of her declaration that the woman was a brute.

"I would no' tak' a penny from her," she said, with an increase of her north-country accent. "She said at first I should keep the mantle; but she did no' shame me so sore, though she were a hard woman. Mayhap she were taller than the lady in the picture, though I did no' think it," she added sadly. Then, as if willing to turn from this dark page of history: "Miss Moore told me that they go little by the books where she—" But Amy and I did not hear the end of that sentence; at last the sound of Miss Moore's name had caught our attention.

"Do you suppose—" said one. "It 's altogether probable," said the other.

When Miss Hannon paused, we asked about Miss Moore, and her answer showed that she was indeed an old acquaintance of ours—an acquaintance habitually mentioned between us, when mentioned at all, as Crazy Moore. No matter how we came to know her, —we know any number of queer people, and none, by the way, queerer than Crazy Moore, —what is to the point is that she was now one of Miss Hannon's lodgers. Miss Hannon welcomed the fact that we knew her as if it were something greatly to the credit of the three of us, and gave us all new claims upon her affections.

Yet when we came to question her further, it appeared that her interest in Miss Moore was mainly professional. Miss Moore was sewing for a highly fashionable dressmaker. Nevertheless I gave her a touch of pain when, taking heart of grace, I frankly expressed my hope that Miss Moore's financial standing on Saturday nights was all that could be desired. I was ashamed of myself after I spoke, for our little old seamstress always shrank from the subject of money—her money—with the impractical delicacy of an old-fashioned gentlewoman. Now she wore the expression of a blush as she said, after a little hesitation:

"She had just gotten a situation when she first come, and she told me she was—she owed some debts; but I think she is very, very honest."

"I think she is, too," I admitted promptly. You see, I had more reasons than one for being ashamed. "But," I felt impelled to explain, "she is so terribly unfortunate—she loses her places so, all the time—that it 's impossible for her to keep paid up."

"She 's a bit flighty, but—" But it is not necessary for me to repeat all Miss Hannon's amiable additions to this statement. So much of it, at least, we knew to be well founded. Poor Crazy Moore was indeed a bit flighty; I had long held a notion that our harsher term was justified. Tolerably early in my acquaintance with her, she, after conferring her friendship upon me, had confided to me a long story of persecution. She herself was the heroine, of course; and the romance included a villain of that remorseless energy and singleness of purpose common to the villains of fiction, and, happily, to very few other human beings of any sort. She also permitted it to be known that she had been on the stage, and that in that position she had displayed genius. Neither did she altogether conceal her belief in her own beauty, though to others she appeared the battered wreck of a plain woman. She could be induced to recite speeches of *Lady Macbeth*, and also a piece of versification purporting to come from a mad woman who beseeches her jailer to hear her woe. Before entering upon these histrionic exercises, she was apt to envelop herself in strange and inexpensive draperies, smelling of camphor, whereupon she declared herself costumed in character. Of course she wished to return to the stage, and threw out dark hints as to the insuperable and inconceivable barriers blocking her natural path to fame. But a different note was struck when another of her ambitions was discovered. Her expressions of desire for the stage were artificial enough; but a truly tragic wail, the wail of the artist defeated, emphasized her declaration that if she could get half a show she should be a first-class draper, a beautiful draper, one of the sort that get big salaries, from twenty to thirty dollars a week, sometimes more. A draper, if you do not happen to know, is the person who does the draping of skirts, and of various ornamental additions thereto, for fashionable dressmakers. Nevertheless, she was employed, when so fortunate as to be employed at all, in

far lower and poorer paid branches of the great art—branches that she despised, and that gave her a most scanty and precarious livelihood. If she had not had an entirely unaccountable facility in getting situations, her genius for losing them must have brought her to death by starvation, and that speedily. There would have been no alternative, it seemed; for she was one of the proudest and honestest people I ever knew. She spent her life in a passionate struggle to pay debts—debts that accumulated upon her continually. That this state of things was certainly the result of some sort of folly did not make me less admire such rare integrity, for it was plain Miss Moore could not help being a fool. I liked her much, in fact; and it was only because I liked Miss Hannon more that I had put in my graceless warning. It was unnecessary. My first subsequent conversation with Miss Moore made that clear. I met her under Miss Hannon's roof. She greeted me with characteristic effusion, and took me at once into her own cubby-hole of a room. When she came to speak of Miss Hannon she dropped into a quieter tone.

"She took me in when I could n't pay a cent in advance," she said, speaking slowly and with downcast eyes, "and everything I had that would bring a cent was up. There ain't many like that. I've paid her in advance every week since that, and I 'm going to. When I lose my place,"—she stopped an instant, and looked at me significantly,—"I suppose I will, you know; that 's the sort of life I lead,—when I do, I 'm going to leave here right off, if I have to go to the Island. If I could just get to drape one skirt at this place I 'm in now! They make splendid things—oh, splendid! But the draper has n't got much of a gift. She 's been taught, but she ain't no touch. They know it there, too; but they 'd never let me try—not with a piece of cheese-cloth, they would n't. The forewoman just treats me as if I were dirt under her feet, Miss Addington—dirt under her feet! I 'd never say drapery to her; she 'd laugh at me, she 'd put me out, for daring to."

Miss Moore's seamed face flushed darkly as she spoke. I had heard it all before. It always moved me,—perhaps more than some more moving tale,—but I could never think of anything to do to mend the case. Such great places as offered any fitting field for Miss Moore were unknown ground to me. I was far from being able to present myself at their doors as an impressively liberal customer whose lightest word must be heeded. It was Miss Hannon—Miss Hannon of the British cap and the Eighth Avenue tenement-house—who discovered a way to help Crazy Moore to the fulfilment of her saner desires.

She told me her plan within half an hour after I left the cubby-hole.

"Miss Moore was so kind to me the other day," she twittered, as she measured and snipped some garment I was trying on. "I had a new suit to mak' for a lady. Of course I know I 'm old. I can't expect to keep up with things as I did when I got about more, and of course if I don't keep up, people can't have me mak' things that should be very fashionable; and I like to mak' things over, my dear—I do like it. But this was an old customer, and she 's not young, and she just said to me, 'Miss Hannon,' said she, 'you made suits for me when I was younger and better-looking than I am now,'—that 's just her droll way, she 's such a nice lady,—'and,' says she, 'you can mak' this, and give me less trooble about it than any one I know.' She 's that kind! It was only her second-best, and not very expensive, but I felt it was a great responsibility. I got a new fashion-book,—she did n't know at all what she wanted,—but pictures are hard to understand sometimes, when you 're not seeing new things much, and I lay awake the rest of the night trying to plan it all out. I was afraid to tell me niece, lest she worry herself so; she hates to have me tak' so much on meself. And that evening, when Miss Moore came home, I thought to meself I 'd ask her a question. She 's always so tired, poor thing, I was put to it to bother her at all; but, my dear—" Miss Hannon came to a full stop; when she went on, it was in an impressively hushed tone—"my dear," she repeated, "she put things together that perfect they looked precisely like the picture! She took it all out of me hands, and she would no' tak' no, and she did it all in a hand's turn. The set of it! I 'd not be saying that she could do all the small things, or mak' a body so well as one like meself, that 's always done it all; nor would she be so saving of goods—I saw that in a minute. But she 's got the turn with skirts and overskirts, and the like, such as these grand places pay well for. She 's fit to do such work for a court dressmaker. That 's what I said to her. 'You 're fit to help a court dressmaker,' said I. I got the suit done this morning, and I 've taken it home. I 'm sorry; I wish I could show it to you. Miss Addington, I 've been a-thinking Miss Maynard—don't you think Miss

Maynard—you know, she has things of the finest, and she has gowns made at the grandest places—do you think she could do anything—anything to help Miss Moore get them to let her try? If they 'd once see what she can do! She says she could mak' drapery look just like any picture in the world, and I 'm sure she could."

Miss Hannon ended with a suspended inflection, gazing anxiously through her spectacles into my eyes. I told her her idea was an inspiration; that I thought it quite possible—more, probable—that Miss Maynard could do something; she could, if any one in the world could. She was altogether just the person to turn to.

Miss Maynard was an actress, and at this time "leading lady" of a New York stock company, of course a diplomatist, and possessing an envied reputation as the best-dressed woman on the metropolitan stage. I counseled Miss Hannon to go to her herself; for to any special grace or sweetness of appeal Annie Maynard was one of the most susceptible people in the world, and, to my mind, Miss Hannon possessed unique powers as an advocate.

Well, it is no part of my plan to relate all the steps of our campaign on Miss Moore's behalf.

Miss Maynard had not struggled to eminence for nothing. After devoting one interview—a rehearsal, she called it—to the investigation of Miss Moore's powers, she threw herself into the work of getting her a draper's situation with all the ardor of the kindest heart in the world—an ardor reinforced by her profoundly serious appreciation of all that pertains to good clothes.

The rehearsal left Miss Moore in an inarticulately rhapsodical state. One feature of her exaltation was rather singular: it seemed unnaturally unconcerned with her own triumph.

It gave me a faint sense of sickness when, the next time I saw her (she had come to call upon me at my own place), she said, fixing upon me a furtive, watchful eye: "I 've written a note to Miss Maynard. I 've asked her to let me recite to her. I 'd rather have a place on the stage than be a draper. I guess she could get it for me just as easy." So here was the interest that had crowded out her pride in draping!

I protest always against the cynical theory that there is no such thing as helping any one; that those who can't swim had better be left to drown: but I confess that at this moment I paid it so much tribute as lay in remembering it. My remarks were, of course, as wholesomely unpleasant as I dared make them. That is by no means saying they fully expressed my sentiments, for I always dimly realized that poor Crazy Moore was, as it were, a torpedo, a package of dynamite, something that must be handled with care, though I had small notion as to what forms her possible explosions might take. I seemed to achieve the required mean between candor and mendacity this time; for she dropped the subject of the stage, and of dressmaking as well, and soon, with expressions of friendship only a little less warm than usual, and without any pointed revelation of the purpose of her call, took herself away. But I was not to escape so easily as this; I was not to be left so clear a field for irritation. In five minutes Miss Moore came back, and, true to her type, uncomfortably softened my heart, and, without being in the least more sensible, left me no satisfaction in condemning her folly. She came back, she said, to show me something. Probably, in the first place, this desire, as much as any tendency to air her aspirations, had prompted the poor thing's visit. What she had to show me was a set of little silver studs for the baby—Miss Hannon's niece's little baby; "Miss Hannon was so crazy about it." She stood and talked about her gift with a simple, overflowing joy in the idea of giving, tempered by a little anxiety as to the propriety of her choice.

"They said they were solid, pure silver," she said; "but they were pretty cheap: you don't think they 'd cheat there, do you?" and she named the place she had patronized.

I declared the utmost confidence in the integrity of the house.

"Of course it 'll have gold ones, but I thought another set might be convenient; I did n't know what else I could get that was nice at all. If a thing 's real silver—why, sometimes awful fine ladies, great swells, wear silver jewelry. I wanted to give it something because Miss Hannon thinks so much about it, and she 's done things for me."

I was so moved by all this that I made tea for Miss Moore, and drank a cup with her, bringing out, too, all our stores of biscuit, jam, and the like, because I was morally sure that she would make this festivity take the place of a meal, and so save a few pennies. The purchase of the studs, cheap as they were, must have brought her to the verge of ruin.

I neither saw her nor heard much of her

prospects again for some time. When I saw Miss Hannon she was more and more given up to the subject of the baby. "My dear," she stopped to say, as she was leaving me one day, "I tell me niece—I say to her, 'Don't mak' its little dresses—not its littlest ones, anyways—for studs; they may be fashionable, but they 'll stick in its little back. Little, small flat pretty pearl buttons, or lace buttons, are a deal better; don't you think so? You have to hold a little baby so close in your arms, don't you think studs would stick in its little back?' I say, 'Mak' one fine dress so, if you must,' I say to me niece,—she has some gold ones for it,—'but not its littlest ones.'"

Foreseeing that this view of studs and the consequent absence of preparation for them in the infant wardrobe would inevitably be discovered by Miss Moore, I said to myself that the next time I went up Eighth Avenue I must make it my business to break the sad news to her, and try to prevail upon her to exchange her studs with me for something else. In the wide circle of my kinspeople there was always some baby to whom studs could be appropriately presented.

When I found an opportunity to make my revelation, Miss Moore received it with agitation. "I knew they 'd be wrong; I knew it!" she exclaimed in the high, hard voice of hysterics. "It 's no use for me to try to do anything; it 's always wrong"; and she gave a long, sobbing sigh. Subject as was Miss Moore to unreasonable emotion, I felt that this was not all about the studs. I had brought them up at an unfortunate hour; Miss Moore's nerves were already overstrung.

"Have you had any bad news? Has anything been going wrong?" I asked her presently.

"Oh, no; it 's good news—wonderful good news, for the likes of me," she responded. "I 'm going to be a draper, and fix lovely things for other women all my life. Miss Addington, I could act—I know I could; I feel it in me."

She was standing before me—that is, almost over me—as I sat on the bed in her narrow room. When I made no reply, she appealed to me yet more directly, twisting together convulsively against her breast her thin red hands: "Don't you believe I could—a little, anyway. Don't you think I 've got some dramatic talent?"

The way the confidence in the first breath of this attack shaded off into piteous pleading was really something to support her claim. Then, I had always known that she had, in fact, a dramatic temperament. She had long been my standing illustration of the utter uselessness for artistic purposes of this gift when unsupported by others. Now she was so excited, so unstrung, that it was my instinct to say whatever might quiet her, soothe her; and of course a touch of flattery was here, as in most places, the most soothing thing available. But she never had much aptitude for eliminating the highly personal note from conversation; and now she said abruptly, interrupting me after I thought I was safely launched upon some theatrical reminiscences of my own: "Miss Maynard has lots of influence; of course she must have." I admitted that she must have some, but added that I thought it quite possible that she had more with the dressmakers, whom she employed, than with the managers, who employed her. But at this I saw a gleam distinctly suspicious in Miss Moore's eyes. She did n't believe me; and she did n't believe I believed myself. I was working against her; that was her only idea.

This was all very tiresome, and I soon picked up the silver studs (Miss Moore had consented to my proposed exchange), and started to betake myself to Miss Hannon's own room. I went down one flight of stairs, and there stopped to slip the little packet I had in my hand—the studs—into my pocket. In doing this I discovered a rip in my dress; the skirt was broken from the waist-band, and I stood a minute or two, repairing damages as best I could with a safety-pin. This done, I went on toward Miss Hannon's door; and I had just reached it when the sharp crack of a pistol rang through the quiet house, there was a scream above my head, and Miss Moore came running down the stairs, streaming with blood. She was wounded in the arm. At the same time Miss Hannon's door opened, and she and some one else—I soon saw, alas! that it was her niece—came running out, adding with their cries to the growing confusion; for people were tumbling out of their rooms on every side.

I have no patience to maintain any prolonged mystery about this squalid business, though, to be sure, there inheres in it one mystery inexplicable—the mystery of human nature. This much, however, was clear: Miss Moore had shot herself. What she said was that a man did it; and even amid her cries of pain she confided to me in loud stage-whisper that "he" did it, her manner conveying assurance that her familiar villain, her old pursuer, had done the deed. She said that

after firing he rushed down-stairs; but I had been on the stairs or in the halls ever since leaving her. She said—but no matter what she said; it was all contradictory, confused, impossible, and when she was questioned she took refuge in her old air of dread-born secrecy. Whether she intentionally shot herself is a question that resolves itself, I imagine, into a psychological issue, and depends on what constitutes an intention. Some unanalyzable compound of lunacy and diseased vanity, some frantic desire to be a heroine of adventure or a center of attention at any price, some misty notion of getting out of dressmaking and enlisting sympathy that would finally result in putting her upon the stage—these and other motiveless motives had doubtless led her to play with a pistol, and dream out a shooting story according to her fancy. Just how she came to try putting her fancy into fact, let those who credit the possibility of fully reading the heart of a fool decide for themselves; I content myself with the belief that where most is known about such organs, there the incredible fact will be most readily accepted.

My interest in Miss Moore died with the perception that the poor wretch's cracked existence threatened to turn to tragedy the sweet, homely little human comedy Miss Hannon had put before me.

I called an ambulance, and helped bundle Miss Moore off to a hospital, she pouring forth in the meanwhile tears, lamentations, and contradictory accounts of what had happened, referring now and again to her hatred for base drudgery and her histrionic genius; but she grew silent when I told her that Miss Hannon's niece, through the fright she had received, was in mortal danger; and it was with a face that showed some sober sorrow that she was finally driven away.

Yes; the lives of the mother and the unborn babe were hanging now on the chances of the minutes. The vast mysteries of death and birth were encompassing a group of beings who seemed too simple, too limited and tender, to be faced with issues so awful.

After a few messages were sent, there was nothing more that I could do; and I left this little battle-field of great Fate, the struggle still undecided. Here I had seen the play of kindness and gratitude, of tender hopes and precious, faithful human love; and now out of the kindness was sprung a danger that made of love and hope only powers of pain, and all because a poor creature without malice—with, indeed, some riches of fidelity and fondness—must misuse her own life for lack of sense to do better.

The first news I had from the mother and child came in a note from Miss Hannon—a note written in a labored, legible, old-fashioned chirography, and it ran thus:

MISS ADDINGTON:

DEAR LADY: I have not finished the work yet, and I am sorry. But I know you will forgive me—you are always kind, and you showed a warm heart that dark day for us. You will feel sad to know my niece lost her little baby. She is getting better; she was very low, and we should thank God. All the pretty little clothes were laid away. It only breathed once. It was so pretty, and a dear little girl. I will try to bring the things down next week. Your Respectful and Obedient Servant,

M. H. HANNON.

But the next week did not bring her. Instead I got another note saying she was sorry she was so slow,—she knew it was very bad for ladies not to get their things when they were promised,—but it seemed as if she could not get out of the house; and could I come up to her and see if everything was right? And she closed with apologies for the trouble she gave me.

"I 'm getting very old, I 'm afraid," said Miss Hannon, when we met: and in her voice was a new and plaintive weariness.

She brought me my work, as she called it. Her work it was, and beautiful, as her work always was; but for once she failed to show her old sweet pleasure in praise. She scarcely seemed to hear what I said, but when I paused she spoke:

"The doctor said she was the prettiest little baby he ever saw. She just drew one breath. She had just such shaped little hands as me sister had when she was a baby. Yes; I was twelve years old when me sister was born. I loved her that well it seemed as if I never could love anything again so much. Me niece was the sweetest little tot; but then, you see, I never saw her till she was running about. But now it seemed as if her baby would bring it all back to me. I thought I 'd tak' care of it, and put on its little clothes, just as I did for me sister. Mother trusted me a deal with her. Thank you, dear. It 's all a long time ago, and now the dear little baby 's dead. It was a fluttering kind of breath it drew just that once, and I 'm living yet. I 've got some of its pretty bits of dresses here." Miss Hannon dragged herself to an old chest of drawers, glass-handled, and lifted from one of them, piece by piece, some baby-clothes. Then she let them fall back,

pushed the drawer to, and stood looking into mine with her piteous, tearless old eyes, that still, after all her sorrows, questioned in meek bewilderment the strange cruelty of things.

So at last I left her to her weariness and her pain. Already these had taken her far from me. I saw that grief had brought it home, even to her confiding heart, that new friends, at the best, are only new friends, and but as echoes and shadows in the time of trouble.

She had spoken no word as to Miss Moore. I was, therefore, a little surprised when, a few days later, on meeting Annie Maynard, I found she had received from Miss Hannon a note about the wounded culprit. I had previously given Annie my account of Miss Moore's misfortune, and we had tacitly agreed to ignore her existence henceforth, to consider that chapter closed. We were tired; we did not see anything more to be done. Now I found Annie discontentedly veering from this position, and plaintively complaining that Miss Hannon was responsible for her inconstancy and her discomfort. Miss Hannon, in quavering, brief lines, had asked her to go to see Miss Moore, to do what she could for her, "because she is not like to do well, I fear, and she has kind feelings."

"Like to do well!" I broke forth. "Of course she is not like to do well. That 's why we are tired bothering with her. And you, with your hands so full, and after all you 've done—I don't see how Miss Hannon could ask you to run around after that wretched woman any more. It is touching," I was constrained to add, "after what she has suffered through her; but it 's not like her to ask so much, even for one who has despitefully used her."

"I suppose she—the crank woman—is very unhappy, and is suffering," said Annie Maynard, with an air of trying to meet reason with reason, that I might not think her too easily swayed. "I wish, of course, Miss Hannon had asked some one else to look after her; but—"

But Miss Hannon had asked with wisdom as well as with a strange, uncharacteristic note of command. Annie was the one of us all least likely to withhold from the unprofitable beneficiary her benevolence; the tone of authority we soon understood. It was the awful authority of one who will ask nothing more, and from whom can come no reproaches.

I never saw her again. She was old; it was natural she should die; it was natural, too, doubtless, that her beautiful life should go out in sorrow, and that when she knew no more

> The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,

her last legacy of magnanimity and tender goodness should fall to one whom it could little benefit.

Yes; and because of the ineffaceable conviction of the good of goodness inhering in "the deep heart of man," it was natural, too, thank God! that we should hope our hearts were forever softer for having known her.

SONG ON AN ORIENTAL THEME.

"Aime, rêve, et désire."—Henri Cazalis.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

ALL is false; yet love!
Love, dream, and desire.
Bare thy throat, bare thy heart,
To the knife, to the fire.

All is lies; yet believe!
Love, desire, and dream.
Spend thy life for the love
Of the things that seem.

By thy side gapes the grave.
Flash thy life at the sky,
Then go down to the dark.
Dream, desire, love, die.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. ROBERT EGLESFIELD GRIFFITH (MARIA THONG PATTERSON).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

GILBERT STUART was five feet ten inches in height, with fine physique, brown hair, a ruddy complexion, and strongly marked features. He dressed with elegance, which was possible at the period of which I write, and, notwithstanding his biting sarcasm, keen wit, and searching eye, was a great favorite with the fair sex. In his thirty-first year he chose for his partner through life Miss Charlotte Coates, a lady of much personal beauty, and with a fine contralto voice, the daughter of a Berkshire physician, and they were married May 10, 1786.

Notwithstanding the new responsibilities this changed condition entailed, Stuart continued his old manner of living, and soon found himself deeply embarrassed. In those "good old times" the supposed remedy for failure to pay one's debts was the debtors' prison, our enlightened forefathers not possessing the appreciation of the situation belonging to the untutored child of the forest, who, when confronted with a like condition, laconically said, "Ugh! In prison no catch beaver." Thus many times did Stuart find himself where he "no catch beaver," until, to escape the walls of the old Fleet, he removed, two years after his marriage, to Dublin, and took up his residence at Stillorgan Park, a few miles distant from the city, flattering inducements having been offered him by his Irish friends, who were so taken with his free manner and open-handedness that they adopted him, and spoke of him as "our Irish Stuart."

Among the persons of consideration whose portraits Stuart painted in Ireland are John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland—a whole-length, in his robes of office, belonging to Trinity College, Dublin; the Very Rev. William Preston, Bishop of Killaloe, who was a generous benefactor of the Library Company of Philadelphia, and whose portrait by Benjamin West hangs in its gallery; Eusby Cleaver, Bishop of Cork, and later Archbishop of Dublin; half-lengths of John Beresford, William Brownlow, and William Burton Conyngham, afterward the noted Lord Plunket—all members of the Privy Council for Ireland; a whole-length of John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, Henry Grattan, and many others. Indeed, some of his finest works are to be found in and about the Irish capital.

Stuart had many amusing experiences while in Ireland, although his stories must be taken with much salt, as he was a vain rodomontadist, and counted the relation of imaginary experiences among his best practical jokes. One story that he was particularly fond of telling was of an invitation to visit a gentleman who desired to have some portraits painted. He found an old castle with a new tenant, a tailor who had acquired a large fortune by army contracts. The portraits that he desired Stuart to paint were of his ancestors; and as he knew not who they were, or what they were like, his commission to Stuart was to paint them as they ought to have been. This Stuart did so satisfactorily to his patron that the painter was paid double the agreed price; and those portraits, with their century of age, to-day doubtless do duty for authentic likenesses of some ancient Celtic worthies. Such a story as this has its moral as an impressive warning to students of historical portraiture, and is an important foot-note to the history of such false impersonations.

Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Griffith is one of his most beautiful works, as can be seen from Mr. Wolf's admirable rendering of it. She was the daughter of Major John Patterson, of the British army, who served as aide to General Abercrombie at the disastrous attack on Fort Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758, and who married Catherine Livingston, daughter of Robert, third lord of the manor of Livingston, settled in Philadelphia, and was the last royal deputy-collector of that port. The daughter, Maria Thong Patterson, when in her twenty-third year, was married, May 22, 1797, at old Christ Church, to Robert Eglesfield Griffith, an Englishman who came to America after the treaty of peace, and who for thirty years was president of the society of the Sons of St. George. Stuart's portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, painted in 1800, are owned by their grandson, Mr. Manuel Eyre Griffith of Philadelphia.

INTERCIVIC HUMOR.

God the first garden made;
And the first city, Cain.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

MERICAN humor is so peculiar that your true American can see little that is amusing in foreign jokes until they have been stolen by native wits and presented as indigenous. It is the fashion to decry the fun of London "Punch," and to steal from it specimens of native humor. As a reader of that journal during its John Leech period, I am often impressed with its continued influence upon modern humorous journalism.

Certainly "Punch" managed to furnish many ancestors to recent jokes, and from its pages can be cited many "leading cases" in the science of jociprudence. Local pride and its converse, the gibe locative, are no doubt older than Egyptian mummies or Babylonian cylinders; but in its simplest form the feeling underlying all such jocular manifestations is well typified by Leech's drawing of the two navvies contemplating the new arrival in their village:

"Who 's 'im, Bill?"

"Don' know. A stranger."

"'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

This is patriotism, of a kind, in the rough —a survival of the old clan-loyalty. It is the spirit of the prayer offered by the old Scotchman, in the presence of the unwelcome Sassenach: "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife: we four and no more."

Country boys of the same community are on an equality; but town and city boys divide sharply into clans, and live like Highlanders —inventing affronts for the pleasure of resenting them. Cities where the quarters of the rich abut upon poorer districts are for their boy residents the scene of a never-ending border warfare. Brooklyn is an example. Though not resembling ancient Rome so closely as to create confusion, the "City of Churches" resembles the "Nameless City" in sitting upon hills. The intervals are inhabited by her poorer citizens. From these valleys used to issue swarms of young barbarians, lured by hope of spoils,—marbles, sleds, tops, kites,—as the barbaric Goths poured into the fertile fields of Italy.

Under such conditions boys were of necessity gregarious; loyalty to the *grex* was enforced by pressure from without. The strong in muscle spared their wind for the combat; the skilled in sarcasm galled the foe with the arrows of epithet. We called our clansmen "our fellers," but were known as Yankees to those "qui in nostra lingua Micks appellabantur," to quote an elementary classic.

So did the Greeks group all foreigners as barbarians—babblers; to which the modern descendants of those conquering races have slowly evolved the repartee of classifying all tricksters and gamblers as "Greeks," the title of Houdin's book being an example: "Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled." But the Romans were earliest in the field, and made "Græcia mendax" a byword.

At first international, the feeling of opposition became specialized. The citizen made the word "villager" into the reproach "pagan," and the countryman was to him a "villain." But the man of the fields or hamlet also found means to give an abusive significance to "bourgeois," to "cockney," to "Corinthian" and "Sybarite." Even to-day, "rustic" implies rude, "urbane" is a trifle Pecksniffian, and "citified" and "countrified" have a similar import.

As the national rivalries were most universal, they have left the richest deposits of verbal missiles. We may pick up at random these word-shafts of long ago: "Punic faith"; "Injun giver"; "Dutch courage"; "Dutch talent"; "a Dutch uncle"; "to beat the Dutch"; "the unspeakable Turk"; "perfidious Albion"; "French leave"; "walk Spanish"; "Flanders mare"; "Nation of Shopkeepers." The list is endless, for each sect, each race, each clique, coined unlimited phrases of more or less currency.

But in the old days of Assyrian rollers there were no cylinder-presses to preserve the lighter forms of colloquial wit. The quip modest was pillage, and the reproof valiant found expression at the end of the battering-ram or was launched by the ballista. An

ancient monarch never felt secure from repartee till his enemy's chapfallen head was elevated on a pike—a form of wit to be classed with the triumph of the Scotch judge who, after many irritating defeats over the chess-board, had the pleasure of sentencing to death his triumphant opponent. The judge went decorously through his adjuration, but could not refrain from adding: "An' noo, Jamie, Ah theenk ye 'll have to admeet Ah have ye checkmated for ance."

Even in the Scriptures we see intercivic jealousies cropping out in the jeering inquiry, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" in St. Paul's reference to the novelty-loving Athenians, in the reproof to the Laodiceans, and in the references to the violent and rustic throngs from about Galilee—to cite only the more familiar.

In Greece, where patriotism was civism, civic character was centralized and intensified into types, a number of which have been fossilized into words. Laconic speech, according to Plato, quoted by the elder D'Israeli, was considered by the ancients to be the outcome of perfect learning: "The mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain Laconic diction." Tenedos enforced truth in witnesses by an uplifted ax, and thus gave us the phrase "Tenedian honesty." Bœotia was not distinguished for delicacy of speech or reticence, and its inhabitants were reputed dull because of their misty atmosphere; and our dictionaries still record "Bœotian" with its derived sense—perhaps because the adjective was affixed to Landor. The effectiveness of the Colophonian cavalry, whose bones have crumbled, is still recorded in the colophon that brings the end to a volume, as these horsemen completed a rout; ease is "Capuan" or "Sybaritic," yachtsmen are Corinthians, because of the prosperity of three communities long gone the way of human grandeur; and in some dry-as-dust chronicles we may learn that the Kuklux Klan had its forerunner in the so-called "three bad K's"—Karia, Kreta, and Kilikia, once Greek colonies of unsavory repute.

Voltaire had his fling in bidding adieu to Holland as the land of "Canaux, Canards, et Canaille." How neatly Cambridge countered upon Oxford, when Dr. Johnson, a Tory and an Oxonian, quoted the lines of Trapp:

Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty;
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

And Sir William Brown thus cleverly turned the tables:

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

We may likewise recall a triad at the expense of Switzerland, beginning with the Yankee who carried through Europe a *nil admirari* spirit, and, to a direct question as to the grandeur of the Alps, admitted candidly, "Wal, naow yeou mention it, I think I *dew* remember passin' some risin' graound," and adding a less antique example relating the visit of a tourist to the meeting of the sovereign Swiss people for the study of the initiative and referendum. Unfortunately, just as a vote was about to be reached, the tourist emptied his *stein*, and thoughtlessly hammered upon the table, yelling, "Kellner!" whereupon the whole body of suffragists dashed to take his order. The third libel relates that an observer commented upon the "irresistible" charge of the Swiss in battle. "They always," explained his friend, "carry a ration of Limburger."

England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales have long lived in amity, tempered by mutual exchange of stories at one another's expense. Welsh Taffy receives a bad name in the nursery ballads. The Scotch for years delighted to circulate the legend that "the whole English nation be monsters, and have tails by nature," although the original tradition gave the satanic finish only to the men of Kent, because, as Andrew Marvell put it:

For Becket's sake Kent always shall have tails.

England has, in return, kept alive some of Dr. Johnson's pretty sarcasms, such as his definition of oats, "food for horses in England, for men in Scotland"; and his dictum that "a good deal may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young"; and his retort to Boswell's remark that few beggars died of starvation in Scotland: "It is impossible, sir, to starve a Scotchman." In the same spirit was the reply of the English tourist when asked what he was most pleased to see in Scotland. "The funerals," was his answer. The Scotch sense of humor also comes in for well-known stories, of which Sydney Smith's definition is a good type. "The Scotch idea of wit," said he, "is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." The statement that a surgical operation is required to get a joke into a Scotchman's head reappears in the more recent form of the despairing wag who

told his austere auditor from the Land o' Cakes: "The only way to make a Scotchman see a joke is to fire it into his head out of a gun," and was met with the inquiry, "And how, mon, wad ye fire a joke out of a goon?"

The Americans profess to find the same slowness in English appreciation—which has given new life to many of these old yarns. One or two may suffice. "A lawyer named Strange," said an American to his English friend, "said he would put on his tombstone only the words, 'Here lies an honest lawyer,' and then everybody will say at once, 'That 's Strange!'" "Excellent, bah Jove!" responded the Englishman, and carried the story to his club, where it was retold as follows: "An—ah—eccentric solicitor directed that they should carve—ah—on his—er—monument, you know, 'Here lies an honest lawyer'; and folks said, you know, 'Ah, how extraordinary!'"

A shrewd thrust at England was Dean Swift's caution to the traveler who said the air was healthy in Ireland. "Hush," said the dean; "don't repeat that in England, or they 'll tax it!" And we may quote the Irishman's profound remark in regard to Irish bulls: "It 's in the climate. It would, no doubt, be the same with an Englishman who was born there." Perhaps the Canadian Indian said the best thing about the English when, in response to the boast that the sun never set upon the empire of Great Britain, he propounded the explanation, "The Great Spirit is afraid to trust the English in the dark."

The field is too large. Let us cite only the summaries. It has been shrewdly said that the apothegm, "In vino veritas," is proved because when the liquor is in control the Frenchman wants to dance, the German to sing, the Spaniard to gamble, the English to eat, the Italian to boast, the Russian to be affectionate, the Irishman to fight, and the American to make a speech. And similarly the small boy, in giving examples of national salutations, said: "The Frenchman says, 'How do you carry yourself?' the German, 'How goes it?' and the Chinese, 'How do you digest your rice?'" "And what," he was asked, "is the American greeting?" After a moment of profound reflection, he suggested, "'How 's your cold?'"

In this desultory view of the subject, we must be content to leave the Old World and cross the Atlantic, so that we may find space for a hasty review of our own land "from Alpha to Omaha." And as the East is the easier to treat from the longitude of New York, we may be allowed to begin with a few specimens of Western persiflage, chosen almost at random. To illustrate a style found near the Rockies, we may quote from a document issued in Kansas: "With a cheerful audacity that almost challenges admiration, Grub-street scribblers on a venal press, which panders to the most vicious instincts of semi-civilized foreign colonies like New York city and Chicago, with semibarbaric splendor at the apex and semibarbaric squalor at the base of their social life, have puny and presumptuous criticism of those whose shoe-string they are not worthy to unloose. The dogs of Egypt have barked at the pyramids unanswered for fifty centuries." Upon which an Eastern paper thus comments reassuringly: "As a professional Populist he has to make big talk, but personally he is one of the mildest and most conservative men in the world, and eats syrup on his buckwheat-cakes every morning."

"Climate" is the basis of a number of stories, of which a sufficient specimen is the legend that tells of an Arizonian who awoke shivering while being cremated, wrapped himself in the asbestos blanket, and objected vigorously as his friends opened the door of the furnace, because it made a "draft." When a visitor in Kansas remarked that "the natives could n't live to be very old," the indignant native replied: "Why, a feller 'll be older here when he 's forty than when he 's seventy anywhere else!"

Let us note a few jests of wider application, and then confine our attention to several cities and their mutual courtesies.

The formula for a gibe at Kentucky contains the four principal elements, colonel, whisky, horses, lynching. Perhaps under the first item as characteristic a story as any is that of a "Colonel Throckmorton of Kentucky," who in a shipwreck, where the other passengers were all upon their knees, is shown erect in simple sublimity, and remarking, "O Lord, if you ever mean to do Colonel Throckmorton a favor, now is a good time!" But both the first and the second are combined in the reply of the other colonel whose attention was called to the terrible adulteration of food-products. "Terrible!" said he. "Why, I saw a fellah putting watah in whisky the other day!" Another more recent story tells how a guest, after sharing one bottle of whisky with his host, the colonel, took advantage of that gentleman's absence at the races to drink two more bottles, leaving the colonel a single bottle. "And what," inquired the listener, "became

of that?" "We let it age, and then drank it," was the reply. "How long did you keep it?" "Foh days, sah," said the colonel.

Lynching is ascribed to other States oftener than to Kentucky, yet the Cleveland "Leader" printed the laconic item: "Nobody seems to have been lynched in Kentucky yesterday. Who stole the rope?"

Delaware is in the joke-world a synonym for peaches, and many New-Yorkers will remember a pertinent question of the street-boy during the Washington centennial parade. The governor of Delaware made an imposing appearance; but his dignity collapsed when, from a perch on a convenient lamp-post, a ragged little chap hailed him with, "Hello, governor! How 's de peach-crop?" And recently a New York paper said: "News comes from Kingston, in this State, that the peach-buds have been killed. This seems to be taking an unfair advantage of Delaware."

In like manner the Jerseyman is made responsible for the mosquitos; and a lecturer upon the ancient Hittites, Amalekites, and Moabites was said to be posed by the Jerseyman's anxious question, "How about the Mosquito-bites?" Another Jersey taunt—that of being out of the Union, foreigners and aliens—took its origin from the residence at Bordentown of the Bonapartes and their fellow-exiles, who found asylum and were allowed to buy land across the North River.

As to Ohio, it has become a stock joke that the State is a nursery of office-holders; the "Ohio idea" is an accepted term implying the advancement of State interests by national officials. It is this that points the answer of the school-boy who refused to give Ohio's boundaries because "since November she has n't had any." As Virginia was the mother, Ohio is the foster-mother of Presidents. She claims William Henry Harrison, Grant, Garfield, Hayes, and McKinley. But alas for fame! When Ohio erected at the World's Fair a composite group of her favorite sons, and carved the proud inscription, "These are my jewels!" a visitor remarked, "That is what Isabella said to Columbus!"

But it is between paired cities—St. Louis and Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, are the classic examples—that the chestnut-pelting never ceases. Most of their courtesies, however, are ephemeral and of strictly local application. Those of greater permanence and wider scope are likely to be revised forms of imported humor. In St. Paul one may hear of the clergyman who failed of a call to the Minneapolis congregation because "he took his text from St. Paul"; and, in return, Minneapolis antiquarians do not let the careless world forget the important historical fact that "St. Paul was once known as Pig's Eye." When the city of Cleveland claims increased brewing-power, a loyal son of Cincinnati cites statistics to prove his own city's preponderance in bank clearances, with the implication that he values prominence in banking rather than in beer.

St. Louis seems to be a favorite butt against which to turn stories implying crudeness or newness. The Chicago genius who, during the prevalence of the epizoötic, remarked that his horseless city was "as quiet as St. Louis on a holiday" won an anonymous immortality; while the labored repartee of a St. Louis man that, "to save expenses, Chicago threw the bodies of murdered strangers into the river, and let them float to St. Louis," was not only far-fetched, but was countered when Chicago explained that then "St. Louis emptied the pockets and sent them along down the river."

This, however, is not refined wit, to say the least. Better far is the Chicago comment on St. Louis's statement that "a dog in St. Louis weeps over music." "This is rather remarkable," said Chicago; "but it must be remembered that it is St. Louis music." It was said to be a St. Louis editor who maintained that "one half the lies told about me are not true," and a St. Louis girl who claimed that city as her "native place part of the time"; and recently a Chicago paper asked what chance there was for grand opera in St. Louis, "where there is only one dress-suit to a thousand men."

But in moving on to other towns we must be as relentless as the express-train which carried the Westerner through his native city at lightning speed. "Don't we stop here, porter?" he asked indignantly. "Stop heah? No, sah. We doan't even hesitate heah, sah," said the ebony potentate, loftily.

There are no statistics that will determine the size of shoes in Chicago, enumerate the baby-carriages in Brooklyn, expound the consumption of beans in Boston or of scrapple in Philadelphia, or even explain the prevalence of revolvers in Texas, and why you may not safely buy nutmegs in the Land of Steady Habits. Concerning Chicago there is a libel as to the size of feminine shoes, made popular by the cheering reply of the St. Louis damsel when told that a Chicago girl has "one foot in the grave." "She's safe enough," was the heartening response; "she 'll never get the other in." There is also the story of

a Chicago girl who had failed to be fitted, and on asking the salesman, "Have you nothing larger?" was told, "You might try the box." Chicago has recognized no boundaries, intellectual or physical. "Why," said the Boston man, "do you Chicago people say, 'How is things?'" "Because," was the crushing response of the native, "we want to know how things *is*; that's why!" Their wide boundaries give them freedom. "I 'm going," said the reckless young man in "Shore Acres," "where I can say what I please and do what I like!" "Heavens!" exclaims the sagacious heroine, "you are going to Chicago."

As to their only rival,—the Greater New York, which they now suggest shall dub itself "East Chicago,"—they regard it as provincial, but they despise sectionalism. "Let us pray," said the teacher, "for the day when there shall be in our country no North, no South, no East, no West. What great agency will accomplish this end?" "Chicago!" was the unanimous reply of her intelligent class. Yet they deplore the crudity of their neighbors. A Chicago lady told with pain how a lady visitor from St. Louis was appealed to by her daughter as to the use of the great array of sets of knives, forks, and spoons at a Chicago banquet. "Have you never heard," inquired Mrs. St. Louis, "of souvenir spoons?" and with perfect aplomb pocketed all at her place save the requisite three. New-Yorkers assert that Chicago must sing second, but cannot deny that the Western city is like the singer in the little country church, "who sang second to that degree you 'd think it was first." The readiness of the great Western city to receive instruction proves anew the remark, to which Warner gave currency, that "when Chicago went in for culture, she 'd make culture hum." What, for instance, could be more docile than the conduct of the Chicago lady visiting in Boston? She arrived at an afternoon reception, during a storm. "I wish I had knowed," she remarked easily, "it was goin' to rain; I 'd oughter brung my umbrella." Whereupon her Back Bay host said pleasantly, "You did n't mean to say 'brung'?" "Of course not," replied the new arrival. "Thank you. I should have said 'to have brang my umbrella.'" And the Chicago man who saw the Worth monument on Broadway asked with pain: "What! is he dead?" "Dead? Of course he 's dead," said the New-Yorker. "Then," the Chicago friend resumed, after a reflective pause, "where does your wife get her dresses now?" "Seems to me that all the sharpers here come from Chicago," said a New-Yorker once, without due consideration for his friend's native place. "Yes," said the Chicago man, musingly; "they *do* seem to know where to come."

But the Chicago "Record" is responsible for reporting that one of its own citizens was "cutting a great dash in his Chicago overcoat," and explains that the garment is "fur on one side and a linen duster on the other." And the "Tribune" of the same city prints the following:

HE (*after the introduction*). I feel acquainted with you already, Mrs. Skymore. In fact, I may claim to be a distant relation of yours.

SHE. Indeed, Mr. Blim? I was not aware of it.

HE. Yes. I find by an item in the papers, this morning, that my second wife has just married your fourth husband.

It is doubtful, though, whether either of these journals copied the following dialogue from the New York "Truth":

"How did you know he was from Chicago?"
"By his accent."
"But he did n't speak."
"I overheard him eating a piece of pie."

It will be well here to repeat that these stories may be considered as formed of adjustable parts. The American joke, like other articles of home manufacture, is made on the interchangeable principle.

Thus we may apply to any of our growing cities the case of the farmer who wished to exchange his farm for city property, and drove out on a tour of inspection with the agent. The city lots were inspected. "Now, where is your farm?" asked the agent. "We passed it five miles back," said the farmer.

Of Boston such anecdotes as the following circulate:

MRS. BEANLEIGH (*of Boston*). Baby spoke a sentence to-day, Oscar.

BEANLEIGH. What was it, Constance?

MRS. BEANLEIGH (*proudly*). She said, "Mother seems to have astigmatism in her left optic."

And the reply of the child who said, when asked if she would like a talking doll: "Certainly, if you have any that converse intelligently. I could not abide one that giggled."

Pythagoras and his followers were wise in their generation when they reverenced the bean; they foresaw Boston. Boston knows beans; she knows nature intended beans and Browning to go together; and it was hard, as the Boston boy said, to be told by "a rude, illiterate boy from New York that he did n't know beans." He undoubtedly did

know the vegetable, even with the naked eye.

No; there is no such thing as the undeveloped Bostonian. From the earliest days, when the frigid daughters of the colonists, in the primitive eye-glasses of that period, drove home the cows that laid out the city, to the present period, when on borrowing a fountain-pen from a Boston maiden the borrower could not use it, for he found the ink frozen, the people of the literary emporium have existed in their icy regularity of demeanor and their bricky irregularity of streets. Their family names are enough to show them coeval with Eve. Adams family, Quincy family—here are Eve, Adam, and the apple traced at once.

It is said that the great organ is no more; but none can deny that the modern Athens is still the place where was delivered "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience." Still, it is the chosen dwelling-place for those who like to have New York for a place to visit. "If I live in Boston, I can visit in New York; but if I live in New York, where can I go?" was the unanswerable inquiry of the Knickerbocker who had moved to the home of Holmes.

"Boston is only five hours from New York," said one from abroad to a New-Yorker. "Not five hours, but fifty years," was the reply. But Boston is nearer culture than that. She has her revenges, too. It was a Boston girl in a New York friend's library who asked whether the New York girl had read Browning. "No; I can't understand him," was the discouraged reply. "And have you Praed?" Boston went on. "Yes," the New York girl admitted, with a blush; "but it did n't do any good."

Boston pronounces with purity, and has contributed much to the elegance of the English tongue, as an instance of which we may mention three words that were invented there: "caucus," "gerrymander," and "chromo." Boston must give place to others. "These New York and Philadelphia people get in everywhere!" complained a Beacon-street sojourner at Bar Harbor.

"Philadelphia was settled by the Quakers in 1682. Now, Willy Green, what happened after that?" asked the teacher. "Nothin'," said Willy Green, who had recently moved there from New York (as "Puck" reports him). The Philadelphia "Record" some years ago detected a movement, and chronicled it in the terse form: "Caterpillars are crawling"; and an ever-appreciative New York paper not only copied the startling item, but gave it the scare-head, "Activity in the Quaker City."

But these be gibes, and even the impeccable statistician strives in vain against them, as this item from the Indianapolis "Journal" bears witness:

"Perhaps you are not aware," said the placid gentleman with the white tie, "that Philadelphia erected more buildings last year than Chicago?"

"Dormitories?" asked the fat gentleman with the large diamond and the soft hat.

There seems to be a general impression that insomnia is not epidemic on the Schuylkill, or why would "Puck" print this?

HE. Did you know Calloway's parents lived in Philadelphia?

SHE. No; I thought they were dead.

HE. Not dead, but sleeping.

This last joke has at least two variants. One is the saying, "In the midst of life we are in Brooklyn," and the other represents a bereaved mother as remarking, "Yes, I have three children; two living, and one in Philadelphia."

As to New York, let some gifted son of Chicago administer the needed correctives. Gibes at the expense of Manhattan—the "Island of Drunkenness" as interpreted by conscientious historians—are not plentiful within the limits of Greater New York. Our newspapers never print any to which fitting repartees are not to be found. We admit that the city had a Tweed ring; the "four hundred" are nowhere ridiculed more than here at home; the city does possess more Irishmen than Dublin, more Jews than Palestine, and, for aught we know, more "Johnnies" than Johannesburg. The city is no longer sufficiently concentrated to be a distinctive entity. It combines so many elements as to confuse the critic. "Why, what are you doing in evening dress? It 's only three o'clock in the afternoon!" "That 's all right. I 'm going to take a Harlem girl to a Brooklyn theater-party."

How is one to judge elements so discordant? The Greater New York has outgrown classification. It includes everything —French, extras, and washing. Yet there are certain homely features that must be lacking in this overgrown municipality. A visitor from the interior of the State finished the metropolis in a single sentence: "New York? Pshaw! it ain't got its name by the station in whitewashed cobblestones, like Utica has!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The Story of the Captains."

WE are happy to be able to offer to our readers, as the culmination of our plans for the treatment of the Spanish war, so complete, unique, and significant a group of articles as those by the American captains in the present number. It was the conviction of THE CENTURY at the opening of the war that in the mass of descriptive matter which was likely to appear it would be better for the magazine to forego the subject of the war unless it could be treated in a commanding and notable way, as was the war of 1861–65. The series has lacked one name of supreme interest, that of Admiral Dewey; otherwise, almost without exception, it has enlisted the literary service of the officer in each instance, best entitled to make the record. Captain Sigsbee was manifestly the one to whom the public would naturally turn for the inner history of the loss of the *Maine*. Mr. Hobson's manly and graphic story of the *Merrimac* incident increased the respect inspired by his never-to-be-forgotten heroism. The narratives of Lieutenants Winslow and Bernadou lacked nothing except, perhaps, a juster setting forth of their own valiant personal service. General Shafter's exposition of his successful campaign against Santiago was, in view of his previous silence, a paper of absorbing interest and value. General Greene's account of his personal experiences in the capture and government of Manila is the work of a trained soldier and military critic, and fits on to the vivid accounts of Dewey's victory told in THE CENTURY last August by the first eye-witnesses who reached the United States. Admiral Sampson's frank and full record of the naval campaign of which he was both head and heart is a historical document of rare interest. And now comes "The Story of the Captains"—the commander of every American vessel in the decisive battle of July 3 contributing to the elucidation of its record or the consideration of its strategy, and others adding supplementary scenes of noble significance which soften the asperity of war. Add to this setting forth of the form and color of a modern battle from the human, and not the official, point of view, the fact that the illustrations have been drawn under competent supervision and that photographs are included from eight American ships, and the result is, we may fairly say, without precedent in the history of warfare. We regret that personal considerations and the lapse of time have made it impracticable to add two or three papers which were expected to elaborate the general operations, and particularly that Admiral Schley asked us to excuse him from taking his promised part in the literary record of these great events. A few papers of a special character, already announced, are yet to appear, but the accounts of the tactics, so far as we now see, come to a close with the present number.

One cannot read this group of narratives without renewed admiration for the victors of Santiago, whether as guardians of the national honor or as men of fine feeling. Seen through their eyes, one also discerns in the vanquished captains qualities of courage and magnanimity—the magnanimity of the defeated—which ought to win for them the homage of the government that sent them, unflinching, to their doom. As for their great-hearted admiral, it would be a happy omen for the future friendship of the two countries if, instead of ordering him to a court of inquiry, Spain would send him as her ambassador to the land from which, whether as foe or prisoner, he has won profound and lasting personal esteem.

Numbers, Imagination, and Good Government.

AT what point does the mere size of a community quicken in its citizens such a sense of its greatness as to make them more watchful and disinterested in their citizenship? This is a question not so fantastic and uncalled for as it might at first appear to be. Take, for instance, the community of New York before the recent formation of the "greater" city. The population then was much over two millions of souls. This was already probably four times as large a population as that ever possessed by the Athenian state, including their slaves. But among the arguments advanced for wider civic territory and greater numbers was the argument based upon the assumed fact that an increase of size would so appeal to the imagination and to the patriotism of the people that the tone of public life would be lifted, and that the best citizenship would be more largely represented than heretofore in our municipal legislature. It is true that in the first campaign for the mayoralty of the "greater" city there was an effect produced partly by the idea of "greatness" and wider responsibility upon very many voters. An unprecedented amount of independence was developed; and yet the appeal to the imagination and to civic patriotism was not effective in saving the Greater New York from a surrender to boss rule in its grossest form. The "second city of the world" is existing to-day largely under a system of blackmail. A foreign-born student who visited New York during the past winter said, with much discouragement, that in the way of municipal government he found here little that was instructive except in the way of warning. "Optimistic" citizens were able to point out great advances made in certain direc-

tions during the past forty years; but this could not remove from his mind our condition of humiliating political bondage.

As to the effect of numbers upon the minds of our governing statesmen at Washington, there was recently an incident of monstrous omen. The census is all numbers. It is in the nature of things that the next census will prove a bigness of the population many millions beyond the figures of the last census. Yet, confronted by this appeal to the patriotic imagination of Congress, and at the very moment when the disinterested voice of American citizenship cries out for better government over a wider "empire," what does Congress do but deliberately and joyously chuck the management of this census into the muck of spoils: designedly, we say, with malice prepense, against the warning of the wise, in the face of all mankind curiously watching our new imperial ways! "Put an expert on top, and let him make a genuine census," cried the voice of common sense. "Not if we know it," answered the voice of Congress. "Save thereby the national honor and millions of national dollars," said the voice of conscience. "Take the starch out of the civil service," answered Congress. "In the departments are hundreds of statistical experts who may be profitably detailed to minor places," declared those who know what a census means. "You sha'n't filch more than just six places out of our patronage basket," replied the brazen congressional spoilsmen.

It is a matter of tremendous concern to us as a nation, the effect upon the people's imagination, and through their imagination upon their character, of the enlargement of the national administrative responsibility through the acquisition of our island dependencies. The hopeful view is that, although the three or four millions of Greater New York have not produced proportionately good government; and whereas the seventy-odd millions of the United States have not acted upon the imagination of our people, upon their sense of greatness, upon their sense of responsibility, to such an extent as to bring good government, for instance, to Alaska; nevertheless the extent of our island possessions, and our involvement through these possessions in foreign affairs, ought to and will bring good government to Alaska and to our Atlantic and Pacific islands; and that this good government will ultimately react upon home affairs, will force better conditions not only in the army and navy, but in the whole public service of the country, domestic and foreign.

Let us "hope and devoutly pray" that this may prove true; but let us—still more to the point—do some definite work in helping to make it prove true—all of us, expansionists and anti-expansionists alike. No one will charge Governor Roosevelt with lack of sympathy with the policy of expansion; and no one has been quicker than he to see the disasters that would follow if the new dependencies were given over to the spoilsmen of either party. "Have you read in the papers," he said in a recent speech, "that an Alaskan town wants to be transferred to Canada? It wants to get from under our flag merely because no one has thought it worth while to give Alaska good government. If we govern the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii as we have governed Alaska, we shall have the same results."

If this is the constant tone of every man and woman of influence throughout the country (as a matter of fact, every man and woman has some influence), the general good administration looked for so confidently by the hopeful good will prove a noble reality. But it will not be safe to rely too much upon the workings of the imagination in the moral elevation of our citizenship. Burke says truly that "greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime," but it is not impossible to have one's sense of sublimity aroused without that excitation of the conscience which leads the citizen to throw his whole weight in favor of good government. What American citizenship needs is a lifting of the moral tone; it needs to be fortified against the temptation to sell its suffrage for either direct or indirect benefit to the individual pocket. If the conscience can be reached through the imagination, all the better. It often can be so reached; but we must not forget that patriotic eloquence has been appealing to the imagination in behalf of public virtue from the very beginning of the republic, constantly basing the appeal upon size and numbers, actual and potential. Yet the most patriotic declaimer would have difficulty in maintaining that the United States was fifty times or more greater than ancient Judæa, because of the relative size of the populations.

Even so severe a critic of America as Matthew Arnold held that there was, after all, a certain virtue in mere numbers. It was his theory that the larger the numbers, the greater the likelihood that the saving "remnant" of Plato and Isaiah would be large enough in itself to do its necessary work. He found that Judah and Athens were each too innumerous in the total to afford the salutary element of a righteous minority able to defend its own life and purify and save the state. The scale of things, he said, was too small, in the case of Athens and Judah, the numbers too scanty, to give a remnant capable of saving and perpetuating the community. "The remnant, in these cases," said Arnold, "may influence the world and the future, may transcend the state and survive it; but it cannot possibly transform the state and perpetuate the state: for such a work it is numerically too feeble."

When Matthew Arnold thus spoke, his own imagination was evidently touched by the size of this country,—"this enviable and *unbounded* country," he called it,—and yet we had then no island possessions and only fifty millions of people. If he were alive now he would scarcely think that our additional twenty millions at home, and our island territories, made us any more "unbounded"; and as he thought that when we had fifty millions our remnant was large enough to save us, he would probably think us but little better off now, so far as the remnant is concerned, than then.

If we take the remnant to mean, not a countable and definite minority, but that element of

conscience and right feeling in the entire community which now and again asserts itself with overwhelming power in American affairs and truly "saves the nation," we can perhaps all agree that Arnold was not far wrong in his contention as to the efficacy of both numbers and the remnant in connection with the permanence of a political community. At any rate, we have plenty of numbers in America, if that is an element of greatness; we have a good deal of imagination, if that can be made useful; and we have a public conscience, but it is a large part of the time in an anemic condition. It needs the red blood of righteous indignation and hatred, not to be exhausted in spasmodic warfare against the occasional crying or killing evils of corrupt government, but against the whole rotten system of blackmailing bosses and unrepresentative representation and log-rolling legislation.

Good and Bad Appointments by the President.

THE choice of the Hon. Joseph H. Choate as ambassador to Great Britain was one of such manifest propriety and good fortune for the country that it seems superfluous to add another note to the chorus of approval. Now that it has been ratified by the not less general favor of the country to which Mr. Choate is accredited, the President is entitled to feel a double measure of satisfaction in the wisdom of his judgment, dictated as it doubtless was by a sincere desire to strengthen the cordial relations now existing between the two lands.

The President has also deservedly received the commendation of the country for the appointment of Mr. Herbert Putnam to the charge of the National Library. As the head of the Boston Library, Mr. Putnam has demonstrated his fitness for this post both as scholar and as administrator, and under his control his new office will undoubtedly be brought up to the efficiency of the best city libraries. Mr. Putnam's common sense has never suffered the eclipse of politics, and as his work will be closely and constantly related to senators and representatives, it will afford another object-lesson between the merit system and the "pull." For it is an open secret—bad work sooner or later becomes an open secret—that, by reason of favoritism in the method of its selection, the administrative force of the library is full of "dead-wood." We know of one important reform in the library, of great convenience to the public, which has been postponed for want of an efficient force to execute it. It is greatly to be hoped that the President will reinforce Mr. Putnam in a businesslike execution of his great trust by placing the library within the scope of the classified service. It would be fortunate if, as a preliminary to this reform, the competitive test should be applied to the present body of clerks.

Again, the President is to be congratulated on the good reports of the work of the army officers administering civil government in Cuba and Porto Rico—notably General Wood at Santiago. The problems resulting from the war are of such complexity as to call for the utmost wisdom, firmness, and tact, and the country is fortunate in finding such a man for the emergency. It will be well if the good results of such labors for the welfare of the island populations shall deepen the conviction of our people that the spoils system is the great enemy of honest administration at home.

The composition of the Philippines Commission was also admirable, and reflects great credit upon the President. Professor Worcester (whose articles in our September and October numbers on the Philippines will be remembered by the reader) was especially a man manifestly adapted to such a service. In this matter the President has come up to the best expectation of the country.

In the light of these intelligent and judicious appointments, it is astonishing that the President has been willing to place the taking of the next census—a most important historical work—in the hands of a man lacking in expert experience, and to give over to the tender mercies of the spoilsmen a whole bureau, so to speak, of the Interior Department—the supervision of the new forest reserves. This has hardly been done by default, for the President's attention has been called several times to the importance of placing the reserves in the hands of competent men at the outset. In a letter to us from Washington occurs the following statement of the condition of the service:

> A gentleman of high standing, and who is well informed on the subject, tells me that the forest-reserve agents are a "rum lot." He says they were appointed in the interests of the Land Office ring, and that the purpose of the law creating this force will utterly fail unless the appointments are taken out of politics. The men appointed are largely broken-down politicians without qualifications, and were put in to help out the party in the close districts. Notwithstanding the fact that they were appointed in June, the most destructive fires that have occurred in years took place in August and September. If the force had been at all competent, very many of these fires would not have occurred, or could have been promptly put out. Some of the force appointed had never been in the woods. One of them was a dentist; another was a man over sixty years of age, who spent his time in town. A fire broke out near by, and instead of going to put it out, he said he was too old for such work, and did nothing about it. The men, it is said, spend their time in the towns instead of in the woods. There was an abundance of woodsmen well fitted for these places, but they were not in politics, and so did not get the places. Some of the fires were started to cover up depredations.

A correspondent in California writes:

> I learned the other day from a reliable source that two hundred thousand sheep were pastured in the Sierra forest reserve this last season [1898], and that a company of sheep-owners and speculators have sent a man to Washington to try to obtain a lease of the reservation for pasturage for next season. . . . This has been a hard year for the forests: destruction has gone forward without let or hindrance.

When it is borne in mind that such depredations, for lack of a firm policy on the part of President McKinley, signify the loss of enormous areas of water for power and irrigation, and that

during the closing days of the last session of Congress a number of far-Western senators so strongly favored the establishment of government reservoirs for irrigation purposes as to resort to filibustering in the interest of the desired legislation, it might be imagined that public sentiment west of the Missouri—already greatly changed in favor of the reserves—may sometime call to account the political servants who are responsible for the sacrifice of the beneficent objects of forest preservation to the exigencies of local or national politics.

A Singer of Brave Songs.

THERE is in our day one of the tellers of tales and singers of songs who, in full voice, and with the joy and strength of youth, has in doing well and faithfully his own work, told the glory and nobility of all the work of the world. His is a literature of power; it has a sort of dynamic force in itself, and it is in praise of labor, of strength, and of courage; while sounding through prose and verse now and again comes a note of tenderness, sometimes a note of tragic pathos—not merely on account of individual pain and sorrow, but the pain and sorrow which is the burden of humanity.

In one of this writer's most mystical stories—for while he pictures with relentless reality the outward look of things, his imagination often gives his stories and his songs a deep mystical suggestiveness—in one of his stories he tells of a time, thousands of years ago, when men were greater than they are to-day, and the Children of the Zodiac lived in the world. In this strange story Leo sang songs, he made men laugh, and he made men cry, but the burden of his singing was "that whatever came or did not come, the children of men must not be afraid." "People would die, too, while Leo was talking and singing and laughing; for the Archer and the Scorpion and the Crab and the other houses were as busy as ever." "Leo made the Song of the Bull, who had been a God and forgotten the fact, and he sang it in such a manner that half the young men in the world conceived that they too might be Gods without knowing it. A half of that half grew impossibly conceited, and died early. A half of the remainder strove to be Gods and failed, but the other half accomplished four times more work than they would have done under any other delusion." Finally the Crab got Leo, too, by the throat and ended his singing. He was just beginning to know that his songs were making men brave, but he died bravely, and his songs found an echo in the later singing of one of the children of men, who taught, like Leo, that what comes or does not come, "we must not be afraid."

A little while ago our own latter-day singer of brave songs lay nigh unto death, and it seemed as if the whole world were listening breathlessly, hour by hour, at the sick man's door. It is not to be wondered at that there were those who could not help thinking of the mystical and tragic story of the Children of the Zodiac, and of the brave singer whose songs made men brave.

OPEN LETTERS

A Quotation Concerning the "Maine."

AS bearing upon the interesting papers by Captain Sigsbee, U. S. N., recently published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, I beg to send you a remarkable clipping from the "Repertorio Colombiano," quoting from a copy of "El Ejército Español" of Madrid, issued during the last days of January, 1898. The *Maine*, it will be remembered, was blown up February 15, or about two weeks later.

Maine por arriba.
Maine por abajo.
Maine por delante.
Maine por detrás.
Ahora es la palabra de moda.
—¿Qué sabes del *Maine?*
—¿Ha saltado su tripulación?
—Sí; es fácil que dé un *salto mortal* si se extralimita.
Y así no se mecerá orgulloso, como dice un colega, sobre las aguas de la Habana.

(*Maine* above.
Maine below.
Maine before.
Maine behind.
This word is now the fashion.
"What dost thou know of the *Maine?*"
"Has her crew been blown up?"
"Yes; she is likely to turn a somersault if she goes beyond limits."
And thus she will not rock proudly, as a colleague says, in Havana Bay.)

The author of the article in the "Repertorio Colombiano" is Señor Rafael M. Merchán, one of the most distinguished litterateurs in Latin America, now living in Bogotá.

H. R. LEMLY,
Captain Seventh Artillery.
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, March 1, 1899.

The Single Tax.

PROFESSOR JAMES BRYCE, M. P., in his article on "British Experience in the Government of Colonies," in the March CENTURY, makes the amazing statement that "Oriental empires have usually been 'run' on the single-tax principle, and have not found it so simple or easy to work as it looks in theory." Perhaps some Oriental empires have been "run" on the land-tax principle, but this is a widely different thing. The single-tax principle

involves the taxation of land-values, and not of land; and neither Oriental empires nor Western nations have ever applied that principle. Land taxes have indeed been applied, but a land tax becomes in effect and in fact a tax on land-using, and so becomes a tax at last on labor. But the single tax is a tax on land values, falling only upon valuable land, and in exact proportion to its value, without regard to its use or its improvement. It is thus not a tax on the use of land, but upon the monopoly of land; and it therefore cannot possibly be shifted upon labor, nor can it have any other effect than that of encouraging the best and fullest use of all valuable land. It would simply kill land speculation.

Warren Worth Bailey.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Note on Burns's Portrait.[1]

REFERRING to the note in your February, 1898, number accompanying a "Burns Portrait," the William McQuhae mentioned, who probably painted Burns's portrait, was born, not on May 10, 1779, as there stated, but, as quoted from my grandfather's family Bible, on July 10, 1775, and died June 22, 1818. From what I have heard my father say, who himself was an amateur artist, I have no hesitation in saying that William McQuhae could have painted this "Burns Portrait," as he was twenty-one years old at the time of the poet's death. The poet's sons were boarded for two summers with my grandmother in the neighboring parish of Balmaghie.

CASTLE DOUGLAS, SCOTLAND. *Jane McQuhae.*

[1] The reader is also referred to the note on this subject on pages 156, 157 of THE CENTURY for May, 1898.—EDITOR.

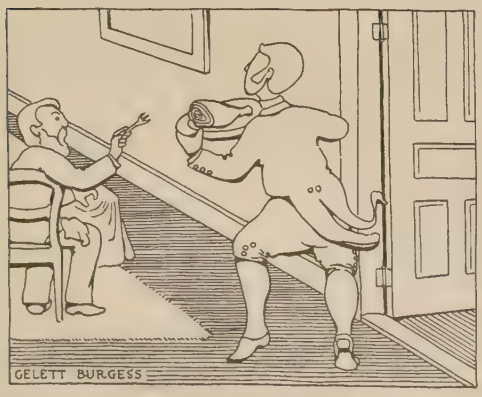
IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Musical Fable.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

JOHN COUNTERPOINT was mad. It is no new thing for a musician to be accounted insane by his friends (and by other musicians), but the symptoms of the alienation of John Counterpoint's mind were various and interesting. The madness of your ordinary musician is not so, consisting mainly in a rise of inner pride and a fall of outer scorn.

John had filled every post in the orchestra. He had lungs for the trombone, nerves for the violin, lips for the flute, and muscles for the drums, as well as that nice adjustment of the mind which is absolutely necessary for the rendering of the subtle triangle. He was, in short, all things to all instruments. His soul was poised, yet rhythmic, and he copied scores with neatness and accuracy.



The butler was never allowed to enter the room in any other way than conducting the Motive with a fork.

It was the surprising technical proficiency that he possessed which finally unhinged John Counterpoint's mind. Music came to mean to him mathematics rather than philosophy, and a discord offended him as the square root of a minus quantity offends an algebraist. Truly there are surds in music, as there are affected quadratics in harmony. John's dream was to square the musical circle; to reduce the whole world to its greatest common multiple, as one might say, speaking mathematico-musically; to orchestrate the universe.

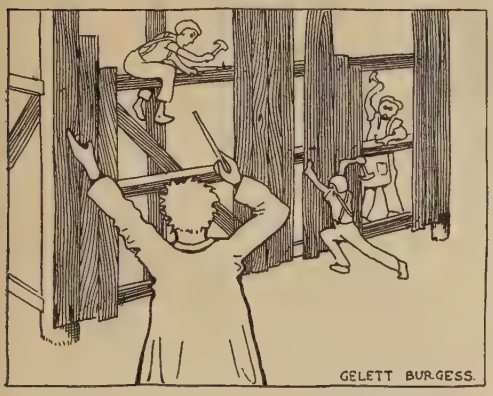
Musicians agreed with him that the world's voices were badly correlated and the ensemble was musically poor. They did not think of the possibility of there being a higher mathematics of music, a musical calculus, a non-Wagnerian harmony, to which they had not yet grown, which might explain the thunder-storm motif and distinguish its permutation in the yapping of a dachshund. But musicians, as a rule, have forsworn thinking; it is theirs to *feel*.

And so when John Counterpoint would grow white with terror if two men coughed in non-related keys, his fellows smiled, and said, "Poor old John, how he must suffer in this noisy world!" But they were partly wrong, for John was no fool, though he was a musician; he was only mad. His mind had soared far above the petty distractions that agitate the third-rate artist. He chafed no more at solo performances; it was with him a question of harmony, not melody. The popular song—*pouff!* John's philosophic ear overheard all its obvious phrases, all its crude sequences, all its inevitable intervals; he idealized it, reset it in

some abstruse key of his mind, and heard it glorified, a type of what might be. No sound was to him a mere noise, but an element. Upon his musical palette he could mix the crude colors of vibration and extort pleasure from the squeak of a rusty hinge. He was mad. If a barrel organ was not actually out of tune he could not only endure, but encourage it. He could enjoy one bagpipe, but not two.

John's idea was first to create a musical nucleus in his own home, and then expand the circumference of harmony, proselytize and legislate, until the whole country beat in time to his mad theories. Like many musicians, the center of his home was the dining-room. John's house was old, and in the dining-room floor were seven squeaky planks, over which the butler carried in, every day, John's dinner.

The old man—for John was now old and rich, very rich for a musician—always waited in an agony for this moment, dreading to hear the badly composed series of squeaks that the butler's foot-



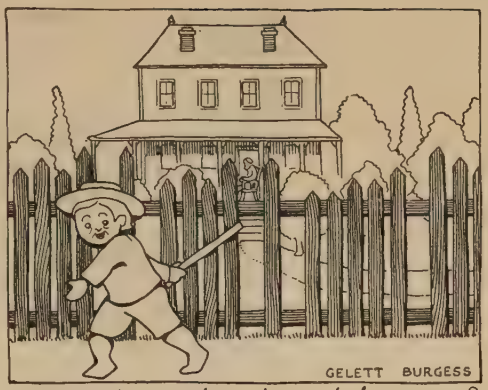
In an instant old Counterpoint was outside drilling leading the men with his conductor's ob baton

steps would make as he walked. Every day, after dinner, John got down on his hands and knees and played upon the planks as if they were the keys of some stupendous organ. In fact, John, recognizing that his floor was some strange new musical instrument that he must learn to play, called it a stupend; hence "stupendous."

One day the butler entered as usual, staggering under the burden of a huge joint, and as he tottered to the table, John heard the divine intervals of the Wagnerian Wotan motif, as if the Wanderer had entered, plunging downward with his spear. The butler, startled by a cat that had entered, had looked round, taking a pair of eighth and one quarter steps before proceeding.

The servant was instructed and practised, and was never allowed to enter the room in any other way, John conducting the motif with a fork. This was the beginning.

From this the harmony spread. John was awakened one morning by the sound of hammers. Carpenters had begun to build a shed in the yard, and nails were entering the boards with cacoph-



His xylophonic palings became famous for leagues around

onous percussion. In an instant old Counterpoint was outside in his night-shirt, leading the men with his conductor's baton. By careful training he succeeded in arranging their work so that the notes of the nails at each stroke composed with the vibrations of other nails, and all day the chorus of harmony floated from the shed, tinkling like a beautiful shower. Shed after shed was thus built to satisfy John Counterpoint's craving for new musical harmonies.

All his doors were next rehung, tuned, adjusted, so that the progress from room to room was registered by a succession of augmented ninths as one after another slammed. The servants were directed to slam the doors. They would have slammed them, anyway.

It was the Counterpoint front fence that was John's greatest trial. Boys passed and repassed, and never by any chance did one forget to drag a stick across the pickets. John's madness had so far confined itself to internal reform. It was time to commence extraterritorial proceedings.

Day after day he sat upon his veranda, writhing at the harsh rattle of sticks against his palings. He made, however, no attempt to reform the boys; it was the pickets that gave offense. He hoped, in time, so to adjust the world that, were it peopled entirely with small boys, all sounds would yet be musical and well composed.

"John" she cried, weeping, "you snore in G!"

Some Geese.

Ev-er-y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
See them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.

How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er 's driv-ing at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that mat-ter, nor does he.

At last John had an inspiration. He would make the fence a xylophone, and arrange the pickets so that when a small boy's stick was drawn across them it would rattle out a pleasant melody. This was easily accomplished, and of a sunny afternoon John Counterpoint could often be seen seated upon his veranda, watching for the next performer. His xylophonic palings became famous for leagues around. They were set for a little air from Mozart's "Serenade," cunningly devised so that even when played backward the tune was not unpleasant.

But by this time John's madness had become more violent. He began to have wilder fancies. He could not see a man with three days' growth of beard upon his cheeks but he was reminded of the bristling cylinder of a music-box, and he would lose himself in thought speculating upon what tune the bristles would produce if the man's head were revolved across the teeth of a musical comb. He tried to experiment upon his butler, but the servant objected, and gave notice.

The telegraph wires about the house next aroused John's interest, and he planned to adjust them so that they would act as Æolian harps. From this he was diverted to the howling of his terrier, and he established a kennel of dogs and tried to train them to bark in minor chords. He had the middle tines of his table-forks removed, and all his cutlery was retuned. But by this time he had come to the state when his mind was easily distracted, and his ideas jumped continually from B sharp to C natural. It was only a question of days when something would achieve the final catastrophe and his mind would go to pieces in an orchestral crash. One cannot continue a crescendo indefinitely.

The end came soon. The climax of John's insanity arrived. He married.

Mrs. Counterpoint, too, was a musician. It is this in-and-in breeding that has produced so many cranks. One night Mrs. Counterpoint awoke with a shriek. "John," she cried, weeping, "you snore

A Ostrich.

THIS is a Os-trich. See him stand:
His head is bur-ied in the sand.
It is not that he seeks for food,
Nor is he shy, nor is he rude;
But he is sen-si-tive, and shrinks
And hides his head when-e'er he thinks
How, on the Gains-bor-ough hat some day
Of some fine la-dy at the play,
His fea-thers may ob-struct the view
Of all the stage from me or you.

---

in G! I always snore in D sharp! Our honeymoon has been one long, bitter discord!"

The crash had come! The next day John awoke perfectly sane.

And coming at last to his right mind, John Counterpoint discovered, what so few reformers ever find out, that most abuses originate, not in the depravity of the instrument, but in the perversity of the performer. He had endeavored to correct the orchestration of the world backward. But he was now too old to begin again.

Gelett Burgess.

Receipt for a Coming-out Tea.

TAKE one frightened maid in a new Paris gown,
A big bunch of roses from father down-town,
An anxious mama with injunctions galore,
And stir all together at half after four.

To six débutantes, in a dressing ornate,
Add "frappé" or anything else up to date;
Try gently, at first, on the genus termed "hen,"
And thaw, as desired, with batches of men.

Mix equal proportions of matrons and tea,
Result: spicy gossip and scandal served free;
Admit a reporter who knows how to dress,
And dish up the whole as a "social success."

Isabel Morison.

Spring in Town.

THE seasons pass us by,
Poor townfolk that we be!
Our winter 's when the trade is high,
Our summer 's sad to see.
Why should the jocund spring
Set foot on dingy stones
When she can pass, 'mid meadow-grass,
To purple hilltop thrones?

We crowd our year away
With jostling, eager zest;
The market-streets are grimed and gray
Wherein we rush and wrest:
And still, when April comes,
We know it just as plain
As if we stood within the wood,
Or lingered in the lane.

Julie M. Lippmann.

A Arctic Hare.

A Arc-tic Hare we now be-hold.
The hair, you will ob-serve, is white;
But if you think the Hare is old,
You will be ver-y far from right.
The Hare is young, and yet the hair
Grew white in but a sin-gle night.

Why, then it must have been a scare
That turned this Hare. No; 't was not fright
(Al-though such cases are well known);
I fear that once a-gain you 're wrong.
Know then, that in the Arc-tic Zone
A sin-gle night is six months long.

Whist and Woman.

When Dolly played a game of whist
A dozen years ago,
On leading high she would insist,
Instead of leading low;
She dearly loved a singleton,
And never led a trump,
But saved them till the hand was done,
And lost them in a lump.

She ne'er declared her longest suit,
She led up to the strong,
She loved finessing, past dispute,
But always finessed wrong;
She trumped my trick (with *such* a smile!),
She ne'er returned my lead,
Revoked, misdealt—but all the while
She "just loved whist, indeed!"

Well, all that 's past; and Dorothy,
When she plays whist to-day,
Does it with high proficiency
In a superior way;
She knows her Fisher Ames by heart,
A long suit she adores,
Her partner's hand of hers is part,
She signals, echoes, scores.

She leads the fourth-best card, by rule;
The talisman of yore
Is but a trump—a useful tool,
But treasured up no more;
A cross-ruff is her highest joy,
Revoking is a crime—
Whist-parties all her thoughts employ
And fill up all her time.

'T is sweet, indeed, to view the change,
To see the earnest maid
O'er Pole's domain ambitious range
And cast him in the shade;
Yet sometimes—being but a man,
A mere misogynist—
I sigh for Dolly's smile and fan,
And Dolly's game of whist!

P. Leonard.

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IZAAK WALTON.

OUT-OF-DOORS NUMBER.

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FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD EDWARDS.

HAS it ever occurred to you to observe the quality of the greetings that belong to certain occupations?

There is something about these salutations in kind which is singularly taking and grateful to the ear. They are as much better than an ordinary "Good day" or a flat "How are you?" as a folk-song of Scotland or the Tyrol is better than the futile love-ditty of the drawing-room. They have a savory and rememberable flavor. They speak to the imagination and point the way to treasure-trove.

There is a touch of dignity in them, too, for all they are so free and easy—the dignity of independence, the native spirit of one who takes for granted that his way of living has a right to make its own forms of speech. I admire a man who does not hesitate to salute the world in the dialect of his calling.

How salty and stimulating, for example, is the sailorman's hail of "Ship ahoy!" It is like a breeze laden with briny odors and a pleasant dash of spray. The miners in some parts of Germany have a good greeting for their dusky trade. They cry to one who is going down the shaft, "Glück auf!" All the perils of an underground adventure and all the joys of seeing the sun again are compressed into a word. Even the trivial salutation which the telephone has lately created and claimed for its peculiar use—"Hello, hello!"—seems to me to have a kind of fitness and fascination. It is like a thorough-bred bulldog, ugly enough to be attractive. There is a lively, concentrated, electric air about it. It makes courtesy wait upon despatch, and reminds us that we live in an age when it is necessary to be wide awake.

I have often wished that every human employment might evolve

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its own appropriate greeting. Some of them would be queer, no doubt; but at least they would be an improvement on the wearisome iteration of "Good evening" and "Good morning," and the monotonous inquiry, "How do you do?"—a question so meaningless that it seldom tarries for an answer. Under the new and more natural system of etiquette, when you passed the time of day with a man you would know his business, and the salutations of the marketplace would be full of interest.

As for my chosen pursuit of angling (which I follow with diligence when not interrupted by less important concerns), I rejoice with every true fisherman that it has a greeting all its own, and of a most honorable antiquity. There is no written record of its origin. But it is quite certain that since the days after the flood, when Deucalion

did first this art invent
Of angling, and his people taught the same,

two honest and good-natured anglers have never met each other by the way without crying out, "What luck?"

Here, indeed, is an epitome of the gentle art. Here is the spirit of it, embodied in a word, and paying its respects to you with its native accent. Here you see its secret charms unconsciously disclosed. The attraction of angling for all the ages of man, from the cradle to the grave, lies in its uncertainty. 'T is an affair of luck.

No amount of preparation in the matter of rods and lines and hooks and lures and nets and creels can change its essential character. No excellence of skill in casting the delusive fly or adjusting the tempting bait upon the hook can make the result secure. You may reduce the chances, but you cannot eliminate them. There are a thousand points at which fortune may intervene. The state of the weather, the height of the water, the appetite of the fish, the presence or absence of other anglers—all these indeterminable elements enter into the reckoning of your success. There is no combination of stars in the firmament by which you can forecast the piscatorial future. When you go a-fishing you just take your chances; you offer yourself as a candidate for anything that may be going; you try your luck.

There are certain days that are favorites among anglers, who regard them as propitious for the sport. I know a man who believes that the fish always rise better on Sunday than on any other day in the week. He complains bitterly of this supposed fact, because his religious scruples will not allow him to take advantage of it. He confesses that he has sometimes thought seriously of joining the Seventh-Day Baptists.

Among the Pennsylvania Dutch, in the Alleghany Mountains, I have found a curious tradition that Ascension day is the luckiest in the year for fishing. On that morning the district school is apt to be thinly attended, and you must be on the stream very early if you do not wish to find wet footprints on the stones ahead of you.

But in fact all these superstitions about fortunate days are idle and presumptuous. If there were such days in the calendar, a kind

and firm Providence would never permit the race of man to discover them. It would rob life of one of its principal attractions, and make fishing altogether too easy to be interesting.

Fisherman's luck is so notorious that it has passed into a proverb. But the fault with that peculiar saying is that it is too short and too narrow to cover half the variations of the angler's possible experience. For if his luck should be bad, there is no portion of his anatomy, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, that may not be thoroughly wet. But if it should be good, he may receive an unearned blessing of abundance not only in his basket, but also in his head and his heart, his memory and his fancy. He may come home from some obscure, ill-named, lovely stream,—some Dry Brook, or Southwest Branch of Smith's Run—with a creelful of trout, and a mind full of grateful recollections of flowers that seemed to bloom for his sake, and birds that sang a new, sweet, friendly message to his tired soul. He may climb down to "Tommy's Rock" below the cliffs at Newport (as I have done many a day with my lady Gray-gown), and, all unnoticed by the idle, weary promenaders in the path of fashion, haul in a basketful of blackfish, and at the same time look out across the shining sapphire waters and inherit a wondrous good fortune of dreams—

> Have glimpses that will make him less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

But all this, you must remember, depends upon something secret and incalculable, something that you can neither command nor predict. It is an affair of gift, not of wages. Fish (and the other good things which are like sauce to the catching of them) cast no shadow before. Water is the emblem of instability. No one can tell what he shall draw out of it until he has taken in his line. Herein are found the true charm and profit of angling for all persons of a pure and childlike mind.

Look at those two venerable gentlemen floating in a skiff upon the clear waters of Lake George. One of them is a successful statesman, an ex-President of the United States, a lawyer versed in all the curious eccentricities of the "lawless science of the law." The other is a learned doctor of medicine, able to give a name to all diseases from which men have imagined that they suffered, and to invent new ones for those who are tired of vulgar maladies. But all their learning is forgotten, their cares and controversies are laid aside, in "innocuous desuetude." The Summer School of Sociology is assembled. The Medical Congress is in session. But they care not—no, not so much as the value of a single live bait. The sun shines upon them with a fervent heat, but it irks them not. The rain descends, and the winds blow and beat upon them, but they are unmoved. They are securely anchored here in the lee of Sabbath-Day Point.

What enchantment binds them to that inconsiderable spot? What magic fixes their eyes upon the point of a fishing-rod, as if it were the finger of destiny? It is the enchantment of uncertainty:

the same natural magic that draws the little suburban boys in the spring of the year, with their strings and pin-hooks, around the shallow ponds where dace and redfins hide; the same irresistible charm that fixes a row of city gamins, like ragged and disreputable fish-crows, on the end of a pier where blear-eyed flounders sometimes lurk in the muddy water. Let the philosopher explain it as he will. Let the moralist reprehend it as he chooses. There is nothing that attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing-line.

Those ancient anglers on Lake George have escaped from the tedious realm of the definite, the fixed, the must-certainly-come-to-pass. They are on a holiday in the free country of peradventure. They do not know at this moment whether the next turn of Fortune's reel will bring up a perch or a pickerel, a sunfish or a black bass. It may be a hideous catfish or a squirming eel, or it may be a lake-trout, the grand prize in the watery lottery. There they sit, those gray-haired lads, full of hope, yet equally prepared for resignation; taking no thought for the morrow, and ready to make the best of to-day; harmless and happy players at the best of all games of chance.

"In other words," I hear some severe and sour-complexioned reader say, "in plain language, they are a pair of old gamblers."

Yes, if it pleases you to call honest men by a bad name. But they risk nothing that is not their own; and if they lose, they are not impoverished. They desire nothing that belongs to other men; and if they win, no one is robbed. If all gambling were like that, it would be difficult to see the harm in it. Indeed, a daring moralist might even assert, and prove by argument, that so innocent a delight in the taking of chances is an aid to virtue.

Do you remember Martin Luther's reasoning on the subject of "excellent large pike"? He maintains that God would never have created them so good to the taste if he had not meant them to be eaten. And for the same reason I conclude that this world would never have been left so full of uncertainties, nor human nature framed so as to find a peculiar joy and exhilaration in meeting them bravely and cheerfully, if it had not been divinely intended that most of our amusement and much of our education should come from this source.

"Chance" is a disreputable word, I know. It is supposed by many pious persons to be improper and almost blasphemous to use it. But I am not one of those who share this verbal prejudice. I am inclined rather to believe that it is a good word to which a bad name has been given, and to feel grateful to that admirable "psychologist who writes like a novelist," Mr. William James, for his brilliant defense of it. For what does it mean, after all, but that some things happen in a certain way which might have happened in another way? Where is the immorality, the irreverence, the atheism in such a supposition? Certainly God must be competent to govern a world in which there are possibilities of various kinds, just as well as one in which every event is inevitably determined beforehand. St. Peter and the other fishermen-

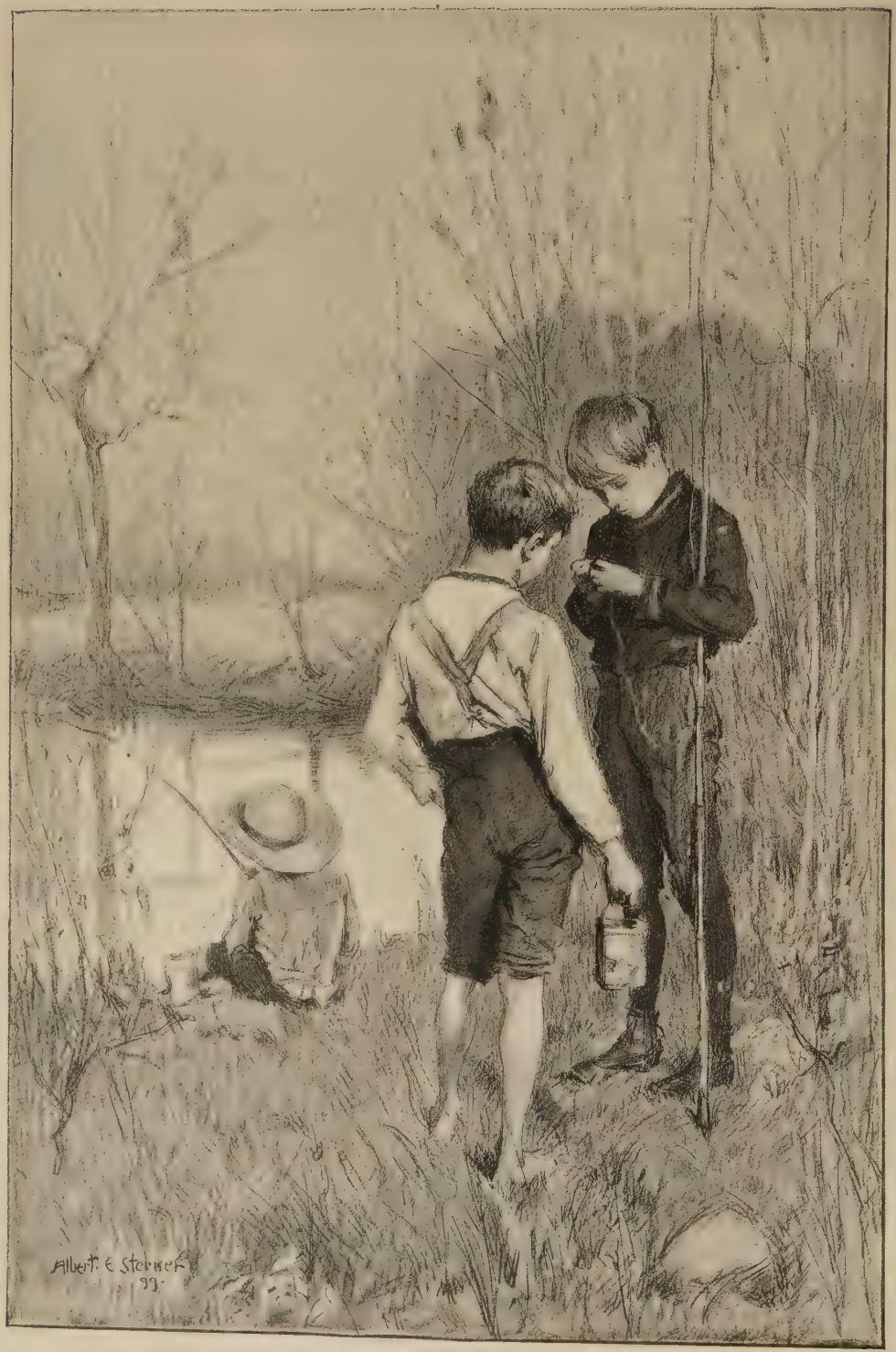
disciples on the Lake of Galilee were perfectly free to cast their net on either side of the ship. So far as they could see, so far as any one could see, it was a matter of chance where they chose to cast it. But it was not until they let it down, at the Master's word, on the right side that they had good luck. And not the least element of their joy in the draft of fishes was its unexpectedness.

Leave the metaphysics of the question on the table for the present. As a matter of fact, it is plain that our human nature is adapted to conditions variable, undetermined, and hidden from our view. We are not fitted to live in a world where $a + b$ always equals c, and there is nothing more to follow. The interest of life's equation arrives with the appearance of x, the unknown quantity. A settled, unchangeable, clearly foreseeable order of things does not suit our constitution. It tends to melancholy and a fatty heart. Creatures of habit we are undoubtedly; but it is one of our most fixed habits to be fond of change. The man who is never surprised does not know the taste of happiness, and unless the unexpected sometimes happens to us we are most grievously disappointed.

Much of the tediousness of highly civilized life comes from its smoothness and regularity. To-day is like yesterday, and we think that we can predict to-morrow. Of course we cannot really do so. The chances are still there. But we have covered them up so deeply with the artificialities of life that we lose sight of them. It seems as if everything in our neat little world were arranged, and provided for, and reasonably certain to come to pass. The best way of escape from this *tedium vitæ* is through a recreation like angling, not only because it is so evidently a matter of luck, but also because it tempts us out into a wilder, freer life. It leads almost inevitably to camping out, which is a wholesome and sanitary imprudence.

It is curious and pleasant, to my apprehension, to observe how many people in New England, which has been called, at least in part, the Land of Steady Habits, are sensible of the joy of changing them—out of doors. They turn out from their comfortable farm-houses and their snug suburban cottages to go a-gipsying for a fortnight among the mountains or beside the sea. You see their white tents gleaming from the pine-groves around the little lakes, and catch glimpses of their bathing-clothes drying in the sun on the wiry grass that fringes the sand-dunes. Happy fugitives from the bondage of routine! They have found out that a long journey is not necessary to a good vacation. You may reach the Forest of Arden in a buckboard. The Fortunate Isles are within sailing distance in a dory. And a voyage on the river Pactolus is open to any one who can paddle a canoe.

I was talking—or rather listening—with a barber, the other day, in the sleepy old town of Rivermouth. He told me, in one of those easy confidences which seem to make the razor run more smoothly, that it had been the custom of his family, for some twenty years past, to forsake their commodious dwelling on Anchor street every summer, and emigrate, six miles, in a wagon, to Wallis Sands, where they passed the month of August very merrily under canvas.



"WITH THEIR STRINGS AND PIN-HOOKS."

Here was a sensible household for you! They did not feel bound to spend a year's income on a four weeks' holiday. They were not of those foolish folk who run across the sea carefully carrying with them the same tiresome mind that worried them at home. They got a change of air by making an alteration of life. They escaped from the land of Egypt by stepping out into the wilderness and going a-fishing.

The people who always live in houses, and sleep on beds, and walk on pavements, and buy their food from butchers and bakers and grocers, are not the most blessed inhabitants of this wide and various earth. The circumstances of their existence are too mathematical and secure for perfect contentment. They live at second- or third-hand. They are boarders in the world. Everything is done for them by somebody else.

It is almost impossible for anything very interesting to happen to them. They must get their excitement out of the newspapers, reading of the hairbreadth scapes and moving accidents that befall people in real life. What do these tame ducks really know of the adventure of living? If the weather is bad, they are snugly housed. If it is cold, there is a furnace in the cellar. If they are hungry, the shops are near at hand. It is all as dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable as adding up a column of figures. They might as well be brought up in an incubator.

But when man abides in tents, after the manner of the early patriarchs, the face of the world is renewed. The vagaries of the clouds become significant. You watch the sky with a lover's look, eager to know whether it will smile or frown. When you lie at night upon your bed of boughs and hear the rain pattering on the canvas close above your head, you wonder whether it is a long storm or only a shower.

The rising wind shakes the tent-flaps. Are the pegs well driven down and the cords firmly fastened? You fall asleep again and wake later, to hear the rain drumming still more loudly on the tight cloth, and the big breeze snoring through the forest, and the waves plunging along the beach. A stormy day? Well, you must cut plenty of wood and keep the camp-fire glowing, for it will be hard to start it up again if you let it get too low. There is little use in fishing or hunting in such a storm. But there is plenty to do in the camp: guns to be cleaned, tackle to be put in order, clothes to be mended, a good story of adventure to be read, a belated letter to be written to some poor wretch in a comfortable house, a game of hearts or cribbage to be played, or a campaign to be planned for the return of fair weather. The tent is perfectly dry, and luckily it is pitched with the side to the lake, so that you get the pleasant heat of the fire without the unendurable smoke. A little trench dug around it carries off the surplus water. Cooking in the rain has its disadvantages. But how good the supper tastes when it is served up on a tin plate, with an empty box for a table and a roll of blankets at the foot of the bed for a seat!

A day, two days, three days, the storm may continue, according to your luck. I have been out in the woods for a fortnight without

a drop of rain or a sign of dust. Again, I have tented on the shore of a big lake for a week, waiting for an obstinate tempest to pass by.

Look now, just at nightfall: is there not a little lifting and breaking of the clouds in the west, a little shifting of the wind toward a better quarter? You go to bed with cheerful hopes. A dozen times in the darkness you are half awake, and listening drowsily to the sounds of the storm. Are they waxing or waning? Is that louder pattering a new burst of rain, or is it only the plumping of the big drops as they are shaken from the trees? See, the dawn has come, and the gray light glimmers through the canvas. In a little while you will know your fate.

Look! There is a patch of bright-yellow radiance on the peak of the tent. The shadow of a leaf dances over it. The sun must be shining. Good luck! and up with you, for it is a glorious morning.

The woods are glistening as fresh and fair as if they had been new-created overnight. The water sparkles with merriment, and tiny waves are dancing and singing all along the shore. Scarlet berries of the mountain-ash hang around the lake, like a necklace of coral. A pair of kingfishers dart back and forth across the bay, in flashes of living blue. A black eagle swings silently around his circle, far up in the cloudless sky. The air is full of pleasant sounds, but there is no noise. The world is full of joyful life, but there is no crowd and no confusion. There is no factory chimney to darken the day with its smoke, no trolley-car to split the silence with its shriek and smite the indignant ear with the clanging of its impudent bell. No lumberman's ax has robbed the encircling forests of their glory of great trees. No fires have swept over the hills and left behind them the gloomy desolation of a bristly landscape. All is fresh and sweet, calm and clear and bright.

'T was rather a rude jest of nature, that tempest of yesterday. But if you have taken it in good part, you are all the more ready for her caressing mood to-day. And now you must be off to get your dinner—not to order it at a shop, but to look for it in the woods and waters. You are ready to do your best with rod or gun. You will use all the skill you have as hunter or fisherman. But what you shall find, and whether you shall subsist on bacon and biscuit, or feast on trout and partridges, is, after all, a matter of luck.

I profess that it appears to me not only pleasant, but also salutary, to be in this condition. It brings us home to the plain realities of life; it teaches us that a man ought to work before he eats; it reminds us that, after he has done all he can, he must still rely upon a mysterious bounty for his daily bread. It says to us, in homely and familiar words, that life was meant to be uncertain, that no man can tell what a day will bring forth, and that it is the part of wisdom to be prepared for disappointments and grateful for all kinds of small mercies.

There is a story in that fragrant book, the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," which I wish to transcribe here, without tying a moral to it, lest any one should accuse me of preaching.

> Hence [says the quaint old chronicler], having assigned to his companions the other parts of the world, St. Francis, taking Brother Maximus as his

comrade, set forth toward the province of France. And coming one day to a certain town, and being very hungry, they begged their bread as they went, according to the rule of their order, for the love of God. And St. Francis went through one quarter of the town, and Brother Maximus through another. But forasmuch as St. Francis was a man mean and low of stature, and hence was reputed a vile beggar by such as knew him not, he only received a few scanty crusts and mouthfuls of dry bread. But to Brother Maximus, who was large and well favored, were given good pieces and big, and an abundance of bread, yea, whole loaves. Having thus begged, they met together without the town to eat, at a place where there was a clear spring and a fair large stone, upon which each spread forth the gifts that he had received. And St. Francis, seeing that the pieces of bread begged by Brother Maximus were bigger and better than his own, rejoiced greatly, saying, "Oh, Brother Maximus, we are not worthy of so great a treasure." As he repeated these words many times, Brother Maximus made answer: "Father, how can you talk of treasures when there is such great poverty and such lack of all things needful? Here is neither napkin nor knife, neither board nor trencher, neither house nor table, neither man-servant nor maid-servant." St. Francis replied: "And this is what I reckon a great treasure, where naught is made ready by human industry, but all that is here is prepared by Divine Providence, as is plainly set forth in the bread which we have begged, in the table of fair stone, and in the spring of clear water. And therefore I would that we should pray to God that he teach us with all our hearts to love the treasure of holy poverty, which is so noble a thing, and whose servant is God the Lord."

I know of but one fairer description of a repast in the open air; and that is where we are told how certain poor fishermen, coming in very weary after a night of toil (and one of them very wet after swimming ashore), found their Master standing on the bank of the lake waiting for them. But it seems that he must have been busy in their behalf while he was waiting. For there was a bright fire of coals burning on the shore, and a goodly fish broiling thereon, and bread to eat with it. And when the Master had asked them about their fishing, he said, "Come now, and get your breakfast." So they sat down around the fire, and with his own hands he served them with the bread and the fish.

Of all the banquets that have ever been given upon earth that is the one in which I would rather have had a share.

But it is now time that we should return to our fishing. And let us observe with gratitude that almost all of the pleasures that are connected with this pursuit—its accompaniments and variations, which run along with the tune and weave an embroidery of delight around it—have an accidental and gratuitous quality about them. They are not to be counted upon beforehand. They are like something that is thrown into a purchase by a generous and open-handed dealer, to make us pleased with our bargain and inclined to come back to the same shop.

If I knew, for example, before setting out for a day on the brook, precisely what birds I should see, and what pretty little scenes in the drama of woodland life were to be enacted before my eyes, the expedition would lose more than half its charm. But, in fact, it is almost entirely a matter of luck, and that is why it never grows tiresome.

The ornithologist knows pretty well where to look for the birds, and he goes directly to the places where he can find them, and proceeds to study them intelligently and systematically. But the angler who idles down the stream takes them as they come, and all his observations have a flavor of surprise in them.

He hears a familiar song,—one that he has often heard at a distance, but never identified,—a loud, cheery, rustic cadence sounding from a low pine-tree close beside him. He looks up carefully through the needles and discovers a hooded warbler, a tiny, restless creature, dressed in green and yellow, with two white feathers in its tail, like the ends of a sash, and a glossy little black bonnet drawn closely about its golden head. He will never forget that song again. It will make the woods seem homelike to him, many a time, as he hears it ringing through the afternoon, like the call of a small country girl playing at hide-and-seek: "See *me;* here I *be.*"

Another day he sits down on a mossy log beside a cold, trickling spring to eat his lunch. It has been a barren day for birds. Perhaps he has fallen into the fault of pursuing his sport too intensely, and tramped along the stream without eyes for anything but fish. Perhaps this part of the grove has really been deserted by its feathered inhabitants, scared away by a prowling hawk or driven out by nest-hunters. But now, without notice, the luck changes. A surprise-party of redstarts breaks into full play around him. All through the dark-green shadow of the hemlocks they flash like little candles—*candelitas*, the Cubans call them. Their brilliant markings of orange and black, and their fluttering, airy, graceful movements, make them most welcome visitors. There is no bird in the bush easier to recognize or pleasanter to watch. They run along the branches and dart and tumble through the air in fearless chase of invisible flies and moths. All the time they keep unfolding and furling their rounded tails, spreading them out and waving them and closing them suddenly, just as the Cuban girls manage their fans. In fact, the redstarts are the tiny fantail pigeons of the forest.

There are other things about the birds, besides their musical talents and their good looks, that the fisherman has a chance to observe on his lucky days. He may see something of their courage and their devotion to their young.

I suppose a bird is the bravest creature that lives, in spite of its natural timidity. From which we may learn that true courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and that heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it. Who does not remember the first time that he ever ran across a hen-partridge with her brood, as he was strolling through the woods in June? How splendidly the old bird forgets herself in her efforts to defend and hide her young!

Smaller birds are no less daring. One evening last summer I was walking up the Ristigouche from Camp Harmony to Mowett's Rock, where my canoe was waiting for me, to fish for salmon. As I stepped out from a thicket on to the shingly bank of the river, a spotted sandpiper teetered along before me, followed by three

young ones. Frightened at first, the mother flew out a few feet over the water. But the piperlings could not fly, having no feathers; and they crept under a crooked log. I rolled the log over very gently and took one of the cowering creatures into my hand—a tiny, palpitating scrap of life, covered with soft gray down, and peeping shrilly, like a Lilliputian chicken. And now the mother was transformed. Her fear was changed into fury. She was a bully, a fighter, an Amazon in feathers. She flew at me with loud cries, dashing herself almost into my face. I was a tyrant, a robber, a kidnapper, and she called heaven to witness that she would never give up her offspring without a struggle. Then she changed her tactics and appealed to my baser passions. She fell to the ground and fluttered around me as if her wing were broken. "Look!" she seemed to say, "I am bigger than that poor little baby. If you must eat something, eat me! My wing is lame. I can't fly. You can easily catch me. Let that little bird go!" And so I did; and the whole family disappeared in the bushes as if by magic. I wondered whether the mother was saying to herself, after the manner of her sex, that men are stupid things, after all, and no match for the cleverness of a female who stoops to deception in a righteous cause.

Now, that trivial experience was what I call a piece of good luck —for me, and, in the event, for the sandpiper. But it is doubtful whether it would be quite so fresh and pleasant in the remembrance if it had not also fallen to my lot to take two uncommonly good salmon on that same evening, in a dry season.

Never believe a fisherman when he tells you that he does not care about the fish he catches. He may say that he angles only for the pleasure of being out of doors, and that he is just as well contented when he takes nothing as when he makes a good catch. He may think so, but it is not true. He is not telling a deliberate falsehood. He is only assuming an unconscious pose and indulging in a delicate bit of self-flattery. Even if it were true, it would not be at all to his credit.

Watch him on that lucky day when he comes home with a full basket of trout on his shoulder, or a quartet of silver salmon covered with green branches in the bottom of the canoe. His face is broader than it was when he went out, and there is a sparkle of triumph in his eye. "It is naught, it is naught," he says, in modest depreciation of his triumph. But you shall see that he lingers fondly about the place where the fish are displayed upon the grass, and does not fail to look carefully at the scales when they are weighed, and has an attentive ear for the comments of admiring spectators. You shall find, moreover, that he is not unwilling to narrate the story of the capture—how the big fish rose short, four times, to four different flies, and finally took a small black dose, and played all over the pool, and ran down a terribly stiff rapid to the next pool below, and sulked for twenty minutes, and had to be stirred up with stones, and made such a long fight that when he came in at last the hold of the hook was almost worn through, and it fell out of his mouth as he touched the shore. Listen to this

tale as it is told, with endless variations, by every man who has brought home a fine fish, and you will perceive that the fisherman does care for his luck, after all.

And why not? I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat, you may laugh. When the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk, you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man, whom St. Peter healed, skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the Beautiful Gate of the temple. There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is just as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.

When you have good luck in anything, you ought to be glad. Indeed, if you are not glad you are not really lucky.

But boasting and self-glorification I would have excluded, and most of all from the behavior of the angler. He, more than other men, is dependent for his success upon the favor of an unseen benefactor. Let his skill and industry be never so great, he can do nothing unless *la bonne chance* comes to him.

I was once fishing on a fair little river, the *P'tit Saguenay*, with two excellent anglers and pleasant companions, H. G—— and C. S. D——. They had done all that was humanly possible to secure good sport. The stream had been well preserved. They had boxes full of beautiful flies, and casting-lines imported from England, and a rod for every fish in the river. But the weather was "dour," and the water "drumly," and every day the lumbermen sent a "drive" of ten thousand spruce logs rushing down the stream, on which there were no fewer than nine dams. For three days we had not seen a salmon, and on the fourth, despairing, we went down to angle for sea-trout in the tide of the great Saguenay. There, in the salt water, where men say the salmon *never* take the fly, H. G——, fishing with a small trout-rod, a poor, short line, and an ancient red ibis of the common kind, rose and hooked a lordly salmon of at least five-and-thirty pounds. Was not this pure luck?

Pride is surely the most unbecoming of all vices in a fisherman. For though intelligence and practice and patience and genius, and many other noble things which consistency forbids him to mention, enter into his pastime, so that it is, as Izaak Walton has firmly maintained, an art, yet, because fortune still plays a controlling hand in the game, its net results should never be spoken of with a haughty and vain spirit. Let not the angler imitate Timoleon, who boasted of his luck and lost it. It is tempting Providence to print the record of your wonderful catches in the sporting newspapers; or at least, if it must be done, there should stand at the head of the column some modest, thankful motto, like *Non nobis, Domine*. Even Father Izaak, when he has a fish on his line, says, with a due sense of human limitations, "There is a trout now, and a good one too, *if I can but hold him!*"

This reminds me that we left H. G——, a few sentences back, playing his unexpected salmon, on a trout-rod, in the Saguenay.

Four times that great fish leaped into the air; twice he suffered the pliant reed to guide him toward the shore, and twice ran out again to deeper water; then his spirit awoke within him: he bent the rod like a willow wand, dashed toward the middle of the river, broke the line as if it had been pack-thread, and sailed triumphantly away to join the white porpoises that were tumbling in the tide. *Whe-e-ew*, they said, *whe-e-ew! psha-a-aw!* blowing out their breath in long, soft sighs as they rolled about like huge snowballs in the black water. But what did H. G—— say? He sat him quietly down upon a rock and reeled in the remnant of his line, uttering these remarkable and Christian words: "Those porpoises," said he, "describe the situation rather mildly. But it was good fun while it lasted."

Again I remembered a saying of Walton: "Well, Scholar, you must endure worse luck sometimes, or you will never make a good angler."

Or a good man, either, I am sure. For he who knows only how to enjoy, and not to endure, is ill fitted to go down the stream of life through such a world as this.

I would not have you to suppose, gentle reader, that in discoursing of fisherman's luck I have in mind only those things which may be taken with a hook. It is a parable of human experience. I have been thinking, for instance, of Walton's life as well as of his angling: of the losses and sufferings that he, the firm Royalist, endured when the Commonwealth men came marching into London town; of the consoling days that were granted to him, in troublous times, on the banks of the Lea and the Dove and the New River, and the good friends that he made there, with whom he took sweet counsel in adversity; of the little children who played in his house for a few years, and then were called away into the silent land where he could hear their voices no longer. I was thinking how quietly and peaceably he lived through it all, not complaining nor desponding, but trying to do his work well, whether he was keeping a shop or writing books, and seeking to prove himself an honest man and a cheerful companion, and never scorning to take with a thankful heart such small comforts and recreations as came to him.

It is a plain, homely, old-fashioned meditation, reader, but not unprofitable. When I talk to you of fisherman's luck, I do not forget that there are deeper things behind it. I remember that what we call our fortunes, good or ill, are but the wise dealings and distributions of a higher wisdom and a greater kindness than our own. And I suppose that their meaning is that we should learn, by all the uncertainties of our life, even the smallest, how to be brave and steady and temperate and hopeful, whatever comes, and so make friends with our luck.

NIAGARA.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

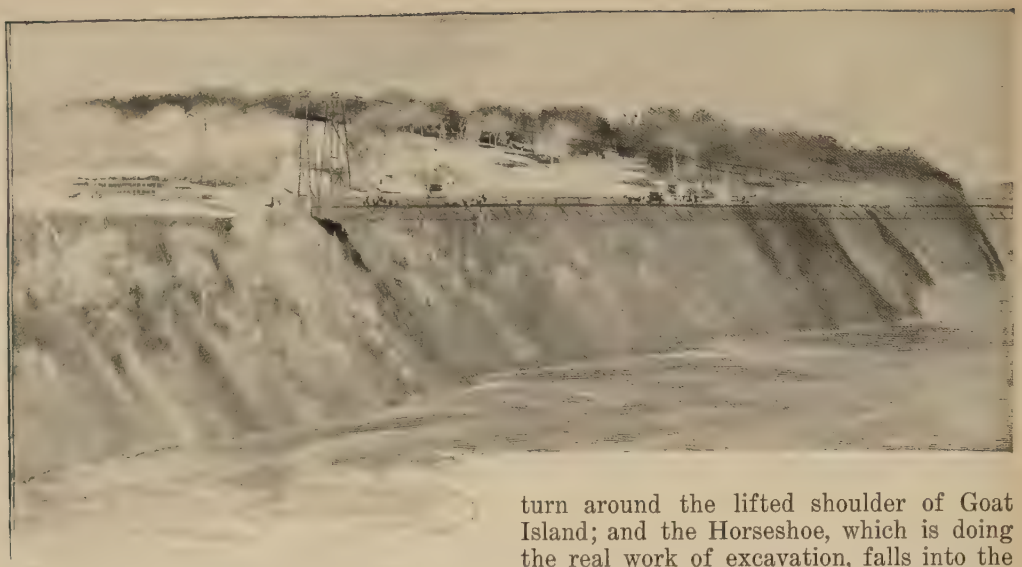
LIGHT and atmosphere, the magicians that take time to show us all the phases of any landscape, are peculiarly important as the interpreters of Niagara. The evening of our first day by the falls will differ greatly from its morning; neither will be quite like the evening or the morning of any other day; and yet some indispensable aids to understanding may be long postponed. There must be strongest sunshine to show the full glory of the place—the refulgent possibilities of its opaline falling sheets, snow-white rising mists, and prismatic bows. But only a soft gray light can bring out the local colors of its horizontal waters and its woodlands, and only the shadow of storm-clouds the vehement temper of some portions of its rapids. Night brings her own revelations—lambent, ineffable in the full, and occult, apocalyptic in the dark of the moon. And while a powerful wind is needed to raise the clouds from the cataracts in fullest volume, and to whip the crests of the rapids into farthest-flying scud, as long as any wind blows it may drive us back from some of the best points of view, drenched and blinded by torrents of vapor.

Even if light and wind never altered at Niagara, still it could not be seen in a day or a week. It must be studied in detail—in minutest detail—as well as in broad pictures. Its wealth in idyllic minor delights is as astonishing as its imperial largess in dramatic splendors. Its fabric of water, rock, and foliage is richly elaborate, as a cathedral's fabric might be if carved and damaskeened all over with intricate patterns and colors, each helping to explain the ideals of its builders. One whole side of Niagara's charm is unfelt unless every great and little passage of its waters is learned by heart, and every spur and recess of its shores, and especially of its islands, is lovingly explored.

Moreover, the eye alone cannot really perceive high beauty of any sort. It needs the help of emotion, and the right kind of emotion develops slowly. True sight means the deep, delicate, and complete sensations that result, not from the shock of surprise, but from the reverent, intelligent submittal of sense and soul to the special scheme that the great Artifex has wrought and the special influence it exerts. We cannot see anything in this way if we hurry. Above all, we cannot see Niagara, the world's wonder, which is not a single wonder and yet is a single creation complete in itself—a volume of wonders bound compactly together and set apart between spacious areas of plain, as though nature had said, Here is a piece of art too fine, too individual, to be built into any panorama, to need any environment except the dignity of isolation. Such a volume must indeed be studied page by page; but it must also be read so often that it will leave us the memory of a harmonious whole as well as of a thousand fine details.

And the best season for Niagara? Each has its own claim. Winter sometimes gives the place an arctic picturesqueness, a dazzling semi-immobility, utterly unlike its affluent, multicolored summer aspect; but one could hardly wish to see it only in winter, or in winter first of all. It is most gorgeously multicolored, of course, when its ravine and its islands commemorate its long-dead Indians by donning the war-paint of autumn. And it is most seductively fair in early spring. Then, at the beginning of May, when the shrubs are leafing and the trees are growing hazy, its islands are the isles of paradise. This is the time of the first wild flowers. Spread beneath the forest that still admits the sun-floods through its canopies, massed in the more open glades, and wreathed along the edges of pathways and shores, they fill Goat Island full, whitely bank and carpet it—snowy trilliums in myriads, bloodroots, dicentras, smilacinas, and spring-beauties, varied by rose-tinted spring-cresses and yellow uvularias, and underlaid by drifts of violets. Hardly anywhere else over so large an area can these children of May grow in such profusion, for even when the sun shines hottest upon them the air is always delicately dampened by the spraying floods. Here nature so faithfully fosters them that they need

THE AMERICAN FALL IN WINTER.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

not be jealously guarded by man. Whoever will may gather them by the armful.

It is good to see Niagara at this time. But it is still better to see it when its trees and shrubs and vines are in fullest leaf and many of them in blossom. Then their value is greatest as a setting for the endless series of large and small, near and distant water pictures; and then the temperature incites to lingering. The very best time of all is in June.

II.

ABOVE the falls the broad river runs between shores so flat that one wonders why it never mistakes its course; and where its rapids begin, at the head of Goat Island, it is nearly a mile in width. For half a mile these rapids extend along both sides of the island, and at its farther end the waters make their plunge into the gorge that they have themselves created, cutting their way backward through the table-land which extends from Lake Erie to a point some seven miles south of Lake Ontario. They make this plunge as two distinct streams, with the broad, precipitous face of Goat Island rising between them. The American stream falls in an almost straight line; the broader, stronger Canadian stream falls in a boldly recessed horseshoe curve. And there is another difference also. Just at this place the river-bed makes a right-angled turn around the lifted shoulder of Goat Island; and the Horseshoe, which is doing the real work of excavation, falls into the end of the gorge and faces northward, while the American Fall, like the island's bluff, faces westward, dropping its waters over the side of the gorge into the current that flows down from the Horseshoe.

The wonderful hemicycle that is thus created measures almost a full mile from mainland brink to brink.[1] But the gorge, about one hundred and seventy feet in height above the surface of its stream, is less than a quarter of a mile across. Its cliffs rise almost sheer from their slanting bases of detritus, naked in some spots, in a few defaced by the hand of man, but still for the most part clothed with hanging robes of forest. At first, just below the falls, they look down upon waters that no longer rush and foam, but slip and swing with an oily smoothness, exhausted by their daring leap, still too giddy from it to flow quite straight, and showing proofs of it in long twisting ropes of curdled froth. For nearly two miles their lethargy lasts. One may swim in this part of the Niagara River, the smallest rowboat need not fear to put out upon it, and the *Maid of the Mist* pushes past the very foot of the American Fall up toward the Horseshoe, until she is wrapped in its steamy clouds. This is because, within its gorge, the Niagara is the deepest river in the world. Even near the falls the distance from its surface to its bottom is greater than the distance from its surface to the top of its gorge walls—more than two hundred feet; and down into these depths the falling sheets are carried solidly

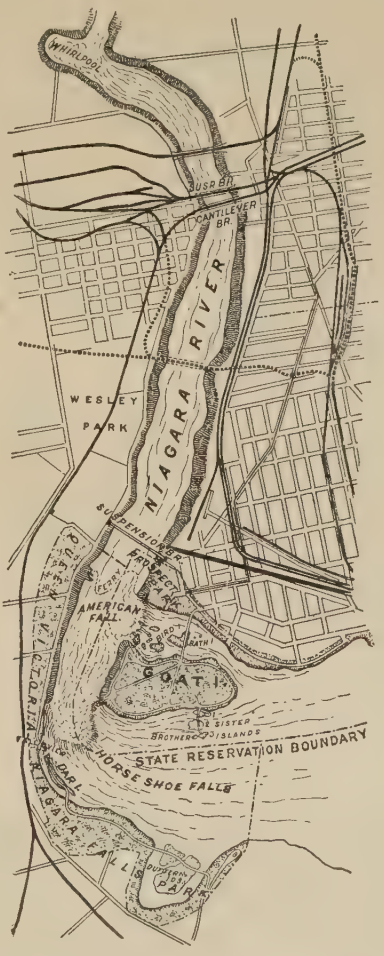
[1] Precisely, it is 5370 feet, the Canadian Fall measuring about 3060, the face of Goat Island 1300, and the American Fall 1060. The narrower branch of this fall, between the two islands, is 150 feet in width; yet at Niagara it seems so unimportant that no one has ever given it a name.

by their tremendous impetus and weight, leaving the face of the water almost undisturbed. Moreover, the current is relatively slow, because, in the two miles below the falls, the slant of the river-bed is gentle.

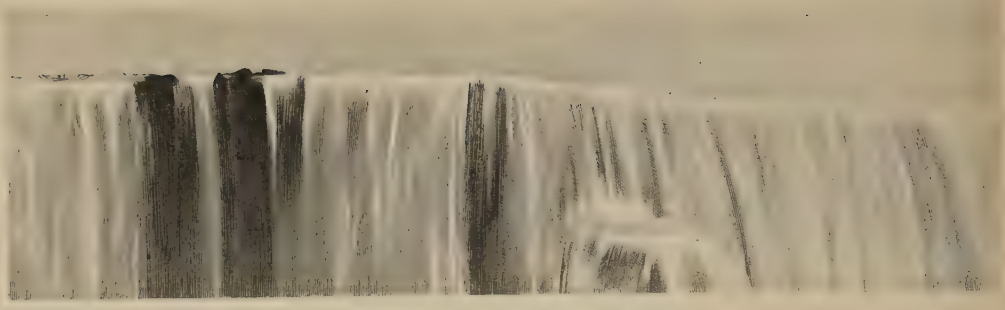
At the end of these two miles the water visibly rages again. In the narrowing, curving gorge it is beaten once more into rapids, much deeper and fiercer than those above the falls, and gaining somberness from the high walls that enframe them. At the end of another mile the channel turns at right angles again. But before its waters can turn with it, they dash themselves against the Canadian cliff, and swirl back and around in a great elbow-like basin, blindly seeking for the exit. This is the famous Whirlpool, and it shows the Niagara in still another mood. Except around its edges, there is no rioting and splashing as in the rapids, yet there is no exhaustion as near the foot of the falls; instead, a deep, saturnine wrath, more terrible in its massive, leaden gyrations than any loud passion could be. And when the waters which thus dumbly writhe with the pain of their arrested course find the narrow outlet at last, their great surge outward and onward is sullen like their circlings within the pool. Incredibly swift and strong, running at a rate of some forty miles an hour, they pile themselves up in the center of the channel, but are not boisterous with breakers or combs and jets of spray. These soon come again as the channel enlarges a little and the immense pressure is relaxed; and then, three miles below the Whirlpool, the throttling of the river ends. Here, near Lewiston, the gorge itself ends with the limits of the more elevated plain through which the river is gradually cutting its backward way. The gorge ends, and to right and left, eastward and westward, the edge of the high plain stretches off as a bold escarpment, showing what used to be the shore-line of Ontario, when, a larger lake than it is to-day, it covered the lower flat land. And across this flat land for seven miles, until the present lake shore is reached, the Niagara, half a mile in width, flows smoothly and gently—beautiful still, but now with a beauty like that of many other rivers.

III.

THE Niagara River belongs to our own era of the world's interminable history, and to it alone. We may believe, with some recent investigators, that it began to cut its way through the higher table-land about six thousand years ago, or we may say, with others, thirty thousand years ago. But even the farther end of thirty thousand years is a geological yesterday; and if it is true that the falls will stand well back of the head of Goat Island in five or six hundred years, this is a very near to-morrow. Moreover, the finest phase of Niagara's life belongs to the geological to-day. It is at its very best now that Goat Island is the central feature of the falls. Before they reached it they must have formed a single undivided and relatively narrow cataract or series of cascades; and after its upper end is left behind there can never again be such a combination of diverse majes-



ties and lovelinesses. Only for the half-mile along Goat Island's side are there divided yet fraternal channels filled with shining, shouting rapids. When it has been left behind, the wide river, flowing over an almost level bed, will approach its cliff quite calmly, and



THE CREST OF THE AMERICAN FALL.

will calmly make its plunge like a mill-stream over a dam. And this forest-clad island, lifted high and set in a fortunate elbow of the river-bed, gives views which no other, farther up-stream, can ever afford. It separates and yet unites the cataracts. Now it puts the eye far above them, and again it brings them quite close. With the islets that lie near it, it gives outlooks up both the streams of rapids and the placid river beyond them, across the gorge and down its length, and athwart the one fall and the other; and most of these views it enframes in draperies of luxuriant green. Truly, the pilgrims of a later day will not see Niagara, the marvel that belongs to us.

Hennepin, the famous Jesuit father, who, in 1697, published the first description and the first picture of Niagara, did not find it beautiful. "The waters which fall from this horrible precipice," he says, "do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than thunder." The seventeenth century hated the large, the wild, and the awesome in nature. The mood of the nineteenth is different, of course. But to-day some people find fault with Niagara on another count. They do not agree with Hennepin that it is "vast and prodigious." They say that they expected something larger.

This is partly because nothing in the world is great enough to suit and to satisfy certain kinds of dullards. But it is partly because standards of size as well as of beauty have changed since Hennepin's time, while the tradition of Niagara's incredible size has not yet been outlived. The mountain-ranges of the far West have supplied us with new tests for magnitude. Judged by these, Niagara shows only a small gorge, and a waterfall of only medium height. Of course no waterfall in all the West, or in any familiar part of the world, is even remotely comparable with Niagara in breadth or in volume of water. But height stirs the imagination more than breadth or mass, and makes a more instant appeal to the eye. Again, its appeal is much stronger to the upturned than to the downturned eye, and therefore the real height of Niagara is not appreciated from the most accessible points of view.

But these facts are immaterial. When nature began to build Niagara she planned a display of the grandeurs and the fascinations of falling water. When, by her patient processes, she got it as it stands to-day, she must have felt contented with herself. And

THE "MAID OF THE MIST."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

LOOKING UP THE GORGE.

modern man, discontenting her in many ways by his treatment of her masterpiece, can hardly offend her more than when his most emphatic cry is, How wonderfully large!

This is not the right exclamation, and it does not express the right anticipation. Put magnitude out of your mind when you approach Niagara. Think of beauty instead. Think of the most beautiful things you have ever seen. Expect to see things still more beautiful. Unless your senses are benumbed, you shall not be disappointed. Then, gradually, truths of great size will dawn upon you, and coming at their proper time, they will impress you doubly because you will feel them as you ought. You will feel them as factors in greatness of beauty, not as facts primarily important in themselves.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE FALLS FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Also, put out of your mind that image of the queen of cataracts which you have probably built up from the memories of such lesser ones as you may have seen. Niagara is not more unusual in magnificence than in design. Nature intends most of her waterfalls to be seen from below. Niagara she exhibits from above. It does not come falling into a valley whither our feet are naturally led. It goes curving into a chasm in a plain across which we are forced to approach it. Of course it can be seen from below, and there alone it reveals the whole of its size and strength. But nature made this standpoint just possible of access in order that it might complete and emphasize impressions elsewhere gained. The base of Niagara is like the top of a mountain: its revelations are more astonishing and grandiose than any others, but it is not the place where we are meant to dwell. We must look down upon Niagara while we are learning most of its lessons in regard to the beauties of flowing and falling water. And when, at the last, making our way to its base, we stand there precariously on narrow ledges of rock; when, almost defying nature's prohibitions, we pass behind the thundering veil of liquid glass and foam in the Cave of the Winds; when, after sharing all their phases of feeling before they fell and as they were falling, we meet its waters again just after they have fallen, our little ship challenging them to touch us in so fearless a fashion that again we become their comrades; when we swing off from the edge of their white caldrons, exhausted with emotion like the current that bears us back—then, because we have already learned so many other lessons, we are able to appreciate the most tremendous of them all. Then we have really seen Niagara, because we have felt it; and we have felt it because we have felt with it. Nature made no mistake in designing this cataract. With waters so mighty and so varied, the logical plan, the artistic plan, was to lead through lesser toward greater effects. Thus the greatest win the sublimity of the inevitable; and the impression made by their fearful splendors is enhanced by the way in which they are hedged about with obstacles and are briefly, dramatically shown.

IV.

Of course it is easy to ignore nature's leadings and to see Niagara in the wrong way. It is easy to rush at once to the brink of the cataracts, or even to their base. And this is what curiosity counsels. But it is best to sacrifice a little of the ignoble pleasure called amazement, to see beginnings before culminations, to make acquaintance with the upper rapids before the falls themselves are seen near at hand.

Fortunately, the chief hotels on the American side stand on the low shore of the rapids, near the Goat Island bridge. Between them and the water runs a narrow parkway, part of the State reservation. Beyond the water spreads the long, lateral shore of Goat Island, flanked by eleven lesser islets. The prospect is wholly composed of water and verdure. The water is the most

beautiful, although not the most powerful, stretch of rapids at Niagara. And the verdure is the primeval forest that Goat Island has almost by miracle preserved,—richly luxuriant, exquisite in sky-line,—and the dense, picturesque masses that overweight the smaller islets, spreading, drooping from their never-trodden bits of rocky soil like tall green bouquets set adrift in boats hardly big enough to hold them. There is little to suggest that this brilliant, impetuous current is more than a stately woodland river passing from one tranquil phase to another through half a mile of rapids. There is only a distant glimpse of the edge of the fall, where the tossing flood suddenly ends as a straight line of water drawn against the much more distant face of the Canadian cliff, on the opposite side of the gorge, and a filmy upright cloud wavering over the trees of Goat Island —a plume of mist from the Horseshoe beyond them. Even Niagara's lunar bow is hardly as poetic as this high feather of vapor, too thin to be conspicuous in the bright light of day, but shining against a darkened heaven as a pillar of pearl by night, faithfully poised yet ever dimly swaying, beckoning, as though thrown aloft for a sign where the finest feature of the great spectacle may be found. But of course we do not need its proof that the American rapids are indeed a part of a larger whole. This thought is with us as soon as we look upon them, even if we have as yet seen nothing else, deepening our delight in the most purely charming, the least dramatic of all Niagara's chief pictures.

As this is the best picture to see first, so it is the best to live with if we tarry long. The Canadian hotels are set on the brink of the gorge, directly opposite the American Fall, and they also command the face of Goat Island and the Horseshoe. A sensitive eye must be either dulled or overstimulated by the long continuance of such a prospect, as a sensitive ear would be by the constant sound of an orchestra. Moreover, certain blots mar the scene, like discordant notes in music. Between the hotels and the edge of the cliff run a highroad and a trolley line. Opposite, close to the American cataract, rises the ugly silhouette of the town of Niagara Falls, and the cliff beneath it is defaced by the discharging waters and the rubbish-heaps of many mills. It is better to live with a less heroic and a more harmonious view. Day after day in sunshine or gray weather, and moonlit or starlit night after night, one can look without satiety or strain upon the American rapids, where the swift green-and-white tangle of the musical waters is brought to perfection of charm by the long background of quiet forest. Moreover, the islands are the places where one wants to go most often and to loiter longest, and they form part of the American reservation, while the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE CANADIAN RAPIDS FROM THE ISLANDS.

intervening gorge sets them far away from Canada.[1]

The mainland part of the reservation forms, by the brink of the American Fall, a wide, shady pleasure-ground called Prospect Park. Thence it extends up-stream for nearly a mile to the historic point still known as Frenchman's Landing. A sordid medley of mills and sheds once crowded this waterside. Now its walks and its driveway, its banks of turf and its romantic nooks, shadowed by old willows, traversed by glinting rivulets, and backed by the trees and sloping lawns of a series of villas, lead us in peace and beauty all along the rapids. And we should linger by them here, and on the bridge that, by way of Bath Island, crosses to Goat Island, and on the eastern shore of the latter, before we look at their wilder brethren of the broader Canadian branch.

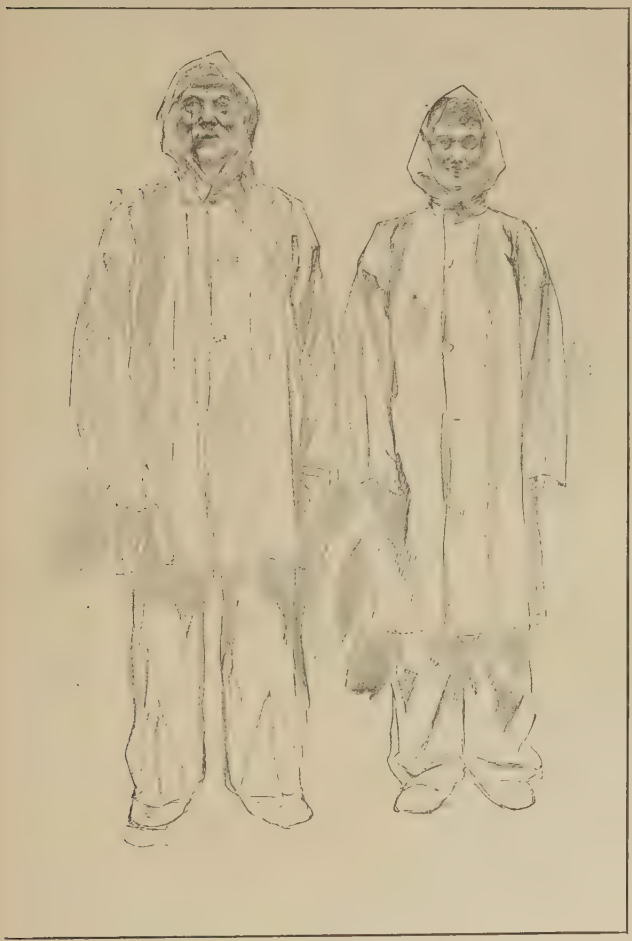
At the upper end of Goat Island mere tiny ripples break upon its shore. This is the "Parting of the Waters," where the channels divide just as their storminess begins. Passing westward, the Canadian rapids appear, and their immense spread amazes us even if we already understand that only about one fifth of the water of Niagara runs over the American Fall. The American rapids look like a wide, effervescent river, the Canadian like a wide, passionate lake filled with fuming, whirling pools and vortices, and with unnumbered companies and clans of arching, shattering, spraying breakers.

The waves of the sea advance, although, excepting just along a coast, the water that forms them simply rises and falls. In the rapids of Niagara the case is reversed. These waves are eternalized. Always, in the same places, they are renewed in the same flexuous shapes; for they are not born of the lashings of the wind but of the irregularities in their sloping bed. On the other hand, the water that forms them advances with an assiduous velocity, with a militant impulse to accomplish its fate, and cheers its own triumph by loud and ceaseless laughter. This swift and strong progression of the substance of the rapids, combined with the permanence in impermanence of their shapes, gives them an astonishing attraction. We

BEFORE GOING UNDER THE FALLS.

[1] Since the establishment of the New York State and the Canadian reservations the surroundings of the falls have been made free to all comers, and have been redeemed from disgraceful ugliness into a high degree of beauty. The story of this excellent work for the public good is too long to be told here, but none could more convincingly prove the necessity that the people themselves should own and control all places that nature has made of peculiar interest and value. And it must at least be added that the plans for the restoration of the land owned by New York were conceived by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, and that their execution has been supervised by Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., under the direction of a board of commissioners which has always been kept free from political interference; also, that the public owes an immense debt to Mr. Thomas V. Welch, who, from the first, has been the local superintendent of the reservation, and whose good taste is as exceptional as are his practical qualifications for his important post.

are not tantalized by their beauty, as by that of the breakers on a sea-shore. With each of them we grow familiar, until they seem like gay and friendly water-horses, nymphs, and giant Tritons, always, for our pleasure, doing in the same places the same delectable things. And meanwhile the spirit of the water, which, in passing, forever builds them,



AFTER GOING UNDER THE FALLS.

runs into our veins. Our pulses and our hearts beat fast with its eager wish to reach the cliff it is seeking, and to prove that it has the courage and power to calm itself for its great leap.

All this may best be seen and felt on the islets called the Three Sisters. One beyond the other, they stretch away out from the western shore of Goat Island; and as we stand on the farthest boulders of the third one, brilliant sunshine means an intoxicating spectacle. In stormy weather it grows vertiginous, and then the up-stream view is strangest. At the head of these rapids their rocky bed is steep and stair-like. It forms, in fact, long rows of low cascades rather than a network of rapids; and these cover so many feet of descent before they reach the Sisters that, looking up-stream, we see nothing but cascades—no smoother flood beyond them. An extraordinary effect of force is thus produced, and of mystery also. We seem to have done what, as children, we always hoped to do. We have reached the horizon, the edge of the world. But we cannot look over it. Where do these violent waters come from? What lies behind the ragged line they draw against the sky? It may be anything—or nothing. All we can say is that, apparently, they are being riven from the heavy clouds. It is like a perpetuation of the second day of the earth's existence. Then the Almighty "divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so." Except in this place at Niagara. Here it was not so. Here it is not yet so. The miraculous division is still going on.

V.

WHERE the tiny ripples of the Parting of the Waters touch Goat Island its surface is low and flat. Here some acres were once cleared and cultivated, and now they are grassy meadows dotted with trees and edged with sumac thickets. Their openness harmonizes with the effect of the peaceful stretch of river; but it is well indeed that everywhere else the old forest garment of the island should have been preserved. It has been thinned, of course, along the shores, and cut by one or two paths. But otherwise its wild-wood density and dignity are unimpaired, and it plays the chief part in giving Niagara a romantic charm. Of all the qualities of Niagara this is the one which has been most seldom celebrated. And among the rare pilgrims that have celebrated it, he who has found the best phrase for it is, oddly enough, Anthony Trollope. "One of the great charms

of Niagara," Trollope writes, "consists in this: that over and above that one great object of wonder and beauty there is so much little loveliness—loveliness especially of water, I mean." But he meant loveliness of vegetation also, and it is the combination of the two that gives Niagara the special kind of sorcery that our fathers recognized when they preferred it above all other places for their honeymoons.

Between the Parting of the Waters and the bluff that separates the two cataracts the surface of the island gradually rises, while the river-bed slopes downward more than fifty feet. So, fortunately, we can look down upon the cataracts; and yet there is provision for near-at-hand views of them. By the Canadian Fall we can descend the cliff and pass, over low ledges of rocks and precarious-looking boulders, far out along its brink. And by the American Fall we can descend again, and can cross by a bridge to the little island called Luna, which lies as flat upon the water as an island may. At both of these places the stairs and their platforms, down to the very edge of the water, are so thickly embowered that every step gives us a new picture set in a newly delightful frame. On the other high parts of Goat Island we look down upon the water, now over broad slants and curtains of foliage, and again over bold rocks sprinkled with tiny flowering plants delicately poised like moths on the wing. Luna Island and the Three Sisters are also densely wooded. The breath of the rushing floods keeps all these summer garments as exuberant as the wild flowers of May, and they are singularly varied in character. One hundred and forty species of trees and shrubs have been counted in the immediate vicinity of the falls; most of them flourish on Goat Island, and its wealth in herbaceous plants is quite as remarkable.

On the steep cliffs and on Luna Island the trees are grotesquely distorted by the burdens of ice they must carry when the mist-clouds freeze. But in summer we hardly notice this, for their trunks are screened by thickets of shrubs, and their branches by veils of creepers—ampelopsis, grape, bittersweet, and poison-ivy.

On the mainland shore the renovating hand of man has already done much to reproduce the natural effects that persist on the islands. Here also are trees and shrubs and vines, fringing the rapids, and varying the broad, open outlooks with a thousand smaller pictures set apart as in verdant alcoves. And here, perhaps, at Prospect Point, where we stand at the cataract's very brink, the first near-at-hand sight of the falls themselves may best be gained. Here we get one of the finest of all the comprehensive views of Niagara. We look across the American Fall and the bluff of Goat Island, seeing them in sharp perspective, to the full face of the Horseshoe in the middle distance. Here we appreciate the breadth of the great semicircle; and as we get this glorious picture we begin to perceive another of Niagara's peculiar charms. We realize that it invites us to a very intimate acquaintance with its larger as well as its lesser features.

VI.

In order that the high charm of mystery may not lack in the sum of its attractions, Niagara keeps a few things inaccessible—the center of the Horseshoe Fall, for instance, and some of the smaller islands. But in many places it admits us close to very tremendous sights. At Prospect Point we stand only a couple of feet above the American stream, just where it makes its smooth downward curve. We might touch it with our hand as it bends, solid and glassy, over the long lip of rock. We can lean on the rails and note how soon its polished surface breaks into silvery fragments, powders into glistening dust; and far beneath we can see the frosty mass strike the black boulders and, over and between them, flow off as frosted torrents into the dark-green flood of the gorge. We can also look directly across the descending curtain of water. So, again, we can look from the edge of Luna Island, on the other side of the fall; and here, if we face about, we are close to the narrower stream which divides Luna from Goat Island and forms the roof of the Cave of the Winds. Each change of place, changing the angle of vision, reveals a different effect in the falling waters, all their effects depending, of course, upon the way they receive and reflect and refract the light. Nature could have made no better place than Luna Island to show us what water does and how it appears when it falls in great volumes and is seen very near at hand; for what its surface does not reveal to us, we learn at the foot of this fall in the Cave of the Winds. Of all the accessible spots in the world this must be the most remarkable, excepting, perhaps, one within the crater of an active volcano.

Such testimonies as these do not need to be repeated. The Canadian Fall offers us new ones. It is not a teacher of beautiful

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ON GOAT ISLAND.

details of fact. The grandest part of Niagara, it is, befittingly, the high priest of beautiful mysteries. It shows the poetic grandeur of vast falling waters that cannot be closely approached.

Even the ledges to which we descend from Goat Island do not really make the Horseshoe accessible. They cross no part of the main Canadian stream, but merely a wide border of it where its current is shallow. Beyond, its bold sweep prevents us from looking directly across its curtain, and forbids us to see deep into the great recess that varies its curve midway. The brow of this central arc glows with the richest of all Niagara's varied colors. Here the falling sheet is exceptionally deep. Therefore, as it curves, it shows a stretch of palpitant, vivid green which is repeated at no other point, and it preserves its smoothness far below the verge where shallower currents almost immediately break. No one could wish that this great royal jewel, this immense and living emerald, might be approached and analyzed. It is rightly set in the way that the great Artifex has chosen—ardent, immutable, and forever aloof, as on the crest of the walls of heaven.

Cross now to the Canadian shore. The spot where Table Rock broke off (about fifty years ago) puts us more nearly in front of the Horseshoe. Here, unless the vapors blow too thickly around us, we get the most astounding impression that Niagara gives, excepting those that will come at the bottom of the gorge; and even more than any of these it satisfies the sense of beauty. Here we can almost see into the central arcanum of the irregular curve. We could see into it, and we imagine that we could see through it into something unimaginable beyond it, if only the clouds that it generates would cease their billowing. But, blazing white and iris-spanned if the sun shines, pearly white when the sky is gray, they never do cease, rolling upward and outward, lower or higher, rhythmical, mutable, but immortal. No rocky fangs show at the foot of this great middle current. Below are only breakers of foam, flowing off in a river of foam, as above are cumuli of snow and then of mist, and, still higher, streamers of smoke, of steam, of gossamer. Behind these is a cliff of diamonds; in front is an aura of rainbows; and dominating the whole there gleams through the white translucencies the mobile adamant of the emerald brink.

Try as we will, wait as we may, even here we cannot see into the heart of Niagara. But here we can see it beat, and the organ peal of its beating fills our ears. We are wrapped in soft splendors, soft thunders, until the senses blend their testimonies. Sights and sounds, things motionless and moving, cannot be separated, and our own being is lost in their illimitable rapture. No other sensation wholly physical in its origin can be at once as overpowering and as enchanting as this one. And although we know that its origin is physical, is terrestrial, we cannot grasp the fact: the beauty that we are feeling is too different from any that we have ever felt before. It is a transfiguring of the familiar things of earth into the imagined things of heaven. To the eye it is a revelation of the divine possibilities of light and color, form, movement, and sound; and to the mind it is an allegory of power and purity in their supreme and perfect essence. If there are walls to the city celestial, built of opal, emerald, and some vast auroral whiteness for which we have no mortal term, and bridged for the feet of angels with arches of the seven pure colors, the gateway through them must look like the heart of Niagara. It cannot be more immense, more mystical, more sacredly resplendent. It cannot be more aërial or more everlasting.

VII.

THIS impression is not received with our very first glance. The first effect that the falls produce at any fine point of view is an effect of transitoriness. They awaken an intense delight half composed of terror. They are phenomenal, we say, they are perfect, they are mobile; therefore in a moment they must vanish in a blinding burst of glory. Yet very soon we realize that Niagara's true effect is an effect of permanence. Many as are its variations, it never alters. It varies because light and atmosphere alter. The rapids are always themselves, the falls are always themselves, perpetually reborn as they pass and perish. Tremendous movement thus pauseless and unmodified gives, of course, a deeper impression of durability than the most imposing solids. It is active as compared with passive force. The mutable sea, not its immutable shore, is the synonym for things that change not and cannot be changed. The motion of Niagara is more powerful than any motion of the sea, and is much more coherent and persistent. As soon as this fact is felt, the falls seem to have been created as a voucher for the permanence of all the world.

Bound up with the sense of its steadfast-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE FALLS FROM PROSPECT PARK.

ness is the sense of Niagara's serenity. Before it falls and after it has fallen it may be agitated, impassioned, wrathful. Yet everywhere the persistence of the special mood gives it a dignity greater than that of the moods of the sea; for the sea, we know, whether it most calmly sleeps or most furiously rages, will soon be in another temper. And as Niagara actually falls, it is sublimely serene. Its descent, says Hawthorne, is like "the march of destiny." Unresting, unhasting, invincible, and proudly fair, "rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, . . . it soothes while it awes the mind."

Perhaps it is this quality, incomparably impressive to an artist's or a poet's eye, which makes Niagara seem disappointing to the eye of the mere marvel-hunter. Does he hope to see something barbarously passionate in temper, theatrical in beauty, cataclysmic in effect? He cannot find it at Niagara. He finds a stupendous spectacle, but it is not spectacular. It is dramatic, but not theatric. It is primeval, elemental, but not barbaric. It is phenomenal, but not monstrous. It is not really passionate (Mr. Howells has drawn this distinction), it is only impassioned. It is not chaos made visible; it is the exact opposite of this. The great flood comes to its cliff, not as to a catastrophe, but as to a triumph. It is the finest example in the world of enormous force in glad and confident submission to unalterable law. After the first moments its motion seems as normally august as the rolling of the round earth itself.

This serenity, Hawthorne also says, seems to be based upon prescience. Niagara's flood is not "taken by surprise." It appears "to have anticipated in all its course through the broad lakes that it must pour their collected waters down this height." In truth, beyond the map of Niagara there is always visible to the mind a much wider map, with not Lake Erie only, but three still greater lakes, as the feeders of the falls, and not Ontario alone, but the St. Lawrence and its estuary, as the offspring of the falls. This is Niagara's task: to drain the vast midcontinental basin into the far-away sea. Therefore it may well show speed and ardor. Yet it may well seem permanent and serene, for it knows that fret and hurry are not needed and cannot be helpful. Before it receives its supplies they have been caught and stored in four reservoirs even more remarkable for their depth than for their surface spread—reservoirs that hold water enough to keep Niagara flowing as it flows to-day for at least a hundred years.

VIII.

At Niagara the existence of the Great Lakes benefits the eye as well as the imagination. If the falls were fed by rivers, their volume, which now varies very little, would conspicuously wax and wane with the changing seasons. Again, new-born river-waters would be thickened and discolored with sediment and sand. Niagara's are strained to an exquisite purity by their sojourn in the Western reservoirs, and to this purity they owe their exquisite variety of color.

To find their blues we must look, of course, above Goat Island, where the sky is reflected in smooth if quickly flowing currents. But every other tint and tone that water can take is visible in or near the falls themselves. In the quieter parts of the gorge we find a very dark, strong green, while in its rapids all shades of green and gray and white are blended. The shallower rapids above the falls are less strongly colored, a beautiful light green predominating between the pale-gray swirls and the snowy crests of foam—semi-opaque, like the stone called aquamarine, because infused with countless air-bubbles, yet deliciously fresh and bright. The tense, smooth slant of water at the margin of the American Fall is not deep enough to be green. In the sunshine it is a clear amber, and when shadowed, a brown that is darker, yet just as pure. But wherever the Canadian Fall is visible its green crest is conspicuous. Far down-stream, nearly two miles away, where the railroad-bridge crosses the gorge, it shows like a little emerald strung on a narrow band of pearl. Its color is not quite like that of an emerald, although the term must be used because no other is more accurate. It is a purer color, and cooler, with less of yellow in it—more pure, more cool, and at the same time more brilliant than any color that sea-water takes even in a breaking wave, or that man has produced in any substance whatsoever. At this place, we are told, the current must be twenty feet deep; and its color is so intense and so clear because, while the light is reflected from its curving surface, it also filters through so great a mass of absolutely limpid water. It always quivers, this bright-green stretch, yet somehow it always seems as solid as stone, smoothly polished for the most part, but, when a low sun strikes across it, a little roughened, fretted. That this is water, and that the thinnest smoke above it

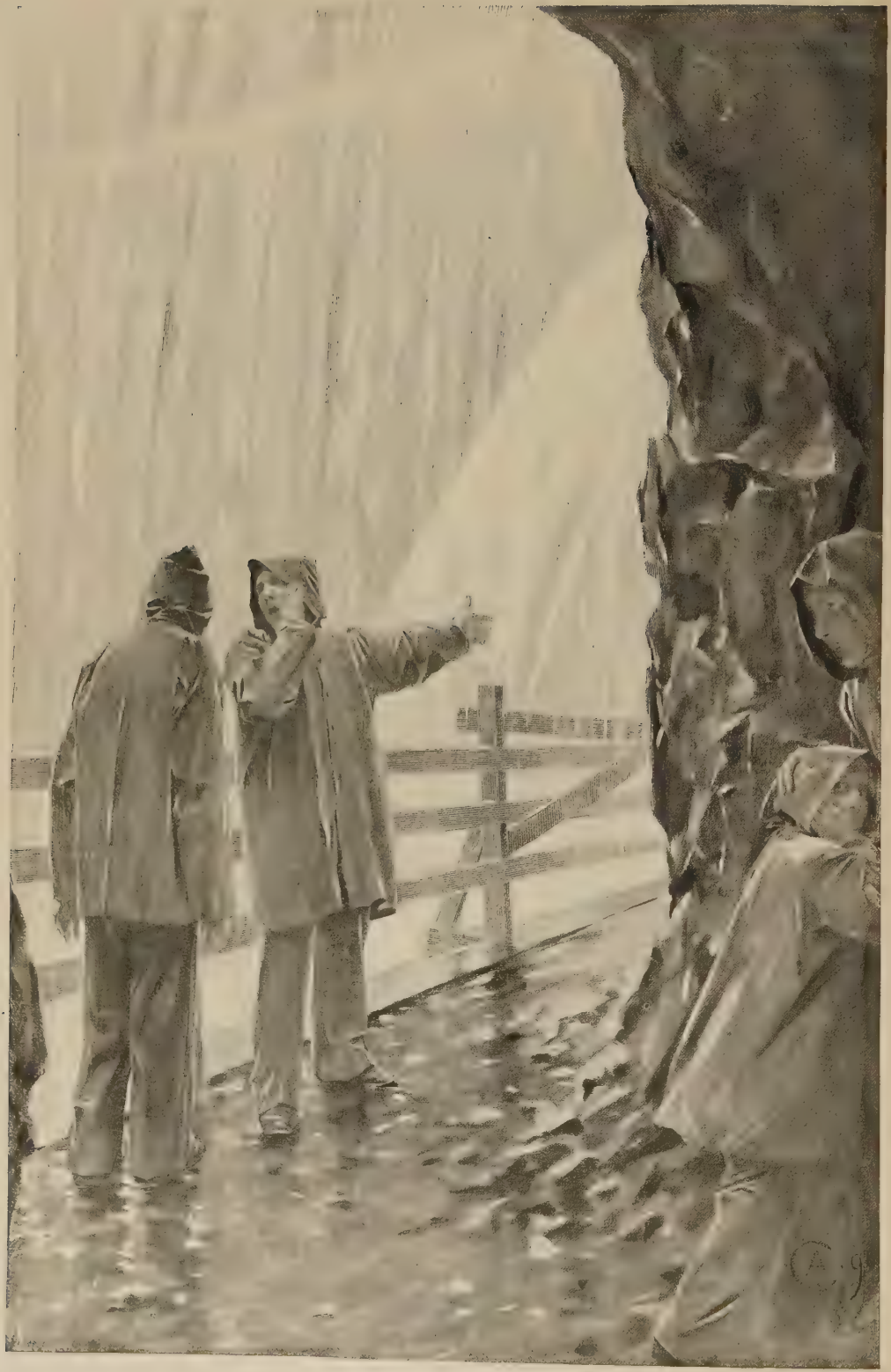
is water also, who can believe? In other places at Niagara we ask the same question again.

From a distance the American Fall looks quite straight. When we stand beside it we see that its line curves inward and outward, throwing the falling sheet into bastion-like sweeps. As we gaze down upon these, every change in the angle of vision and in the strength and direction of the light gives a new effect. The one thing that we never seem to see, below the smooth brink, is water. Very often the whole swift precipice shows as a myriad million inch-thick cubes of clearest glass or ice or solidified light, falling in an envelop of starry spangles. Again, it seems all diamond-like or pearl-like, or like a flood of flaked silver, shivered crystal, or faceted ingots of palest amber. It is never to be exhausted in its variations. It is never to be described. Only, one can always say, it is protean, it is most lovely, and it is not water.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

THE HORSESHOE FALLS, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

Then, as we look across the precipice, it may be milky in places, or transparent, or translucent. But where its mass falls thickly it is all soft and white—softer than anything else in the world. It does not resemble a flood of fleece or of down, although it sug-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

UNDER THE FALLS.

gests such a flood. It is more like a crumbling avalanche, immense and gently blown, of smallest snowflakes; but, again, it is not quite like this. Now we see that, even apart from its main curves, no portion of the swiftly moving wall is flat. It is all delicately fissured and furrowed, by the broken edges of the rock over which it falls, into the suggestion of fluted buttresses, half-columns, pilasters. And the whiteness of these is not quite white. Nor is it consistently iridescent or opalescent. Very faintly, elusively, it is tinged with tremulous stripes and strands of pearly gray, of vaguest straw, shell-pink, lavender, and green—inconceivably ethereal hues, shy ghosts of earthly colors, abashed and deflowered, we feel, by definite naming with earthly names. They seem hardly to tinge the whiteness; rather, to float over it as a misty bloom. We are loath to turn our eyes from them, fearing they may never show again. Yet they are as real as the keen emerald of the Horseshoe.

IX.

THE aspect of the falls from below, the gorge with its tragic Whirlpool and its exciting miles of rapids, the Canadian reservation with the Dufferin Islands set back in an elbow of the shore—these are things that even the hasty tourist sees, now there are trolley lines to carry him quickly to them. So I am tempted to speak, not of them, but of the little lovelinesses that only the true pilgrim, the true lover of Niagara, notices and adores. Everywhere they are offered by the friendly giant of beauty to those who seek them, but the Three Sisters are wholly compounded of them.

Each of the channels that divide these islets has a character of its own. The first is very shallow, tinkling over its bed of rock like a sheet of sparkles, bordered by unbroken thickets, and sometimes running dry in summer—the very pattern of a mountain brook. The second is wilder, with a rapid of some importance just above the bridge; the third is still wilder and broader, with a great dash of rapids just below the bridge; and the banks of these two are of foliage and great rocks most picturesquely intermingled. Then one may leave the narrow paths that thread the islets, and climb among their glades and thickets down to their edges, finding little fringing waters, various and enchanting beyond all words. Here are cascades of every kind, two or three feet in height or only a few inches, daringly accidental in their aspect, or as daintily finished as though planned for the corner of a flower-garden. Here are small and smallest streams in all kinds of channels, calm pools and boiling pools, jets like tiny fountains, wavelets, eddies, pockets, smooth back-waters—all things pretty, odd, and captivating that nature can make with the most flexible of her materials. Each is wholly satisfactory in itself, but each doubly delights the soul because, as much as the great Horseshoe itself, it is a part of Niagara. No matter how feeble or how vagrant it may seem, each is doing its best to help the surplus floods of Superior to reach the Atlantic.

Hour after hour we can watch these miniature devices of Niagara as we have watched its greatest; and then it changes the quality of its charm once more. It grows endlessly amusing. Racing, leaping, pirouetting, these offshoot streams, we see, now gain time by their divergence from the main one, and again they lose time, over-ingenious in their zigzag progress among little capes and massive boulders, projecting ledges and the half-submerged trunks of prostrate trees. Here, sly traitors to their task, they grow tired and pause in cool shallows; there they rage in infantile wrath because some obstacle turns them back. Their delicious vagaries are past counting; and countless, too, are the idyllic pictures that their surroundings imprint upon the memory. Here is a cascade of three steps, so thickly overshadowed that we must part the boughs and pull away the creepers to find the source of its singing. Here is a big bush of ninebark, set in the lee of a rock and leaning its burden of white blossoms into the rapids' spray. Here is a baby gray-birch, stretching itself over a mossy log, and babbling to a rivulet with the restless pointed leaves that are its own little tongues. And here is a raging white caldron with a big boulder out beyond it, a dead juniper slanting over them, in the hollow of the boulder a pink fleabane trembling beside a scarlet columbine, and on the tip of the juniper a bold, small Blondin—a squirrel nibbling his nut as jauntily as though beds of soft grass lay beneath him. These things also are integral parts of Niagara. They are infinitesimal parts of its infinite grandeur and beauty, humanizing and poetizing it, changing the austerity that stern shores would give to such wild waters into a most romantic fairness. For never, while we tarry with the Sisters' small delights, are the wild waters themselves forgotten. Their splendid cry is always in the ear, and if their rioting is hidden from the eye, a step will reveal it,

and beyond it, far away, a glimpse of the edge of the great emerald that marks the brow of the great fall.

What we do forget, on the Three Sisters, is that they are parts of a public pleasure-ground. In their most secluded nooks are shy signs which prove the transit of many thousand pilgrims. Here and there a stone has been worn black and shining by the touch of frequent feet; and where a difficult step must be made, and the bent trunk of a sapling offers support for the hand, its bark has been so burnished by repeated claspings that it looks like a piece of old Japanese bronze. Yet everywhere is such a wilding richness of growth, such a dainty embroidering of flowers and berries and frail tendrils, that we almost believe that even the pathways have been made especially for us as the very first comers.

X.

"It was worth while to come to Niagara," I heard some one exclaim, in June, "just for the sake of its odors." They are indeed many and pervasive, yet one of them dominates the rest. Centuries ago Pliny wrote that the vineyards of Italy gave it sovereignty over all other lands, "even those that bring forth odoriferous spices and aromatical drugs"; and he added, "to say a truth, there is no smell whatsoever that outgoeth vines when they be in their fresh and flowering time." He would surely have written the same words had he stood on Niagara's islands in one of his far-back Junes. Everywhere are wild grape-vines, draped in thick curtains or swung in wide loops, and they bloom a long time, for one species begins to open its flowers as another is setting its fruit. For many days this most dainty, individual, and bewitching of all odors meets us on every soft puff of wind, with such persistence that wherever it may meet us again in future years it will seem like a message from Niagara.

And the noise of Niagara? Alarming things have been said about it, but they are not true. It is a great and mighty noise, but it is not, as Hennepin thought, an "outrageous noise." It is not a roar. It does not drown the voice or stun the ear. Even at the actual foot of the falls it is not oppressive. It is much less rough than the sound of heavy surf—steadier, more homogeneous, less metallic, very deep and strong, yet mellow and soft; soft, I mean, in its quality. As to the noise of the rapids, there is none more musical. It is neither rumbling nor sharp. It is clear, plangent, silvery. It is so like the voice of a steep brook—much magnified, but not made coarser or more harsh—that, after we have known it, each liquid call from a forest hillside will seem, like the odor of grape-vines, a greeting from Niagara. It is an inspiriting, an exhilarating sound, like freshness, coolness, vitality itself made audible. And yet it is a lulling sound. When we have looked out upon the American rapids for many days, it is hard to remember contented life amid motionless surroundings; and so, when we have slept beside them for many nights, it is hard to think of happy sleep in an empty silence.

Still another kind of music is audible at Niagara. It must be listened for on quiet nights, but then it will be heard. It is like the voice of an orchestra so very far away that its notes are attenuated to an incredible delicacy and are intermittently perceived, as though wafted upon variable zephyrs. It is the most subtile, the most mysterious music in the world. What is its origin? Why should we ask? Such fairy-like sounds ought not to be explained. Their appeal is to the imagination only. They are so faint, so far away, that they almost escape the ear, as the lunar bow and the fluted tints of the American Fall almost escape the eye. And yet we need not fear to lose them, for they are as real as the deep bass of the cataracts.

WINTER WIND AND MOONLIGHT.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

DUSK blue above; white, marble white, below;
And woven shadows of the swaying trees,
That roar and moan like far-off rising seas;
Frail, huddled weeds, complaining here and there,
Like ghosts above their graves; and everywhere
The snow—the endless snow—and still the snow.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

PART IV.

THE story of El Khoudr, who now appears before us in the character of Mr. Crowder, was first told in the chronicles of Abou-djafar Mohammed Tabari. This historian was the first Mussulman to write a general history of the world. He was born in the year 244 of the Hejira (838–839 A. D.), and passed a great part of his life in Bagdad, where he studied and taught theology and jurisprudence. His chronicles embrace the history of the world, as he knew it, from the creation to the year 302 of the Hejira.

Tabari tells us how El Khoudr, then vizier to the great monarch, the Two-horned Alexander, while traveling with his royal master, accidentally drank of the spring of immortality of which the king was in search, and consequently continued to live through all the ages.

This legend has without doubt given rise to all the stories of men who could not die, and Mr. S. Baring-Gould, in his "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets," states that after careful examination he has come to the conclusion that the story of the Wandering Jew is based upon this very much older story of El Khoudr.

At the time at which El Khoudr happened to quench his thirst in the remarkable manner above alluded to, he was fifty-three years of age, a fine, healthy, hearty-looking man, and this age he continued to maintain, although, as it was often desirable that he should appear to grow old as other people do, or else suffer punishment as a wizard or magician, it became his custom to allow his hair and beard to grow, so that his age might appear to advance. Then, when he had lived in one place as long as he thought it wise to do so, he would depart and reappear in some distant region, with his beard cut and his hair trimmed, ready to begin life again as a middle-aged man. In this way his periods of existence in any particular place generally covered the ordinary years of a generation.

In these days and in this country Mr. Crowder begins to believe that it will be perfectly safe for him to announce, without fear of evil consequences, that he is a man who does not die. His confidence in our high civilization is a compliment to the age.

"THY story makes me shudder," said Mrs. Crowder. "I think thee was in great danger from both the man and the woman."

"Not much danger," said he; "for all I had to do was to withdraw, and there was an end to the matter. I have often and often been in greater danger than that. For instance, I was in the army of Xerxes, compelled to enter it simply because I happened to be in Persia. My sympathies were entirely with the Greeks. My age did not protect me at all. Everybody who in any way could be made useful was dragged into that army. It was known that I had a knowledge of engineering and surveying, and I was taken into the army to help build bridges and lay out camps.

"Here it was that I saw the curious method of counting the soldiers which was adopted by the officers of Xerxes's army. As you may have read, ten thousand men were collected on a plain and made to stand close together in a mass nearly circular in shape. Then a strong fence, with a wide gate to the west and another to the east, was built around them, and I was engaged in the constructing and strengthening of this fence. When the fence was finished, the men were ordered to march out of the inclosure, and other soldiers marched in until it was again entirely filled. This process was repeated until the whole army had been in the inclosure. Thus they got rid of the labor of counting—measuring the army instead of enumerating it. But the results were not accurate. I was greatly interested in the matter, and on three occasions I stood at the exit gate as the soldiers were coming out, and counted them, and the number never amounted to ten thousand. One counting showed less than seven thousand,—the men did not pack themselves together as closely as they were packed the first time,—so I am confident that Xerxes's army was not so large as reported to be.

"I became so much interested in the operations and constitution of this great horde of soldiers, attendants, animals, ve-

hicles, and ships, that I went about looking at everything and getting all the information possible. In these days I would have been a war correspondent, and I did act somewhat in that capacity; for I told Herodotus a great many of the facts which he put into his history of this great campaign."

"Thee knew Herodotus?" his wife asked.

"Oh, yes; I worked with him a long time, and gave him information which helped him very much in writing his histories; but it would have been of greater advantage to the world if he had adhered more closely to my statements. I told him what I discovered in regard to the enumeration of the army of Xerxes, but he wanted to make that army as big as he could, and he paid little attention to my remonstrances.

"Herodotus was only four years old when Xerxes invaded Greece, and of course all his knowledge concerning that expedition was second-hand, and by the time he began to write his history of the campaign there were very few people living who knew anything personally about it. If he had not been a man so entirely wrapped up in his own work he would have wondered how any one of my apparent age could give him so much in the way of personal experience; but he seemed to have no suspicions, and, at any rate, asked no questions, and as I had a great desire that this remarkable historical event should be fully recorded, I helped him as much as I could.

"I had been assisting in the construction of the canal behind Mount Athos, which Xerxes made in order to afford a short cut for his vessels, and as I had frequently climbed into the various portions of the mountain in order to make surveys of the country below, I had obtained a pretty good knowledge of the neighborhood; and when disaster after disaster began to hurl themselves upon this unfortunate multitude of invaders, I took measures for my safety. I did not want to go back to Persia, even if I could go there, which looked very doubtful after the battle of Salamis, and as I had come into the country with the Persians, it might have been unsafe to show myself with the Greeks; so, remembering what I had seen of the wild regions of Mount Athos, I made my way there, with the intention of dwelling in its rocky fastnesses until the country should become safe for the ordinary wayfarer. As there was no opportunity of teaching school on that desolate mountain—"

"And marrying one of thy scholars," interpolated Mrs. Crowder.

"—I became a sort of hermit.

"But I did not spend my time after the usual fashion of the conventional hermit, who lives on water-cresses and reads great books with a skull to keep the pages open. I built myself a rude cabin under a great rock, and lived somewhat after the fashion of the other inhabitants of that wild region, mostly robbers and outlaws. As I had nothing which any one would want to steal, I was not afraid of them, and I could occasionally be of a little service to them, especially in the way of rude medical attendance, for which they were willing to pay me by giving me now and then some food.

"I had laid in a stock of writing-materials before I went up on the mountain, and I now went to work with great enthusiasm to set down what I knew of the expedition of Xerxes, and here it was that I made the notes which were afterward so useful to Herodotus.

"When the country became quieter I went down into the plains, looked over the battle-fields, and obtained a great deal of information from the villagers and country people. I stayed here nearly two years, and had a pretty hard time of it; but when I went away I took with me a very valuable collection of notes.

"For many years I made no use of these notes; but being in Halicarnassus, I heard of Herodotus, who was described as a great scholar and traveler, and engaged in writing history. To him I applied without loss of time, and I made a regular engagement, working several hours with him every day. For this he paid me weekly a sum equal to about two dollars and seventy-five cents of our present money; but it was enough to support me, and I was very glad to have the opportunity of sending some of my experiences and observations down into history. It was at this time that the love of literary work began to arise within me, and in the next three or four centuries after the death of Herodotus I wrote a number of books on various subjects and under various names, and some of these, as I mentioned before, were destroyed with the Alexandrian Library.

"It was in this period that I made the acquaintance of an editor—the first editor, in fact, of whom I know anything at all. I was in Rhodes, and there was a learned man there named Andronicus, who was engaged in editing the works of Aristotle. All the manuscripts and books which that great philosopher left behind him had been given

to a friend, or trustee, and had passed from this person into the possession of others, so that for about a hundred years the world knew nothing of them. Then they came into the hands of Andronicus, who undertook to edit them and get them into proper shape for publication. I went to Andronicus, and as soon as he found I was a person qualified for such work, he engaged me as his assistant editor. I held this position for several years, and two or three of the books of Aristotle I transcribed entirely with my own hand, properly shaping sentences and paragraphs, and very often making the necessary divisions. From my experience with Andronicus, I am sure that none of the works of Aristotle were given to the world exactly as he wrote them, for we often found his manuscript copies very rough and disjointed so far as literary construction is concerned, but I will also say that we never interfered with his philosophical theories or his scientific statements and deductions."

"In all that time thee never married?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

Crowder and I could not help laughing.

"I did not say so," said he, "but I will say that, with one exception, I do not remember any interesting matrimonial alliances which occurred during the period of my literary labors. I married a young woman of Rhodes, and gave her a very considerable establishment, which I was able to do, for Andronicus paid me much better than Herodotus had done; but she did not prove a very suitable helpmeet, and I believe she married me simply because I was in fairly good circumstances. She soon showed that she preferred a young man to an elderly student, the greater part of whose time was occupied with books and manuscripts, and we had not been married a year when she ran away with a young goldsmith, and disappeared from Rhodes, as I discovered, on a vessel bound for Rome. I resigned myself to my loss, and did not even try to obtain news of her. I was too much engrossed in my work to be interested in a runaway wife.

"'HOW LIKE!'"

"It was a little more than half a century after this that I was in Rome and sitting on the steps of one of the public buildings in the Forum. I was waiting to meet some one with whom I had business, and while I sat there an old woman stopped in front of me. She was evidently poor, wretchedly dressed; her scanty hair was gray, and her face was wrinkled and shrunken. I thought, of course, she was a beggar, and was about to give her something, when she clasped her hands in front of her and exclaimed, 'How like! How like! How like!' 'Like whom?' said I. 'What are you talking about?' 'Like your father,' she said, 'like your father! You are so like him, you resemble him so much in

form and feature, in the way you sit, in everything, that you must be his son!' 'I have no doubt I am my father's son,' said I, 'and what do you know about him?' 'I married him,' she said. 'For nearly a year I was his wife, and then I foolishly ran away and left him. What became of him I know not, nor how long he lived, but he was a great deal older than I was, and must have passed away many years ago. But thou art his image. He had the same ruddy face, the same short white hair, the same broad shoulders, the same way of crossing his legs as he sat. He must have married soon after I left him. Tell me, whom did he marry? What was thy mother's name?' I gave her the name of my real mother, and she shook her head. 'I never heard of her,' she said. 'Did your father ever speak of me, a wife who ran away from him?' 'Yes; he has spoken of you—that is, if you are Zalia, the daughter of an oil-merchant of Rhodes?'

"'I am that woman,' she exclaimed, 'I am that woman! And did he mourn my loss?'

"'Not much, I think, not much.' Then I became a little nervous, for if this old woman talked to me much longer I was afraid, in spite of the fact that I was an elderly man when she was a girl, that she would become convinced that I could not be the son of the man who had once been her husband, but must be that man himself. So I hastily excused myself on the plea of business, and after having given her some money I left her."

"And did thee never see her again?" his wife asked, almost with tears in her eyes.

"No, I never saw her again," said Mr. Crowder; "I was careful not to do that: but I did not neglect her; I caused good care to be taken of her until she died."

There was a slight pause here, and then Mrs. Crowder said:

"Thee has known a great deal of poverty, and in nearly all thy stories thee is a poor man."

"There is good reason for that," said Mr. Crowder; "poor people frequently have more adventures, at least more interesting ones, than those who are in easy circumstances. Possession of money is apt to make life smoother and more commonplace; so, in selecting the most interesting events of my career to tell you, I naturally describe periods of comparative poverty, and there were some periods in which I was in actual want of the necessaries of life.

"But you must not suppose that I have always been poor. I have had my periods of wealth, but, as I explained to you before, it was very difficult, on account of the frequent necessity of changing my place of residence, as well as my identity, to carry over my property from one set of conditions to another. However, I have often been able to do this, and at one time I was in comfortable circumstances for nearly two hundred years. But generally, when I found myself obliged to leave a place where I had been living, for fear of suspicion concerning my age, I had to leave everything behind me.

"I will tell you a little story about one of my attempts to provide for the future. It was toward the end of the fifteenth century, about the time that Columbus set out on his first voyage of discovery,—and you would be surprised, considering the important results of his voyage, to know how little sensation it caused in Europe,—that I devised a scheme by which I thought I might establish for myself a permanent fortune. I was then living in Genoa, and was carrying on the same business in which I am now engaged. I was a broker, a dealer in money and commercial paper. I was prosperous and well able to carry out the plan I had formed. This plan was a simple one. I would purchase jewels, things easily carried about or concealed, and which would be valuable in any country or any age; and with this idea in my mind I spent many years in collecting valuable stones and jewels, and confined myself generally to rings, for I wished to make the bulk of my treasures very small when compared with their value.

"About the middle of the sixteenth century I went to Rome, and took my jewels with me. They were then a wonderfully fine collection of gems, some of them of great antiquity and value; for, in gradually gathering them together, the enthusiasm of the collector had possessed me, and I would travel far to possess myself of a valuable jewel of which I had heard. I remained in Rome as long as I dared do so, and then prepared to set out for Egypt, which I had not visited for a long time, and where I expected to find interesting though depressing changes. I concluded, naturally enough, that it would be dangerous for me to take my treasures with me, and I could conceive of no place where it would be better to leave them than in the Eternal City. Rome was central and comparatively easy of access from any part of the world, and, moreover, was less liable to changes than any other place; so I determined to leave my treasures in Rome, and to put them somewhere

where they were not likely to be disturbed by the march of improvement, by the desolations of war and conquest, or to become lost to me by the action of nature. I decided to bury them in the catacombs. With these ancient excavations I was familiar, and I believed that in their dark and mysterious recesses I could conceal my jewels, and that I could find them again when I wanted them.

"I procured a small box made of thick bronze, and in this I put all my rings and gems, and with them I inclosed several sheets of parchment, on which I had written, with the fine ink the monks used in engrossing their manuscripts, a detailed description, and frequently a history, of every one of these valuable objects. Having securely fastened up the box, I concealed it in my clothing and then made my way to the catacombs.

"It was a dark and rainy evening, and as the entrances to the catacombs were not guarded in those days, it was not difficult for me to make my way unseen into their interior.

"'I PROCEEDED TO DIG A HOLE.'"

"I had brought with me a tinder-box and several rushlights, and as soon as I felt secure from observation from the outside I struck a light and began my operations. Then, according to a plan I had previously made, I slowly walked along the solemn passageway which I had entered.

"My plan of procedure was a very simple one, and I had purposely made it so in order that it might be more easily remembered. I was well acquainted with the position of the opening by which I had entered. For several days I had studied carefully its relation to other points in the surrounding country. Starting from this opening, my plan was to proceed inward through the long corridor until I came to a transverse passage; to pass this until I reached another; to pass this also, and to go on until I came to a third; then I would turn to my left and proceed until I had passed two other transverse passages and reached a third; then I would again turn to my left and count the open tombs on my left hand. When I reached the third tomb I would stop. Thus there would be a series of three threes, and it was scarcely possible that I could forget that.

"At this period a great many of the tombs were open, having been despoiled even of the few bones they contained. The opening at which I stopped was quite a large one, and when I put my light inside I found it was entirely empty.

"Lighting another rush-candle, I stuck it in the bottom of the tomb, which was about four feet above the floor of the passage, and drawing my large dagger, I proceeded to dig a hole in the left-hand corner nearest the front. The earth was dry and free from stones, and I soon made a hole two feet deep, at the bottom of which I placed my box. Then I covered it up, pressing the earth firmly down into the hole. When this was entirely filled, I smoothed away the rest of the earth I had taken out, and when I finished my work, the floor of the tomb did not look as if it had been disturbed. Then I went away, reached the passage three tombs from me, turned to the right, went on until I reached the third transverse passage, then

went on until I came to the entrance. It was raining heavily, but I was glad to get out into the storm."

"Now, please hurry on," said Mrs. Crowder. "When did thee get them again?"

"A great many things happened in Egypt," said Mr. Crowder, "some pleasant and some unpleasant, and they kept me there a long time. After that I went to Constantinople, and subsequently resided in Greece and in Venice. I lived very comfortably during the greater part of this period, and therefore there was no particular reason that I should go after my jewels. So it happened that, for one cause or another, I did not go back to Rome until early in the nineteenth century, and I need not assure you that almost the first place I visited was the catacombs.

"After three hundred years of absence I found the entrance, but if I had not so well noted its position in relation to certain ruins and natural objects I should not have recognized it. It was not now a wide opening through which a man might walk; it was a little hole scarcely big enough for a fox to crawl through; in fact, I do not believe there would have been any opening there at all if it had not been for the small animals living in the catacombs, which had maintained this opening for the purpose of going in and out. It was broad daylight when I found this entrance. Of course I did not attempt to do anything then, but in the night, when there was no moon, I came with a spade. I enlarged the hole, crawled through, and after a time found myself in the passageway, which was unobstructed."

"Now, hurry on," said Mrs. Crowder.

"I brought no rushlights with me this time," said Mr. Crowder. "I had a good lantern, and I walked steadily on until I came to the third transverse passage; I turned to the left, counted three more passages; I turned to the left, I walked on slowly, I examined the left-hand wall, and apparently there were no open tombs. This startled me, but I soon found that I had been mistaken. I saw some tombs which were not open, but which had been opened and were now nearly filled with the dust of ages. I stopped before the first of these; then I went on and clearly made out the position of another; then I came to the third: that was really open, although the aperture was much smaller than it had been. It did not look as I remembered it, but without hesitation I took a trowel which I had brought with me, and began to dig in the nearest left-hand corner.

"I dug and I dug until I had gone down more than two feet; then I dug on and on until, standing in the passage as I was, I could not reach down any deeper into the hole I had made. So I crawled into the tomb, crouched down on my breast, and dug down and down as far as I could reach.

"Then," said Mr. Crowder, looking at us as he spoke, "I found the box."

A great sigh of relief came from Mrs. Crowder.

"I was so afraid," said she—"I was so afraid it had sunk out of reach."

"No," said he; "its weight had probably made it settle down, and then the dust of ages, as I remarked before, had accumulated over it. That sort of thing is going on in Rome all the time. But I found my box, and, after hours and hours of wandering, I got out of the catacombs."

"How was that?" we both asked.

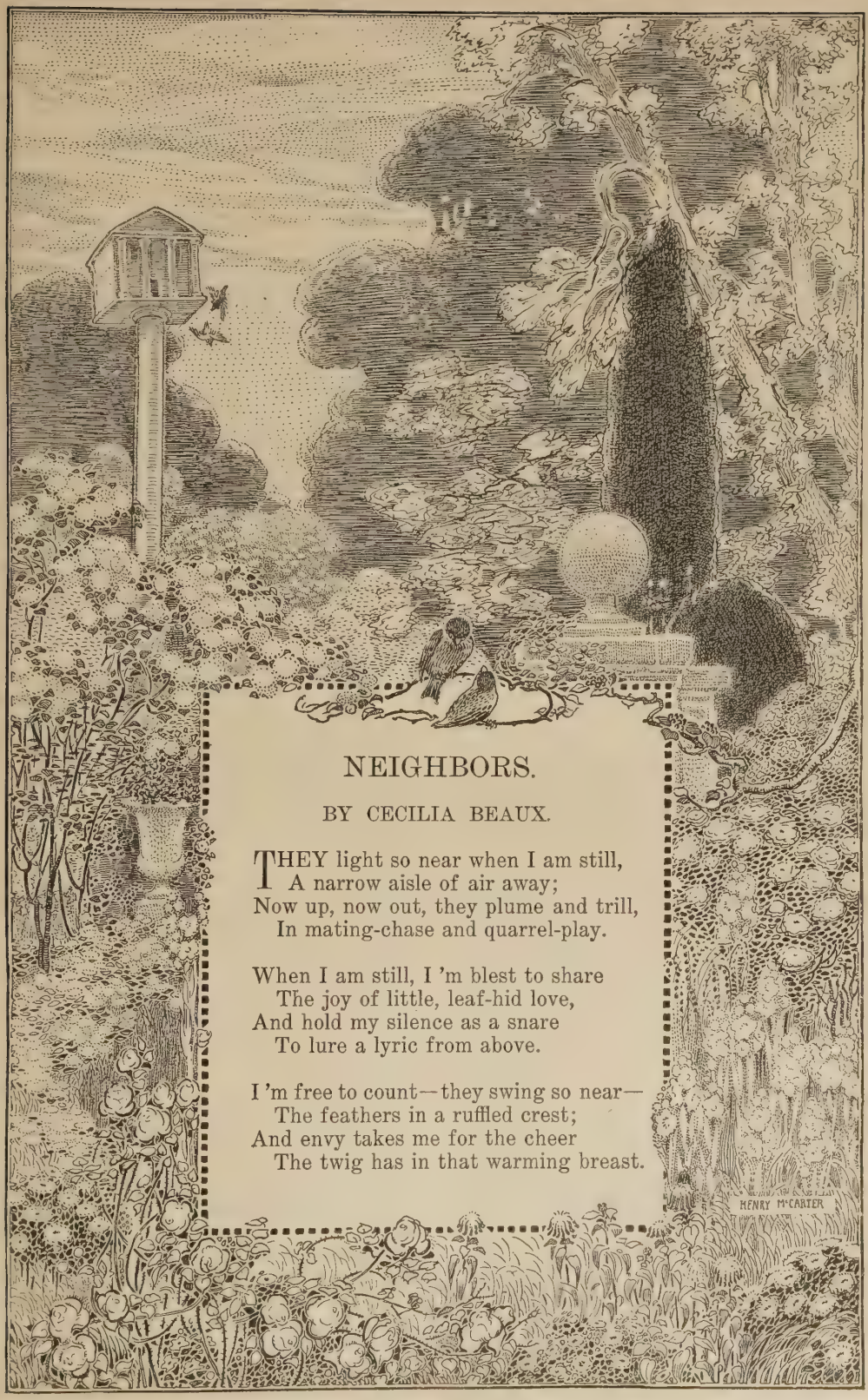
"I was so excited at the recovery of my treasures after the lapse of three centuries that when I turned into the first passage I forgot to count those which crossed it, and I got my mind so thoroughly mixed up in regard to this labyrinth that I don't know when I would have found my way out if I had not heard a little animal—I don't know what it was—scurrying away in front of me. I followed it, and eventually saw a little speck of light. That proved to be the hole through which I had come in."

"What did thee do with the jewels?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

Her husband looked at his watch, then held it with the face toward her.

She gave a cry of surprise, and we all went up-stairs to bed.

(To be continued.)



NEIGHBORS.

BY CECILIA BEAUX.

THEY light so near when I am still,
A narrow aisle of air away;
Now up, now out, they plume and trill,
In mating-chase and quarrel-play.

When I am still, I 'm blest to share
The joy of little, leaf-hid love,
And hold my silence as a snare
To lure a lyric from above.

I 'm free to count—they swing so near—
The feathers in a ruffled crest;
And envy takes me for the cheer
The twig has in that warming breast.

HEROES OF PEACE.

VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVERS.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

FOR many years before the United States life-saving service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained, along the coast of that State, houses of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers, who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews. This volunteer life-saving service is still kept up, and is able not only often to render effective assistance to the regular government crews, but occasionally, also, to save life when the nearest United States life-saving station is too far from the scene of disaster for its crew to arrive in time. The rivalry between these two corps has been most generous. There have been no bickerings, no attempts of one to outwit the other, but a singleness of impulse to serve in the cause of humanity. Naturally the gold and silver medals awarded by the United States government for heroism displayed in saving life have been more frequently bestowed upon members of the regular service, as this extends along our entire seaboard and lake coast, but the volunteer corps has had its share of honor.

Captain Joshua James of Hull, Massachusetts, is the hero of this volunteer corps. In less than twenty-four hours he saved twenty-eight lives from four vessels, stranded during a heavy gale and snow-storm in Nantasket Roads. On the afternoon when the storm began, and it became apparent to him that there was danger of vessels in the roads dragging from their anchorage, he assembled a crew, and got the Humane Society's boat and apparatus ready. Soon afterward his foresight was justified. A large schooner came ashore, and he was able to get her crew off with the breeches-buoy. The second vessel struck a rock too far out to be within range of the gun. At nine o'clock at night Captain James ordered the surf-boat launched, and, after a desperate pull, managed to heave a line aboard the vessel, by means of which her crew were hauled into the boat. On the way in a man was lost overboard, but was recovered. The boat was tossed about among the rocky ledges, and so many oars were broken that it became impossible to do more than keep the boat head on to shore, and allow it to be hurled in. At three o'clock the next morning Captain James assembled a second crew and went to the aid of another vessel, and he made a fourth rescue during the forenoon. Captain James received the gold medal for his services on this occasion. His first crew was similarly honored, the members of the second receiving silver medals.

This volunteer corps has had its tragedies. When the British brig *Aquatic* stranded off Cuttyhunk, Timothy Akin, Jr., with a volunteer crew, launched the Humane Society's boat and pulled out into the darkness and the storm. For a while signals from the wreck were kept up. Then they suddenly stopped. All night long almost the entire population of the island watched on shore for the boat's return. But nothing was seen or heard of it or the crew until, at dawn, a man who had been watching a little apart from the rest ran up, and with pale face and trembling lips announced that he had discovered a body on the beach at the edge of the surf. The crowd followed him to the spot. When the ice and sand were washed off the dead man's face, the body was found to be that of Captain Akin, the gallant leader of the volunteers.

No detail of the catastrophe was known until the brig was reached by the United States life-saving crew, when the sole survivor of the volunteer crew, J. H. Tilton, was found aboard. Curiously enough, he was the only one among the volunteers who had not known how to swim. The life-boat had got near enough to the brig to hail her, and was laying to, when a wave, combing over a submerged rock near by, broke over the boat and capsized it. There was no outcry; in fact, not a word was spoken by any of the struggling men, except that Captain Akin, knowing Tilton could not swim, called out to him to lay hold of an oar. Tilton managed to scramble on to the bottom of the boat, which drifted near the brig. The body of one of the volunteers, Isaiah Tilton, was washed up on Gay Head, across

Vineyard Sound, almost at the threshold of the house in which he was born.

But by far the greater number of medals for heroism displayed in saving life from drowning have been awarded to individuals—people from the most varied walks of life: men of high social position, Western Indians, a Southern negro, pleasure-seekers along the coast, a Japanese cabin steward, steamboat men, and officers and men of the United States army, navy, and revenue-cutter service. Every section of the country seems to have contributed its hero or heroes to the roll of honor. There are also heroines on that roll. A number of women hold silver medals, and two women the gold medal. Silver medals have also been awarded to mere boys and girls for displays of daring far beyond their years. Frederic Kernochan was a lad when he received a silver medal for saving a woman from drowning in the Navesink River, near Highlands, New Jersey; and Marie D. Parsons a girl of only ten years when she rescued a child at Fireplace, Long Island. Nor was Edith Morgan of Hamlin, Michigan, much beyond girlhood when she tried, with her father and brother, to row to a vessel capsized three miles out. Beaten back by the heavy waves, she aided in clearing away the logs and driftwood from the beach so as to make a track for the surf-boat. At a previous rescue she had stood for six hours in the snow, hauling at the life-line, in landing sailors from a wreck.

Three women and a lad did excellent work at the rescue of the crew of the bark *Martha P. Tucker*, when the latter was wrecked near Point Lookout, Long Island, in August, 1893. The bark had successfully weathered the gale that swept away so many lives and wrought such devastation along the sea islands of Georgia and South Carolina. But a second storm struck her about midnight of August 28, off Barnegat. Fearing that she would be blown on to the Jersey coast, her captain hauled her off to the eastward. But in a southeast gale such as was then raging, the Long Island coast is an equally terrible lee. In fact, under such conditions these two beaches are the Scylla and Charybdis of our Atlantic coast. Each is a hundred miles long; they lie almost at right angles to each other; and unless a vessel that has lost her power of working to windward can by some miraculous chance make one of the narrow channels leading into New York Bay, she will find herself swept on to one or the other of these fatal lees.

On the morning of the 29th, while the bark was laboring in heavy seas, she was attacked by a squall so sudden and intense that her sheets parted and her sails were torn from the bolt-ropes. The sailors were aloft, casting off the tattered remnants, when a temporary lift showed a low beach backed by a range of sand-hills. The bark's master, realizing that stranding was inevitable, called the men down from the yards, ordered the helm up, and beached her, head on. She had no sooner struck than the seas began tumbling in over the stern like a cataract.

The Point Lookout crew was off duty at the time, and the station was in charge of the keeper, Andrew Rhodes. His daughter had visitors from New York—Mrs. Rene Southard, Mrs. Celia Raynor, and the lad Riley Raynor. The latter discovered the stranded vessel at about six o'clock in the morning, and at once reported the wreck to Keeper Rhodes. The latter summoned an Italian, Michel Alaniello, watchman at a near-by hotel, and the two men, with the boy, ran the beach apparatus cart out of the station. But the load proved too heavy, the wheels sinking so deep into the sand among the beach hills that the three were unable to move the cart. Their vain efforts were witnessed from the station by Miss Rhodes and her friends; and when it became apparent that what might prove a fatal obstacle to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew had been encountered, the three women rushed out into the storm, and lifted with the men at the wheels. With their united efforts they were able to get the cart down to the harder beach; and the women, their clothing bedraggled and water-soaked, returned to prepare the station for the sailors, who, they knew, would, if saved, be brought ashore in a chilled and almost exhausted condition.

The rescuing party was now joined by Keeper Van Wicklen of the Long Beach station, and a telephone lineman, J. Carter. They laid a rude platform of wreckage for the gun. The first shot fell true over the jib-boom, where the crew had sought refuge. When the line had been secured the women appeared again upon the scene, and aided in hauling the sailors ashore. The entire crew of eleven was saved, several directly through the efforts of the women, and all indirectly; and the women also did much toward making the sailors comfortable at the station.

Miss Bertie O. Burr, a young woman of Lincoln, Nebraska, rescued two of her friends from drowning, under most heroic circumstances. She received the silver medal, and

undoubtedly would have received the gold one, were not the award of the latter limited by law to rescues from the perils of the sea and the Great Lakes.

Miss Burr and several friends were bathing in the Blue River, below the town of Crete. Shortly after she entered the water, one of her friends was seen to throw up her hands suddenly and vanish beneath the surface. Miss Burr at once struck out for the spot. The girl had already sunk twice when Miss Burr, reaching her, buoyed her up, and began swimming with her toward shore. But the river, swollen by recent rains, was swift and deep, and when the young rescuer had nearly reached the bank, the current swept her and her burden out again, and both sank. On rising to the surface, Miss Burr, without relinquishing her helpless charge, again swam for the shore, succeeded at last in reaching it, and landed her companion in safety. Hardly had she gained a foothold when more cries for help went up. Another of the girls, unable to swim, had, in the excitement of the moment, taken a step too far into the stream and been swept into deep water. Hearing the alarm, Miss Burr, without a moment's rest, bravely plunged again into the swollen river, reached the girl just as she was sinking for the third time, and saved her. Miss Burr had not wholly recovered from the effects of a recent illness, a circumstance which makes these rescues the more remarkable.

Miss Edith Clarke of Oakland, California, while a pupil at the convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at that place, saved a schoolmate who was drowning in Lake Chabot, swimming out to her, and supporting her with one arm, while she paddled with the other and trod water until help came from shore.

The roll of government medal awards shows there is nothing which tends more to make the whole world kin than the heroic impulse. Two of the earliest awards were to men in wholly different stations of life, whose heroism, however, was called out by the same catastrophe. The capsize of William Garner's schooner-yacht, the *Mohawk*, in New York harbor, was a tragedy which American yachtsmen will never forget. Mr. Garner, unable to save his wife, remained in the cabin and was drowned with her. Several lives were saved in that disaster by J. Schuyler Crosby, a well-known New-Yorker, and Carl Fosberg, a seaman on the yacht, who dashed into the rapidly filling cabin at their own most deadly peril.

Three of the humbler heroes on the honor roll received their medals for rescues made in localities as far apart as Apia, Samoa, and Gray's Harbor, Washington. When, during the hurricane at Apia, the *Vandalia*, her deck awash, was swept afoul of the *Trenton*, Lieutenant John S. Wilson was thrown from the rigging into the seething water. He managed to obtain a precarious hold on the Jacob's-ladder of the already tottering mainmast of the *Vandalia*. In this predicament he was seen by Fugi Hachitaro, the Japanese cabin steward of the *Trenton*, who, climbing over the *Trenton's* stern on to the projecting end of the *Vandalia's* main-yard, made his way inboard, and assisting the injured officer to the yard, held him there until a line was thrown from the flagship. A few minutes later the mast snapped. At Gray's Harbor two Indians of the Quinaiult Agency, Jonas and Sampson Johns, swam with a line through a heavy surf to a shipwrecked vessel, and were thus the means of saving her crew.

The remnant of an Eastern tribe, the Indians at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, rescued many of the survivors of the wreck of the *City of Columbus* on the Devil's Bridge ledge. In that disaster the inrush of the sea was so sudden that many aboard the steamer were drowned in their cabins. Others perished of cold in the rigging. The Indians in the surf-boat labored among heavy seas from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon. Those whom they had rescued they had conveyed to the revenue cutter *Dexter*, which was anchored in a position of great danger near the wreck. There was much wreckage thrashing about the stranded steamer, and this, with the constant breaking away of the upper works and the force of the receding waves from the ledge, made it impossible for any boat to get near enough for those in the rigging to be taken directly into it. They were obliged to jump, and many were injured by the wreckage, or so badly disabled that they were drowned before they could reach the boat.

At three o'clock two men still remained in the rigging. To all appearances they were dead, for neither had been seen to move for a long time. The Indians were exhausted, and to get these men off it would be necessary to board the wreck. In this emergency Lieutenant Rhodes of the *Dexter* offered to make an attempt to reach the men in the rigging, if he could obtain a trusty person to steer and manage the boat. First Lieutenant W. D. Roath volunteered for this duty. When near the wreck, Lieutenant Rhodes secured

a line about his person and plunged into the debris. But the wreckage obstructed his course; he was injured, and it became necessary to haul him back. Undaunted by this failure, he made another attempt an hour later, and succeeded in reaching the rigging. To extricate the two bodies the ratlines had to be cut. The fact that these two men were dead made the attempts at rescue the more heroic. To all appearances they were already dead when Lieutenant Rhodes plunged for the first time into the wreckage; but he twice risked his life on the slight chance that they might not yet quite have perished in the piercing cold.

The rescue of Miss Carrie Maffitt by Richard F. Warren, near Wilmington, North Carolina, has a double touch of the heroic, owing to the bravery displayed by Miss Maffitt herself. She had been carried out two hundred yards, and was about giving up when Mr. Warren reached her. He encouraged her, and having told her to cling to his shoulders, began swimming in with her. After he had swum in part of the way, his strength began to give out, and his strokes became more labored. Noticing this, the brave girl said: "If you don't think we can reach shore, I 'll let go. There 's no reason why both of us should perish." Mr. Warren, however, declined to abandon her. "Put one hand on my shoulder, and try to swim with the other," he said. She did as he told her, and in this way he was able to carry her safely ashore.

One day, while bathing off Long Branch, Richard Stockton of Trenton, New Jersey, found himself suddenly caught in a seapuss. He managed to extricate himself, and reached shore only after a most violent struggle for his life. Just after he had saved himself he heard an outcry from the water. Turning, he saw another man being drawn under by the treacherous eddy. In a moment Mr. Stockton, forgetful of the danger through which he himself had just passed, was in the water again, swimming to the drowning man's rescue. The latter grabbed him by the throat, and he was obliged to beat him off before he could seize him and swim toward shore. Even then the man whom he was trying to rescue held on to him with such a grip that his arm was lame for a long time afterward. Fortunately he was able to reach a life-line formed by a number of men who had locked hands and who drew him and his burden ashore.

Cheney R. Prouty of Indianola, Texas, received not only the gold medal of our government, but also that of the British Royal Humane Society, for a most cool and deliberate act of courage. A pleasure-boat in which he and three other men were sailing capsized. This happened late in the afternoon. All clung to the boat until eleven o'clock at night, when it became apparent that the craft, unless lightened, would not remain afloat much longer. Mr. Prouty at once volunteered to let go his hold, and bidding his companions keep up their courage, he struck out into the dark night. He was four hours in the water before reaching the unlighted shore. But, in spite of his own condition, he made his way eight miles to the nearest settlement, secured help, and at once started to the rescue of his friends, whom he was thus able to save.

James Larson, a boatman on North Bay, Wisconsin, in effecting the rescue which won him the gold medal, displayed not only extraordinary heroism, but also a dogged determination in the face of such continuous discouragement as would have deterred many a man, however brave, from attempting the rescue at all. During a heavy gale and snowstorm a number of vessels dragged anchor and were wrecked. The crews of all the vessels save one managed to reach shore. This one had been obliged to anchor near the mouth of the bay, as there was already so much shipping in the safer anchorages. Larson's own boat had been smashed against the rocks early in the storm, which was one of almost unprecedented severity. When he heard the shipwrecked crew's cries for help through the darkness, he tried to fire a line to the vessel with a shot-gun; but the gale made sport of the attempt. He then endeavored to make up a crew from among the sailors who had come ashore; but they refused, and also declined to lend him a boat, for fear it might be lost. The only boat obtainable was a very small one, and before he was allowed the use even of that, he was obliged to deposit its value with the owner. He called again for a volunteer, but no one dared to face the gale with him. Unaided, he then made seven trips between the shore and the wreck, bringing back a sailor each time, until, by midnight, he had saved the whole crew. Each trip was fraught with peril, and the boat was swamped five times; but though he was a poor man, and had risked his life and his scant means, he declined the purse which the grateful sailors made up for him.

Two workmen of Mackinac Island, Michigan, Frank Lasley and Nicholas Shomin, rescued a sergeant and two soldiers of the

Nineteenth United States Infantry from a boat which had capsized during a gale in Mackinac Strait. On hearing of the accident, Lasley and Shomin broke into a shed to obtain a boat which, though very light and "cranky," they knew to be the only one in the vicinity. The shed was on top of a bluff one hundred and fifty feet high, and so steep as to make the descent dangerous even for an unencumbered man; but with wonderful skill and persistence they managed to get the boat to the water's edge, a feat which was not the least noteworthy part of their rescue work that afternoon.

Losing no time, the two men launched the boat. The capsized craft was water-logged, and only about three feet of the forward part remained above water. Lasley and Shomin could not see it, and were obliged to shape their course by signals from shore. When they reached the men, who had been clinging for an hour to that narrow, wave-washed margin between them and death, they found that the rescue would be extremely difficult. Their own boat was a mere shell; the soldiers averaged one hundred and ninety pounds in weight, and were too benumbed to assist to any material extent in their own rescue; so that there was great danger that the boat would capsize and they themselves be lost.

They decided to rescue the sergeant first, as he seemed in the most imminent peril. Bringing the stern of their frail craft bearing toward the capsized boat, they themselves went into the bow to equalize the strain, while the sergeant endeavored to climb in over the end. At last it became necessary for one of the rescuers to venture back and get him inboard. Finally the two soldiers were also safely stowed in the boat. No one ashore expected that this light craft would be able, with its human load, to reach the beach again, and it was freely predicted that the boat would capsize, and five men instead of three be drowned; but Lasley and Shomin proved themselves as skilful as they were brave.

Frank D. Ring of Chicago seems to come East for the sole purpose of jumping into the North River, almost as soon as he has left the train, and saving life in circumstances of such danger to himself that, as a matter of course, he holds the gold medal. On one occasion, as the ferry-boat on which Mr. Ring was a passenger approached the New York slip, a child fell overboard. Mr. Ring at once plunged from the boat and saved her, in spite of the swift tide and the fact that he was wounded in the head by one of the piles of the dock. Before a year had elapsed after this rescue, Mr. Ring, while walking from a train at Jersey City to the ferry-boat, heard cries for help from the water beyond the end of the pier. He was told that an old man had fallen into the river. Waiting only to rid himself of his coat and shoes, he ran out on the pier, sprang from it, and struck out in the direction from which the cries seemed to come. The night was dark and rainy, and after Mr. Ring reached the man he had to support him for nearly half an hour before he got him to the pier. The man was unconscious when rescued, and Mr. Ring had him taken to the baggage-room, and directed the efforts to resuscitate him, which were finally successful.

It was, I think, London "Punch" that once published a drawing in which a man declines going to the rescue of a drowning person because there is no one present formally to introduce them. Rescue from the perils of the sea has not yet been converted into a social function—though, considering the tendency of the age, there is no knowing when it may be, and when all bathing-suits will be provided with little pockets for card-cases, so that, when the would-be rescuer reaches the person who is drowning, they may exchange cards, and decide whether it would affect the social standing of either to rescue or be rescued. At present the roll of government medal awards, with its list of men and women in all stations of life, remains the Élite Directory of Heroism. With what kaleidoscopic rapidity it shifts you from the Atlantic to the Lakes, from the Lakes to the Pacific, from the high sea to inland rivers!—and through what a variety of occupations! No position in life seems too humble to breed its heroes, or too high to extinguish that broad human sympathy which responds at once to the cry for help.

When the United States steamship *Huron* is pounding to pieces on the North Carolina sands, a seaman, Antoine Williams, joins an officer, Ensign Lucien Young, in the desperate attempt to carry a life-line ashore through the surf. Ensign Lovell K. Reynolds wins three medals for a rescue on the high sea; but the Japanese cabin steward Fugi Hachitaro also has his gallantly won decoration. A man falls from a ferry-boat in midstream, of a dark night, in New York harbor. Lieutenant Godfrey H. Macdonald, First United States Cavalry, plunges in after

him and saves him. General Miles's expedition is crossing Frenchman's Creek, Montana. The trample of hoofs, the grinding of wheels, wear away the ford. A soldier is suddenly seen struggling in the swollen stream. Morris Dowd, a private, dashes in, saves him, then dashes in again and saves his horse. Michael J. Bradford and his Volunteer Life-Saving Corps at Atlantic City have many rescues to their credit. William Devan, John Gillooly, and John Tully, boatmen at the Falls of the Ohio, near Louisville, Kentucky, have saved forty-five lives. Flames suddenly burst out upon the steamboat *Seawanahka*, in the East River. Through the scorching heat Captain Charles P. Smith stands by his wheel, and runs the vessel ashore in time to save nearly all the many people aboard her. He himself dies as a result of the injuries sustained that day, before receiving the gold medal awarded him for so heroically facing the most horrible of deaths. John H. Rapp wears a medal given for saving, at various times, some thirty persons by plunging from the wharves of New York to their aid, and rescuing them in circumstances perhaps not as picturesque, but as heroic, as any I have related.

Among the very latest awards of medals was that received by Peter Dodge, a colored man, who participated in a rescue with Dr. Joseph B. Graham, quarantine officer at Savannah, Georgia. These two men went to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when no others would venture. Dodge was Dr. Graham's boatman. Dr. Graham told him that the danger he was about to face was beyond the scope of the service for which he had been engaged, and that he was under no obligation to go. Whereupon Dodge replied: "If you go, I will go too, sir; and with God's help we 'll get there."

Another of the later medal awards went to a Savannah man, Captain W. G. Lee, who began saving life when he was a deck-hand, and continues doing so now that he is master of a steamer. His eight rescues have all been most daring. One of his typical feats of heroism was the rescue of a fourteen-year-old girl and her brother, who, at about half-past ten at night, fell from an excursion steamer in Tybee Roads. Lee did not learn of the boy's danger until he had swum to the gangway with the girl and been hauled aboard. He at once plunged back again. It was intensely dark, and only a break in the brimming of the sea told him where the child was. Reaching the little fellow just as he was sinking, he grasped him, swam with him back to the steamer, and restored him to his almost distracted mother.

Acts of heroism which are remembered and fittingly recognized nearly thirty years after they are performed must be above the average even of the heroic. Far back in 1856, Thomas Sampson, a government secret agent in New York, saved three boys from drowning off Fort Hamilton. The boys, who had been playing on a raft, had ventured too far from shore, and, when their cries for help were heard, had drifted out into the bay. Sampson swam out three times to the raft, each time bringing a boy back to shore. The boy that had been left to the last was almost hysterical when Sampson reached him, and clutched his rescuer so tightly by the throat that the latter had to break his hold. On reaching shore the boy swooned away, and Sampson himself was almost unconscious. Two years later he saved two boys from drowning in Hell Gate, whose currents and eddies were far more treacherous then than now. The government life-saving medals were not authorized until 1874. In 1883 the gold medal was awarded Sampson by special act of Congress.

But to me the most picturesque figure among those who have been honored for imperiling their lives to save the lives of others is Mrs. Martha White of Copalis, State of Washington. She is the only woman, except Ida Lewis Wilson, who holds the gold medal, and the only woman in no way connected with the government service who holds it. The act of heroism for which Mrs. White was honored was only the most conspicuous in a number of rescues in which she had taken part.

Mrs. White lives upon a remote and lonely beach. For many years past, when storms have broken over the coast, she and her husband have patrolled the beach, and have ministered to the wants of many a castaway, besides aiding in rescuing shipwrecked sailors. The rescue for which she received the gold medal was an achievement of which any man might have been proud; in a woman it showed peerless courage.

During one of those winter storms which rage over North Beach (some fifteen miles distant from Gray's Harbor, where the two Indians I have spoken of carried a line out to a stranded vessel) the British bark *Ferndale* struck some two hundred and fifty yards from shore. The cry, "A ship ashore!" aroused the White household. It was half-past three in the morning, but in that raging

storm the hour made little difference. Hastily dressing, seizing a field-glass and a musket and a white cloth to use for signaling, Mrs. White hurried, with her husband, to the scene of the disaster. Through the storm-drift she could, with the aid of the glass, make out a number of sailors in the rigging, while the sea made a clean breach over the vessel.

Mrs. White waved the cloth, hoping the sailors would see it and take courage; but the weather was too thick. She then fired the musket several times; but the flashes were evidently not seen, and the tumult drowned the report. Not knowing how long in that bitter storm the sailors might be able to maintain their hold on the rigging, Mr. White proceeded up the beach to keep a lookout for any one that might be washed up in that direction, while Mrs. White remained near the wreck, waving the cloth, and ever and anon discharging the musket. Suddenly she discovered a man in the breakers. Dropping cloth and musket, she dashed into the surf, drew him up on the beach, and aided him to her home. Returning at once, she saw another sailor unconscious and being tossed about in the surf. Plunging in, she seized him, skilfully floated him ashore, and by rubbing his limbs revived him sufficiently to enable him, with her aid, to reach her house.

She hastened back again to the beach. Far out in the breakers was a sailor struggling in vain to make headway, and evidently on the verge of exhaustion. She was wholly alone on that part of the beach—not a person to go to her aid should she fail. But no thought of self seems to have entered her mind. Throwing off part of her wet and heavy clothing, she dashed into the surf. Just before she reached the man a heavy breaker overwhelmed her. Recovering herself, she seized him and brought him safely ashore. Once beyond the line of the surf, she fell exhausted upon the beach, where she was found and borne to her house, with the still unconscious castaway. The rescued men admitted that, but for Mrs. White's aid, they would have perished.

When, in February, 1897, the North Atlantic Squadron was proceeding to Charleston for manœuvers, it was caught in a cyclone off Hatteras. Among the marines on the battle-ship *Maine* was Axel Nelson, a large, powerful Swede. He had been in the corps less than two years. Already as a recruit he had attracted notice by his strict attention to duty. He "had his drill" in a month, and was so soldierly that he was urged by officers of the corps to take the course for non-commissioned officers. Within less than a year from his enlistment he was an acting corporal. Being as good-natured as he was serious, he was subjected to considerable guying. He said nothing; but one day he took two men who were guying him by the nape of the neck and bumped their heads together. From that time on *they* said nothing.

In the cyclone a man was washed overboard from the *Maine*. Nelson saw him swept over, and immediately sprang into the sea after him. Both were lost. When the news reached the New York navy-yard, an officer under whom Nelson had served said: "That was just like Nelson. He did n't stop to think of danger. He just saw a man washed overboard, and went after him."

In almost all these cases the people who were rescued were wholly unknown to those who saved them. No ties of blood, or even friendship, inspired these rescuers. They acted simply under the impulse of personal courage. For a father or a mother to risk his or her own life to save the life of a child may be a sublime exhibition of the duty which blood owes to blood,—a duty which, if not done, would expose whoever failed in it to the scorn of mankind,—but it is not the highest heroism. To plunge, however, into the dark waters, with nothing but a cry for help to guide you, to launch a boat upon a sea that threatens to overwhelm you, knowing not who clings to that tottering aery in the rigging of the doomed ship but vaguely discernible through the storm, expecting no reward save the consciousness that you have done the duty that manhood owes to itself—that is true heroism.

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—"greater than those who are known"—whose heroism lacks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavor to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonored and unsung! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brokaw Field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented churchyard, or a proud pang in a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

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A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS. BY WINSLOW HOMER.

THE UTE LOVER.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. DEMING.

I.

BENEATH the burning, brazen sky,
The yellowed tepees stand;
Not far away a singing river
Sets through the sand.
Within the shadow of a lofty willow
The tired ponies keep;
The wild land, misted white with sunshine,
Lies wrapped in sleep.

II.

From out a clump of cool green hazel
A low wail floats,
In endless repetition of a wooer's
Melancholy notes;
So sad, so sweet, so elemental,
All lovers' pain
Seems borne upon its sobbing cadence—
The love-song of the plain.
From frenzied cry forever falling
To the winds' wild moan,
It seems the voice of anguish calling,
"Alone! alone!"

III.

Wrought from the winds forever moaning
On the plain,
Caught from the agonies of woman
In maternal pain,
It holds within its simple measure
All death of joy,
Breathed though it be by smiling maiden
Or lithe brown boy.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"FROM OUT A CLUMP OF COOL GREEN HAZEL."

IV.

This magic dwells within the cadence
And short refrain:
It helps the exiled people of the mountain
Endure the plain;
For when at night the stars, aglitter,
Defy the moon,
The maiden listens, leans to seek her lover
Where the waters croon.

V.

Flute on, O lithe and tuneful Utah,
Pipe from the shade;
There are no other joys secure to either
Man or maid.
Soon you shall know the tribal sorrow,
Untouched of mirth,
For on you lies the white man's gory
Greed of earth.

VI.

Strange that to me that burning desert
Seems so dear!
Its flaming sky and lonely mesa,
Flat and drear,
Call me, call me as the flute of Aglar
Calls his mate—
This wild, sad, sunny, brazen country,
Hot as hate.

VII.

Again the glittering sky uplifts star-blazing,
Again the stream
From out the far-off snowy mountains
Sings through my dream;
And on the air I hear the flute-voice calling,
The lovers croon,
And see the listening, longing maiden
Lit by the moon.

AFTER BIG GAME WITH PACKS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES COOPER AYRES, U. S. A.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

THE METHOD OF PACKING A MULE.

FEW probably know that the United States possesses, near Cheyenne in Wyoming, a practical school for the instruction of that much-abused but indispensable animal, the government mule. This higher education is not for the ordinary draft-animal, but is confined to such individuals as have been selected for the loftier service of packing.

Pack-mules have been used in all our Indian wars. Generals Crook and Miles used them constantly in their campaigns in Arizona, and General Brooke employed them at Pine Ridge in 1890.

The feature about a mule that makes him available for packing is the fact that he becomes what the packers call "struck on" a horse. That is, mules, when once infected with this strange infatuation, will follow a horse wherever he goes, never stray far away from him, crowd about him, try to rub him with their noses, and display other symptoms of affection. This fact makes it possible to conduct a pack-train. The horse has a bell strapped to his neck, and is called the bell-horse. The cook of the outfit leads him on the march, and the packs require no driving. They vie with one another in keeping close to their beloved bell.

It is not all plain sailing for the packers, however, as they have to keep incessant watch over the mules, for loads are constantly getting loose and must be readjusted. Occasionally, after going over a steep hill or through a bog, the whole train will have to be "worked," that is, virtually repacked.

Packing is an exact science. Weights must be adjusted so as to ride well up on the back, in order not to compress the lungs of the animal when he is cinched. They must be balanced by raising one side or lowering

the other. The load must be fastened so that no amount of jerking or rubbing will detach it, and at the same time it must be so tied that it can be released in an instant when camp is made.

The organization at Cheyenne consisted of two pack-trains, or rather the nucleus for the formation of two trains, should they be required for actual service. A pack-train should consist of a pack-master, or cargador, a cook, and nine packers, who handle one bell-horse and sixty mules. Deducting the animals for riding and the reserve which is always liable to be necessary, as the packers ride farther and harder than the pack-mules travel, the available train for cargoes amounts to about forty-five mules.

For the two trains at Cheyenne there were a chief packer and the full quota of officers for each train; but only ninety-three mules were kept there, and eight ordinary packers. In an emergency more mules could be added, and, with the assistance of the skilled packers, the additional men necessary could quickly be broken in.

This pack-train was given a daily drill and was always in the highest state of efficiency. Besides the drills a regular march of two or three weeks during the summer, subject to all the conditions of actual service, was required.

No tactics are prescribed in print for packing a mule, but the packers have fallen into a rigmarole that is rather curious to listen to. The cargador, who is responsible for the proper packing of the loads, and a packer stand on opposite sides of the mule, whose eyes are covered with a leather blinder, as he will ordinarily neither start nor kick when prevented from seeing. The orders and replies are something like this, depending upon the conversational talent and the exuberant fancy of the participants.

CARGADOR. Rope; throw it pretty, now. (*Receives and returns rope.*)

PACKER. Got her.

CARGADOR. Good shot. Tied.

PACKER. All right?

CARGADOR. Bet your life. Go it when you 're mad [ready]. (*Both take in slack of ropes.*)

PACKER. Lots of rope.

CARGADOR. Come down. (*Pulling on rope.*)

PACKER. Good.

CARGADOR. Come down.

PACKER. Right.

CARGADOR. No rope.

PACKER. Tie her loose.

While this rather bewildering conversation is going on, the diamond hitch is being adjusted, ropes are flying about, and the poor mule is being cinched within an inch of his life. The rapidity with which two good packers would adjust the loads on a pack-mule was always astonishing to me. The diamond hitch is a mystery in itself to tenderfeet. The ropes whirl about apparently in the most inextricable confusion, the packers "come down" on them with all their weight, a loose knot is tied, and the mule can roll down a hill without freeing himself from his pack. Two expert packers will pack a mule, when everything is ready, in about one minute.

Mr. Thomas Moore, the chief packer, was a gentleman of great experience and wonderful resources, who had, notwithstanding his rough life, found time to read a great deal and keep up with the times. He invented various appliances connected with packing, planned the best army-wagon that has yet been devised, and was the patentee of a double boxing for wagon-wheels that has a promising future. When General Flagler, afterward chief of ordnance in the United States army, was engaged in getting up at Rock Island Arsenal the admirable packing outfit for the Hotchkiss mountain gun used throughout the army, he sent for Mr. Moore and was materially assisted by him.[1]

I once asked Mr. Moore what he considered the most difficult thing he had ever had to pack. After some thought he said that he believed that "about the most unhandy thing he had ever tackled" was a millstone weighing eleven hundred and fifty pounds. Now, the ordinary load for a mule is about three hundred pounds, so here was evidently an opportunity for mind to triumph over matter.

Mr. Moore overcame the difficulty in this wise: He got out two stout hickory poles about thirty feet long, and supported the ends on either side of two of his strongest mules. The stone was placed on these poles and lashed securely, but in such a way that it could be made to slide along the poles. On level ground, of course, the stone would be kept at the middle point of the poles. In going up a hill the rear mule would evidently have more than his share of the load, so the stone was moved up toward the foremost mule, while in going downhill the reverse

[1] The above was written in 1894. I regret to state that Mr. Moore died about two years ago, but his work survives, and some of his pupils performed splendid service on the road from Daiquiri to Santiago, last summer. J. C. A.

would obtain, and the stone was moved nearer the rear mule. It was, of course, a very heavy load, but they carried it through without a sore back. Great ingenuity has been displayed in packing mill machinery, though the pieces are seldom so heavy as this millstone. A wire rope would sometimes take ten or twenty mules, coils of two hundred pounds being packed on each animal, with a slack of fifteen or twenty feet between.

The mules of the Cheyenne train are taught to form line in front of their aparejos, or pack-saddles, with almost as much regularity and promptness as a company of soldiers. The bell-horses of the two trains are stationed at the ends, and the mules fall in between. The aparejos are set up generally in a straight line, with the blankets and coronas on them. The corona is a pad of felt or blanket that is placed next to the animal's back. Then come the blankets, and on them the aparejo. Each mule has his own corona, and to distinguish them they are embroidered with particular designs.

As far as possible the name of the mule furnishes the design. For instance, Polly has a parrot, Sullivan a pair of prize-fighters, Minnie some minnows, Nibsy a fish, Buck, Cub, Fly, etc., their appropriate pictures. Some of these designs are very well made, but others are grotesque in the extreme. The embroidery is generally what the ladies would call appliqué, and in colors. The packers assert that some of the mules know their own coronas and always take their proper places in the line, but this I am inclined to doubt.

The value of a thoroughly organized pack-train has always been fully appreciated by the general officers who have commanded the Department of the Platte. So much of the country in Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and South Dakota is inaccessible to a wagon-train that the packs have frequently been called upon. The late General Crook gave the pack-train great attention, and often made practical work for it in time of peace by using it in hunting big game. His wonderful success in Indian warfare was probably due more to the knowledge of the country and of the various tribes obtained on these extended hunting expeditions than to anything else. The Indians have the greatest respect for a good hunter, and the Gray Fox, as General Crook was called, had their implicit confidence until his death.

When General Brooke was in command of the department, he gave great attention to his pack-train. He has seen its necessity in every part of the West, for his knowledge

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ELK "MILLING."

of the Plains and mountains goes back beyond the Civil War, in which he won the two stars of a major-general at the age of twenty-five. In the campaign of 1890 and 1891 the importance of the packs was further impressed upon him in the Bad Lands, near Pine Ridge, and he always gave the pack-train a thorough overhauling when he visited the post, Fort D. A. Russell, of which Cheyenne Depot is a part.

The general is also a Nimrod of no small fame, and it was his custom annually to test the efficiency of his train by taking it on a hunt in the mountains. It is astonishing what a difference a few days of actual field-work under the immediate supervision of the general make. Camp is pitched as if by magic, the loads of the mules seem to fall off at their proper places without the slightest friction, the fires are going and water boiling, mules are cared for, supper is eaten, and the packers are singing "After the Ball" before green hands could have put up a tent.

The hunt of 1893 was in the Sierra Madre and Park Range mountains of southern Wyoming. We left our comfortable car at old Fort Steele, once a well-built military post on the Union Pacific Railroad at the crossing of the North Platte, but since abandoned and looking more cheerless than the catacombs. Our course was south, and our first march to Saratoga, twenty-eight miles, was rather a long one for a starter. We got into camp, however, in good shape, just in time to escape a little flurry of snow.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

HOW BAT SHOOTS.

On the third day, as we journeyed southward, we crossed a vast plain which possesses great historical interest. Here was once the Nijni Novgorod of America, and years ago this place was even more wonderful than the remarkable city on the Volga, that perennially blooms into a huge metropolis and again fades into a hamlet.

The creek that runs through it, and the mountain that looks down upon it, were called the Grand Encampment, but the great

meeting from which they are named is a thing of the past.

Thirty years ago, as soon as the grass of this broad savanna became green, a universal peace was tacitly declared among the Indian tribes, and caravans started for the Grand Encampment from every point. Soon the banks of the creek were dotted with tepees, thousands of ponies grazed on the fertile meadows, and the wilderness became an immense market. For weeks war was forgotten and the arts of peace were cultivated.

Scattered in picturesque groups, these children of the plains and mountains made their bargains, raced their ponies, showed their marksmanship, displayed feats of agility on foot or on horseback, while the squaws labored in the camp and applauded the exploits of their lords. How often has a whole tribe been ruined because one pony could run faster than another! How often has a buck lost his all, not excluding his better half, by his ill luck with the stones or bones, his rude substitutes for dice!

With that wonderful sign-language, the Volapük of the plains, the various tribes easily conversed. The encampment was a vast market. The sheep-keeping Navajoes brought their famous blankets, so closely woven as to be impervious to water; the Pawnees, always great hunters, brought buffalo-robes, elk teeth, and bear claws; the Shoshones, eagle feathers for war-bonnets and clay for peace-pipes; the Osages, osage-orange wood, the *bois d'arc*, for bows; the warlike Utes, flints for arrow-heads, sinews for strings, and skins for clothing and tepees: every tribe brought something and carried away something else.

The Grand Encampment is a thing of the past. The Indians have little to trade, and the killing of the buffalo and other game on the plains has made it impossible for them to make long journeys. The valley is now dotted with ranches, and its post-office bears the inappropriate name of Swan.

We had intended to establish our camp on the summit of Grand Encampment Mountain, but we found that the snow was already two feet deep there. This would drive the game to better grazing-grounds, and besides make very uncomfortable hunting, so we continued our course south to the Colorado line.

We crossed and recrossed the State line several times, and finally, after a long, hard march, camped after dark by the light of pine fires beyond the continental divide, on a branch of the Snake River.

Our hunter and guide *par excellence* was Baptiste Garnier, or "Little Bat," as he was generally called. He was five feet six inches tall; his frame was well knit; every muscle was developed; his lungs were as sound as an antelope's; his eye had the power of a microscope; and a rifle had been his plaything since boyhood. His father was French and his mother Indian, and he inherited the energy, bravery, and endurance of the old Canadian voyageurs, with the remarkable observation and instinctive knowledge of topography and of the habits of animals of the aborigines of the plains. His mission in life seemed to be to kill, and probably his aggregate bag would surpass that of any other hunter in this country. He kept a record only of the bears he killed, and that record had then reached eighty-five. Mr. Webb Hayes, son of the late ex-President, who was one of our party, called him "the greatest hunter in the world." His wonderful powers of trailing game were our admiration. He would ride along on his pony and occasionally make such remarks as, "Two mountain-sheep crossed there yesterday," or, "A blacktail deer and fawn passed along here this morning," and we would look in vain for a sign. He would trail a deer or an elk at a trot, and presently remark, "He 's over in those bushes," and, sure enough, there he would be.

He had the true Indian taciturnity about his success as a hunter. Mr. Collins of Omaha likes to tell a story of one of Bat's elk hunts. He was on a hunt with General Crook some years ago, and one afternoon strolled off alone and on foot. When he returned at dark, Mr. Collins said, "Well, Bat, did you see anything?" "Saw thirteen elk," was the reply, with an intonation that seemed to end the conversation. Mr. Collins persevered: "Did you get any of them?" "Yes; I got them." He had actually slaughtered the whole band of thirteen elk.

This was a possibility in one way: If the leading bull was killed and the hunter remained unseen, the cows and young bulls would lose their heads and get to "milling," as it is called; that is, they would revolve about their dead leader, too frightened to escape. This was what had happened in the case of Bat's band, and he had relentlessly shot them all down.

Mr. Hayes, to whom I referred a moment ago, once participated in a little bear episode that very narrowly missed putting the White House in mourning. Hayes, then a youngster, was hunting deer with General Crook, but had strayed from the main party, unattended except by a colored cavalryman

named Hawkins. In the course of their wanderings they accidentally found a bear-hole. The ambition to kill a bear captured Hayes. He did not know much about killing bear, but the first thing evidently was to find out whether Bruin was receiving that day. So Hayes stood guard while Hawkins took a peep into the cave, which was some ten feet up the bank. Hawkins presently dropped down, with eyes like search-lights. "He 's dar sure 'nough, Marsa Webb."

This was encouraging; but the bear was comfortable and declined to give up his nap. Then these two enthusiasts proceeded to throw stones into the hole from a distance of only a dozen feet. Hawkins finally landed one that hurt, and the bear came "a-running," with a roar that took half a dozen shades out of Hawkins's face. There was nothing to do but shoot, and Hayes shot, and fortunately lodged his bullet in the neck of the beast, breaking his backbone.

As hunters generally calculate upon putting something like a pound of lead into a grizzly before he succumbs, and as this one could easily have eaten up both Hayes and Hawkins if he had had another minute to live, it is evident that the shot was a remarkably good one.

The day after we made permanent camp we started early and went out in couples, so as to cover as much territory as possible. The first day is always more of a reconnaissance than a hunt, as it is necessary to discover where the game is likely to be found.

The only two who had any luck were the general and Bat. They had found a band of elk and had killed four out of it, and Bat had shot a blacktail deer that he said would persist in getting in his way. They had seen a number of blacktails besides, but did not shoot them, because the firing would have frightened the band of elk. The general had killed a magnificent bull with immense antlers and felt correspondingly happy.

The following day five of us went out with Bat to make another attack on that band of elk. We took some pack-mules along to bring in the elk killed the day before and those that we hoped to kill. Under Bat's leadership we wound through a pine forest, up a valley, over a range of hills, and finally debouched upon an opening on the mountain-side. Here Bat ordered a halt. He dismounted and examined every point of the country with his field-glass. In a moment he announced that there was a band of elk on the slope of the second range of hills in front of us. Presently we could see them with the naked eye, looking like moving specks on the distant hillside.

Bat immediately signaled us to move forward down the hill, keeping well covered by the pine-trees. He then proceeded leisurely to roll a cigarette. We made out that the elk would probably cross over the ridge of the hill they were on, and that we would then be able to approach them. Where we had seen them there was no cover. We waited fully half an hour, and then mounted and followed Bat's lead down a steep gulch, through fallen timber and over a mountain stream. The road he took us was no boulevard.

At length we came out on the top of a hill from which we could see the elk, not five hundred yards distant. There were about forty of them. Bat left us here and again reconnoitered. We ate our lunch and waited. Every few minutes the indescribable whistle of a bull-elk would sound upon the crisp, wintry air. Their whistle is a beautifully clear note, sometimes covering nearly an octave. I know of no musical instrument that could exactly reproduce it. Perhaps a silver flute would come nearest to it.

After a while Bat came back and took us by a circuitous route to a still nearer point. It would be a fair shot at an animal as large as an elk at five hundred yards, but an Indian likes to have a sure thing, and if he can find cover, will crawl up till he can almost touch the game with the muzzle of his rifle. Then he will carefully adjust the two sticks that he always carries so as to form a rest, and only when he thinks he is perfectly sure does he pull the trigger. Bat is a splendid snap-shot, but he always uses the sticks if he has time, and never shoots beyond a hundred yards if he can help it.

This time he brought us up to within fifty yards of the elk, but they saw us as soon as we did them, and were off. We kept up a fusillade as long as they were in sight, and then proceeded to take account of stock.

We found we had killed six out of the band, four bulls and two cows—not a bad day's work. It is not always easy to pack fresh meat, and an elk head with antlers is especially obnoxious to a mule. Blinders are always put over a mule's eyes when he is being packed, but even when his eyes are covered he will often object to the smell of blood. His nose must then be well rubbed with blood, and sometimes it is necessary to tie his legs together before he will allow the disagreeable burden to be placed upon his back. In this instance there was no special

difficulty, and we were soon on our way to camp, each of us claiming all six of the elk, as we could not tell who had killed them.

On the march in, Bat, with his conscienceless mania for killing, shot a snow-shoe rabbit. This is a species I had never seen before. The feet are webbed like those of a duck, a provision of nature to enable the animal to make his way over the snows that are almost perpetual where he makes his home.

When the sun went down the mercury made such a decided drop that the poetical camp-fire of huge pine logs was not comfortable, and we found the prosaic Sibley stove in our big circular tents much more conducive to story-telling. The Indian hits it pretty well when he says, "White man makes big fire and can't get near enough to it to get warm. Indian makes little fire and keeps warm."

Those tent-walls listened to some startling fishing and hunting stories, as the smoke from cigar and pipe coiled around the tent-pole.

One of our party had led a very adventurous life on the plains. After the Civil War, which he left as a captain, though only a boy, he joined his brother, who was United States marshal at Salt Lake City, and became his deputy. During the Mormon troubles he personally arrested Brigham Young. Thousands of Mormons had gathered, and a sign from their prophet would have precipitated a conflict that would have exterminated the Gentiles in Utah for the time being. The sign was not given, and the prisoner was marched to the court-rooms.

The mob, however, could not be dispersed, and finally an appeal was made to Brigham Young. He stepped to the window, looked out upon the dense mass of fanatic saints, and simply said, "Go to your homes now; when I want you I will send for you." The crowd melted away like a fog, and the officials had no further trouble.

The two brothers afterward established stage lines all over the Western country from Omaha to Salt Lake. At one time the younger brother, who was paymaster and inspector, traveled over twelve hundred miles of stage lines every month. Let our railroad managers who cruise about their lines in well-stocked private cars think of this record. Only a man of the splendid physique of our friend could have stood the strain.

Some of his stories rivaled Mark Twain's matchless tales of Slade and the road-agents in "Roughing It." By the way, he had a little anecdote of Slade that displayed a curious phase of his character. Slade was eating dinner at the hotel at Laramie City when an army officer entered with a friend who knew Slade. The officer was a slim and rather undersized young fellow, only recently from West Point. His friend wanted to do the polite thing, and introduced him to Slade. Slade stretched out his hand for the inevitable shake, but the officer drew back, and said in a perfectly audible voice, "I do not want to know the murdering scoundrel." Everybody began to get ready to dodge, expecting Slade's ready pistol to answer this deadly insult, but he merely laughed and went on with his dinner.

When gold was found in the Black Hills, the brothers had a stage line from Sidney, on the Union Pacific, to Deadwood, and thousands of adventurers rushed to that point. All the coaches and wagons and horses that could be obtained were put into service, but it was simply impossible to carry the crowd. Through tickets were sold by the railroads at Eastern points, and the stage line was expected to take care of all comers.

A railroad magnate who knew the situation pretty well asked our friend one day how he managed. "First-rate," he replied: "those who have first-class tickets have their baggage carried, and ride *if there is room;* the second-class passengers have their baggage carried and walk; the third-class walk and carry their own baggage." This was almost literally true. Wagons were sent out piled up with bags and satchels, forty men following on foot.

Stages were "held up" daily. The company carried valuables in a treasure-coach, but no treasure on the passenger-coaches, and the robbery of the passengers was of no consequence. In fact, this systematic plundering benefited the company, for it compelled the fortune-hunters to send their valuables by express, for which service they were charged *seven per cent. of their value.* The treasure-coach was built of boiler-iron and accompanied by six men armed to the teeth. In their bullet-proof citadel they could successfully stand off half a hundred road-agents.

Scott Davis was the Slade of this line, without Slade's shady record previous to becoming superintendent. Davis was a man of powerful physique, dauntless nerve, and wonderful endurance, with an eye like an instantaneous camera, and a trigger finger that could follow the lightning flash of his eye.

Hundreds of stories are told of his prowess. One or two will suffice as samples. One day he was lying at a stage-station, wretched and feverish from a bullet-wound he had received in the leg, when it was reported that seven stage-horses had been stolen by three men. He got up at once, mounted his horse, although every movement of his leg was agony, rode twenty miles, and overtook the thieves at a haystack where they had put up for the night. Davis first reconnoitered and then fearlessly attacked them single-handed. He killed one man, and the other two fled, leaving the horses behind. Exhausted, he slept soundly that night on the hay beside the dead robber. At daybreak he was again in the saddle. He rode all day to Green River, managed to get the drop on the two thieves in a saloon, and marched them both to jail. They afterward served sentence in the Wyoming State penitentiary.

At one time six men combined to kill Scott Davis. They went to the stage-station, "held up" the hostler, whose name was Mike (his other name is lost to history), and tied him securely in the barn. As a special favor, Mike begged to be taken into a shed at the rear of the barn, for he said that barn would be no place for a Christian when Davis got there. When the stage arrived, of course Mike did not appear. This aroused Davis's suspicions, and he leaped from the box to the side of the coach opposite the barn, and got behind a tree. The six conspirators opened fire, but could only hit the tree. Finally one of them brought out Mike, and using him as a shield, advanced toward the tree. Davis let them come half-way, and then quietly said: "Mike, don't you think you had better stop? If you come any farther, I shall have to shoot that thieving scoundrel *through your body*." Mike was not in an enviable position, to say the least. With a six-shooter at his ear and a Winchester at his heart, he was far from happy. He knew Scott Davis, however, and not another step would he budge. His convoy finally retreated, and Davis successfully held the whole six men at bay until assistance arrived.

Delaney, the pack-master, came in one night much excited, and reported that he had found a bear-hole with many fresh "signs" near it, but no bear. He thought Bruin had gone off on a berrying expedition and might be back the next day. So the following day he guided Bat and myself to the hole, which was in a deep ravine, about thirty feet from the bottom. Sure enough, fresh signs were abundant. We could see the grizzly's tracks and the fresh dirt thrown out by his powerful claws.

We reconnoitered carefully. Bat was general-in-chief. We all waived rank, even to the general himself, when Bat took command. He posted me on the other side of the ravine, immediately opposite the big hole, which was so deep and so much inclined that we could not see into it. Delaney took station above the hole on the same side, so as to rake him fore and aft if my broadside failed to make him strike his colors. Then Bat examined his gun carefully, cocked it, and rolled stones down toward the hole. No results. Then Bat redistributed his forces. I moved up a little nearer, and Delaney was posted in a tree within forty paces of the hole. Bat threw some more stones, and succeeded in dropping some into the hole. Still no bear. Then Bat took a stand behind a tree on the opposite side from Delaney, came to a "ready" with his rifle, and directed me to fire into the hole. Without flinching, I sent three shots from my Winchester into that hole, but still the enemy failed to appear.

Bat then motioned to Delaney, and they approached the hole cautiously and peered in. Would that I could state that Bruin lay at the bottom of the hole with one of my bullets through his heart; but truth compels me to say that the hole was empty, but one wall was frescoed with three bullet-holes. Bat decided that the bear had abandoned the hole two or three days before, for some unknown reason, and gave it as his opinion that he would not return.

One day we had a snow-storm that lasted until late in the afternoon. After the snow ceased falling I mounted my trusty mule and made a circuit of a couple of miles, hoping to find the fresh trail of an elk in the snow. I returned to camp without seeing anything. Shortly afterward Bat came in from an expedition on foot, and reported that he had crippled two elk only a hundred yards beyond where my trail turned back. This was a little discouraging. He said it was too dark to go after the elk that night, but that he would get them in the morning. Bright and early we started out next day, and easily found one elk. The other had mysteriously disappeared.

Suddenly Bat bristled with excitement and announced that a bear was after the wounded elk. We followed the trail rapidly on horseback until it became pretty fresh and plunged down a ravine. Bat dismounted, and two of us elected to accompany him on foot. We know better now. It was not so bad while we were going downhill, but presently the

bear decided to run up a hill, and after that he made it a practice to go up a hill as soon as we were beginning to get any semblance of breath.

We were ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and my wind is not the best at any time. I never was half so completely blown in my life. Bat trotted along as fast as we would let him, not minding it in the least. Presently our bear was joined, as shown by the trail, by another large bear and two smaller ones. We now evidently had the whole family before us, and were reminded of Goldilocks and her surprising adventures with the great big bear, the middle-sized bear, and the little wee bear. The big bear in this instance must have been a monster, for he had a trail like his Post-tertiary cave prototype.

Once the bear family halted, and Bat, who was in the lead, got in a shot. After that the big tracks had a red stain alongside them, but the pace only seemed to grow hotter, and it was soon evident to Bat that he could never overtake the enemy with his full-blown assistants.

He reluctantly gave up the chase and mounted to the summit of a neighboring hill that commanded a turn in the course of the gulch. From this point we rolled boulders down into the ravine for half an hour, hoping to dislodge the grizzlies and drive them up the opposite side, where we could get a shot at them.

Bat brought out the whole force of hunters the next day, and gave his entire attention to that bear family for a whole day, but we never found them again. A grizzly bear is no fool, and has no desire to stay in the vicinity of a man who has killed eighty-five of his species.

The general was a thorough sportsman, and would countenance no wanton destruction of game; so as soon as we had all the elk meat we could properly use, we broke camp and started for the railroad. We had few farewells to make. Only a camp-robber (a pretty and lively little gray-bird) and a squirrel had called upon us, though the long leaping trail of a mountain-lion ran within fifty yards of our camp, and we had several times heard his unearthly scream.

We were a hundred miles from our car; it took us four days to make the march; but we had had a great hunt: every cell of our lungs had expanded to drink in the glorious mountain air, and we felt equal to a ride of a thousand leagues over those glistening peaks and through those fragrant forests.

AT SARANAC LAKE.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

LONESOME BAY!—the thoughtless name
Of those who find its hush to blame,
Counting as naught the shy life there,
Convivial with mountain air
As if with wine, yet half subdued,
As fits the whispering spruces' brood.

Aloft the hen-grouse gossips cluck,
Afloat I hear the splashing duck;
Where mosses pave a woodland street
Are prints were made by slender feet,
For there, in cool first light of dawn,
A doe comes wading with her fawn.

And out in the lake a loon's shrill cry
Laughs at the name the bay goes by.

ALEXANDER'S MIGHTIEST BATTLE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: EIGHTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

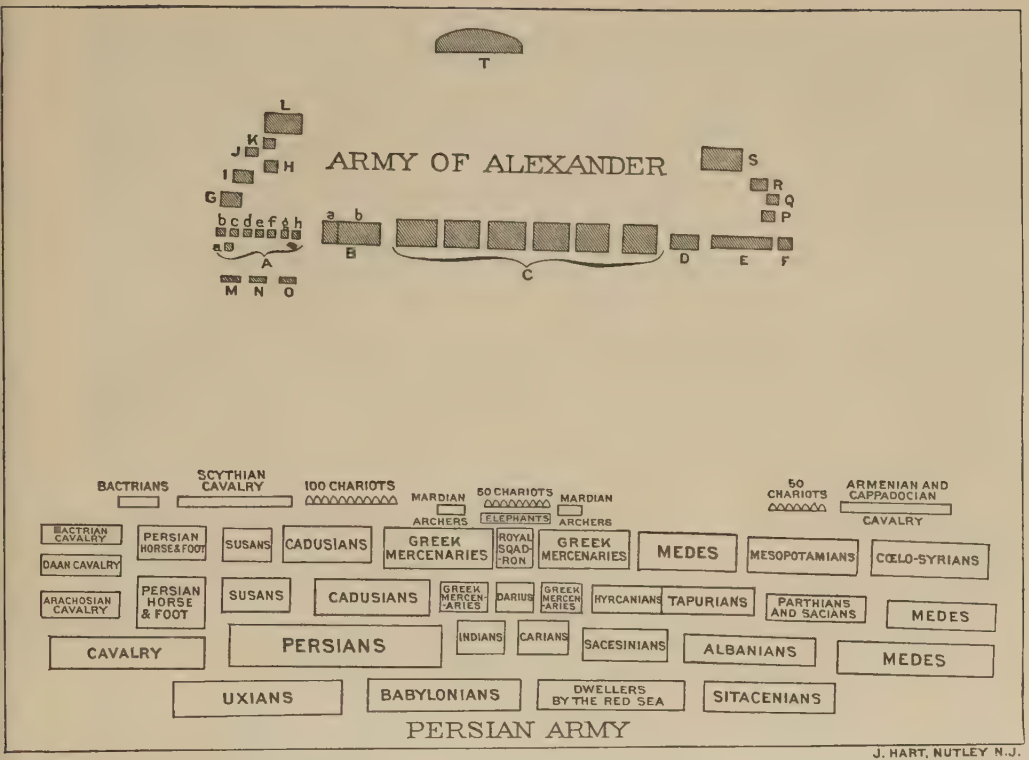
THERE is no record of the time at which Alexander's army left Tyre, but it must have been in June or July (331 B. C.), for not until late in July was the Euphrates crossed at Thapsacus, nearly three hundred and fifty miles to the northeast. Curtius Rufus trespasses on credulity, and claims that the actual march from Tyre to Thapsacus occupied only eleven days. A company of engineers had been sent in advance to construct bridges over the river, probably light, temporary structures of wood, or pontoons; and when Alexander arrived at Thapsacus, he found two bridges nearly complete, but they had not been carried entirely to the farther shore, because a Persian force of five thousand men was posted there on guard. At the approach of Alexander, these troops, however, fled, and the bridges were speedily finished. Thapsacus (see map, page 243), near the modern Rakka (Nicephorium), where the Euphrates is to-day about seven hundred and fifty feet wide, was in antiquity a usual place of crossing; nowadays the caravans cross the stream a little farther up, at Bîr, on their way to Aleppo, a hundred miles or more to the west from Rakka.

It was now in the heat of midsummer, and Alexander, in the interest of the health of his troops, avoided the plain of Mesopotamia, and instead of moving southeast toward Babylon, marched to the north, keeping the Euphrates on his left, until he reached the highlands at the foot of the Armenian mountains. This route, in addition to the advantage of climate, afforded better means for provisioning his army. Persian scouts who were taken prisoners here told that Darius had left Babylon and was now encamped, with his army, on the eastern side of the Tigris, by Gaugamela. He had surmised that the march of Alexander would bring him to the Tigris near this point, and had taken his position there with a view to defending the ford.

The spot he had chosen lay near the village of Gaugamela, but vulgar tradition has always associated the name of the battle that was to follow with Arbela (modern Erbel), a city some fifty miles to the east. Near this point the great routes of inland communication met and crossed, as they do to-day, at Mosul, hard by on the western bank, and as they had done from the dawn of history, when Nineveh, whose unheeded mounds were now almost in sight of the camp, was the goal of all the caravans. Here passed the great road joining Susa to Sardis and the far West, and here met it the eastern route from Ecbatana (modern Hamadan), farther Asia, and India, the southern route from Babylon and the Persian Gulf, and the northern from Armenia and the Euxine at Trebizond.

The trade routes between India and the Western world were in antiquity, as they have been ever since, the great arteries of the world's wealth.[1] They gave life to the lands through which they passed, as the sweet Nile waters do to the deserts traversed by their branches and canals. Their changing courses have all through the ages determined the flow and deposit of wealth and the location of empire. The lands and the wealth Alexander was to conquer had been enriched by the overland trade which for centuries had found its outlet through Phenicia to the West. His later discovery of the sea route from India to the Persian Gulf offered the suggestion of another route, which, with the breaking up of his empire, made for a while the shorter land way up the Euphrates valley, on the line of the medieval and modern Busrah, Bagdad, and Damascus, the preferred highway. But as the Parthian empire (second century B. C. to the third century A. D.) rose to throttle this, another way prepared by Alexander, that by the Red Sea, Egypt, and Alexandria, came in to take its place, and in Roman times Egypt was the great distributing center. Then for a while Constantinople, then the Mohammedan rulers of Egypt

[1] For the suggestion of the ideas embodied in the following paragraph I am largely indebted to my colleague, Professor Morse-Stephens.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF GAUGAMELA, AS ARRANGED BY THE AUTHOR.

ALEXANDER'S ARMY, 7000 CAVALRY, 40,000 INFANTRY.

A, Heavy companion cavalry, commanded by Philotas (circa 1800): *a*, agéma of Clitus, Alexander; *b*, ile of Glaucias; *c*, ile of Ariston; *d*, ile of Sopolis; *e*, ile of Heraclides; *f*, ile of Demetrius; *g*, ile of Meleager; *h*, ile of Hegelochus, the royal pages.
B, Hypaspists, commanded by Nicanor (circa 5000): *a*, agéma of the hypaspists; *b*, the other hypaspists.
C, Infantry phalanx (circa 24,000): *a*, taxis of Cœnus; *b*, taxis of Perdiccas; *c*, taxis of Meleager; *d*, taxis of Polysperchon; *e*, taxis of Simmias; *f*, taxis of Craterus.
D, Allied cavalry under Erigyius, circa 600.
E, Thessalian cavalry under command of Philip. }
F, Thessalian cavalry from Pharsalus, commanded by Parmenion, who also commanded left wing. } 1800.
G, Mercenary cavalry of Meindas, 500.
H, Sarissophors (cavalry) of Aretus, 500.
I, Pæonians of Ariston, 500.
J, Half of the Agrianians, commanded by Attalus, 500.
K, Macedonian bowmen, commanded by Brison, 500.
L, Mercenaries of Cleander, 4000.
M, Half of the Agrianians, circa 500.
N, Half of the bowmen, circa 500.
O, Javelin-men of Balacer, circa 500.
P, Mercenary cavalry of Andromachus, 500.
Q, Odrysian horsemen of Agathon, 500.
R, Allied cavalry of Cœranus, 500.
S, Thracians of Sitalces, 4000.
T, Baggage-train under guard of Thracian infantry, 1000.

and Persia, controlled the trade, until, with the close of the crusades and the increase of the European demand for luxuries, it passed into the hands of those who from the north coasts of the Mediterranean distributed to Europe, and Venice and Genoa emerged into greatness and wealth. Then came, with Vasco da Gama's discovery of the route around the Cape of Good Hope (1497), a violent diversion from the old channels. Lisbon became the distributing center for Europe, and the riches of India poured into the lap of Portugal. The Dutch and English were content to play the part of middlemen, and to distribute from Lisbon to northern Europe, until Spain laid her hand on Portugal, and the folly of Philip II in closing the port of Lisbon to Dutch and English vessels sent first Dutch (1595) and then English ships (1601) direct to India, and destroyed the monopoly of the Indian trade which Portugal for a century had maintained. The result is the wealth and empire of England. Now, in these latter days, the opening of the Suez Canal has brought the trade route back to one of its old channels, and made it essential for England to hold Egypt. It will not be long before a railway connecting the Levant with the head of the Persian Gulf will reopen another route, and recent movements indicate that Germany aspires to this task. A third route through Persia or Turkestan and Afghanistan lies before the eyes of Russia. The iron rail is a firmer bond than the tracks of ships, and the old caravan routes will yet reassert themselves.

When Alexander heard that Darius was

awaiting him, he advanced directly toward him, and coming to the Tigris, crossed it immediately by a ford which, to his surprise, he found unguarded. The place of crossing was probably near the modern Jesîre, some eighty miles above Gaugamela, where the river, broadening out to a width of a thousand feet, offers an easy ford. After the troops had passed the ford there occurred an eclipse of the moon, which at first inspired apprehension; but when Aristander, the prophet, interpreted it as implying disaster to the Persians, and reported that the signs from the sacrifices were propitious, they moved forward. This eclipse occurred, as the calculations of modern astronomers have shown, on the evening of September 20, 331. Alexander must have spent, therefore, nearly two months in Mesopotamia. The direct distance between Thapsacus and Gaugamela would have been no more than two hundred and fifty miles.

The army of Darius had been brought together of the most various elements composing his vast empire. The remotest nations and tribes had furnished their contingents—Scythia, Bactria, and Sogdiana, Arachosia, Arabia, and Armenia. For a year the host had been assembling. By constant drill and careful organization it had been brought to a grade of effectiveness supposed far to surpass that of the mass which met Alexander at Issus. Its numbers the cautious Arrian puts at one million infantry and forty thousand cavalry. The scythe-bearing chariots, a peculiar Persian institution, of which one naturally hears nothing at Issus, were here brought into play to the number of two hundred. They consisted of the ordinary two-wheeled battle-chariot, equipped with long sword-blades extending from the axle-ends, generally with a cant toward the ground, also from the body of the axle toward the ground. Sometimes these blades were also attached to the pole and to the body of the chariot. The apprehension which this mechanism caused in advance among the opposing troops seems not to have been justified by the result. Darius, taught by the experience of Issus, had carefully selected a place level and wide enough to give his army free play. Where the ground was uneven he had, for the benefit of the chariots and the cavalry, leveled it out; in fact, he had prepared a graded battle-field.

Alexander advanced with great caution to meet him. There was nothing of the reckless dash which characterized the approach to Granicus. He was now in the heart of the enemy's country, hemmed in by river and mountains, in the face of a vast and well-organized army encamped on a battle-field selected for its own advantage. Everything was staked on the issue of this single conflict. On the morning of September 21 he broke camp and advanced, keeping the river on his right and the mountains on his left. On the fourth day, the 24th, his scouts reported the appearance of hostile cavalry in the distance on the plain. It proved to be a body of about a thousand horsemen, who quickly fled when attacked. From the prisoners taken it was learned that Darius was near by. Alexander, for the purpose of resting his army, made a fortified camp, and remained quietly there four days. On the 29th the preparation for advance was again begun, and in the middle of the night the army, leaving behind in the camp all the baggage and the non-combatants, advanced, expecting to join battle at daybreak.

On their approach the Persians assumed battle array. The Macedonians, climbing a low range of hills, suddenly came in sight of the vast host filling the plain before them, less than four miles away. They were just beginning to descend the hills; a short hour more, and the great battle would be on. Suddenly the order was given to halt. A council of war was called. Should they attack immediately? The battle ardor was already awake with the sight of the foe, and many said yes; but Parmenion and the cooler heads thought it best to reconnoiter. It was untried ground. Who knew if concealed ditches and stakes had not been set to hinder and entrap the advance? Was it wise to attack without studying the disposition and arrangement of the enemy's line? Parmenion's view prevailed.

The army encamped in order of battle. Alexander, with a body of light infantry and the hetairoi, set out to reconnoiter the field. So the forenoon passed along. Alexander returned and called another council. Careful instructions were given to all the officers. Each was to carry a word of exhortation to his command. The Persian army all this time remained under arms, in nervous expectation of an immediate attack. The afternoon wore away. Still no order to advance was given. Dinner-time came, and after dinner the men were sent to rest. The night of the 30th of September drew on. Still the Persians remained mistrustfully at their arms in the plain below.

It is a striking picture, brilliant in contrasts, which Plutarch gives us in his ac-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ALEXANDER AT THE ALTAR-FIRE ON THE EVE OF GAUGAMELA.

count of the night and its scene: the quiet and dark of the camp on the hill, offset against the hum and glare from the plain; on the one side, Parmenion and the staff, from their somber outlook surveying the world of fact about them; on the other, Alexander by the altar-fire before his tent, seeking communion with the inner world of mystery.

"On the eleventh night after the eclipse of the moon, which occurred in the month Boëdromion, and about the beginning of the mysteries-fête at Athens, the two armies lay in full sight of each other. Darius, with his troops under arms, was passing about among the lines and holding review by the light of torches; Alexander, his Macedonians asleep, was busied, out before his tent, in performing, with the help of Aristander, the diviner, certain mysterious rites, and in sacrificing to the god Fear. Meanwhile, the king's staff, and especially Parmenion, when they beheld the whole plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains all agleam with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the confused, indistinguishable sound of voices and the noise arising out of the camp like the distant roar of a vast ocean, were overwhelmed with amazement at the thought of such a multitude, and expressed among themselves the opinion that it would be a most serious and hazardous venture for them to engage battle with so vast an army in open daylight. They therefore waited on the king when he came from sacrificing, and besought him to attack the enemy by night, and so conceal with the cover of darkness the fearful peril of the coming battle. To this he gave them the memorable answer: 'I steal no victory.'"

In this Parmenion spoke the professional, Alexander still the amateur. Battle was to the latter still a form of sport, and there were rules to the game, and a standard of sportsmanship to be observed. And yet, as Arrian estimates, his decision was also based on proper calculation of advantage. He was unwilling to take the chance of such accidents as would be incident to a night attack. He had confidence in his own military superiority, and he preferred a regular game accurately played.

One result of his continued delay was that his soldiers gained the night's rest, while the Persians entered the battle, the next morning, wearied by a night's watching and worrying. If the battle had been ordered on the morning of the 30th, when the troops first arrived on the scene, the conditions would have been the reverse. The Macedonians had been marching half the previous night.

Late at night, after the generals had left him, Alexander "lay down in his tent, and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was his wont, to the great astonishment of the generals who came to his tent at dawn, and who were obliged to take upon themselves the unusual responsibility of ordering the troops to breakfast. At last, when the time was pressing, Parmenion went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by name till he awakened him. Then Parmenion asked him what was the matter with him, that he should sleep the sleep of a victor, rather than that of a man who had before him the mightiest battle ever fought. With a hearty laugh, Alexander replied: 'What! Does n't it seem to you as if we had already conquered, now that we are at last relieved of the trouble of wandering around in a wide, waste country, hunting for the battle-shy Darius?'"

On the morning of October 1 (331 B. C.) the two armies stood arrayed against each other. The Macedonian force numbered about forty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry. It sufficed only to oppose the center of the enemy's line. Far out beyond either wing, ominously menacing the flanks, this line extended. Not by force of numbers, however, or by weight of masses was this battle to be won, but by disposition of troops and direction of the thrust. The full, accurate, and perfectly intelligible account which has survived to us makes it possible to appreciate distinctly the reason for the result. The splendid tactics of the battle of Gaugamela, even if nothing else were known of him, would mark Alexander as a master of military science.

To protect his line from being surrounded, Alexander set a reserve column in rear of each flank, so that by facing about it could meet an attack on the flank or rear. He prepared as usual to open his attack by a charge of the picked cavalry, the hetairoi, against the left of the enemy's center. The question was one of finding precisely the point to strike, and he watched his opportunity with the eye of a hawk until the point developed. He began by a sidewise movement of his line to the right. The Persians followed suit, shifting toward the left and keeping their left wing still far beyond his right. Soon the movement threatened to bring the Persian line beyond the ground which had been specially leveled for the

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE CHARGE OF THE PERSIAN SCYTHE CHARIOTS.

chariots, and Darius, to check it, opened the battle by sending his Scythian and Bactrian cavalry around the Macedonian right wing for a flank attack. The detachment of Greek cavalry sent to meet them was at first repulsed, but others came to their aid, and after a sharp engagement, in which Alexander's men lost heavily, the enemy was held in check. Meanwhile the scythe-bearing chariots had come on at a gallop against the phalanx in the center. This was intended to break up the solid mass of the phalanx, but the attempt proved a failure. Many of the chariot horses were disabled by javelins, many were caught by the reins, and their drivers killed with the sword before ever they reached the phalanx-line; such as escaped passed through the lines of the phalanx, which, in well-disciplined response to previous orders, opened to receive them, and then quickly closed again.

The shifting of the Persian line to the left had opened a gap in their front. Alexander saw his opportunity at a glance. Massing his attacking force, a part of the phalanx, headed by the hetairoi cavalry, by a quick manœuver, into a flying wedge, he turned sharply with an oblique movement to the left, smote at the opening, and burst into the midst of the very center of the host, straight toward the spot where the Shah was posted. It was sudden and relentless as a bolt from the clouds. Nothing could withstand, as nothing ever had withstood, the

The ascent and gateway of the upper city

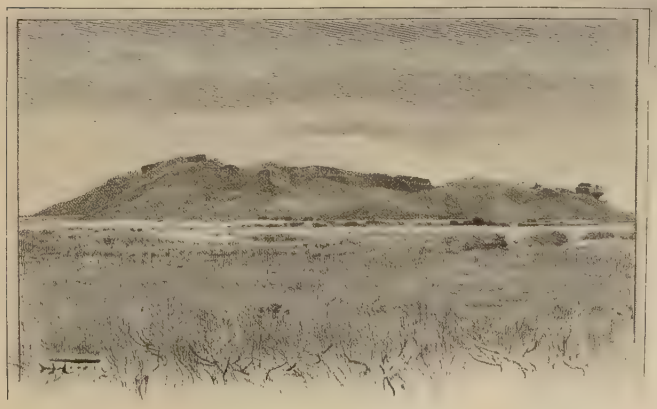
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY DR. WILLIAM HAYES WARD

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

MODERN ARBELA.

furious onslaught of this matchless cavalry squadron, backed by the long pikes and solid front of the phalanx. The Shah, whose charioteer was pierced by a spear, turned and fled for his life. The first rank reeled back upon the second, which in the sudden panic gave it no support, but was instantly in confusion and directly in flight. The whole center and the left, struck by the cavalry of the right wing, melted away.

Meanwhile the Parthian, Indian, and Persian cavalry of the Persian right had burst through the opening in the Macedonian line made by Alexander's sudden attack, and cutting his left wing entirely off from the army, burst through upon the camp behind.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY DR. WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

VIEWS FROM TWO SIDES OF THE MOUND WHICH MARKS THE SITE OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

The left was now entirely surrounded, and, under the furious attack of Mazæus, leading the Armenian and Cappadocian cavalry of the Persian right, was threatened with extermination. Parmenion sent to Alexander for aid.

The reserve column behind the Macedonian right now faced about, and with a sharp attack routed the Parthians and Indians, driving them back through the gap by which they had come. As they scurried back, they met Alexander with his hetairoi, advancing across the field to the aid of Parmenion on the left. Here arose a furious fight, the flying cavalrymen seeking to cut their way through to safety, the hetairoi stubbornly holding them in check. In the few moments of the struggle, sixty of the hetairoi lost their lives, but of the enemy only a few cut their way through. Meantime the Thessalian cavalry of the left wing, second in prestige only to the hetairoi, had brought the onslaught of Mazæus to a check. A few moments of standstill, then came the break

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

and turn, and before Alexander had reached the scene the Persian right had joined the rest of the vast army in furious, confused, disgraceful flight.

Now the pursuit began. Thick clouds of dust, out of which came the sound of cracking whips and the beat of hoofs and the confused voice of fright, concealed the panic-stricken rout. The Macedonians plunged in, and slaughter held its carnival until night took pity on the vanquished.

Alexander pressed on beyond the river Lycus, and halting there to give his men and horses rest, started again at midnight and forced his march through to Arbela, fifty-five miles from the battle-field, in hope of overtaking Darius. But the Shah had allowed himself no rest. The loss of time which Parmenion's call for help had cost had saved the Shah from capture. He was now miles beyond reach, and the victor must be content, as at Issus, with the empty symbols, the chariot and the spear and bow. The Shah, accompanied by his body-guard and an escort of Bactrian cavalry, had fled far

ARCHERS OF THE ROYAL PERSIAN GUARD.

From a photograph of one of the friezes of enameled brick discovered at Susa by Dieulafoy, and now in the Louvre Museum. This was found in the hall of state of Artaxerxes II, King of Persia.

to the east into Media. His army was scattered to the four winds. Thousands upon thousands were captive. The slain no man could count. The greatest battle in the record of the ancient world had been fought. The issues of centuries had struck their balance in a day. The channel of history for a thousand years had been opened with a flying wedge.

Leaving the Shah for the time being entirely out of account, precisely as he had after Issus, Alexander recrossed the Tigris and started directly south on his three-hundred-mile march toward Babylon. Here he was received without opposition, probably with genuine welcome, and, as in Egypt, showed in everything kindliest consideration for the feelings of the population. He allowed them to show him the wonders of their city, and gave orders to restore the temple of their great god, Belus; he accepted the instructions of the Chaldean priests, and, in careful regard for their advice and directions, offered his worship at the altar of Belus. The sight of Babylon and the consciousness of what it meant to be its lord quickened in him the growth of the idea to which Tyre and Egypt had given the first impulse—the idea of a world, now so diverse in its outward expression, ultimately united in and through the person of him whom the course of events, if not the purpose of fate, was now making its universal lord.

From Babylon he advanced to Susa, the capital proper of the Persian empire, which, with its enormous treasure, fifty thousand talents ($65,000,000), fell without a blow into his hands. Still leaving Darius and the Northeast unheeded, he pushed out into Persia proper, forcing his way through the Uxians, whom he subjugated and put under tribute, and scattering the army of the viceroy, Ariobarzanes, who ventured to oppose him. Persia now lay open to him. The royal cities, Persepolis and Pasargadæ, were promptly occupied, and here again the heaped-up bullion of the empire revealed itself in enormous stores. If Curtius Rufus and Diodorus are to be trusted, one hundred and twenty thousand talents were found in the former city, and six thousand talents in the latter. The stories of the other treasures found in Persepolis became for after-time the typical dreams of Oriental wealth

and abundance. Jewels, furniture, rugs, utensils in the precious metals, enough to load ten thousand pairs of mules and five thousand camels, Plutarch says, were found at Persepolis. These objects must have come chiefly from the royal palace, which seems to have constituted the principal part of the city—if indeed it was a city at all, in the ordinary sense.

Before leaving Persepolis, where, according to Plutarch, he tarried four months (the winter season), Alexander caused the palace to be burned. The different accounts are somewhat at variance as to the degree of premeditation involved. Plutarch, Diodorus, and Curtius Rufus tell a story which represents the thing as the outcome of a particular carousal. This is Plutarch's tale: "When he was about to set forth from this place against Darius, he joined with his companions in a merry-making and drinking bout, at which their bona-robas were present and joined in the debauch. The most celebrated of them was Thaïs, a girl from Attica. She was the paramour of Ptolemy, afterward King of Egypt. As the license of the drinking-bout progressed, she was carried so far, either by way of offering Alexander a graceful compliment or of bantering him, as to express a sentiment which, while not unworthy the spirit of her fatherland, was surely somewhat lofty for her own condition. For she said she was amply repaid for the toils of following the camp all over Asia that she could this day revel in mockery of the haughty palace of the Persians. But, she added, it would give her still greater pleasure if, to crown the celebration, she might burn the house of the Xerxes who once reduced Athens to ashes, and might with her own hands set the fire under the eyes of the king; so the saying might go forth among men that the little woman with Alexander took sorer vengeance on the Persians in behalf of Greece than all the great generals who fought by sea or land.

"Her words were received with such tumults of applause, and so earnestly seconded by the persuasions and zeal of the king's associates, that he was drawn into it himself, and leaping up from his seat with a chaplet of flowers on his head and a lighted torch in his hand, led the way, while the rest followed him in drunken rout, with bacchanalian cries, about the corridors of the palace. And when the rest of the Macedonians learned of it, they were delighted, and came running up with torches in their hands; for they hoped the burning and destruction of the palace was an indication that his face was turned homeward, and that he had no design of tarrying among the barbarians."[1]

This story, though not mentioned by Arrian, is probably true; at least, such a scene as this probably attended the setting of the fire; but it is not necessary to suppose that the idea originated in the mind of Thaïs. Arrian's statement shows it was premeditated by Alexander, and discussed beforehand with Parmenion, who opposed it. It was planned and put upon the scene as a great symbolic act representing, in the form of a revenge for Xerxes's destruction of Athens, an announcement to the world that the empire of Persia was finally humbled and destroyed. This was Alexander's idea, but it appears to have been a poor one. We are not apprised that the deed was attended with political gain, and the general sentiment must accord with Arrian's, who says: "Alexander does not seem to me to have acted on this occasion with prudence." This was also Alexander's opinion later.

CAPITAL OF A COLUMN FROM THE HALL OF STATE, SUSA. DISCOVERED BY DIEULAFOY, AND NOW IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM.

[1] The princes applaud, with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.
DRYDEN, Feast of Alexander.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE DEATH OF DARIUS.

(SEE PAGE 244.)

Though Alexander had now in possession the capital, the treasure, and the family of the Shah, and had burned his chief palace, the Shah himself was still at large and the tiara erect. At Ecbatana, five hundred miles north of Persepolis, he had taken up his residence, and quietly waited there, ready to take advantage of any change which might arise in Alexander's fortunes, or, in case Alexander should advance against him, to avail himself of the way of retreat open behind him into Hyrcania or Parthia, that which is to-day northeastern Persia. In preparation for the extreme necessity, he had sent the women, his treasure, and other property, together with his covered traveling-carriages, on to the mountain pass called the Caspian Gates. For Darius to pass the Caspian Gates meant that he forsook the domain proper of the Persian empire; for though his sway had extended over Bactria and Sogdiana, and in a half-recognized authority over the nomads of the North, still he would be a fugitive headed toward the uttermost frontier, and at the mercy of roaming Scythian tribes outside the pale of orderly civilization and state.

When the spring opened (330), Alexander began his march toward Ecbatana. As long as there was still a shah, the conqueror's title to exclusive empire was not beyond dispute. Alexander's ambitions had grown with the months, and he no longer was satisfied to be the leader and unifier of the Greeks. There rose already before his mind the vision of a world-empire united in the person of one who was neither Greek, nor Egyptian, nor Assyrian, nor Persian, but a world-man, above the limitations of nations and blood, above the conventions of usage and religion. This ambition could be fulfilled only when he had the person of the Shah within his control.

At first he heard the Shah was planning to give him battle, and proceeding cautiously, prepared for battle, he was after twelve days within the bounds of Media. The word came that the king, disappointed in his reliance on aid from the Cadusians and Scythians, was preparing to flee. When but three days distant from Ecbatana, Alexander learned that the Shah, taking with him seven thousand talents of money and accompanied by about nine thousand troops, had fled the city five days before. The final and decisive reason for the abandonment of his plan of resistance was a division of counsels among his generals, whereby one party, headed by Nabarzanes, the commander of the Persian cavalry, and Bessus, the satrap of Bactria, insisted on a transfer of the military authority to Bessus and a withdrawal into Bactria, with hope of bettering their fortunes. The partizans of Bessus urged the hopelessness of resistance, and the popularity of Bessus among the Bactrians and their Scythian neighbors, in support of their scheme; but the Shah, while compelled, in his helplessness, to accede to their plan of flight, still clung to the tiara and the name of king. Our knowledge of these incidents rests solely on the authority of Curtius Rufus, the main features of whose story must represent a historical basis, though some of the details, perhaps, are dreamed. After entering Ecbatana it became evident to Alexander that conditions had assumed a new and final form. Darius was no longer Shah, but a fugitive without city, army, or throne, at the mercy of the satraps of the Northeast, and no longer dangerous, except as a symbol or an article of barter in their hands. It became now merely a task of rescuing him from them.

An important step which the king took at this time indicates the ripening of the new status. He dismissed the Thessalian cavalry and the other Greek allies, sending them back to the sea and making preparations for their transportation to Eubœa. Each man was paid for his full time reckoned to the date of the arrival home, and two thousand talents was given for distribution among them all. Such as wished again to enlist were allowed to do so. Those who did entered upon a new career. The original plan of the great expedition was completed. Now there lay before them the uncertainties of a venture out into the dark of the unknown Northeast. They were no longer following the standards of the Hellenic champion; they were attaching themselves to the personal cause of a leader whose schemes transcended the vengeance due upon Xerxes, and who no longer could act the simple rôle of a young Achilles.

With the burning of the royal palace at Persepolis the work which Alexander, five years before, at the Congress of Corinth, had bound himself to perform was given its spectacular finale. The allies, whose presence in the army was a standing testimony to the contract and alliance framed at Corinth, were now dismissed in token of the completed work. Throughout all the campaigns up to this time it is to be noted that the allied infantry had been employed only for garrison duty or reserve. The allied cavalry, among whom the Thessalians con-

stituted the most trusty element, had served in battle, but under Macedonian leaders. Whether the Greek states had wished to furnish troops or not, it is evident that Alexander had no great desire for them and probably little confidence in them. Enough were used to keep up the appearance of an alliance; but now that the news of Antipater's victory at Megalopolis had come, no further solicitude for Greek coöperation was felt, and the guise of alliance could be dropped. So Greece was finally retired from the partnership, and henceforth sank into the background. It was now four years since Alexander had left Europe (in the spring of 334), and he was destined never to see it again; the remaining seven years of his life were to be occupied in subduing the eastern half of the Persian empire. Rapidly the ties slackened that bound him to the West. The dream of his youth melted away, but a new vision in larger perspective arose with ever-strengthening outlines in its place. The champion of West against East faded away in the mist, and the form of a world-monarch, standing above the various worlds of men and belonging to none, but molding them all into one, emerged in its stead.

Leaving six thousand men of the phalanx as guard of the treasure now assembled into Ecbatana, he started out on his new campaign. With him he took the old reliable elements of his army, the hetairoi cavalrymen, the archers and Agrianians, the mercenary cavalry under Erigyius, and the remainder of the phalanx. Now began a series of rapid forced marches to the east. Men and horses dropped by the way in fatigue. On the eleventh day he was at Rhagæ, near the modern capital of Persia, Teheran, two hundred miles from Ecbatana. Here he heard that the Shah had already passed the Caspian Gates. This was, at the rate Alexander had been going, only a day's march distant; but relinquishing for the time the hope of overtaking him, Alexander gave his army five days' rest.

Darius's little escort was evidently melting away, for many deserters came into the Macedonian camp, and rumor said that many others had betaken themselves to their homes. Then setting out again, after passing the Caspian Gates, Alexander was met by Bagistanes, a Persian noble who had deserted from the camp of Darius, and who brought the astounding news that Darius was no longer a free man. As the fugitive band moved along their discouraged march, and every day brought new despair, Bessus's plan grew into one of treason. Only the Greek mercenaries, two thousand in number, who still followed, faithful as the Swiss Guard, the declining fortunes of their employer, remained loyal, but they soon found themselves shut off entirely from communication with him either in his tent by night or in his carriage by day. Bessus and his troop rode close about him on the road, rather as keepers than guard. The suspicions of the Greeks were aroused. Their leader, the Phocian Patron, forced his way up to the carriage, and speaking in Greek, which the Shah, but not Bessus, could understand, warned him of his peril, and besought him to intrust himself to the hands of the Greeks. Bessus, who understood the purport, though not the words, of Patron's proposal, hesitated no longer. At the first halt the Bactrians surrounded the tent of the Shah, and in the quiet of the night he was put in chains, to be carried off a prisoner into Bactria. A few of the Persian troops accompanied the Bactrians, but Artabazus and his sons, who had remained true to Darius as long as they could aid him, now joined with the Greek mercenaries and pushed north into the shelter of neighboring mountains.

When the information reached Alexander, he took with him the hetairoi cavalrymen, the skirmish cavalry, and the strongest and lightest of his infantry, and without waiting even for the return of a foraging party, which had been sent out under Cœnus's command and with only two days' provisions, started on a rapid march toward the scene of the recent events. He marched the whole night and until noon of the next day; then giving his men a short rest, pushed on again the whole night, and at daybreak reached the village where the mutiny had taken place. Here he learned that the mutineers had left there several days before, taking Darius with them in a covered carriage; that the supreme command had been lodged in Bessus's hands by virtue of his near relationship to the Shah, as well as of his local rights as satrap; and that, furthermore, it was the purpose of Bessus and his men, in case Alexander pursued them, to use the Shah's person in barter for their own immunity; in case he turned back, to raise an army and establish a government on their own account.

There was no time for delay. Men and horses were already fatigued by the forced marches, but there could be no halt. It was a race for a prize Alexander had set his heart upon gaining. On they went again

THE
PERSIAN EMPIRE
ABOUT 500 B. C.
AND THE EMPIRE OF
ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
328 B. C.
Limits of the Persian Empire
Dominions of Alexander:
Alexander's Route shown, thus:
Direction indicated by arrows.
Scale of Miles.
0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800
Pontus Euxinus (Black Sea)
Mare Caspium
Mare Internum (Mediterranean Sea)
Mare Erythraeum (Arabian Sea)
Sinus Persicus
Sinus Arabicus (Red Sea)
SCYTHAE
SCYTHIAE
THRACE
ILLYRIA
MACEDONIA
GRAECIA
ASIA
MYSIA
LYDIA
PHRYGIA
CAPPADOCIA
PISIDIA
CILICIA
PAPHLAGONIA
BITHYNIA
ARMENIA
COLCHI
DAHAE
MASSAGETAE
CHORASMII
SOGDIANA
BACTRIANA
ARIA
PARTHIA
MEDIA
MESOPOTAMIA
BABYLONIA
SUSIANA
ELAM
PERSIA
CARMANIA
GEDROSIA
ARACHOSIA
DRANGIANA
ARIASPAE
PARAPANISUS MONS
HYRCANII
CADUSII MONTI
CAUCASUS MONS
HINDU KUSH MTS.
PHOENICIA
CEDRAEI
ARABIA
AEGYPTUS
ARABES
MADIANITAE
GERRHAEI
AETHIOPES
MACAE
INDIA
Deserta Libyca
Nilus
Tanais (Don)
Palus Maeotis
Jaxartes
Oxianus L.
Oxus
Indus
Hydaspes
Hydraotes
Acesines
Hydaspes
Euphrates
Tigris
Nicaea
Bucephalus
Alexandria
Alexandria Arion (Herat)
Maracanda (Samarcand)
Bactra
Cophen (Kabul)
Peucelaotis
Taxila
Ecbatana
Nisibis
Ninus
Gaugamela
Arbela
Babylon
Susa
Persepolis
Carmana
Propthasia
Lacus
Pontiacus
Salmus
Thebae
Memphis
Ammonium
Pelusium
Gaza
Jerusalem
Damascus
Tyrus
Thapsacus
Issus
Tarsus
Cyprus
Creta
Cyrene
LIBYA
Sardes
Ephesus
Halicarnassus
Sparta
Celaenae
Ipsus
Ancyra
Mazaca
Byzantium
Chalcedon
Abydus
Sestos
Troja
Lampsacus
Parium
Cyzicus
Apollonia
Thessalonica
Pydna
Amphipolis
Philippi
Dyrrhachium
Apollonia
Epidamnus
Actium
Corcyra
Leucas
Dodona
Thermopylae
Delphi
Athenae
Corinthus
Sicyon
Argos
Lacedaemon
Messene
Elis
Olympia
Patrae
Aetolia
Acarnania
Epirus
Thessalia
Macedonia
Thracia
Illyria
Istrus (Danube)

over hill and valley, through the night and on until noon. Then they came to a village which the party had left only the day before, but with the intention of traveling by night. Still they were twenty-four hours ahead. Alexander's troop was almost exhausted. Did the villagers know of no shorter road? There was one, but through a desert country, with no water for horse or man. Quickly transferring five hundred selected infantrymen to as many horses taken from the cavalry, and directing the rest of the infantry to follow by the main road, he set off on the canter by the desert road. Men fell by the way, horses foundered, but all night long the mad chase was forced. Nearly fifty miles had been covered. Then in the gray morning light was discovered on ahead the straggling caravan. There was no preparation for defense. One glimpse of those dreaded horsemen, and then a wild scramble for life. The few who stayed to fight were cut down. Bessus and his aides had tried to induce the captive Shah to mount a horse and flee, but he stoutly refused. Then they drove their javelins into his body, and scurried off.

On down the dismantled line of the caravan the Macedonian riders came, no more than threescore able to keep pace with the leader. "They rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passed by chariots full of women which wandered here and there for want of drivers, and still they rode on, hoping to overtake the van of the flight and find Darius there" (Plutarch). But nowhere was Darius to be found, until at last a rider, straggling away from the rest, found a wagon far away from the road, by a valley pool where the frightened, unguided mules had dragged it. In it lay the dying Shah. "Still he asked for a little cool water to drink, and when he had drunk he said to Polystratus, who had given it to him: 'Sir, this is the bitter extremity of my ill fortune, to receive a benefit which I cannot repay; but Alexander will repay you. The gods recompense to Alexander the kindness he has done my mother and my wife and my children. I give him through you this clasp of the hand.' With these words he took the hand of Polystratus and died. When Alexander reached the spot, he was pained and distressed, as one could see, and he took off his own mantle, and laid it upon the body, and wrapped it around" (Plutarch).

Thus died, at fifty years of age (July, 330), an honorable and kindly man, a courtly gentleman of the old school. He would have been a capable administrator in time of peace, but, to his misfortune, the date of his accession matched that of Alexander. Though he certainly lacked the aggressiveness of will and the daring essential to a great soldier, under ordinary conditions, and with the game played according to the old rules, he might not have been discovered in his weakness, and might have passed for a tolerable military head; but with the Macedonians had been introduced a new art of warfare, with Alexander a new standard of generalship, and the pace was too fast for him.

Alexander's sorrow at the sight of the lifeless body may have been mixed with vexation and chagrin that his wearisome chase had yielded so meager a quarry, but when viewed in connection with all we know of the hero's real warmth of heart and resources of sympathy, we must reckon it better than that. The sight of one who four years before was undisputed monarch from the Hellespont to the Indus, now left to a lonely death, empireless, forsaken, and betrayed, was a sight worthy the pity of harder hearts than his.

With all the honor due his state, Darius was carried to his grave. He was gathered to his fathers, for they buried him in Persepolis.

Quae ducis Emathii fuerit clementia Poros
Praeclarique docent funeris exsequiae.[1]

[1] "What was the mercy of Macedonia's prince, let Porus tell, and the pomp of funeral rites [accorded to Darius]." (Ovid.)

(To be continued.)

"'GOOD MORNIN' TO THE BOTH O' YEZ!'"

THE GOSSIPS OF KILLYMARD.

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS ("MAC"),
Author of "'T was in Dhroll Donegal," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

ALWAYS, when Mrs. Cassidy had completed sweeping the door-step with her heather besom, she paused and carefully scrutinized the social signs that the little street of Killymard presented, just as a mariner might read the sky, every time he came on deck, for prognostications. To the uninitiated, too, perhaps the street of Killymard, whose signs of life were infrequent, was quite as unintelligible a blank as often is the sky. But at all times, to Mrs. Cassidy's tutored eye, it teemed with social information.

"A good mornin' to ye, Mrs. Cassidy. How do you fin' yerself this mornin'?"

Mrs. McClatchey spoke, from her door over the way, and about a dozen yards farther up. Mrs. McClatchey bore in one hand a dish-clout, and in the other a bowl which she had been wiping after giving Harry his morning tea.

"Right well, I thank God an' you, Mrs. McClatchey. How are ye feelin' yerself? An' I hope Harry 's feelin' betther i' the cinch he got in his back las' night?"

"Thank goodness, I 'm purty well. Harry 's near a'most betther. He 's hobblin' about through the kitchen within. He 's afther dhrinkin' a bowl o' tay would open yer eyes."

"Thank God for it. If anything happened Harry, it 's sore ye 'd miss him. Thank God! I 'm thinkin' what 's a-bother to Tammas Bohunnan this mornin'. I was just watchin' him goin' roun' the corner there when ye come out."

"Goin' down the road to bespake Morris Managhan for a day's dhrawin' o' manure to the White Park, I 'll hould ye. I heerd he was goin' to br'ak it this saison."

"Oh, no, no; he had his brogues polished."

"Polished?"

"Aye—that he might comb his hair in them."

The exciting intelligence had drawn the speakers together on the street.

Mrs. McGragh was thereby fetched to her door. Under one arm she bore the sprawling form of little Jimmy, and in her right hand brandished a pot-stick. Mrs. McGragh, being a late lier down, was a late riser, and she was only preparing the stirabout.

"Good mornin' to the both o' yez!" she interrupted the conclave. "How are ye, Mrs.

"'HE HAD HIS BROGUES POLISHED.'"

Cassidy? Mrs. McClatchey, how do *you* do? How is all with yous? Is n't this the delightful mornin'?"

"We 're thankful, we 're well, Mrs. McGragh. How is yerself an' your care?"

"Thanky, thanky. My care is all well, glory be to God! barrin' wee Jimmy, here, had another wee brash i' the sickness las' night again, an' we did n't get no sleep with 'im. I 'd be right well, thank God, an' as healthy as a throut, only for that win' about me heart; there 's a lump of it gathers an' gathers, an' lies a dead weight over me heart, just like a big grass-cock of hay, as I 'd think, an' it 's mighty bothersome."

"Bothersome it is, then, Mrs. McGragh; but we must aich iv us have our own wee throuble. It 's the Lord sen's it, so we must bear with it."

"Yis; thanks be to Him, that 's so."

"We wor just wondherin', Mrs. McGragh, what 's up with Tammas Bohunnan, this mornin', that has him away down the road with his shoes lake a lookin'-glass. Mrs. Cassidy, here, was watchin' him goin'."

"Nobbut, is it so? I 'll tell ye, then,"—and Mrs. McGragh, with her left arm and her right hand still full, joined the group,—"I 'll tell ye, then"; and she shook the pot-stick in their faces. "He 's gone to the magisthrate for a summons again' Micky Blake for his goat that has been morodin' all through his flower-garden these three nights. That 's what he 's gone for, as sure as there 's powdher in Darry."

"No, no; he is n't goin' for a summons. He was whistlin' lake a blackbird in June. It 's what I was thinkin' oul' Mosie Tamson of the Black Tully, that has been ailin' lately with the pains, that he maybe sent in word with Rodgie Mulchieran—who was in last night with the horse an' cart for a bag of thrust meal from Misther McGroarty—that maybe Mosie sent in word with Rodgie for Tammas to go out to sign his will."

"An' you 're right, too, Mrs. Cassidy. I wondher—"

"Ach, botheration!" said Mrs. McGragh, with impatience. "What do ye think would Tammas Bohunnan be doin', wastin' blackenin' on his boots for that blatherskite, Mosie Tamson? Botheration, ay! I 'll tell ye what it is. It 's gone out to the recthory he is, to spaik to Misther Cochrane about gettin' young Tammas aff to school. It was no later ago than Wednesday Mrs. Bohunnan herself was tellin' Ellen Martin, an' Ellen was tellin' meself, that they wor intendin' to bring young Tammas up a ministher. That 's what he 's gone about"; and she flourished the pot-stick.

Mrs. McClatchey raised the dish-clout, asserting: "Ye have it, Mrs. McGragh! Ye have it now! An' a purty clargyman, in throth, the same rapscallion 'ill make. I

did n't know anondher the heavens what was the matther with me ducks for a fortnight gone, that I was gettin' so few eggs from them, till, what would ye have iv it, but goin' down to the burn, at the bottom iv the garden, there I gets six i' me ducks all in a row, sthrapped down into nests with sally rods till they 'd lay. It was young Tammas's work; for I watched till I 'd see, an' there the young codger comes out, in the course of an hour, to look for eggs. Only he caught sight iv me too soon, an' run like moor a-burnin', I 'd 'a' thrawn his neck for him, an' spoilt a clargyman."

"Ho-o-o-o!" said Mrs. McGragh, brandishing her pot-stick, as reminiscences of Tammas's misdeeds, in which she was the sufferer, thronged upon her. "Ho-o-o-o! Mrs. McClatchey, no need to tell *me* about the young vag! I know 'im—I know 'im! There 's a divil in that fella as big as a hedgehog!"

"But what I 'd lake to know," Mrs. Cassidy inquired, "did any of yez see Jaimsie goin' roun' with the letthers this mornin'? I was on the lookout for him to see if he 'd laive wan at Phil Kennedy's, for they 've been expectin' a moneyed wan from young Phailim from Darbyshire for this week past; but I think Jaimsie must 'a' passed when I was wettin' the tay."

"In throth, an' I missed him meself. I b'lieve it must 'a' been carryin' out the ashes I was when he went by, bekase I had intended watchin' would the' go a letther to the Gallaghers at all. I 'm toul' for sartain, las' night, that young Maidgie answered an advartisement in the newspapers, the other day, of some oul' lady in Tyrone that wanted a girl to keep her company, an' read talebooks to her, an' write her letthers. I went in to Mrs. Gallagher just on purpose, las' night, to larn if it was so; but the sorra a word, good, bad, cheap, or dear, she sayed on the subject—she 's as close, Mrs. Gallagher is, as a mail-chist: so I detarmined to watch for meself if the' 'd come a letther."

"I seen Jaimsie, then," Mrs. McClatchey said, "for I was on the lookout for the very selfsame thing, Mrs. McGragh. But the sorra letther or letther he left at Gallagher's. An', between you an' me, I 'll not br'ak me heart with disappointment if he does n't. Mrs. Gallagher has no right to go spoilin' her daughters, givin' them such stuck-up notions that they 'll soon scorn to dip their fingers for her or themselves. A purty way, indeed, for a poor, sthrugglin' woman to rear daughters. More fitther she 'd taich them to be of use to themselves—"

"An' gettin' that genteel they could n't say fi'ppence, if they wor kissed for it."

"An' when they go to mass of a Sunday you 'd think aich o' them dhressed themselves out of a rainbow."

"Aye, or had a dhrapery-shop on her back. I would be long sorry to stand such nonsense in a daughter o' mine."

"Small wondher ye might, ma'am. It 's bundle them out to feed the pigs she should."

"An' more thanks she 'd have from them in time to come, if she did—instead of sendin' them off to read lyin' stories to some poor oul' doatin' craithur that (God help her!) has nothin' betther to think of."

"An' that maybe should be readin' her prayer-book."

All three here elevated their noses with

"'STHRAPPED DOWN . . . TILL THEY 'D LAY.'"

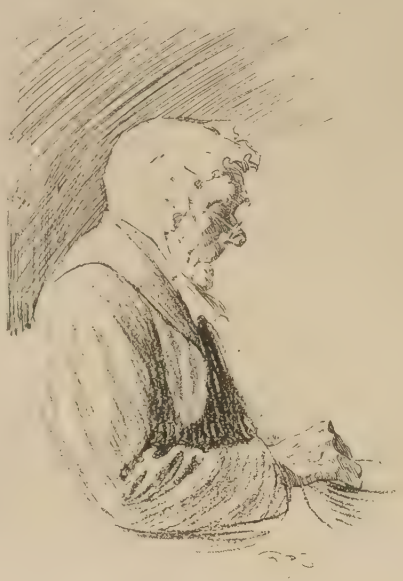
intense disgust at the perversity of Mrs. Gallagher.

"But did ye watch if Jaimsie went to Phil Kennedy's, Mrs. McClatchey?"

"I watched him up the whole street, Mrs. Cassidy. He did n't laive anything at Phil's. He had a letther for Misther Byrne. I 'm thinkin' it 's from young Pathrick at the medical school, wantin' more money. Throth, it takes his father to have a long purse."

"An' a sthrong wan, ay. An' he 's wantin' more money, is he already? An' he got fifteen shillin's sent him be his mother that the father knew nothin' at all about, or he 'd murdher all afore him—only last Wednesday was three weeks."

"Och, it 's a dhroll wurrl' it 's gettin', sure enough," said Mrs. Cassidy. "His poor gran'-father (Lord be marciful to him!) he had some scrapin' an' gatherin' at the same money that Pathrick thinks now he can't go through half quick enough. *Fif-teen shillin's* in little more nor three weeks!"



"'MARTHA 'S LONE AND AGED.'"

"God sen'," said Mrs. McGragh, "that he won't have sore raison to cry for his exthravagance yet!"

"Amen!" Mrs. McClatchey said fervently. "I sayed the same words meself when I seen the letther goin' in. There was a newspaper for Madge Doherty—"

"From Micky, from the Rocky Mountains, I 'll wager."

"To be sure. Lord knows, then, Madge would forgive him the papers if he 'd sen' her the price o' them instead."

"You 're right. There was a letther, too, for Norah Gildea—"

"An' a check in it," said Mrs. McGragh, "as sure as you 're there. We 'll soon know, for Norah 'ill be off to Dhrimstevlin to cash it afore many hours. That was from Brooklyn, from Nellie an' Hannah."

"That 's it. But ye would n't guess who there was wan for? Martha Armsthrong!"

"Oh, no! Who would be sendin' Martha a letther?"

"That 's what I axed meself. But there was wan for her, sure enough. Jaimsie he had to stan' knockin' a good while at the doore. But Martha was n't afoot, I knew meself, bekase I looked at the chimley, an' there was n't a reek out of it. So when Jaimsie waited long enough, he slipped the letther in of a broken pane, an' went on. What do ye think i' that?"

"Well, wondhers, they say, 'ill niver cease—an' I see it 's so. *Who* can it be from, anyhow, or what can it be about?" Mrs. McGragh propounded.

All three shook their heads.

"I know," said Mrs. Cassidy, "her poor mother's people they went to Canaday. It would n't be any word of a legacy, surely, for Martha?"

"Not that," said Mrs. McClatchey. "There 'd be mouths enough open for the pickin's in Canaday. But I know this—that less nor three months ago, Martha she had young Lizzie Bohunnan up for a whole day; an' it was writin' a letther she had her, bekase I watched till I saw Lizzie laivin' in the evenin', with the letther undher her slip. I watched her to the post-office with it, an' I waylaid wee Lizzie the very nixt day, when she was goin' past with Mrs. Logue's milk, to fin' from her where could Martha be writin' a letther to, or what could she be writin' about. But, Good morra to ye! Lizzie's an oul'-fashioned little nadger ye could no more squeeze news from than milk from a millstone—the sorra information I could twist out of her—"

"I niver thought no great things of that same Lizzie," Mrs. Cassidy said.

"Bad snuff to *her*, she 's a little good-for-nothin' gad—that 's what she is," Mrs. McGragh acridly said, summing up the situation. "I never could get nothin' out of that little whittheret."[1]

"Well, I watched an' obsarved, day an' daily, for lee-an'-long afther, to see if I 'd see Jaimsie fetchin' a reply to Martha. But I got tired watchin'; for the ne'er a wan or wan did he bring her. This is now the answer

[1] Corruption of water-rat.

to that letther; an' them answered it took time to sleep over it."

"I 'll tell ye, then," Mrs. McGragh said, "it 's from an Institution. That 's where Martha wrote, I 'll give ye me head on it; an' that 's where the answer 's from!" and Mrs. McGragh's pot-stick was writing "Eureka!" in the air.

"Mrs. McGragh has hit it."

"It 's from an Institution," Mrs. McGragh went on, "aither in Dublin or London or Belfast; as like as not, it 's in Dublin. Martha 's lone an' aged, an' (God help the craithur!) her little grain o' money must be runnin' low; so she got Lizzie Bohunnan to write statin' her case an' her sarcumstances to the ladies that has charge o' some Institution or another; an' this is the answer come now."

"Then we 'll be losin' Martha?" said Mrs. Cassidy.

"In three weeks' time, if not less, you 'll have seen the last o' Martha," Mrs. McGragh said, closing her mouth with decision.

"Feth, then, we 'll be sorry to lose ye, poor Martha," Mrs. McClatchey said, with a downcast air.

"Sorry in throth," said Mrs. Cassidy. "A kindly good soul ye wor, Martha, an' the ill word was never heerd on yer tongue."

"Nor the loud word," Mrs. McGragh continued feelingly. "I 'm livin' in Killymard while I am, an' I know poor Martha Armsthrong as long as I do, an' I 'll say that neither meself nor the next—let them be who they will—never knew the hard word on her neighbor to part Martha Armsthrong's lips"; and she shook both her head and the pot-stick defiantly at her audience.

"She niver put offense on a neighbor's dog. Well, God go with poor Martha, wherever she goes," said Mrs. McClatchey.

"Amen! Amen!" Mrs. Cassidy responded "An' he will go with her."

Mrs. McGragh shook her head reflectively, and said "Amen!" too, solemnly.

"God luk to me!" said Mrs. McGragh, waking up; "me gossipin' here, an' if there is n't the Masther away for school! An' my stirabout 's sittin' coolin' in the middle of the floore only yet—if the childher has n't gobbled it afore now, that is; for they 're clean raavenous in the mornin's."

"An' me stan'in' here, too, as if I had n't me two pair i' blankets, that has n't seen wather for ages, to wash—an' fifty-five things to give a rumble in the suds! A good mornin' to yez!" said Mrs. Cassidy; and both she and Mrs. McGragh hurried away.

Mrs. McClatchey looked up the street, and then down the street, watched Briany Brogan, who came out of John McKelvey's with a white parcel, till she saw him disappear into Hughie Long's gateway; when, there being nothing else to observe, and none other to cosher with, she slowly turned on her heel, and, industriously finishing up the wiping of Harry's bowl as she went, proceeded into her own house again, where she sat down and unburdened herself of that morning's news to Harry, who, in an easy-chair in the corner, nursed his cinched back.

A NOTE OF SCARLET.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART,
Author of "Sonny," etc.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

HERE were bedtime twitterings in the brush on every side now, and the shaft of sunlight that had a moment before revealed the glories of the greenery all about her passed out even while she looked, and Miss Melissa realized her isolation in a momentary sense of fear. But this wood, and the banks of the stream that wound in and out of it for miles, had been the familiar playground of her childhood. She remembered it when there were tales of bears and wildcats there, and she knew where several Indian graves were, within a stone's throw of where she sat—graves that were witnesses to some stirring times in which her grandfather had taken part. It would be hard for her to be really afraid here, even in the dense copse where she had hidden. In a moment she was smiling at the idea, and to make sure of herself she went back to the jutting ledge, and deliberately threw the fragments of her dinner into the water, so as to leave no vestige of the occasion.

She threw them in slowly, one at a time, and watched them while they floated a minute, or sank as they fell; and her calm exterior gave no hint of a new panic that had begun to rage within her. She had felt it for a moment when the mute first disappeared, and while she stood alone in the darkening wood it came again. It was the inevitable home-going that confronted her. She had always been truth itself, and she would have to give an account of this broken Sabbath—probably within an hour. She felt sure that her brother was already inquiring for her and watching the gate, and that her nervous sister-in-law was declaring herself "certain an' sure somethin' awful had happened"; and in all probability Sally Tolbert, and Mis' Allen, and maybe the Tompkins children, had been over during the afternoon to see how she was, having missed her at church. Possibly even Deacon Tyler had dropped in, with his ear-trumpet, so as not to miss any detail of an illness that had been serious enough to keep her from service. He always went to inquire for the sick. In imagination she could hear her sister-in-law screaming into the trumpet that "the last seen of Sis' M'liss' was thus or so. Cynthy had watched her go through the gate, and had heard her say something about old Mrs. Gibbs, she thought."

This last reflection was suggestive and helpful. She had intended to go and see how old Mrs. Gibbs was, and she would go now, late as it was. That old lady had cataracts on her eyes, so the doctors said, and she was impatiently awaiting the period of full blindness, that darkest hour before the dawn when the world might be hers again.

Miss Melissa would go now, and offer to take her to evening service; and her family, seeing her there, might assume that she had been with Mrs. Gibbs all day, and not ask any questions. Mrs. Gibbs would not see that she was not dressed for church.

How stupidly a sane person can plan when his thoughts are fixed on a single point! The whole congregation would have had to have cataracts on their eyes to make it possible for one to appear in church in a gingham frock and pink sunbonnet without creating a sensation. But she would go and see Mrs. Gibbs, anyway. It would be a safe way-station in the direction of a return, and perhaps while there something would be suggested. Of course she could not take her fishing-rod with her, but she could hide it in the brush.

THERE was no light in the Gibbs cottage when she arrived, which was a good omen. Mrs. Gibbs lighted up only for company, and she would find her alone—as she did.

Delighted at the sound of her voice, the voluble old lady greeted her with a characteristic welcome.

"Why, howdy, Melissy Ann! Howdy! I 'm proud to see you. An' I 'm glad to see you ain't expectin' to go to church, for I don't feel a bit worshipful this evenin'. Ef I 'd heard a swish when you come in, I 'd know it was my duty to go with you. Speak o' the devil— I was jest a-thinkin' jest now how long that bayadere silk o' yores had lasted. I ricollec' you bought it off'n yo' second mat-raffle, time the circus tent blowed away. Well, I 'm glad you 're better. How 's yo' sis'-in-law? Got over her faint yet? Or was it the child thet fainted? Some said it was *her*, an' some *it*."

This was an unpromising beginning. It

seemed at the onset that she would be obliged to confess that she had not been at home all day. She would not be rash about it, though. If her sister-in-law had fainted in church, apparently that was all Mrs. Gibbs knew about it, and she could gain nothing by asking questions, so she said tentatively:

"Sis' Salina 's subjec' to them dizzy spells sence she 's stoutened up so; an' the doctor says it behooves her to take keer of herself, an' to take boneset an'—"

"An' camomile an' bitter aloways, to alleviate the boneset," Mrs. Gibbs interpolated. "Yas; you can tell her for me thet I say thet when I stoutened befo' I fell away the last time, that was what brought me through.

"But some folks thought maybe it was jest fright, this mornin', thet ailed her. It 's enough to scare anybody to have a cow rush into a pew du'in' services, an' to upset a whole row o' child'en, the way that cow did hers. I 've always thought it was resky an' irreligious—allowin' a cow to graze in the churchyard, the way they do, whilst the gospel is bein' preached. But of co'se nobody could 'a' foresaw her takin' a notion to attend services. They say Mis' Blanks is goin' to have it out with Jim Towers,—you know, she 's his cow,—an' she says ef he don't pay for her bonnet she 'll see the reason why. Was n't it funny for her to chew up the most expensive thing in church, which everybody knows Mis' Blanks's bonnets is—milliner-trimmed fresh every season? I ain't missed my eyesight so sence it went—never. I s'pose the cow nachelly knew straw when she saw it, an' she had n't no respec' for a leghorn braid. Lucky thing Mis' Blanks always unties her bonnet-strings to sing, else she 'd 'a' been strangled, shore. They say the cow mooed right into Deacon Tyler's ear-trumpet, an' rose him straight out of 'is pew. You know, when he sets his trumpet for the sermon he always shets his eyes; an' the first thing he heard was 'Moo!' Of co'se I knew I was safe, in the amen corner, 'cause no Durham could get over the railin', 'less she was hard pressed. I missed the sight of it all, but my hearin' 's better 'n ever, an' to my dyin' day I 'll never forgit the words Brother Clayton said, an' how the cow changed things around. He was jest repeatin' his tex' for his fo'th head, an' he says, says he: '"An' Nathan said unto David,"—*so, Sukey, so!*' Lordy! but you missed a church circus this mornin', honey, Melissy, shore.

"But I 'm right glad to hear thet yo' sister-in-law ain't noways serious. Did she expect her brother Ben to come to-day, or was it a complete surprise? 'Mandy Jones says he 's fetched a trunkful o' presents, but his sister would n't let him open it on the Sabbath. Mis' Jones sent 'Mandy down the road to see ef they was crape on the gate, not knowin' what a cow-horn might result in; an' 'Mandy she see the carriage at the door, an' she went to see ef it was the undertaker, it bein' a strange carriage, an' that 's how it come out thet it was her brother Ben come back. 'Mandy did n't go in, but she counted eight child'en playin' on the po'ch, an' she see Caleb's wife rockin' the cradle with her foot, which proved it was n't empty; so she knew they was all alive, an' she come away.

"But I don't see how you-all stand not knowin' what he 'd fetched you till to-morrer mornin'. Nathan's wife is shorely a godly woman—by intention. My judgment would 'a' been to open that trunk an' have a rapid distribution. She could 'a' had it opened with prayer, ef she 'd 'a' seen fit; an' then, when the things was all give out, they could 'a' been put away 'tel to-morrer, all excep' Bibles an' sech. Even a frivolous present, received an' put out o' sight, is less distractin', in my opinion, than a doubtful box with a Bible in it. They say he claimed thet none of his presents was n't wicked, nohow, 'cep'n' the pack o' playin'-cards thet he brought for the preacher, which I 'm glad to see Ben ain't lost none of his devilment in his travels. But she would n't hear to techin' that trunk. She 's got the courage of her convictions, shore. I never will forgit how she apologized for one of her babies bein' born on a Sunday, or how relieved she seemed when one o' the attendin' ladies reminded her thet all its birthdays would n't of necessity foller on the Sabbaths.

"But you ain't told me yet whether you-all was lookin' for him or not, or—"

Before she could answer, Miss Melissa was startled by a rap at the door, and Mrs. Gibbs asked her to light the lamp. Until now, the two women had been sitting in the dark.

The light revealed a funnel-shaped instrument thrust through a crack in the door, and Miss Melissa knew that the deacon had come, and that almost certainly he was looking for her. She knew he had presented his trumpet for an invitation to enter, and so she obediently screamed, with nervous aim—just outside the funnel: "Howdy, deacon! Come in." He caught part of the greeting, however, and while she went on to say that she was just thinking it was time to go, he came in, shook hands with the two women, and sat down between them.

"Has he got his trumpet with him?" asked the brave hostess, realizing his deafness; but Miss Melissa did not hear her, either. She felt that she must get the deacon away, if possible, before there were any revelations, and she was devoting herself to him. While Mrs. Gibbs was thinking, "Wonder ef they could be anything in him comin' here after her," that lady was screaming, in reply to his solicitous inquiry:

"Oh, yas, sir, thank you; it 's a heap better. The open air—an' then, talkin' here to Mis' Gibbs. 'T was n't exactly to say a headache, nohow. I reckon I ought to 've went to church, by rights."

"Well," said the deacon, slowly, "I can't jedge for nobody else, of co'se, but I 'd resk a good deal on yo' doin' the right thing. For myself, I know it takes all the church-goin' I 'm capable of to keep me within a stone's throw of the straight an' narrer way. Of co'se I have n't heard a sermon in ten year; but I go, an' set my trumpet *dir*ec' for the Word of God, an' that seems to be all thet could be expected of me. Some has insinuated thet I ought to keep my eyes open, an', from my experience this mornin', I s'pose likely I ought. But, exceptin' for self-preservation, I can't see no obligation to do it. Ef Brother Clayton would shave, I 'd obligate myself to keep awake an' watch his lips; but they ain't no inspiration in the motion of chin-whiskers, not even ef they are dilatin' on the gospel—not to me. But of co'se I know I ain't as good a Christian as what I ought to be, noways. I don't begin to b'lieve the way I've been taught, an' I ain't got the faith on all p'ints thet folks think I have, neither. F' instance, that doctrine of 'What is to be will be,' I don't begin to b'lieve it. I don't b'lieve for a minute, f' instance, thet that fool cow was fo'ordained to moo into my trumpet this mornin', an' rouse me out of a dream o' the golden streets—which she done."

He looked at Miss Melissa and waited for a reply.

"Well, I did n't see the cow—or hear her," she began irrelevantly. "Of co'se he who created the cow, an' created you, he must have known—"

"Never mind the trumpet, Miss Melissy," he interrupted, smiling; "you 're on my good side. Come jest a leetle closeter, please, ma'am, an' talk slow; an' hand this to Mis' Gibbs, so 's she can express an opinion to my deef side ef she 's so disposed."

He handed Miss Melissa the ear-trumpet, and she passed it over to Mrs. Gibbs.

"Well, I b'lieve events can be helped, or hindered," the brave hostess shouted into the funnel, glad of a chance to speak. "Ef I did n't b'lieve that I would n't have no courage to anoint my cataracts."

"An' I think thet nobody can go far wrong," added Miss Melissa, "ef he jest follers the Scriptures. I know a man down here at Spring Hill, he started readin' doubtin' books, an' first thing his folks knew, he was disputin' perpetual hell an' the fire thet 's never squenched; an' several of his smarty friends, thinkin' it was becomin', they started to show off in the same way. One well-raised young man thet 's got two elders an' a class-leader in his family, an' is studyin' medicine hisself, why, he up an' said he doubted the story of Jonah an' the whale, jest on physical grounds—"

"I should 'a' thought he *would* 'a' been sort o' physicked with him, shore enough," shrieked Mrs. Gibbs; "Jonah, I mean—no, *the whale*."

"An' so he was—an' physicked effectual. We 've got Scripture for that. To me, the mericle ain't that. It 's the two of 'em survivin'; that 's what gits me. Maybe I ought n't to say it, an' I would n't ef any of our young folks was around; but sometimes I 've thought thet maybe the whole thing was n't never intended for no more 'n a yarn. Them apostles must 've got off fakes occasional, jest to relieve the monotony, an' I don' b'lieve for a minute thet my eternal salvation has got to hinge on me a-swallerin' no fish-story over a thousand years old. Even the fresh ones we git is li'ble to suspicion—'t least, some of 'em is. I know I 've been tempted myself, an' me a deacon in the church. A inch in a fish's tail, or a ounce or so of weight, or the narrerness of a person's escape from drowndin', well, they seem sech harmless exaggerations, an' they give a man standin' in a community where things is pretty slow. But of co'se I ain't never done it. I 've stood by my little fish all my life, an' I 've had the durnedest luck, too, for a patient fisher. But of co'se you ladies ain't never tempted that-a-way." He looked at Miss Melissa. "You ain't never fished all day, I 'm shore, an' been tempted a thousand ways to diverge. Ef *you* was to go fishin', Miss Melissy, no doubt you 'd be as conscientious about yo' ketch as you are in knittin' them green mats."

Fortunately, he did not glance at Miss Melissa now, for her face was scarlet. She felt sure she had been discovered; and if she had broken all the commandments in one fell impulse, she could not have been more hopelessly criminal in her own consciousness.

"I 've often thought," the deacon continued, eying her mischievously the while, "that ef you would make jest one crooked mat, or turn out jest one of a false color,—say a red one,—why, the devil might have some hope of you; but so long as you set sech a example of consistency as you do, why, ef you have even so much as a sick-headache, an' stroll away for relief, we know the place to hunt you is the bedside of the sick, an', shore enough, here you are. Well, I mus' be goin'," he added, looking at his watch. "Ef you 'll accept of my company, I 'll escort you home. I would n't advise you to pass by the willer hedge alone for a few nights, for they do say Silent Si has been seen prowlin' round for a week or so, an' you might run ag'in' him—him or his haunt. Some say th' ain't nothin' but his sperit been seen for three years—not thet you 'd be *afeard* of him, exactly, either *in* the flesh or *out*."

If Miss Melissa had had a hope that the deacon knew nothing of her escapade, it was gone now; and when she rose to go, she said "Good mornin'" to her hostess, and in reply to an invitation to come again soon, she stammered, "Not at all"; and when she was outside, and the deacon offered her his arm, she actually sobbed aloud. Fortunately, though, it was in his deaf ear; and before she had further committed herself, he had passed her the trumpet, saying: "I can't offer you my good ear, lest you 'd be for sale on the outside the walk, so you 'll haf to do yo' laughin' an' talkin' in this. What was you laughin' at, anyhow? A deef man can feel a chuckle he can't hear."

This was so funny that she really laughed, now, straight into the funnel. She laughed so loud and so long, and with such a growing sense of humor, that the deacon laughed with her from sheer contagion. When life's tension has been long and rigorous, and overstrained nerves recoil, it is hard to recover control sometimes. Since Miss Melissa's weeping had been translated into mirth it quite ran away with her, and it would have alarmed the deacon had he heard it all. But the snatches of it that fell into his trumpet were only sufficient to impart a sense of joyousness, and he said cheerily:

"Yo' feelin' so happy to-night is as good as a sermon to me. Notwithstandin' you have n't had the inspiration of divine service to-day, you 've found the reward of doin' the Lord's work. You 've found it in a merry heart."

The deacon's voice was too gentle for irony. Surely, after all, he could not know.

To feel like a criminal was bad enough, but it did not approach the hopelessness of being found out. Miss Melissa cleared her throat, and looked up a little. So long as only she and God and the speechless old negro knew, she could hope to enter her closet and have it out in confession and prayer. She had anticipated the sackcloth, and was willing to endure the sting of it; but to be whipped in the market-place, figuratively if not with bodily stripes, was more than she could brook. If the deacon knew all, and would tell, this would be her fate. But he did not know. His stumbling over the live wires that connected with her conscience was only an accident; but she was so sensitive. It was easy to turn the scales either way by a feather's weight. What could have been more innocent than the good man's next remark? And yet how easily she misunderstood it, and what despair it wrought within her! Witness his artless offense:

"Many another, in sech circumstances, havin' a headache for a good excuse, instead of doin' the Lord's work as you 've done to-day, would 'a' found some fish of their own to fry."

How simple and natural the tribute to her supposed faithfulness, but how subtle and poignant the sting upon her guilty consciousness! It was more than she could bear.

"Hursh!" she screamed, clapping the funnel quite over her lips. "Hursh, deacon! Not another word! I can't stand it. Ef you 've got the feelin' for me thet you 'd have for a yaller dog thet was bein' pursued, you 'll hursh!"

"Well, upon my word, you 're purty brash, Melissy." It was her brother Caleb who stepped up from behind them, and he had heard his sister's last words.

"Don't mind her, Caleb," the deacon said mildly; "she 's jest showin' her Christian humility. Whenever I refer to her good works it seems to pleg her, but I did n't have no idee of taxin' her forbearance so severe. I found her settin' in darkness, ministerin' to ole Mis' Gibbs, jest as we s'picioned she was. I s'pose you got uneasy an' come to hunt her?"

"Well, we thought we 'd like to locate her befo' it got into the night. I s'pose it 's foolish to be afraid of ole Si, but somehow we 've been raised to fear him; an' I did n't know but maybe you might take a notion to come home the woods way, Sis, an' I 'd jest as lief none o' my folks would run no resks. Sev'al of the niggers say they 've saw him prowlin' aroun' our place of nights lately, but I s'pect that 's jest to clair their own skirts when things is missin'. Our child'en say

somebody has went off with yo' fishin'-pole, Sis. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yas; I hid it." Her voice was pretty steady, considering the pressure upon her.

"I thought likely you had. First thing when we come home from church, the young ones started nosin' round, an' they missed it. It 's about church-time now, deacon, an' ef you want to git in for the openin' hymn, I 'll see Melissy home; or ef you—"

"No, thank you, Caleb. Not thet I 'd slight a hymn because I can't hear it, but I ain't been raised to shift a lady half-way home. You go on to church, an' I 'll be along d'rec'ly."

Miss Melissa dropped the deacon's arm.

"You both go," she exclaimed. "Nothin' ain't goin' to hurt me."

But the deacon held her fast.

"Go along, Sis," said Caleb, from behind. "You know he can't hear nothin', nohow. He might 's well be 'scortin' you home as settin' up noddin'." Caleb knew so well the range of the deacon's half-awake ear that he dared hairbreadth proximity to it with impunity. "An' ef you don't feel like comin' to preachin', which I should n't think you would after a whole day with Mis' Gibbs, you might let Cynthy go. She 's settin' half asleep in the rocker between the child'en's beds."

"I 'll stay with 'em," said Melissa. "I s'pose Saliny has gone ahead."

"Yes; she 's went to the mothers' meetin' in the session-room. I promised thet ef you did n't come in time I 'd look after the youngsters. They 're all asleep, 'cep'n' Joe an' Sallie. They 're comin' straight from the Epworth meetin' to church."

As he left them, Caleb turned back and called to his sister: "Kind o' sorry you ain't comin' to church, Sis. Brother Clayton lays off to rouse the sleepers in the temple to-night. Goin' to preach on 'Though thy sins be as scarlet'—you know the rest of it." And as he left them he said to himself: "Dear Lord! ef them two could only see theirselves as others see 'em."

Miss Melissa made no reply, but presently she said to the deacon:

"Did you ketch what Bud said to me?"

"Well, no; not exac'ly. I aimed for it, but my tube gits tangled sometimes. But I thought I caught somethin' about starlight. It *is* a-goin' to be a starlight night. Was that what he remarked?"

"No; that word was 'scarlet,' not 'starlight.' He knew you 'd set out to pleg me, an' he thought he 'd give me a partin' shot, that 's all. He was jest repeatin' the tex' Brother Clayton has give out for to-night. I wonder you ain't mentioned it before."

She was too angry to care much what she said, and the old deacon, although he did not in the least suspect this, felt that something was wrong with her. He had known this for some time. There was a wail in the voice that commanded him to hush, and, tender-hearted old man that he was, he felt that he could not sleep until he found out what the trouble was.

When they reached her gate, Miss Melissa, instead of asking him in, extended her hand and said good night. "I know you 're anxious to get to church, deacon," she began to say; but he interrupted her.

"I ain't anxious to do nothin' but to fall on my knees and apologize right an' left, Miss Melissy. Whatever I 've done or said, God knows, but I 've hurt yo' feelin's, an' I would n't 'a' done sech a thing, not for nothin' on earth. Ef you 'll jest let me go in an' set down a minute—I did n't ketch the drift o' what Caleb said about his wife, but I reckon she 's likely gone ahead to join the other mothers, as usual; an' ef so, we 'll have the parlor to ourselves, an' you kin fetch a lamp an' scan my features for honesty while I tell you *I 'm innocent of whatever I 've done!*"

It was rather scant politeness, but Miss Melissa said not a word as she led the way into the house.

When she had dismissed the negro, and drawn her chair beside the deacon's,—one must needs sit close to a deaf man,—she laid a parcel upon the center-table at her elbow, and began to speak; but the deacon interrupted her.

"Befo' we explain fully, Miss Melissy," he said, "I want to say a word. I 'm afeard my talk this evenin' clair disgusted you, an' I 'm sorry I said them things about the whale. I know how you feel about all Scripture, an' I ought to 've kep' my mouth shet."

"You need n't feel bad about that, deacon. To be candid, after the first shock, it sort o' made me feel nearer to you to find thet you was human an' frail. Of co'se I don't share yo' misgivin's. I believe all the Holy Scripture verbatim, word for word. But I 'm of a dangerous disposition. Ef I started to doubt, they 's no tellin' where I 'd go. But I 've always looked upon you as ef you was a sort o' stained-glass apostle with a halo on, like them two in the 'Piscopal winders. Seemed like as ef you jest lived up to everything perfect, even to yo' deefness—'scuse me mentionin' it. Am I talkin' loud enough?"

"Yas; I hear every word. Settin' so, with the house still, I can even hear that lamp

sizz. Don't you reckon you better turn it down?"

She turned the wick as she went on.

"An', as I said, yo' havin' faith-weakness was a sort o' comfort to me. I don't know but it makes what I 'm about to say a little easier for me. Of co'se you know all about my mats; you 've showed that."

"About yo' mats? Why, cert'n'y. Everybody does; an' I think they 're to be strongly ricommended—both for shape an' usefulness, an' du'ability, too; an' ef anybody says I ever said different—"

"I 'm not referrin' to my green mats, deacon, an' you know it. I 'm referrin' to these."

She opened the parcel, and spread the scarlet mats upon her lap.

"But how you found out about 'em I don't know, but you 've acknowledged you did; an' now I 'm goin' to out with the whole thing. I s'pose the devil tempted me. As you said this evenin', ef I ever condescended to make a red mat, or one out o' kilter, the devil might have hopes of me. Well, here 's two—both all-fired red, an' knit with no mo' conscience than a cat 's got. The best part of this last one I 've knit to-day—Sunday. Not a stitch counted in either one, an' how they turned out so everlastin' pretty I don't know. It 's like the reward of vice. Yas; every minute thet I ain't been fishin' to-day, I 've knit—pretty near. Don't put on surprise, deacon. You 've kep' a-hintin' about my fryin' my own fish, an' throwin' up about me bein' afraid of Silent Si, so of co'se you know about our picnic. I went fishin' this mornin', 'stid o' goin' to church, an' happened to come up with the old nigger; an' I give him the fish to cook, an' then, why, we picnicked. I did n't set down to the table with him, of co'se—him or her, whichever it is. An' I had n't been to Mis' Gibbs ten minutes sca'cely, this evenin', when you come, which of co'se you knew, although you referred so sarcastic to findin' me a-tendin' the sick.

"I s'pose likely I 'm goin' to perdition. I don't know, I 'm shore; but I did n't start with no sech intention." Her lip quivered here just a little.

"The fact is, I got sick an' tired o' them green mats, an' wo'e out with everything—all in about three days; an' ef I had n't started out this mornin', an' spent all the energy I had left in Sabbath-breakin', I b'lieve I 'd 'a' died. I 'm forty-one years old, an' I 've green-matted 'tel I 'm about played out.

"I ain't been to a circus, or got on a steam-car, or had a dress made out o' the house—not for over twelve years. I ain't even had the luxury of a spell o' sickness, with betterin' days an' neighbors' trays sent in—not for nine years. It 's jest been mat-knittin' whenever I 'd try to git a little diversion from the duties of a aunt an' sister-in-law, an'—an'—an'—

"Well, it broke out in me all of a sudden, this week, an' this is what it 's led to. Of co'se you can't never respect me no more; but they 's one thing: *you can't pleg me like you attempted to do to-night. Nobody* dast to do that, not even an apostle hisself, ef they was one alive.

"Ef I 'm put out o' the church for to-day's misconduc', why, out I go, that 's all; but I 'll give myself up; the conference won't haf to summons me."

She had been borne along so fiercely by her own passion that she had failed to see the growing distress in the deacon's face until he laid his hand upon her arm. Then it was that she saw that there were tears upon his cheeks.

"Hush, Melissy, hush! For God's sake, hush!" He was obliged to take his handkerchief and wipe his eyes.

"What you 've told me is all new to me—before God." His right hand trembled visibly as he held it up to give force to his words.

"Yas; it 's as new to me as ef Heaven had jest revealed it; but, bless God, how happy it does make me feel! Talk about *respectin'* you! Why, honey, I would n't take all the money in Simpkinsville befo' the wah for what you 've confessed to me. It brings you in reach of me. For ten year I 've set an' contemplated you an' yore life, an' so far as I could scan it, it 's been perfect, an' they 's been times I 'd 'a' give my head to see a flaw in you; an', bless Heaven, the time has come, an' I can speak. I could n't ask no perfec' woman to be my wife—an' me a poor mericle-doubtin', deef old sinner like I 've always been.

"I 've worshiped you, Melissy, honey, same as I 'd worship a saint, for over ten year; but no human man 's got a right to make love to a up-an'-down saint.

"But I can make love to you now, an' I 'm a-doin' it this minute. Any dear-hearted woman thet 's lived the life you 've lived, an' then, when she was put to it, had the grit to kick out o' the traces—"

He put his arm about her, as if she had been a child in distress, and drew her to him.

"Did you take notice thet I never said I liked the *color* o' them green mats, honey? Growin' things an' tree-frogs can have a monopoly o' that color for me, an' I don't

wonder you got tired of it. But these red ones, they 've got jest enough o' the ole Nick in 'em to tickle me all over.

"We 'll set 'em on the mantel-shelf, an' they 'll illuminate the whole house."

Miss Melissa sat quite still and looked doubtingly into the deacon's face. His words did not satisfy her. He realized the mats in their worst meaning, and yet he took pleasure in them. Her voice was almost reproachful when she said, after a while:

"You would n't want to illuminate the house with a reminder of my sinfulness, would you?"

"'T ain't that, deary. It 'll be as a reminder of yo' humanness—that 's all."

"An' yet they 're the reverend color of *sin*, accordin' to Scripture. 'Though thy sins be—'"

"That 's only half o' the tex', honey."

"Yas; that 's so. Maybe it will be jest as well to keep 'em in sight. We 'll try to reelize the promise every time we look at 'em—'whiter than snow.' That-a-way they 'll be symbols of forgiveness."

"That cotation ain't 'whiter than snow,' honey. It 's 'as white as snow,' an' it 's from the first chapter of the prophet Isaiah, eighteenth verse. You 're thinkin' about a psa'm verse. It 's the Fifty-first Psa'm, seventh verse,—seventh or eighth,—thet says 'whiter than snow.'"

"Well, *you* can read the mats that-a-way, ef you like, but don't talk too much about it, now, less 'n you 'll skeer me. I don't doubt you 're entirely too good for me, after all. But, for better or for worse, you 're mine, from this time on through all eternity, less 'n you cast me off.

"Even ef I was to wake up sudden an' find I 'd been dreamin' all this whole thing, I 'd set out to hunt you up an' co't you now—that is, ef I remembered *all* the dream."

"Which part do you mean?" She looked artlessly into his face as she asked it.

"Put on yo' guessin'-cap," he chuckled, as he tightened his arm about her and covered her hand with his.

"All scarlet ain't sin," he added, looking down upon her. "The side o' yo' neck an' yo' ear—don't turn away, now. It 's perfectly lovely. But how did you git them little black freckles on yo' wrist?"

He had lifted her hand and was turning it over. "And how red it is! The right one ain't that-a-way."

"Them 's Sunday freckles," she said evenly. "You know, I 'm left-handed, an' that 's my fishin' hand. It 's been held over the water in the sun the livelong day. I wonder you dast to hold it."

"'T ain't no worse for me to hold yo' po' little Sabbath-breakin' hand than for you to be a-listenin' to the words of my doubt-expressin' tongue, is it?" he chuckled; but in a moment he added seriously:

"But they 's some precious truths I ain't never doubted, deary. I ain't never doubted the love of God, or the blessedness of livin' in Him, or the beauty of holiness.

"But,"—and now he chuckled again,—"come down to it, it 's only these triflin' little one-day open-air freckles on yo' hand thet brings it where I can feel anyways eligible to it—that is, it 's what these dear little freckles express—God bless 'em! Seems to me you must freckle mighty easy, though."

"I always did. You know, I was sandy-haired befo' I—"

"You 're sandy-haired yet, deary. The prettiest sand on earth is the white sand o' the sea-shore. It 's whiter than snow, ef anything outside of a pure woman's soul is. But yo' hair ain't arrived at that stage, quite. They 's a plenty of the earthly sand-color in it yet, an' I 'm glad of it. Sand an' grit, you know, they 're pretty nigh the same thing. I like a woman thet 's got grit. It was mighty gritty the way you owned up to all you done, knowin' you 'd have to face the music alone.

"Oh, what a joy this day has brought me! Yas, indeed, we 'll put these red mats in sight, an' they 'll be beacons to us both, each in a different way, maybe. An' nobody but you an' me an' the gate-post—"

"Which ole Si is as deef as—"

"Will ever know the story of 'em. I 'm s'prised you was n't afeard of ole Si, though. They say he 's picked up a ol' stovepipe hat somewhere, an' with it an' his dress-skirts an' boots—

"I would n't like to come on 'im sudden in the dusk myself. You know I offered him shelter, four year ago, in my barn; but he would n't have it. I don't wonder you thought I knew about yo' seein' him. Every time I opened my mouth to-night, seem like I put my foot in it, as the sayin' is.

"But do you reelize thet you ain't holdin' back from me none, an' thet I 'm keepin' my arm around you, straight along, an' I 'm a-takin' a heap o' things for granted?"

At this Miss Melissa withdrew herself; but she was not blushing, nor in any wise conscious or confused.

"It's all so sudden," she said evenly, "seem like I can' quite git the straight of it. I feel like as ef the Apostle John had ast me to

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"'ARE YOU SHORE YOU DOUBT?'"

marry him, an' while I was holdin' off, half scared, he turned into Peter, an'—an'—"

"An' you give in to Peter?"

Her face was as red as the scarlet mat, but the deacon did not see it. Her voice betrayed her embarrassment somewhat, though, as she said, lowering her tone a little:

"I could take Peter easier 'n I could John. He would n't be sech a constant reproach to me. But you 've been like John to me for so long—I can't hardly—"

She laid her hand upon his arm, and putting her lips close to his good ear, continued:

"Are you shore you doubt, in yo' heart of hearts, about Jonah an' the whale—an' it all stated clair in the Bible? You ain't jest makin' pretend, jest to encourage me?"

"Why, honey, I told you about that before I knew—"

"So you did. An' you 're *shore* you doubt?"

"I 'm afeard I am, beloved."

"Well, *ef you 're shore*—"

"Maybe we can be a help to one another."

THE TRAMP AND THE RAILROADS.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT,
Author of "The Tramp at Home," "The City Tramp," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

FIVE years had elapsed since my last journey with the "hoboes"—indeed, since I had so much as seen them. Study and recreation took me to Europe in the autumn of 1893, and I did not return to this country till the spring of 1898. Newspaper clippings containing accounts of the movements of the hoboes, and stories about their life, occasionally reached me, and once there came an invitation to be present at an Anti-Tramp Congress, but beyond this I heard very little about my old companions of "the road." I always thought of them, however, when I saw the European vagabond trudging along on the public turnpikes, and wondered whether they were still permitted to travel on the railroads in their "side-door Pullmans" (box-cars) as they had done, and as they taught me to do when I was among them. In eastern Prussia I once stopped to talk with a foot-sore old wanderer on the *chaussée*, and told him of the way the American tramp travels. "Ach, how beautiful that must be!" he exclaimed. "And to think that they would probably hang us poor fellows here in the Fatherland if we should try to ride in that fashion! In truth, son, a republic is the only place for the poor and outcast."

There had been rumors, while I was still on the road, that a day of reckoning was coming between the railroad companies and the tramps, and that when it arrived the hobo, like the *Chausséegrabentapezirer*, would take to the turnpikes. Life in Hoboland is so precarious that it comes natural to the inhabitants to be on the watch for impending catastrophes, and I remember that I also believed that the railroad companies would eventually stop free riding as the tramp practised it. It did not seem natural that a class of people with so little influence as the tramps should be allowed to enjoy such a privilege long; and although I learned to ride in freight-cars with as much peace of mind and often more comfort than in passenger-coaches, there was always something strange to me in the fact that I never bought a ticket. During my first trip in Hoboland, which lasted eight continuous months, I must easily have traveled over twenty thousand miles, and there were not more than ten occasions during the entire experience when any payment was demanded of me, and on those occasions the "medium of exchange" consisted of such things as pipes, neckties, tobacco, and knives. Once I had to trade shoes with a brakeman merely to get across the Missouri River, a trip which ordinarily would have cost me but ten cents; but as that was the very sum of which I was short, and the brakeman wanted my shoes, the only thing to do was to trade.

Had any one told me, as I was leaving Europe, that a week after my arrival in this country I should be "hitting the road" again, I should not have believed him. Civilization had become very dear to me in the interval that had elapsed since my last tramp trip, and it seemed to me that my vagabond days were over.

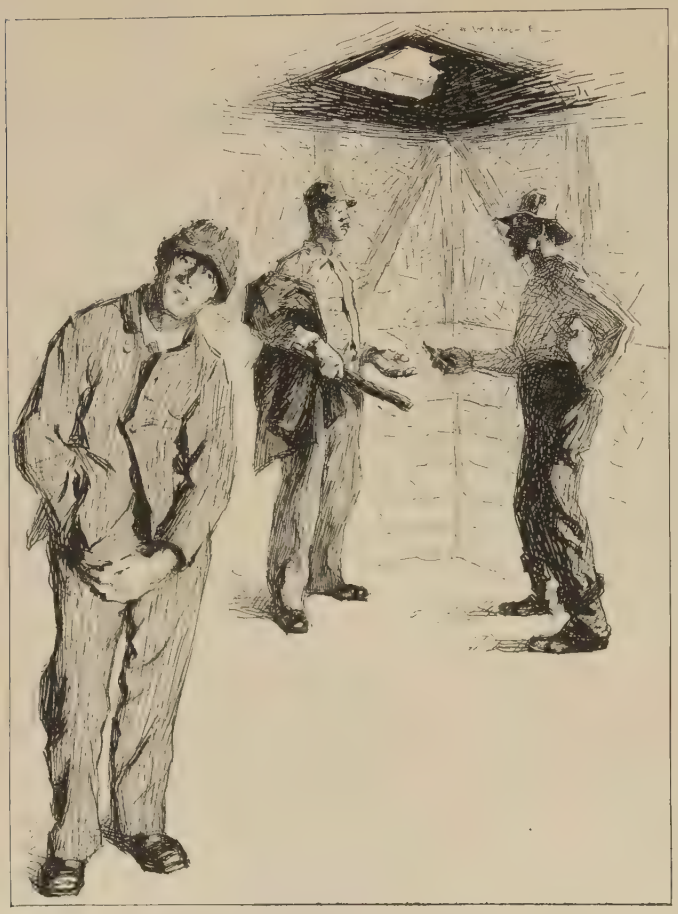
Once a vagabond, however, like the reserve Prussian soldier, a man can always be called on for duty, and it was my fate, a few days after setting foot in my native land again, to be asked by the general manager of one of our railroads to make a report to him on the tramp situation on the lines under his control. For three years he had been hard at work organizing a railroad police force which was to rid the lines under his control of the tramp nuisance, and he believed that he was gradually succeeding in his task; but he wanted me to go over his property and give an independent opinion of what had been done. He had read some of my papers in THE CENTURY on tramp life, and while reading them it had occurred to him that I might be able to gather information for him which he could turn to good account, and he sent for me.

"On assuming management of these lines," he said to me in the conversation we had in his office, "I found that our trains were carrying thousands of trespassers, and that our freight-cars were frequently being robbed. I considered it a part of my busi-

ness as a general manager to do my utmost to relieve the company of this expense, and I felt that the company owed it to the public to refuse to harbor this criminal class of people. In a way a railroad may be called the chief citizen of a State, and in this tramp matter it seemed to me that it had a duty as a citizen to discharge to the State.

"There are three conspicuous reasons that have deterred railroad people from attacking the tramp problem. First, it has been thought that it would entail a very great expense. Our experience on these lines has shown that this fear was not warranted. Second, it has been thought that no support would be given the movement by the local magistrates and police authorities. Our experience shows that in a great majority of cases we have the active support of the local police authorities and that the magistrates have done their full duty. Third, it was feared that there might be some retaliation by the tramps. Up to date we have but very little to complain of on that score. From the reports that I get from my men, I am led to believe that we are gradually ridding not only the

A COMPARISON OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH METHODS OF TRAMP TRAVEL.



A BRAKEMAN OF A FREIGHT-TRAIN COLLECTING FARES.

railroad property, but much of the territory in which it is situated, of the tramp nuisance; but I should like a statement from you in regard to the situation, and I want to know whether you are willing to make a tramp trip and find out for us all that you can."

It was a cold, bleak day in March when we had this conversation, and there was every inducement to postpone a journey such as the general manager suggested; but I was so impressed with his seriousness in the matter, and so thoroughly interested in what he had done, that I agreed to begin the investigation at once. It seemed to me that a man who had written so much about the tramp problem ought to be willing to do what he could to help the community solve it, especially when he was to be reimbursed for his work as liberally as I was to be; and although I suffered more on this particular journey than on any other that I have made, I shall never regret having undertaken it.

Before starting out on my travels a contract was drawn up between the general manager and myself. It secured to me a most satisfactory daily wage, and to the general manager weekly reports as long as I was "out on the road," with a final statement when the investigation should be finished.

On no previous journey in Hoboland have I been such an object of curiosity to the tramps as on this one when writing my weekly reports. I was dressed so badly that I could write them only in lodging-houses where vagabonds sojourn, and it usually took me a full half-hour to finish one. It availed nothing to pick out a quiet corner, for the men gathered about me the minute they thought I had written enough, and they thought this before I was half through. If they had been able to decipher my handwriting I doubt whether I should be writing this article now, but as they were not, they amused themselves with funny remarks. "Give 'er my love," they said. "Writin' yer will, are ye, Cigarette?" "Break the news gently." And they made other similar remarks which, if I had not been forced to write, would have smothered any literary aspirations that a lodging-house is capable of arousing. As it was, I managed to send in my reports more or less regularly, and faulty though they must have been, they served their purpose.

They told the story of the tramp situation on about two thousand miles of railroad property, situated in five different States. The reports of the first month of the investigation pertained to tramps on lines in the neighborhood of the property I was investigating. I had not been an hour on my travels when it was made very plain to me that my employer's police force was so vigilant that it behooved me not to be caught riding trains unauthorized on his lines. Every tramp I met warned me against this particular road, and although a clause in my contract secured me

the payment by the company of all fines that might be imposed upon me as a trespasser, as well as my salary during imprisonment, in case I should find it useful for my purposes to go to jail, I found it more convenient for the first month to wander about on railroads which I knew tramps could get over. I reasoned that the experience was going to be hard enough anyhow, without having to dodge a railroad police officer every time I boarded a train, and I knew that the trespassers on neighboring lines would be able to tell me what was the general opinion in regard to my employer's road as a tramp thoroughfare. All whom I interviewed spoke of it as the hardest railroad in the United States for a tramp to beat, and I could not have learned more of the tramps' opinion of it had I remained exclusively on the property. The roads that I went over crossed and recrossed my employer's road at a number of places, and I was frequently able to see for myself that it is a closed line for trespassers.

It may interest the reader to know how I lived during the time I traveled as a tramp. Except on one occasion, when my funds gave out, I paid my way regularly so far as food was concerned. A friend sent me a postal order for a few dollars nearly every week, and I managed to live rather comfortably at lodging-house restaurants. Occasionally I would meet a "pal" of former years, and if he had money, or found that I had, nothing would do but we should celebrate meeting each other again, and at such times my friend in the East got word that my remittance must be hurried up somewhat; but, as a general thing, I dined fairly well on two dollars a week. For sleeping-quarters I had bunks in lodging-houses, benches in police stations, and "newspaper beds" in railroad "sandhouses." I chose one of these places as circumstances suggested. If there was nothing to be gained in the way of information by going to a sandhouse or a police station, I took in a lodging-house, if one was handy. Once I slept in the tramp ward of a poorhouse, and never had I spent a more disagreeable night. A crowd of tramps to which I had attached myself had used up their welcome in a town where there were three police stations, and it had been arranged that on the night in question we should all meet at the tramp ward of the poorhouse. A negro was the first one to get there, and a more frightened human being than he was when the rest of us put in an appearance, it would be hard to imagine. We found him in a cold cellar, absolutely without light and furnished with nothing but an immense bench, about four feet wide, four feet high, and ten feet long. In Siberia itself I have never seen a gloomier hole for men to pass a night in.

"I turned up here 'bout five o'clock," the negro said, "'n' they sent me to the smokin' room, where them luny blokes was smokin' their pipes. I never knew before that they sent luny people to poorhouses, 'n' I

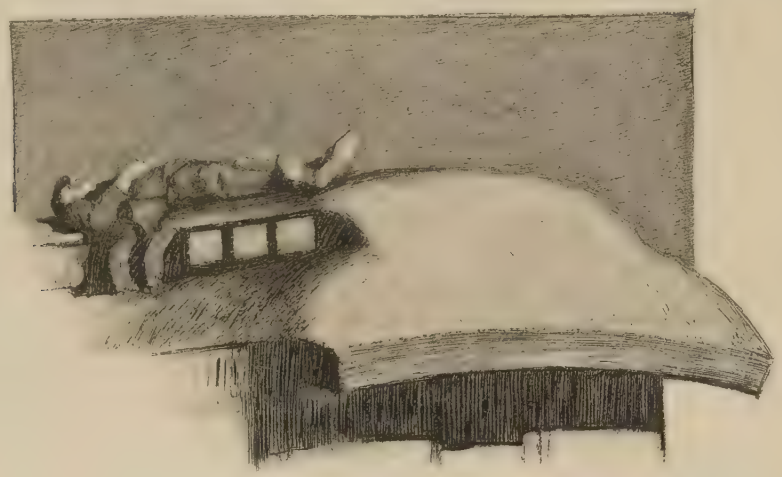
YOUTHFUL TRESPASSERS.

could n't understan' it. I told one of 'em what I was there for, 'n' he told me that this cellar down here has ghosts in it. Well, o' course, I ain't 'feard o' ghosts in most places, but, by jiminy, when the keeper came 'n' put me down here 'n' left me in the cold 'n' dark, somehow or other I got to thinkin' o' that luny bloke's stories, 'n' I jus' had to holler. W'y, I never felt so queer before in my life. Suppose I 'd gone crazy; why, I could 'a' sued the county for damages, could n't I? Don't you ever soogest any more poorhouses to me; I don't wonder people goes crazy in 'em." When the crowd first saw the negro he was shouting at the top of his voice: "Spirits! spirits! There 's spooks down here!"

We all spent a most miserable night in the cellar, and I doubt whether any one of us would willingly seek shelter there again.

Indeed, when the first month of my investigation was over, and war had been declared with Spain, it seemed to me that I had gone through so much and was so hardened that I could go to Cuba and worry through all kinds of trouble. I have since regretted that I did not go, but, at the time, I had become so interested in the work that, when I returned to my employer for further orders, and he said to me, "Well, now that you have satisfied me in regard to the attitude of the tramp toward the company's property, suppose you satisfy yourself concerning the attitude of the company toward the tramp," I readily fell in with the suggestion. To make my final report complete it was obvious that I ought to get an insight into the workings of my employer's police force, and for the second month he gave me permission to travel on freight-trains, engines, and passenger-trains, and a letter introducing me to the different employees of the company with whom I was likely to come in contact. With these credentials I was able to circulate freely over the property, to inquire minutely into the work of the police department, to meet the local magistrates, and particularly the jail- and workhouse-keepers. It was also possible for me to make an actual count of the trespassers who were daring enough to attempt to travel on this closed road.

This work was not so tedious and dangerous as that of the first month, and there were more comforts to be enjoyed; but I had to be up at all hours of the night, and the bulk of my time was spent in train-riding. After thirty days of almost constant travel I was convinced first that the tramps had told the truth about the road, and that it is exceedingly difficult to trespass on it with impunity; second, that although the police force is not perfect (none is), it was doing exceptionally good work in freeing the community of tramps and beggars. It differs from ordinary railroad police forces in that it is systematically organized and governed. In dealing with tramps and trespassers the plan is to keep up a continuous surveillance of them, and they are taken off trains one by one, day after day, rather than in squads of fifty and sixty, with no more effort in this direction for weeks and sometimes months, as is the prevailing custom on most railroads. There is consequently very little crowding of magistrates' courts and jails, and the taxpayers are not forced to board and lodge a great



BEATING A PASSENGER-TRAIN.

collection of vagabonds. I was also impressed with the fact that the force is on friendly relations with municipal and village police organizations along the road, and has the respect of communities formerly at the mercy of a constantly increasing army of hoboes.

So much for my personal experience and finding in this latest investigation in "tramp-ology"; it was as interesting a tramp trip as I have ever made, and I learned more about the best methods to employ in attacking the tramp problem in this country than on any previous journey. It is now my firm belief that, if the tramps can be kept off the railroads, their organization will become so unattractive that it will never again appeal to men as it has done in the past; and the purpose of this paper is to make plain the necessity of keeping them off the railroads, and to show what results from their present unique position in railroad life. No other country in the world transports its beggars from place to place free of charge, and there is no reason why this country should do so.

The custom has grown up in the United States during the last thirty years. Before the Civil War there were comparatively few tramps in America, and practically no railroad tramps. After the war there suddenly appeared on the scene a large class of men who had become so enamoured of camp life that they found it impossible to return to quiet living, and they took to wandering about the country. Occasionally they worked a little to keep themselves in "pin-money," but by 1870, hundreds of them had given up all intention of working, and had founded the organization known to-day as the "Hobo-Push." By that year, also, they had discovered that our turnpikes, particularly in the West, were very poor roads to travel on, and they began to walk on the railroad-track.

If, at this time, the railroad companies had laws passed, such as are in force to-day in Great Britain and on the Continent, forbidding everybody but an employee to walk on railroad property, except at public crossings, we should have learned, ere this, to obey them, and the railroad tramp would not have been developed. These laws not being enacted, however, it was not long before it became very clear to the tramp that it would be much more comfortable to sit in a box-car and ride, than to "drill" (walk) over the ties. An appreciation of this character is acted upon very soon in Hoboland, and by 1875 the majority of the professional vagrants were taking lessons in jumping on and off moving freight-trains. The trainmen, partly because they thought that many of these trespassers were deserving but penniless out-of-works, and partly on account of the inborn willingness of every American to help a man in unfortunate circumstances, made practically no serious effort to keep the tramp off their trains, and by 1880 the latter was accepted by railroad companies as an unavoidable nuisance on railroad property.

To-day it is the boast of the hoboes that they can travel in every State of the Union for a mill per mile, while in a number of States they pay nothing at all. On lines where brakemen demand money of them, ten cents is usually sufficient to settle for a journey of a hundred miles, and twenty cents often secures a night's ride. They have different methods of riding, among which the favorite is to steal into an empty box-car on a freight-train. At night this is comparatively easy to do; on many roads it is possible to travel this way, undisturbed, till morning. If the train has no "empties," they must ride on top of the car, between the "bumpers," on one of the car ladders, or on the rods. On passenger-trains they ride on top, on the "blind baggage," and on the trucks.

Taking this country by and large, it is no exaggeration to say that every night in the year ten thousand free passengers of the tramp genus travel on the different railroads in the ways mentioned, and that ten thousand more are waiting at watering-tanks and in railroad yards for opportunities to get on the trains. I estimate the professional tramp population at about sixty thousand, a third of whom are generally on the move.

In summer the entire tramp fraternity may be said to be "in transit." The average number of miles traveled daily by each man at this season of the year is about fifty, which, if paid for at regular rates, would cost, say, a dollar. Of course one should not ordinarily pay so much to ride in a box-car as in a passenger-coach, but the ordinary tramp is about as comfortable in one as in the other, and, on the dollar-a-trip basis, he and his 59,999 companions succeed in getting out of the railroad companies sixty thousand dollars' worth of free transportation every day that they all travel. Multiply this figure by a hundred, which is about the number of days in a year when all trampdom "flits," and you have an approximate idea of how much they gain.

Another serious loss to the railroads is that involved in the disappearance of goods under-

going transportation, and in claims for personal injuries. Some tramps steal, and some do not, but every year considerable thefts are made from freight-cars, and tramps, or men them to steal anything more valuable than fruit from freight-cars and metal from idle engines. In a year's time, however, including all the thefts committed by both tramps and

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A TRAMPS' DEPOT.

posing as such, are generally the guilty parties. Professional thieves frequently become tramps for a time, both to minimize their guilt and to elude capture, and the probability is that the majority of the greater thefts are committed by them. Tramps proper are discouraged thieves, and I have seldom known professional thieves, a very appreciable loss results to the railroads, and I can recall, out of my observation, robberies which have amounted to several thousand dollars.

That railroad companies should have to reimburse trespassers for the loss of a hand or foot while riding unauthorized on trains

will strike every one as a very unjust tax on their resources, but such claims are constantly made. Let us say, for example, that a young boy who has been stealing his way on a freight-train loses a leg. There is a type of lawyer who at once takes up a case of this sort, going to the boy's parents or relatives and suggesting to them the advisability of claiming damages, asserting his readiness to serve them in the matter. "All right," says the father; "get what you can." In court the lawyer draws a horrible picture of these engines of death, the railroads, showing how they are constantly killing people. If the boy's father is poor, this fact is also brought graphically to the attention of the jury, and the wealth of the corporation is described as something enormous. If the lawyer manages his case cleverly, making out that the boy was enticed on to the freight-train by the trainmen, or that he fell under the wheels through their carelessness, there are but few juries that will refuse to give the father at least enough damages to pay the lawyer's fee and the doctor's bill, and then there is a celebration over having "squeezed" another railroad company. For a private person to be compelled by a court to pay damages to the father of a boy who fell from an apple-tree in the private person's orchard, where the lad was an obvious trespasser and thief, would be considered an outrage.

I bring out these facts about the losses to the railroad in some detail because the public is really the railroad company, and consequently the sufferer.

To tell all that the country at large suffers from the free railroad transportation of tramps would take me beyond the limits of a paper of this character, but there are a few points which must be noted. In the first place, the railroads spread the tramp nuisance over a much greater stretch of territory than would be the case if the tramps were limited to the turnpikes. There are districts in the United States which are so difficult to reach by the highroad, on account of unprofitable intermediate territory, that the hobo would never attempt to go near them if it were not easy for him to get over the disagreeable parts of the journey in a box-car. Take the trip from Denver to San Francisco, for instance. There is not a vagabond in the country who would undertake to walk across the American Desert merely to reach "'Frisco," and if walking were the only way to get to that city it would be left largely to "coast beggars." As matters now stand, however, you may see a beggar one day in Fifth Avenue in New York city, and a fortnight later he will accost you in Market street in San Francisco. Many tramps can travel as rapidly as the man who pays his way, and I have known those who could even "hold down" the Chicago Limited from Jersey City to Chicago without a break.

All this contributes to the difficulty of locating and capturing the dangerous characters of tramp life; and, as I have said, many professional criminals, who have nothing to do with beggars in other quarters, mix with them in freight-cars.

A remark, in this connection, of Mr. Allen Pinkerton is popular in Hoboland. He is reported by them to have once said, in a conversation about the capture of criminals, that he thought he could catch, in time, almost any kind of criminal except the tramp, and him he could not catch because it was so difficult to locate him. "One day he is in a barn, the next in a haystack, and the next Heaven only knows where he is, for he has probably got on to the railroad, and there you might as well look for a lost pin."

The railroads also help to keep the tramp element in our large cities. It very seldom settles in the country, and not for any length of time in provincial towns. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Buffalo, Baltimore, New Orleans, and other like places are its main strongholds. The more the criminal element of a country fastens itself upon its cities, the harder it is to break up, and in the United States this is what is taking place. Chicago, for instance, is as much a center in the criminal as in the business world, and almost every freight-train entering it brings a contribution to its criminal population. Even without railroads the tendency of crime to predominate in towns would exist; evil-doers feel more at home in city streets and haunts than in the country; but their present strength in our cities is largely due to the free transportation they get from the railroads.

Another striking fact is that out-of-works who "beat their way" on freight-trains very easily degenerate into professional vagabonds. I have traveled with men who, in six months' time, had become voluntary vagrants merely because their first stolen rides, while in search of work, had demonstrated to them how easy it is to manage without working and paying their way. The average unemployed man in the United States goes from one large city to another, rather than, as is the custom in Europe,

taking in the intermediate towns and villages, where there is no such likelihood of the labor market becoming congested. In a few weeks, unless he is a man of very strong character, he learns to travel merely for travel's sake, and develops into a "stake-man," who only works long enough to get a "stake" and then go off on a trip again. Among the so-called unemployed in this country there are thousands of this type, and they are the result of this love of side-door Pullman excursions.

There is one more fact which cannot be overlooked—the temptation which the railroads have for a romantic and adventuresome boy. A child possessed of *Wanderlust* generally wanders for a while, anyhow, but the chance he now has to jump on a freight-train and "get into the world quick," as I have heard lads of this temperament remark, has a great deal to do in tempting him to run away from home. Hoboland is overrun with youngsters who have got there on the railroads, and very few of them ever wander back to their parents. Once started "railroading," they go on and on, and its attractions seem to increase as the years go by. Walking has no such charms for them, and if it were their only method of seeing the world, the majority of those who now keep on seeing it, until death ends their roaming, would grow tired. The railroad, however, makes it possible for them to keep shifting the scenes they enjoy, and, in time, change and variety become so essential that they are unable to settle down anywhere. They are victims of what tramps call the "railroad fever," a malady for which a remedy has yet to be prescribed.

Can the tramps be driven off the railroads? It was to satisfy my own curiosity in regard to this question, and to find out how successful my employer, the general manager, had been in his attempt to answer it in the affirmative, that I undertook the investigation which I have described. Previous to his efforts to keep tramps off railroads, it had been thought, as he has stated, that it was cheaper to put up with them, nuisance though they were, than to pay the bills which a crusade against them would occasion. It has at last been demonstrated, however, that tramps can be refused free transportation by one of our greatest railroads, with a saving of expense to the company and with great benefit to the community, and the time has come when the public is justified in demanding that all railroads take a similar stand in regard to this evil.

If all the railroad companies would agree upon concerted action against tramps, in a few years the following very satisfactory results would be achieved: first, very few tramps, if any, would try to beat their way on trains; second, an appreciable number of them would give up tramping entirely, because their present railroad privileges are to many the main attractions of the life; third, a few would try to become professional criminals again, partly out of revenge and partly because tramping on the turnpikes would be too disagreeable; and, fourth, a large number would take to the highways, where some might be made to do farm-work, and where all would, at least, be in touch with farm life. The reader may take exception to the third possibility, and think that great harm would come of an increase in the professional criminal class; but, as I have said, tramps are really discouraged criminals, and a return to the old life, of which they made a failure, would only land them in the penitentiary.

It is probably impossible ever entirely to eliminate the vagrant element in a nation's life, and no such hope is held out in connection with the reform advocated in this article; but this much is certain: had all the railroads been as closed to tramps, during my first excursions into Hoboland, as one of them has recently become, one man, at least, would not have attempted any free riding, and would not have found so many tramps to study.

NIGHTFALL.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

THE sun puts out his crimson light,
A hawk ascends her stairway steep;
From the near jungle of the night
I hear the padded tread of sleep!

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,
Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XV.

WHEN Gilbert learned from his man that Beatrix was badly hurt and suffering great pain, he turned his face away and bit hard at the saddle-bag that served him for a pillow. It was late in the afternoon, and Dunstan had just come back from making inquiries in the ladies' lines, half a mile away.

Nothing could have been simpler than his round tent, which had a single pole and covered a circle four or five paces in diameter. The dry ground had been sprinkled with water and beaten with mallets so as to harden it as much as possible. Gilbert and his two men slept on smoke-cured hides over which heavy woolen blankets were spread, almost as thick as carpets, hand-woven in rough designs of vivid blue and red, the coarse work of shepherds of Auvergne, but highly valued.

Against the pole were piled the saddles one upon another, Gilbert's own on top, with the curved pommels; Dunstan's covered with plaited lines for binding on rolled blankets and all sorts of light packages and saddle-bags before and behind the rider's seat; and the mule's pack-saddle, on which little Alric rode, perched upon the close-bound bundles, when the road was fair: yet during most of the journey the sturdy Saxon had trudged along on foot, as Dunstan did also, but it was not seemly that a man of gentle blood should be seen walking on the march, except of great necessity.

Above the saddles Gilbert's mail hung by the pole, with a stout staff run through both arms to stretch it out, lest dampness should rust it; also his other armor and his sword were fastened up like an ancient trophy, with the bridles and leathern bottles and other gear. Beside the saddles, on the ground, the shining copper kettle held three bright brass bowls, three well-scoured wooden trenchers, a long wooden ladle, an iron skewer, and three brass spoons, the simple necessities for cooking and eating. Forks had not been thought of in those days.

Gilbert lay on his back and turned his face away from his man. He was bruised and scratched, and his head ached from being struck on the ground when the mare had dragged him; but he was whole and sound in limb, and Dunstan had stretched his joints and pressed his bruises with a wise touch that had in it something of Oriental skill. He lay wrapped in a long robe of coarse white linen, as thick as wool—a sensible Greek garment which he had got in Constantinople. For the afternoon was warm, and though the flap of the tent was raised and stretched out like an awning, there was little air, and the place smelled of the leathern trappings and of hot canvas, and through the side to which he turned his face Gilbert could see little dazzling sparks of rays where the sun was beating full upon the outside.

He wished that in the mad rush of the Arab the life might have been pounded out of him, and that he might never have waked to know what he had done; for although in his sober senses he did not love the queen, it seemed to him that he had loved her in the moment when he sprang to save her life, and that he could never again forget the look of fear for him in her eyes and her cry of terror for his sake. All that Beatrix had said to him in the garden at Constantinople came back to him now; until now, he had disbelieved it all, as a wild and foolish impossibility, for he was overmodest and diffident of himself in such matters.

Beatrix would certainly have been killed but for the chance which had thrown the mare across the narrow way, and he had risked his life to save another woman. It mattered not that the other was the queen; that was not the reason why he leaped upon the bridle. He had done it for a glance of her eyes, for the tone of her voice, as it were in an instant of temptation, when he had

[1] Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

stepped out of the rank to face destruction for a dearer sake. It seemed like a crime, and it proved against his own belief that he loved what he loved not. Had he let the queen pass, and had he stopped Beatrix's horse instead, she might be unhurt, and one other brave man might have saved Eleanor at the brink. Instead, he thought of the sad face with its pathetic little smile, drawn with pain and hot upon the pillow, by his fault; and he thought with greater fear of the danger that some deep hurt might leave the slender frame bent and crippled for life.

But meanwhile the news had spread quickly that it was the silent Englishman, neither knight nor squire, who had saved the queen, and outside the tent men stopped in knots and talked of the deed, and asked questions of Alric, who had picked up enough Norman French to give tolerably intelligible answers. At first came soldiers, passing as they went to fetch water from the lake, and again as they came back with copper vessels filled to the brim and dripping upon their shoulders, they set down their burdens and talked together. Presently came a great knight, the Count of Montferrat, brother to the Count of Savoy, who had been at Vézelay, where Gilbert had talked with him. He walked with slow stride, his bright eyes seeming to cut a way for him, his long mantle trailing, his soft red leather boots pushed down in close creases about his ankles, his gloved hand pressing down the cross-hilt of his sword, so that the sheath lifted his mantle behind him. On each side of him walked his favorite knights, and their squires with them, all on their way to the king's quarters, where a council of war was to be held, since it was known how the great German host had been routed, and that the emperor himself might follow Duke Frederick of Suabia. The duke had already reached the camp, after beating off the Seljuk skirmishers who had harassed his retreat and driven in the first fright-struck Germans.

The soldiers and grooms made way for the noble, but he asked which might be the tent of Gilbert Warde, the Englishman; so they pointed to the raised flap, where Alric stood with his sturdy legs apart, under the shadow of Gilbert's long shield, which was hanging from a lance stuck in the ground. The shield was blank, though many gentlemen already painted devices on theirs, and sovereign lords displayed the heraldic emblems of their houses long before their vassals began to use their coats of arms on their shields in war. But Gilbert would bear neither emblem nor device till some great deed should make him famous.

The Count of Montferrat glanced at the blank shield thoughtfully and asked little Alric of what family his master was; and when he heard that his forefathers had been with Robert the Devil when he died, and with William at Hastings, and with Godfrey at Jerusalem, and that his father had died fighting for Maud against the usurper, but that Gilbert had not knighthood for all that, he wondered gravely. Yet knowing that he was hurt and ill at ease, the count would not go in, but gave Alric a piece of gold and bade him greet the young Lord of Stoke and tell him that the Count of Montferrat craved better acquaintance with him, when he should be recovered.

He went on his way, but was not gone far when the Count of Savoy and the lord of fated Coucy came strolling side by side, with their trains of knights and squires, on their way to the council. And having seen Montferrat stop at the tent, they did likewise, and asked the same questions, giving Alric money out of respect for his master's brave deed and good name, according to custom. Many others came after them, great and small, and the great gave the groom money, and the poor men-at-arms asked him to drink with them after supper; so that his flat leathern wallet, which was cracking in its creases from having been long empty, was puffed out and hard, and weighed heavily at his belt, and as for the wine promised him, he might have floated a boat in it.

There was one of the Greek guides who stood near the tent, playing with a string of thick beads, and keeping behind Alric; and when there was a crowd around him, this Greek slipped nearer, with his razor in the palm of his hand, and stealthily tried to cut the thongs by which the wallet was fastened. So the Saxon turned quickly and smote him between the eyes with his fist, and it was an hour before the Greek came to himself and crawled away, for nobody would lift him. But Alric laughed often as he sucked the trickling blood from his knuckles, and though he was a little man and young, the soldiers looked at him with respect, and many more of them asked him to drink.

So on that afternoon Gilbert's reputation grew suddenly as a bright lily that has been long in bud under a wet sky breaks out like a flame in the first sunshine; and the days were over when he must trudge along un-

noticed in the vast throng of nobles, with his two men and his modest baggage.

Meanwhile the council was held in the king's tent of state, within which three hundred nobles sat at ease after the king himself had taken his place on the throne, with the queen on his right hand. There red-bearded Frederick of Suabia, nephew to Conrad and famous afterward as the Emperor Barbarossa, stood up and told his tale: how the wild German knights had truly forced their leaders to take the mountain road and fight the Seljuks at a disadvantage; how the Seljuks appeared and disappeared again from hour to hour, following upon their prey at every turn, reddening every pass with blood, and leaving half-killed men among the slain to wonder whence the swift smiters had come and whither they were gone. He himself had wounds not healed, and he told how day by day the mad bravery of the Germans and the fury of his Black Forest men-at-arms had risen again and again to very desperation, to sink before evening in a new defeat; until, at last, as the Seljuk swords still killed and killed, a terror had fallen upon the host in the passes, and men had thrown away their armor and fled like rats from a burning granary, so that their leaders could not hold them. He, with a few strong helpers, had covered his flying troops, and the brave Emperor Conrad, giant in strength, the greatest swordsman of the world, was even now fighting at the hindmost rear of the army to save whom he could.

It had been madness, he told them all, to try the mountain ways. To Palestine there were two roads, and they might choose, either following the long coast round Asia Minor to the Gulf of Cyprus, or, going down to the Propontis, they might get ships from Constantinople and sail to the ports of Syria. The short way was death, and though death were nothing, it meant failure, and destruction to the Christian power in Jerusalem and Antioch.

Thus he spoke, and the king and the queen and all the great nobles heard him in silence. There were the great counts of Flanders and Toulouse, of Savoy, of Montferrat and Dreux and Blois, and the lords of Lusignan, of Coucy, of Courtenay, and of Bourbon, and the bishops of Toul and Metz, and all the great knights of Gascony and Poitou, with many others of high name and good blood, who heard the red-bearded duke speak. But when he had finished, none answered him, and the French king sat on his throne repeating the prayers for the dead in a low voice. But Eleanor's eyes flashed fire, and her gloved hand strained impatiently upon the carved arm of the chair of state.

"'Requiem eternam dona eis,'" muttered the king.

"Amen!" responded Eleanor, in a clear, contemptuous voice. "And now that prayers are over, let us do deeds. Let us mount and ride forth at dawn to meet the emperor, and help him in his need at the last. Let us ride in even order, sending out scouts and skirmishers before us, and keeping good watch, armed and ready at all moments. Then, when all are safe who are alive, we will return here, that the Germans may rest themselves by this good lake; and afterward we will set forth again by the safest road, cautiously, not wasting upon skirmishes the strength we shall need hereafter for a great victory."

"The emperor will surely be here to-morrow, without our help," said the king, in manifest discontent. "It is of no use to go and meet him."

"If he is so near, let us mount to-night, this very hour, rather than have on us the shame of lying idly here while men who wear the cross are in need of us."

The king said nothing, but at Eleanor's words a low murmur of assent ran through the assembly of brave men, from those at her feet to those farthest from her, and the impatient touch of each hand on sword or dagger, at the thought of fight, made a sound of softly moving steel and leather and buckle, which one may only hear among soldiers.

Eleanor stood up, untired by her terrible ride, unshaken by her fall, her eyes full of the brightness of pride. It was her daily food and her perpetual necessity to have the better of the king in the eyes of men, whether the matter were great or small. She stood up to her height, as if to show all her beauty and strength to the world, and the low sun streamed through the wide entrance to the tent, and fell full upon her face and her unblinking eyes.

"My lords and barons, gentlemen of Guienne and France, our journey is over to-day, our battles begin to-morrow! Our brothers are in danger, the enemy is in sight! Men of the cross, to arms!"

"To arms!" rang the reply, in many voices, both high and deep, like a major chord sounding from the heart.

As she rose, the nobles had risen, too, and only the king kept his seat, his pale face bent, his hands folded upon the hilt of the

sword that stood between his knees. The queen said no more, and, without glancing at her husband, as if she alone were sovereign, she descended the two steps from the throne to the floor of the tent. Three knights, one of Gascony, one of Poitou, and one of her own Guienne, who were her guard of honor, followed her as she passed out, smiling to the great nobles on her right and left. And many showed that they desired to speak with her, first among these the Count of Montferrat.

"Madam," he said, when he had bowed low before her, "I praise God and the Holy Trinity that your Grace is alive to-day. I pray that you will deign to accept the homage and felicitations of Montferrat!"

"Of Bourbon, madam!" cried a voice beside her.

"Of Savoy, your Grace!" said another.

"Of Coucy," "of Courtenay," "of Metz—" The voices all rang at once, as the lords pressed round her, for she had not been seen since she had left the field after her fall.

"I thank you," she answered, with a careless smile. "But you should thank also the man who saved my life, if you love me."

"Madam, we have," replied Montferrat. "And if your Grace but let me have the man, I will do him much honor for your Highness's sake."

"He is no vassal of mine," Eleanor said. "He is a poor English gentleman, cheated of his lands, a friend of young Henry Plantagenet."

"The friend of a boy!" The count laughed lightly.

But Eleanor grew thoughtful on a sudden, far beyond her rare beauty and her splendid youth, and within her world of impatient passion there was wisdom and knowledge of men.

"A boy? Yes, he may be fourteen years old, not more. But there are boys who are not children, even in their cradles, and there are men who are nothing else, their swaddling-clothes outgrown, and their milk-teeth cast, but not their whimpering and fretting."

The nobles were silent, for she spoke overboldly and meant the king, as they knew.

"As for this Englishman," she continued after an instant's pause, "he is not mine to give you, my lord count. And as for doing him honor for his brave deed, though I would gladly please you, I should be loath to let you do my duty for your pleasure."

She smiled again very graciously, for she was glad that men should praise Gilbert Warde to her, and it was strangely pleasant to think that no one guessed half of what she would give him if he would take it. For among the nobles there were great lords, goodly men and young, who dreamed of her fair face, but would not have dared to lift up their eyes to her.

So she passed out, with her knights behind her, and most of the lords and barons followed her at a distance, leaving the king within.

When she was gone, he rose slowly, and giving his sword to the chamberlain, who stood waiting, he went to his chapel tent, with downcast eyes and clasped hands, as if walking in a solemn procession. A little bell rang, the sun was low, and it was the hour of the Benediction. The king knelt down before the rich altar, and when he had prayed earnestly for strength and courage, and for wisdom to win the war of the cross, he prayed from the bottom of his unhappy heart that, if it were the will of Heaven, he might by some means be delivered from the woman of Belial who marred his life and burdened his soul.

XVI.

To the south side of the camp the Germans came by thousands, all that day and far into the night, weary, half starved, on jaded beasts that could hardly set one foot before the other, or on foot themselves, reeling like men drunk, and almost blind with exhaustion. But the panic had not lasted long, for the few scores of Seljuk riders who had fallen upon the van of the retreating column for the last time had been finally scattered by the Duke of Suabia, so that the remainder of the army came in with a show of order, bringing the greater part of the baggage. The Seljuks had not attempted to carry away plunder, which would have hampered them in their dashing charges and instant retreats.

Last of all, before daybreak, came the emperor himself, covering the rear of his army with chosen men, untired, though his great horse was staggering under him, alert and strong as if he had not been in the saddle the better part of four days and nights. He was a man of iron; and few could ride with him, or watch with him, or fight with him.

When the sun rose, the great standard of the Holy Roman Empire waved before the imperial tent, and though he had not rested, Conrad knelt beside King Lewis at early mass. Far to southward the German tents rose in long lines by the shore of the lake where Eleanor had displayed her troop on the

previous day, and countless little squads of men with mules came and went between the camp and the distant walled city of Nicæa. In the French lines, where the first preparations had been made for marching, men were again unpacking their belongings; for word had gone round at midnight that the emperor was safe, and needed no help, and would be in the camp in the morning.

Then there was secret rejoicing among the ladies, and those who had no bruise nor scratch from yesterday's accidents called their tirewomen and spent happy hours holding up their little silver mirrors to their hair, and holding them down to see the clasp at the throat, and trying some of the silks and embroideries which they had received as gifts from the Greek emperor. It was almost a miracle that none but Beatrix should have been gravely hurt, but many were a little bruised and much tired, and altogether inclined to be out of sympathy with the rest, receiving visits in their tents and discussing the chances of the war and the beauty of Constantinople, until they began to discuss one another, after which the war was not spoken of again on that day.

Then came the queen with her attendants, from her tent in the midst of the ladies' lines, pitched as far as possible from the king's, and leaving outside those who were with her, she went in and sat down by Beatrix's bedside.

The girl was very pale and lay propped up by pillows, her eyelids half shut against the light, though there was little enough under the thick double canvas. A brazier of glowing woodcoals made the tent almost too warm, and a great Norman woman with yellow hair crouched beside her, and slowly fanned her face with a Greek fan of feathers. The queen stood still a moment, for she had entered softly, and Beatrix had not opened her eyes, nor had the woman known her in the dimness. But when she recognized the queen, the maid's jaw dropped, and her hand ceased to move. Eleanor took the fan from her, and with a gesture bade her make way, and then sat down in her place to do her duty.

Hearing the rustle of skirts and feeling that another hand fanned her, the sick girl moved a little, but did not open her eyes, for her head hurt her, so that she feared the light.

"Who is it?" she asked in the voice of pain.

"Eleanor," answered the queen, softly.

Still fanning, she took the beautiful little white hand that lay on the edge of the bed nearest to her. Beatrix opened her eyes in wonder, for though the queen was kind, she was not familiar with her ladies. The girl started, as if she would have tried to rise.

"No," said Eleanor, quieting her like a child, "no, no! You must not move, my dear. I have come to see how you are. There, there! I did not mean to startle you!"

And she smoothed the soft brown hair, and then, with a sudden impulse, kissed the pale forehead, and fanned it, and kissed it again, as if Beatrix had been one of her own little daughters instead of being a grown woman not very far from her own age.

"I thank your Grace," said Beatrix, faintly.

"We are nearer than thanks since yesterday. Or if there were to be thanking, it should be from me to you, who followed me with one other, when three hundred stayed behind. But we are closer than that, for one man saved us both."

She stopped and looked round. The Norman woman was standing respectfully near the door of the tent, with eyes cast down and hands hidden under the folds of her skirt, which were drawn through her girdle in the servants' fashion.

"Go," said Eleanor, quietly. "I will take care of your mistress for a while. And do not stay at the door of the tent, but go away."

The woman bent her head low and disappeared.

"Yes," Beatrix said, when they were alone, "I saw Gilbert Warde stop your horse, and yours stopped mine. He saved us both."

There was silence, as the fan moved softly in the queen's hand.

"You have loved him long," she said presently, in a tone that questioned.

Beatrix did not answer at once, and on her smooth young forehead two straight lines made straight shadows that ended between her half-closed eyes. At last she spoke with an effort:

"Madam, as you have a soul, do not take him from me!"

She sighed and withdrew her hand from Eleanor's, as if by instinct. The queen did not start, but for an instant her eyes gathered light into themselves and her mouth hardened. She glanced at the weak girl, broken and suffering, and looking so small beside her, and she was angry that Gilbert should have chosen anything so pitiful against her own lofty beauty. But presently her anger ceased, not because it was unopposed, but because she was too large-hearted for any meanness.

"Forget that I am the queen," she said

at last. "Only remember that I am a woman, and that we two love one man."

Beatrix shivered and moved uneasily on her pillow, pressing her hand to her throat as if something choked her.

"You are cruel." Her voice would not serve her for more just then, and she stared at the roof of the tent.

"Love is cruel," answered Eleanor, in a low voice, and suddenly the hand that held the fan dropped upon her knee, and her eyes looked at it thoughtfully.

But Beatrix roused herself. There was more courage and latent energy in the slight girl than any one dreamed. Her words came clearly.

"Yours is—not mine! For his sake you call yourself a woman like me, but for his sake only. Is your face nothing, is your power nothing, is it nothing that you can hide me from him at your pleasure, or let me see him as you will? What is any one to you, who can toss a king aside like a broken toy when he thwarts you, who can make war upon empires, with no man's help, if you choose? Is Gilbert a god that he should not yield to you? Is he above men that he should not forget me, and go to you, the most beautiful woman in the world, and the most daring, and the most powerful—to you, Eleanor of Guienne, Queen of France? You have all; you want that one thing more which is all I have! You are right—love is cruel!"

The queen listened in silence, too generous still to smile at the girl, too much in earnest to be hurt.

"A man has a right to choose for himself," she answered when Beatrix paused at last.

"Yes, but you take that right from him. You thrust a choice upon him. That is your cruelty."

"How?"

"Look at me and look at yourself. Would any man think twice in choosing? And yet—" a faint smile flickered in the mask of pain —"in Constantinople—in the garden—"

She stopped, happy for a moment in the memory of his defense of her. The queen was silent and faintly blushed for her cruel speech on that day. She could have done worse deeds and been less ashamed before herself. But Beatrix went on.

"Besides," she said, turning her suffering eyes to Eleanor's face, "your love is sinful; mine is not."

The queen's look darkened suddenly. This was different ground.

"Leave priests' talk to priests," she answered curtly.

"It will soon be the talk of other men besides priests," returned Beatrix.

"For that matter, are you better?" retorted the queen. "Have you not told me that your father has married his mother? You are far within the forbidden degrees of affinity. You cannot marry Gilbert Warde any more than I can. Where is the difference?"

"You know it as well as I." The young girl turned her face away. "You know as well as I that the church can pass over what is a mere legal regulation to hinder marriages made only for fortune's sake. I am not so ignorant as you think. And you know what your love for Gilbert Warde is, before God and man!"

The blood rose in her white face as she spoke. After that there was silence for some time; but presently the queen began to fan Beatrix again, and mechanically smoothed the coverlet. There are certain things which a womanly woman would do for her worst enemy almost unconsciously, and Eleanor was far from hating her rival. Strong and unthwarted from her childhood, and disappointed in her marriage, she had grown to look upon herself as a being above laws of heaven or earth, and answerable to no one for her deeds. Feminine in heart and passion, she was manlike in mind and in her indifference to opinion. But for Gilbert, she liked Beatrix; yet, as matters stood, she both looked upon her as an obstacle and was sorry for her at the same time. Not being in any way confident of Gilbert's love herself, the girl she pitied and half liked was as much her rival as the most beautiful woman in Europe could have been. She was made of strong contrasts—generous, yet often unforgiving; strong as a man, yet capricious as a child; tender as a woman, and then in turn sudden, fierce, and dangerous as a tigress.

Beatrix made a feeble gesture as if she would not be fanned by the hand that was against her, but the queen paid no attention to the refusal. The silence lasted long, and then she spoke quietly and thoughtfully.

"You have a right to say what you will," she began, "for I sat down beside you, as one woman by another, and you have taken me at my word. Love is the very blood of equality. You blame me, and I do not blame you, though I brought up the church's rule against your love. You are right in all you say, and I am sinful. I grant you that freely, and I will grant also that if I had my due I should be doing penance on my knees instead of defending my sins to you—if indeed I am

"KISSED THE PALE FOREHEAD."

defending them. But do you think that our bad deeds are weighed only against the unattainable perfection of saints' and martyrs' lives, and never at all against the splendid temptations that are the royal garments of sin? God is just, and justice means a fair judgment. It is not an unchangeable standard. A learned Greek in Constantinople was telling me the other day a story of one Procrustes, a terrible highway robber. He had a bed which he offered to those he took captive, on condition that they should exactly fit its length; and if a man was too long, the robber hewed off his feet by so much, but if he was too short he stretched him on a rack until he was long enough. If God were to judge me as he judges you, by a ruled length of virtue, alike for all and without allowance for our moral height, God would not be God, but Procrustes, a robber of souls and a murderer of them."

"You speak very blasphemously," said Beatrix, in a low voice.

"No; I speak justly. You and I both love one man. In you love is virtue, in me it is sin. You blame me with right, but you blame me too much. You tell me that I am beautiful, powerful, the Queen of France, and it is true. But even you do not tell me that I am happy, for you know that I am not."

"And therefore you would rob me of all I have, to make your happiness, when you have so much that I have not! Is that your justice?"

"No," answered Eleanor, almost sadly; "it is not justice. It is my excuse to God and man, before whom you say I am condemned."

The girl roused herself again, and though it was sharp pain to move, she raised her weight upon her elbow and looked straight into the queen's eyes.

"You argue and you make excuses," she said boldly. "I asked for none. I asked only that you should not take the one happiness I have out of my life. You say that we are speaking as woman to woman. What right have you to the man I love? No; do not answer me with another dissertation on the soul. Woman to woman, tell me what right you have."

"If he loves me, is that no right?"

"If he loves you? Oh, no; he does not love you yet!"

"He saved me yesterday—not you," answered the queen, cruelly, and she remembered his eyes. "Does a man risk his life desperately, as he did, for the woman he loves, or for another, when both are in like danger?"

"It was not you; it was the queen he saved. It is right that a loyal man should save his sovereign first. I do not blame him. I should not have blamed him had I been more hurt than I am."

"I am not his sovereign, and he is no vassal of mine." Eleanor smiled coldly. "He is an Englishman."

"You play with words," answered Beatrix, as she would have spoken to an equal.

"Take care!"

They faced each other, and on the instant the fierce pride of royalty sprang up, as at an insult. But Beatrix was brave—a sick girl against the Queen of France.

"If you are not his sovereign, you are not mine," she said. "And were you ten times my queen, there can be no fence of royalty between you and me from this hour, or, if there is, you are doubly playing with the meaning of what your lips say. Are you to be a woman to me, a woman, at one moment, and a sovereign to me, a subject, at the next? Which is it to be?"

"A woman, then, and nothing more. And as a woman, I tell you that I will have Gilbert Warde for myself, body and soul."

The girl's eyes lightened suddenly. Men said that in her mother's veins there had run some of the Conqueror's blood, and his great oath sprang to her lips as she answered:

"And by the splendor of God, I tell you that you shall not!"

"Then it is a duel between us," the queen said, and she turned to go.

"To death," answered the girl, as her head sank back upon the pillows, pitifully weak and tired in her aching body, but dauntless in spirit.

Eleanor crossed the carpeted floor of the tent slowly toward the door. She had not made four steps when she stood still, looking before her. A great shame of herself came upon her for what she had said—the loyal, generous shame of the strong who in anger has been overbearing with the weak. She stood still, and she felt as an honest man does who has struck a fallen enemy in unreasoning rage. It was the second time that she had fallen so low in her own eyes, and her own scorn of herself was more than she could bear.

Quickly she came back to Beatrix's side. The girl lay quite still, with parted lips and closed eyes that had great black shadows under them. Her small white hands twitched now and then spasmodically, but she seemed

hardly to breathe. Eleanor knelt beside her and propped her up higher, thrusting one arm under the pillow while she fanned her with the other hand.

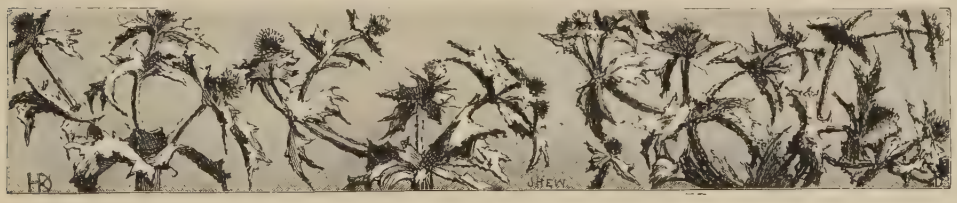
"Beatrix!" she said softly.

She thought that the girl's eyelids quivered, and she called her again; but there was no answer, nor any movement of the hand this time, and the face was so white and deathly that any one might have believed life gone, but for the faintly perceptible breath that stirred the feathers of the Greek fan when the queen held it close to the lips. She grew anxious, and thought of calling the Norman serving-woman and of sending for her own physician. But, in the first place, she thought that Beatrix might have only fainted, to revive at any moment, in which case she had things to say which were not for other ears; and as for her physician, it suddenly occurred to her that, although he had been in her train five years, she had never under any circumstances had occasion to consult him, and that he was probably what he looked, a solemn fool and an ignorant drencher, whereas there were younger men with wiser heads who had followed the army and made a fat living by concocting drafts for those who overcloyed themselves with Greek sweetmeats, and salves for bruises, who knew the cunning Italian trick of opening a vein in the instep instead of in the arm, and who, on occasion, could cast a judicial figure of the heavens and interpret the horoscope of the day and hour.

But while she hesitated, she brought water from a bright brass ewer and dashed drops upon the girl's face; she found also a cup with Greek wine in it, that smelled of fine resin, and she set it to the pale lips and held it there. Presently Beatrix opened her eyes a little, and suddenly she shuddered when she saw Eleanor and heard her voice in the deep stillness:

"As one woman to another—I ask your forgiveness."

(To be continued.)



A PRAYER OF THE HILL-COUNTRY.

"And the strength of the hills is His also."

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

LIFT me, O Lord, above the level plain,
Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,
And in the cool airs let my spirit gain
The stable strength and courage of thy hills.

They are thy secret dwelling-places, Lord!
Like thy majestic prophets, old and hoar,
They stand assembled in divine accord,
Thy sign of stablished power forevermore.

Here peace finds refuge from ignoble wars,
And faith, triumphant, builds in snow and rime,
Near the broad highways of the greater stars,
Above the tide-line of the seas of time.

Lead me yet farther, Lord, to peaks more clear,
Until the clouds like shining meadows lie,
Where through the deeps of silence I may hear
The thunder of thy legions marching by.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JAMES GREENLEAF (ANN PENN ALLEN).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

WHEN Thackeray paid his historic visit to Philadelphia, which is one of the hallowed memories associated with the kindly satirist in America, he was enraptured with Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Greenleaf; and well he might be. She was Ann Penn Allen, daughter of James Allen and granddaughter of William Allen, chief justice of Pennsylvania before the Revolution, up to which time the Allen family were in the front rank of colonial importance. She was named for her aunt, the wife of Governor John Penn, and was one of the most splendid beauties this country has produced, so that Stuart was put to his mettle, in painting her portrait, to do her and himself justice. The result is a canvas charming in the woman it depicts and in the art that depicts her. That the portrait of Mrs. Greenleaf was no perfunctory work, but that the painter threw his whole soul into it, is manifest from the fact that not once or twice, but thrice, did he portray her. One portrait is in France, another is in California, and the one so delightfully rendered by Mr. Wolf belongs to Mrs. J. G. Fell of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Greenleaf was born in 1769, and lived to the ripe age of fourscore and two. In the spring of 1800, she was married to James Greenleaf, a native of Massachusetts, then of the District of Columbia, who had been United States consul at Amsterdam, and was a partner with Robert Morris and John Nicholson in the gigantic North American Land Company, which, in its collapse, ruined all of its projectors. He was an exceedingly handsome man, to judge from his portrait by Stuart, at the age of thirty, now in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

While Stuart escaped the old Fleet by removing from London to Dublin, he escaped the Irish bailiffs only for a short time, and soon found himself once more in confinement. So hardened, however, had he become to this condition of affairs, that one of his jokes was to tell how he had painted himself out of jail by painting the portrait of the jailer, who was so "penetrated at the honor" the artist had done him that he was only too glad of "an opening" that offered for Stuart's escape.

After residing in Dublin for nearly four years, Stuart determined to return to his native land; but not having the means to pay for his passage, he engaged, as its equivalent, to paint the portrait of the owner of the ship, John Shaw, a wine-merchant of New York, and he landed toward the end of 1792. The commonly received tradition that it was his great admiration for the character of Washington, and his desire to paint his portrait, that brought Stuart back to America, is one of those half-truths that are equivalent to falsehoods. Sir Thomas Lawrence, upon hearing this reason assigned, said: "I knew Stuart well, and I believe the real cause of his leaving England was his having become tired of the inside of some of our prisons." And that was indeed the fact.

Stuart began a large number of portraits in Ireland, for which he was paid half the price at the first sitting. The majority of these he left unfinished when he returned to America, and he confided to Herbert, the author of "Irish Varieties," the true inwardness of his great desire to paint Washington: "I 'll get some of my first sittings finished, and when I can net a sum sufficient to take me to America, I shall be off to my native soil. *There I expect to make a fortune by Washington alone.* I calculate upon making a plurality of his portraits, whole-lengths, that will enable me to realize; and if I should be fortunate, I will repay my English and Irish creditors. To Ireland and England I shall bid adieu." And when Herbert prodded him with, "And what will you do with your unfinished works?" Stuart impudently answered, "The artists of Dublin will get employment in finishing them."

We shall not quarrel with the cause that brought Stuart back to America, whatever it was, but rather congratulate ourselves that he came to live among us at the period when he did; for he was then in the fullness of his powers, and the pictures that he painted between this time and his taking up his residence in Boston, in 1805, are the finest productions of his brush on this side of the ocean.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF MRS. J. G. FELL.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JAMES GREENLEAF (ANN PENN ALLEN).

SHERMAN ON FRANCO-PRUSSIAN BATTLE-FIELDS.

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN'S DIARY OF HIS EUROPEAN TOUR IN 1872.

BERLIN, Monday, June 3, 1872. We left Warsaw on Saturday at 3 P.M. The railway was for about forty miles common to both Vienna and Berlin, thence northwest to the frontier at a place called Alexander (something), where our passports were examined, but there was no delay or change; some general questions were asked, and the train stayed fully three quarters of an hour. Russian officials were about, but not in unusual numbers; but the stripes on the posts and the sign-posts were Russian. At last the signal was given, the train started, and in a few minutes we were at another station, and were told we were in Prussia. Then the baggage was carried into the station, and the keys called for; but Audenried put into the man's willing hand some coin, and my trunk was not even uncorded, and his trunk simply opened.

We reached the depot at 5:30 A.M. yesterday, took the omnibus for the Hôtel de Rome, found the house full, and the best that could be had was the third floor, or, in fact, the cockloft; so Audenried and I drove to the Hôtel d'Angleterre and Hôtel de Russie, both of which were also full, so of necessity we were forced back to this, the Hôtel de Rome. The landlord, probably seeing my name on my trunk, had found a better room on the third story for me, and promised all sorts of things. After breakfast we got a carriage, and after driving about for a couple of hours we stopped at our minister's, Mr. Bancroft, on whom we had not called earlier in the day because it was Sunday. We discovered that our scruples were unnecessary, for we found him at home, and soon were in the midst of good friends. At Mr. Bancroft's earnest request, I agreed to stay here until Wednesday, to dine with him. On leaving, we took his carriage and called on General von Moltke, whom we saw, and noticed very closely. He is quite tall, face much smoother and less marked than he appears in his photographs, wears a wig of flaxen hair, spoke English quite well, but complained that he found it awkward to express his real meaning, though he reads it as well as German. Of course Moltke is now universally regarded as the greatest strategist living; but I venture to assert that his ability results from hard study of details, a familiarity with the roads, resources, modes and rates of travel of men, horses, oxen, etc., and a knowledge of the character of every man and thing with which he has to deal. In America he would appear like some German professor or doctor; but knowing him to be Moltke, I scanned his features well, and was pleased to see him easy, unpretenticus, not at all stiff like Frederick Charles, but with an air of pleasant humor in his face. As he will dine at Mr. Bancroft's on Wednesday, I shall see him again.

Bismarck is not in Berlin, nor is the Emperor, the crown prince, or Frederick Charles. All are in the country. I suppose they are at Potsdam, where on Tuesday (to-morrow) is to be the christening of a child of the crown prince, the mother being one of Victoria of England's daughters. Prince Humbert of Rome and his wife Margherita, whom we saw at Rome, are visiting here to assist at the same ceremony to-morrow.

June 5. Last evening Mr. Bancroft received two notes from General Schwartzkoppen, commanding general here, to the effect that if I would go to Potsdam to-day the Emperor would see me; but I did not understand the message to come from the Emperor, and so declined, and I infer that I am not to see his Majesty or any of the royal family.

VIENNA, Tuesday, June 11. Audenried and I reached the depot, Leopoldstadt, at 8 A.M. yesterday, instead of 9 A.M., as I had telegraphed Mr. Jay; we did not know there were several depots, so, on our arrival, Mr. Jay and our consul, General Post, had gone to another depot, and we came by good luck to the Grand Hôtel, where rooms were waiting for us. Soon Mr. Jay, General Post, and others dropped in, and the program for the day was made.

June 13. Tuesday was spent in making official calls on Count Andrássy, minister of foreign affairs, and Baron Kuhn, minister of war. In the evening we dined with Mr.

Jay's family,—Mr. and Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Schieffelin, and Miss Jay,—and about fifteen gentlemen, a most agreeable party.

We are to be presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph at 1 P. M. to-day, and are to dine with Count Andrássy this afternoon. I have a bad cold in the head, and feel badly qualified for the task, but must go through it. Yesterday I got a note from Fred Grant at Berlin, written on the 10th, saying he would go to Brussels and thence to Paris to see Nellie, and would meet us there or at Geneva; so Audenried and I are alone. Later, same day, 1:30 P. M. Mr. Jay came with his carriage at a quarter before one, and we drove straight to the palace,—the Burg,—where we found the staff-officer, Colonel or Captain Weiland, who has been in attendance on me. Audenried and I were in uniform, and we four proceeded up two flights of steps, with liveried servants to indicate the way, and reached a waiting-room, where were some eight or ten people in uniform as guards. In a few minutes an officer came out to us, spoke to Colonel Weiland, and then showed us in to the Emperor, who was alone. He bowed to Mr. Jay and then to me, expressed his regret that he could not speak English, and then paid some general compliments.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MAUNOURY, PARIS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

Mr. Jay remarked that we had been to see the new fair building, and the new bed of the river Danube, in which I took a lively interest. I then asked Mr. Jay to say to the Emperor that I was peculiarly struck with the general liveliness of business in Vienna, and indeed in all his empire, at which he seemed pleased. He then passed to Audenried, and inquired if he spoke French, to which he replied, "Yes." He inquired generally of our travels, and if Audenried had been with me in the war. I then got Audenried to say to the Emperor that I had been surprised to find the lively interest which the officers, especially the war minister, Baron Kuhn, took in our war history, and that it was a national compliment. We then took our leave, and have returned to our hotel. The Emperor seemed quite young, but is forty-two. He wore a plain military uniform with some orders, and has side-whiskers, a slim face, a very handsome figure, and an easy bearing.

Sunday, June 16. On Thursday, at 5 P. M., we dined with Count Andrássy, prime minister, and his wife, at their palace, which seems to be the end of the great palace of the Emperor. I sat on madame's right, and our minister, Mr. Jay, on her left. She spoke English quite well, and thus we got along first-rate. An officer who had lost his arm in the Königgrätz campaign sat next to me, and he spoke English also. Afterward we passed out into a garden, where a temporary screen made a summer-house under a vigorous and shady linden- or lime-tree. Then we smoked cigars, in which pleasure madame joined us, and I noticed that her cigar was a large Havana, and that she smoked it with relish. She brought her two boys out to see us, but the only girl was shy and did not come. We all dispersed at about eight o'clock.

In the company of our consul, General Post, we put in the evening by going to a garden called *Volksgarten*, where we heard Strauss's band, and saw Strauss, who looked like a wild musician, waving his arms to the music, and occasionally seizing his violin and torturing it for a few minutes. I saw the model of band-masters—one who grows and thrives in spite of fun and ridicule. The custom of the Germans of going to these cheap open-air concerts must be, on the whole, healthful, socially and morally, for everybody bears testimony to the utter absence of drunkenness and rowdyism. And yet the whole community seems, for pleasure and recreation, to rush for beer. Here and in all German cities, towns, etc., these gardens are institutions, and are being imitated in the

United States, though here they seem to harmonize with everything else.

GENEVA, June 25. General Caleb Cushing called, and proposed that we should call on Count Sclopis, president of the court of arbitration, and on Mr. Charles Francis Adams, which we did. This morning Count Sclopis returned my call, and Mr. Adams has asked us to dine with him to-morrow. Mr. Evarts and Mr. Waite were absent, having gone to Paris for their wives; but they have returned, and I have just seen them, in the room of General Cushing, busy with some papers for the arbitrators. As soon as Evarts is through he is coming up to take me to see his wife and children, who occupy quarters outside, but quite close to our hotel. An immense amount of controversy has been going on about this court of arbitration, and I was in doubt whether the whole thing would not prove a failure; but it seems, from what General Cushing and Mr. Bancroft Davis say, that the arbitration will go on, which I truly hope will be the case, for it would be a shame if newspaper clamor could break up what the people of England and America really want,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUD ROGORSCH, BERLIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

namely, an amicable settlement of all the questions which grew out of our Civil War. I remember my own feelings, during the war, when it was plain that England as a government sided strongly with the South. Though at all previous periods of our history she had reproached us for having slaves in a country nominally free, yet when the two sections came to blows she seemed openly to take sides against us. The British government shut its eyes to the fact that English merchants and shippers were openly engaged in blockade-running, and even in acts of piracy, and we should have been justified in retaliating; but peace is so necessary to the United States now, and for some years to come, that I regard it as wise that all these questions should be settled amicably, and I think the reference of all disputed questions has been left to a fair tribunal.

STRASBURG, Saturday, June 29. The town shows many marks of the bombardment in 1870, and there are still many large houses in ruins. The country round Strasburg is so open and level that I do not see how the Prussians advanced near enough for effective range, unless the French guns of Strasburg were inferior, or unless the parallels and boyaux have been leveled in two seasons by the plow. Two villages and a park seem to have afforded some cover, but the batteries of the Prussians must have been even nearer than these to reach, as their shot did, the very heart of the city. I believe they had some of Krupp's best long-range cast-steel guns. The weakness of Strasburg, I take it, was that it was full of citizens who did not feel disposed to be sacrificed for the honor of France, or to make a fame for the commanding officer. So far as I can see, the walls and forts are not materially damaged, and if breached I could not find the breach. To be sure, I had no one to guide me, and my memory of the events of the siege is imperfect. Suffice it that now Strasburg is a part of Prussia. Prussian uniforms alone are seen on the streets, and the German language prevails. In a few years the French language, manners, and people will be transformed, and it must be a bitter pill to the French who remember when all Europe had to combine to drive Napoleon back from Dresden and Leipsic. Well, turn about is fair play, and I must admit that, so far as my observation goes, the Prussian people are more intelligent and industrious than the French, and their troops very much superior in bearing, appearance, dress, and organization.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, Monday, July 1. We left Strasburg yesterday at 9:53 A. M., passed Hagenau, which stands in the level plain of the Rhine valley, and went thence to Weissenburg, famous as the place where the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 began. Between Hagenau and Weissenburg we passed through a large forest of pine and oak. But at Weissenburg the country was open and highly cultivated. The high hills of the Vosges Mountains come close down to the town, but how the French could have been surprised as to the time of the Prussian attack, or as to their numbers, is hard to understand, unless they were blinded by over-confidence. We could see the ground off toward Wörth rising gradually to the railroad pass of Bitsch, but this battle-field was accidental, as I take it the several detachments of the French army from Strasburg and Hagenau there came into communication with their detachment retreating from Weissenburg. The Prussians, no doubt, had accurate information of the strength of the French,—say forty-five thousand, in all, to their wing of one hundred and fifty thousand,—followed up their first success skilfully, and broke MacMahon's army all to pieces, leaving them nothing to do but detach against Strasburg and Bitsch, while, with the main part, the crown prince hurried toward Metz, on which point the King of Prussia was moving from the direction of Saarbrück. In my opinion, geography or topography had little part in the battle of Wörth. That was decided by the Prussians converging on the French, a superior force, and overwhelming them without stopping to reconnoiter the ground. Whether the French could have availed themselves of the accidents of the ground to delay battle till sheltered by Bitsch, I am not informed; surely some point about Bitsch ought to have enabled MacMahon with forty-five thousand men to have checked for some days the advance of even one hundred and fifty thousand strangers.

COLOGNE, Wednesday, July 3. We found Homburg a handsome, clean, well-built town, with a large *Cursaal*, or gambling-house,—a real palace, in one wing of which is an elegant restaurant, and in the other six or more gambling-tables. We took our dinner at the restaurant, and then mingled with the crowd, passing from one table to the other, watching the faces of men and women as they won or lost; but they all seemed old hands, as impassive as if at a prayer-meeting. That this open, fashionable gambling must be ruinous and destructive is beyond question, but

moralists must decide which is best, open or secret gambling. I have never done either, though I was at San Francisco when almost every house on Clay street was a gambling-house; and I remember, when I was in charge of the banking-house of Lucas Turner & Co., I discharged a clerk for entering one of those places. A man has a right to lose his own money, but the real danger is to clerks and other persons in possession of trust funds.

PARIS, 6 Rue de Presburg, Monday, July 8. On the night of July 3 I was at Cologne, and reached Metz about 8 P. M. I rose early, got breakfast, and bought the best maps I could find. My driver was a Frenchman who had been at Metz during the siege, but not in the battle of Gravelotte. Metz lies on both sides of the Moselle, but chiefly on the east side. It is inclosed in continuous lines of fortifications, besides which on the outside are several detached and strong forts. Our road followed the route of Bazaine's army, which on August 15, 1870, started to escape the heavy columns of the Germans pouring down on it from the east. The road is a good, broad, macadamized road extending along the alluvial valley of the Moselle for about three miles, leaving the heavy forts of St.-Quentin and Plappeville on the high promontory to the right. The village of Plappeville, where Bazaine's headquarters during the siege are represented to have been, lies on a kind of bench under the fort toward Metz. At the village of Moulins ("Mills") the road turns to the right and begins gradually to ascend the high hill and plateau to the west of Metz, and at Point du Ione, about eight miles out, the road reaches the crest, and there begin to appear the graves and ruined houses that mark the battle. There the road dips to pass a ravine, and ascends to the village of Gravelotte, where the two roads to Verdun fork, both of which roads Bazaine tried to use; but these roads trend westward over land well cleared and cultivated, with a double line of poplars as far as the eye extends.

I went to Rezonville and Vionville, and then turned to a small group of farm-houses at Flavigny, where there were marks of heavy fighting, and graves; then on to the swell or plateau of land where it is represented that King William, Bismarck, Moltke, General Sheridan, and others witnessed the battle of the 16th of August. How Bazaine had neglected to guard the ravine of Gorze I cannot understand, but it is certain that the Prussians must have been prompt to take advantage of his neglect to pass the Moselle at various points below Metz, and to get position on the flank of the road by which Bazaine was moving. This brought on the battle of the 16th, which extended all the way from Mars-la-Tour back to Gravelotte, a distance of eight miles of clear, open country, all of which was visible from the position assigned to the King of Prussia. The graves are mostly marked with simple wooden crosses, but already there are erected some more durable monuments of stone, to one of which I ascended, being of unfinished blocks of sandstone, on one of the faces of which is a record of the day and in honor of some one of the German divisions. The French seem to have held their own that day, but instead of taking advantage of night to get the start of the Prussians, they lay idle all of the 17th, and actually fell back to Metz in the rear, with their flanks guarding the two roads back into Metz by way of Moulins and Woippy, still retaining positions on the high land. The Prussians closed up, and the battle of the 18th seems mostly to have been on the left flank, about St.-Privat and Armanvilliers. The next day the fight settled in and around Metz, and the Prussians then had the French army pinned in and, I think, whipped. The movements of the Prussians were bold, prompt, and skilful, and fairly entitled them to a great victory. Bazaine is now in Paris, a sort of prisoner, and about to be tried by a court martial; but I think the trial is caused more by his political acts than by his military behavior, for his army must, in all its details, have been timid and fearful. Still, judging from the nature of the ground, if at the time he had made up his mind to leave Metz with a small garrison to stand a siege, for which its strong permanent forts admirably fitted it, he surely could have held the Prussians in check at the several river-crossings and the gorges, by which they seem so quickly to have gained the open field on the flank of his road, until the bulk of his army had reached Verdun, etc. But the Prussians once on his road at Mars-la-Tour, he had to fight the battle of the 16th; and there is nothing on the field of battle to show that even after it was fought, instead of falling back on Metz, he could not have gone over to the middle road about Doncourt and Jarny, and retreated by it, showing a bold rear-guard.

From King William's plateau I went to the village of Gorze, and back to Metz by the river road. I could not visit Jarny and Doncourt without passing the frontier, which crosses the road in sight of Vionville.

That evening I took a train for Sedan, the road going north to Thionville, where I changed cars for Sedan, reaching it at 8 P. M., July 5. The next morning early I got a carriage and drove all over that eventful field. The day was fine, and we first drove out of the fortified town southeast by a large, fine road, passing the straggling village of Balan, to Bazeilles, nearly destroyed in the battles of August 31 and September 1, 1870, resulting in the surrender of an army of eighty-five thousand men by the Emperor Napoleon in person. Between the road and the Meuse River the ground is flat, meadowy, and indicated on the map as swampy. At Bazeilles we turned up a valley, passing the point where General MacMahon was wounded, and the villages of La Moncelle, Daigny, Givonne, to the head of the valley at Illy, where the Prussians crossed it in the march around Sedan. Thence I turned across the high ground overlooking Illy to Floing. This route embraces a triangle, into which, by the force of events, MacMahon's army was driven by the superior numbers and rapidity of action of his adversaries.

After I had seen this part of the field, I went through Sedan again, and out by the Donchery road to the Château Bellevue and the "Weaver's house," made famous by the events attending Napoleon's surrender. After this we went to the village of Frésnois, whence I walked up the hill whereon the Prussians had their batteries. If MacMahon had the least notice that he, with eighty-five thousand men, would be compelled to fight double his numbers in and around Sedan, he should have fortified instantly with field-works the hill in front of Frésnois and the Château Bellevue; but, failing this, I think he could nevertheless have covered his troops against these points by the permanent forts on the south of the town, which are strong and could not be carried by an ordinary assault. The real battle was on the north side. There the French position was surely excellent. In a few hours his men could have thrown up the simplest cover at the apex near Illy, with a parapet running back of Floing on his left and Bazeilles on his right. Such a line cannot exceed five thousand yards, for which twenty-five thousand men are sufficient, and he had eighty-five thousand. The presence of Napoleon was, of course, a cause of weakness; the wounding of MacMahon was a misfortune; but, from all accounts, the French army was decidedly demoralized. Here, as at Metz, the Prussians must have acted with great rapidity and boldness, almost with a contempt for the French. Thus, crossing the Meuse at Donchery, and marching right around the French in full view till their head of column reached the road east of Bazeilles at Douzy, then forming line and closing down till the French were fairly invested. But the boldest act seems to have been the German attack on the bluff and plateau back of Floing. My map shows Douay's corps there occupying a line of not more than two miles, and it did look to me that ten thousand men ought to have held that line against the world. It was here the cavalry charge was made which was so fatal to the French. The Prussians once established on the plateau above Floing and on the hill in front of Frésnois, the situation of the French was simply deplorable. Still, the consequences of the loss of that army at that time were so serious that I cannot but think that another desperate effort should have been made to drive the Prussians back from Floing. As it it was, Napoleon took the initiative of surrender for himself and the army of which he was nominally the commander. This surrender surely was fatal to the French through the whole war.

PARIS, Thursday, July 11. I arrived at Paris Saturday night, the 6th, and took up quarters at the Grand Hôtel, next the new opera-house. The next day, Sunday, I drove up to No. 6 Rue de Presburg to see Mrs. Pinchot, who had invited us to accept rooms at her house, and found her at home. I had just received a message from Mrs. Sherman that Tom had sailed July 3 from New York on the *Russia*.

Soon after our arrival, the secretary of legation, Mr. Hoffman, notified the minister of foreign relations that I was here, and solicited an interview with M. Thiers, the President of the French republic. On Tuesday he received an answer that the minister of war would be pleased to receive me between four and six at Versailles, and that M. Thiers would receive me the same evening. Accordingly, we arranged to go to Versailles with Mr. Hoffman by a train leaving the city at 2 P. M. We found the minister of war, General de Cissey, prepared to receive us in the most cordial manner, and we remained with him in general conversation for an hour, during which he gave me a written document addressed to General Ladmirault, commandant in Paris, requesting him to provide for me an officer who could speak English, and to enable me to visit Fort Valérien and any others I might choose to inspect.

In answer to my inquiry as to the propriety of my calling to see General Bazaine, who is under a species of arrest, he said there was no impropriety, but, on the contrary, the marshal would be most happy to see me. I explained that some years ago I had gone to Vera Cruz in the United States ship *Susquehanna*, and that Marshal Bazaine, then commanding in Mexico, had invited me to come up to the city of Mexico, tendering me escort and a hearty welcome. I did visit the marshal (Bazaine) the next day, and found him in a comparatively small house inside a high wall which inclosed a considerable garden. There was a guard in a small house near the front gate, but I did not understand that he was a prisoner, though he is to be tried by a court martial for his surrender at Metz. I found him a hearty, strong man, about five feet nine inches high, with gray hair cut short, and quite robust. He seemed peculiarly gratified that I should come to see him when in disgrace, and he did say that it was pretty hard treatment on the part of his country after forty-two years of service. He is sixty years of age, and has always been esteemed one of the best officers in the French army. He had the same maps of Metz which I had bought there, and he pointed out that the diagrams were not exactly right in bringing forward his right to Mars-la-Tour during the battle of August 16. Inasmuch as that battle had been disastrous to the French and to him, I did not like to converse much about it, but I infer that his trial is more political than military. He did say that the revolutionary government of Gambetta, which installed itself in power after the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan, had never put itself in communication with him, and he regarded it rather as a defensive organization than as a general government of France. He is also thought to have had some political views himself, meaning to recognize Napoleon's son as the Emperor; and he expected, with the approval of the Empress Eugénie, who had fled to England, to be the regent during the minority of that son. He is to be tried by a general court martial, and doubtless the testimony will illustrate the history of the events at Metz prior to the surrender of the army there. My criticism of that affair was that, having on the first day (namely, August 9) actually met and checked the movement of the Prussian attack on his line of retreat, instead of wheeling on his left flank back of Gravelotte, he should have wheeled back on his right flank that night, sent his wagons on to Verdun, and then have fought his way back as slowly as possible toward Châlons, giving time for MacMahon and other troops to come up to his support. It seems to me this could have been done, and would have made unnecessary that unfortunate movement of MacMahon which resulted in the surrender of Sedan. It might also have given time for the French nation to rally. But it is evident that the German armies were much stronger and better than the French, and it is possible the same result would have come about in some other way.

The evening of Wednesday, Mr. Hoffman and son, with Colonel Audenried and myself, called at the house of the minister of foreign relations, M. Rémusat, and his wife, a grandchild of our Lafayette. We found General de Cissey there, but he soon left, and, attended by the minister, we proceeded to the house of M. Thiers, which is in the building of the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, the same which was occupied by the Emperor William during the siege of Paris. For a palace it is small, but a very fine mansion. We found M. Thiers in a large reception-room in which quite a number of people had assembled, ladies and gentlemen. M. Thiers received me very kindly, taking both hands, and saying in French how agreeable for him it was thus to meet me. He spoke to all of my party, and then presented me to madame, who was seated, but rose and asked me to sit near her, which I did. M. Thiers does not speak English, but his wife does perfectly; and she inquired very particularly as to our route of travel, how long I purposed remaining in Paris and in France, and invited us to dine with them on Sunday next at 8 P. M., which of course we accepted. I sat near Mme. Thiers a good while, and made more than one move to leave, but she pressed me to remain; but in about an hour we all took our leave, M. Thiers accompanying us through the corridor to the outer apartment. While talking with Mme. Thiers, she inquired if I would like to attend the session of the Corps Législatif the next day, to which I replied that I surely desired it. She gave me six tickets of admission to the seats reserved for her.

July 17. I have now been in Paris ten days, and have been busily occupied in traversing the city in every direction, seeing things of interest, and receiving the hospitalities of friends. On Sunday last we dined with M. Thiers and family at the palace in Versailles, on which occasion were present all his cabinet and several of the chief military officers.

To-day I had appointed for Captain de Grandry of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Artillery to come up from Vincennes to conduct me to Fort Valérien, etc. He was here at 9:30 A. M., and we had a carriage ready to convey us. General Love, with whom we dined last evening, also arranged to go along. Tom, the captain, and I took one carriage, General Love and Colonel Audenried the other, and though the day was rainy, we went to Fort Valérien, which commands a fine view of all the country to the southwest. It is simply a high hill, fortified on its summit and sides, naturally very strong, and the Prussians during the late siege never undertook to attack it. Under cover of this fort the French made two unsuccessful attempts at sortie; but looking at the woods and slopes about Garches and Buzenval, I saw why they must have failed. From Valérien we went to the château of St.-Cloud, which was burned and now stands a ruin; thence we drove to Fort D'Issy, which stood the heaviest bombardment of the Prussians, and was consequently the scene of battle between the present Versailles government and the Communists. This fort is an inclosed work with stone scarp wall. The barracks inside are absolutely leveled, and the walls show the severe effects of the shot. One of the curtains was actually breached by the Prussians, but they never made the direct assault. The possession of this fort would have put Paris at their mercy, and the valley of the Seine under the fort would have been a perfectly covered approach to the walls of Paris. These walls are a continuous line, ten meters high, surmounted with earth parapets, with a ditch and covered way along their whole extent.

After our visit to D'Issy, Colonel Audenried and General Love left us, and the rest of our party drove to the village of Clamart, where we lunched, and then drove up to the plateau of Châtillon. This is an extensive plateau with wooded slopes, which extends from Versailles forward to within about a thousand yards of D'Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge, and from this plateau all these forts were reached by the Prussian shot. It seems that the French began to build a fort on the point of this plateau, but before it was finished they were attacked by the Prussians, who drove them down the hill into the old line of forts. From this hill one looks down on these forts and the city of Paris, and probably the prompt occupation of this particular plateau by the Prussians contributed more to their final success than any other single event of the whole war. But it seems manifest from the first that the Prussians trusted to time and to a close siege to reduce Paris, more than to actual fighting, though they seemed prompt to act on every opportunity for a sortie. There can be no doubt that the Prussians were the superiors, both in generalship and fighting, in that war.

In and around D'Issy the houses are damaged or ruined, but in the villages wholly occupied by the Prussians there seems to have been little or no damage to houses, gardens, or parks. The same is true inside Paris. The only real damage visible was said to have been done by the Communists, who actually burned the Tuileries, the city hall or Hôtel de Ville, the Hôtel of the Legion of Honor, and other public structures, and some private houses, but these are already mostly repaired. A stranger seeing Paris full of carriages, horses, well-dressed people, stores crowded with goods, and every window displaying its finery, could not realize that but a year and a half ago it was besieged and bombarded, and later still was in the hands of an irresponsible mob. The day was so wet and rainy that we did not get the distant views we expected; but we saw the forts themselves, and the effects of shot. The Prussians seem to have made no approaches according to the system of attacks as prescribed by the books; but they took every possible advantage of the shape of ground, and made use especially of the cover and concealment of woods. My own experience confirms the wisdom of this perfectly. Soldiers will attack boldly an enemy seen, whose numbers can be estimated, and whose confusion can also be seen; but when an enemy occupies a wood which conceals its numbers, etc., the attacking force is always timid, and officers and men imagine the worst. This seems to have been the case in the great sortie from the cover of Mont-Valérien, where the heads of the French attacking columns invariably quailed before and retired from an enemy concealed by woods. The trunks and limbs catch many balls, and even the twigs and leaves gradually stop them. Thus in defensive war woods should never be neglected. When both parties are concealed, as we were about Marietta and Atlanta, the boldest always wins.

July 27. I have seen only one theatrical performance, namely, the "Roi Carotte," one of those nonsensical medleys of song, recitation, spectacle, and dancing. The ballet-girls are selected, of course, for beauty of

form and face, but looked to me the same old set they used to have at Niblo's Garden. Gambetta was to have been at the Bowleses' reception, but was kept away by some conference, and, at Mr. Bowles's request, I called to see him. I found him a gross, dark man with very full and black hair, resembling much in his personal appearance Governor McCook of Colorado. I doubt if Gambetta amounts to much, though he may develop energy. He put on more airs than any of the Orléans princes, though, of course, not as well bred or as friendly to our country.

The government is at Versailles, about thirty to fifty minutes by rail from Paris. M. Thiers occupies the palace originally designed for the prefect, but it was used by the Emperor William during the siege. I have seen him several times, on the floor of the Assembly and in his palace. He is a small man, with a compact head, and very lively features, and resembles our John Quincy Adams. He has had a lively time with hot weather and a contentious Assembly; but he goes among them and makes his sharp, keen speeches, and the vote usually sustains him. The Legislative Assembly sits in the theater of the old palace for conferences and committees. The members come and go daily to and from Paris, there being two railways. By carriage-road we made the distance in one hour, but the usual time is one and a half; and it is plain that this going back and forth is neither natural nor pleasant. The authorities and archives will come back to Paris sooner or later. The executive authorities of France must manage the Paris mob somehow, for now they seem to fear it, though everything on the streets looks as happy and peaceful as in Philadelphia; yet I was told that the Communists have an organization of half a million men, and that they still have concealed arms, and purpose to rise and control France. None but a Frenchman can comprehend how the Communists of Paris expect to be considered the simon-pure democracy, and yet they govern France. France can be properly governed only by representatives from all quarters, in proportion to numbers, wealth, or some other test, of whom Paris should have its due share, but not the whole. It is generally understood that the existing government of France is a transition from the past to an unknown future. No man presents himself who can secure the election but M. Thiers, and he is an old man. He remarked to me: "There are too many princes, and not enough of thrones; so some sort of an election must be had, and the competition might as well be universal as limited to certain princely candidates." Meantime all traces of the past war are being effaced, and confident hopes are expressed that the loan will be subscribed by Frenchmen alone, in which case it will be paid to Prussia, who will withdraw her soldiers, and France will once more—less Alsace and Lorraine—start on a new career. On the surface nothing of all this is seen. The streets of Paris are crowded with all sorts of people, girls, silks, and artificial flowers attracting most notice.

Marshal MacMahon, who is now the chief officer of the French army, called to see me, and I returned his call. He has a good face, and a splendid record up to the date of the Franco-Prussian war; and though he was badly defeated at Wörth and Sedan, he does not seem to have lost the confidence of the army or the French people. General MacMahon is charged with reorganizing an army about Paris of one hundred thousand men (five corps, I think), and he has uphill work in doing it. So near a city full of allurements to young officers, and so corrupting to enlisted men, it looks to me impossible. Nothing but foreign wars will make soldiers for France. A country population makes a better regiment; and when the soldiers are assembled in any large masses, it is usually for quarters in the chief cities and towns. At all events, I saw nothing that showed much change in the French army since its overwhelming defeat in 1870–71, though I have heard several officers admit that they must begin anew and work up from the ground. The artillery seems of almost every variety of gun, muzzle- and breech-loaders, brass, steel, and iron. I could not hear that any uniform system of calibers or metal had been resolved upon. Indeed, the Prussians seem to have dismantled the entire line of forts, carried off the guns, and by imposing on France the fearful fine of one billion five hundred million of our dollars, have left her absolutely powerless, if not ridiculous, as far as her neighbors are concerned. It looks almost too hard to make the state defenseless against its own internal enemies; but when France stalked about Europe in the first Napoleon's days they were not very particular, and now, I suppose, this humiliation is natural and just. Prussia should take care lest she invite a similar fate. I do think the Germans are better fitted for a republic than any other people of Europe, and if the royal families do not substantially conform to good sense

and public interest, I shall look for a revolution there sooner than in France; but now on the surface all is calm and peaceful, though we know how hard they work to keep their new lions up to the old standard.

Of the other actors in the French war, Trochu is out of military service and in the legislature; Ladmirault is governor of Paris; and the others are scattered among the military departments, which in theory resemble ours, except that the minister of war controls in fact and corresponds with each department commander. I don't see that the French have a commander-in-chief to their army; I suppose M. Thiers is so in theory, and the minister of war is so in practice and in fact.

LONDON, Sunday, August 4. On Monday last, July 29, Audenried, Tommy, and I left Paris by the regular morning train for London. On Tuesday we ran about to find the legation, the bank, etc., and in the evening went to Southampton by train, to be present with the fleet on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales. We soon arrived on board, found Admiral Alden and officers all well, Temple being the captain of the ship as well as fleet captain, Captain Shufeldt having been transferred to the *Congress* frigate. All six ships of the squadron were anchored close by, and everything was ready for the coming of the Prince of Wales. On the *Wabash* there had been a case of smallpox or varioloid, and the admiral had notified the prince of it, who sent his physician to inquire, and the result was that the reception was arranged to take place on board the *Brooklyn*. That morning, at Alden's request, I inspected all the ships of the fleet or squadron, prior to the visit of the Prince of Wales. At 4 P. M. the prince came, accompanied by Princess Alexandra, a most beautiful and accomplished lady, with two other ladies and several gentlemen. They spent some time aboard the *Brooklyn*, seeing the men at quarters, and sitting down to a handsome lunch. Thence the party made a visit to the *Wabash*, to show they were not afraid of the varioloid; and then the royal yacht made a turn through the fleet, and steamed down Southampton Water toward Cowes and the Isle of Wight.

Soon after, all the captains of the fleet, our minister, General Schenck, and many invited guests transferred themselves to the *Wachusett*, which carried us down to Cowes, where lay at anchor the *Victoria and Albert*, the Queen's yacht, on board of which the Prince of Wales had invited us to dine that evening. The number present was too great for the cabin on deck, and the party was divided, some in the cabin on deck, and others in the regular saloon below. Our dinner was good, about the usual courses prescribed by fashion, and at the close the Prince of Wales made a little speech complimentary to his guests, and a toast to our President. General Schenck responded in an equally short and appropriate speech complimentary to the Queen and royal family.

After the dinner was over we all repaired to the deck, to smoke our cigars and to witness the illumination of the ships and yachts in the harbor. About midnight we returned to our fleet, still anchored in Southampton Water. The next day (Thursday) the *Wachusett* carried the party down to the Isle of Wight, to be presented to the Queen in person. I and my party went down in the *Plymouth*, Captain Breese, about 1 P. M. We all went to the wharf abreast of Osborne Palace, where two carriages were in waiting. We drove up a good road, and by a short circuit reached Osborne, which is a handsome country house, large but not palatial, with lawns and pasture-lands about, and in front, toward the water, a very fine terrace with flower-beds and shrubbery. After some time spent in walking about in company with Sir John Crowell, we were conducted to a handsome breakfast, at which only three ladies were present and the two gentlemen in waiting. After breakfast we were presented to the Queen, Princess Beatrice, a girl then of about fifteen or sixteen years, and the youngest son, Leopold, who seemed about nineteen. The Queen is short of stature, but by no means over-fleshy, and her face is much more refined than it is usually represented in photographs and popular prints. She seemed in good health, spoke to General Schenck, to Bishop McIlvaine, then to me, observing that I had made an extensive tour, and then to Audenried. Our visit was a mere presentation, when we retired to give place to the naval party.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sunday, September 22, 1872. On Saturday, September 7, we were at Queenstown, and embarked in the *Baltic*, a steamer lying at anchor about two miles down the bay. We found, on the whole, an agreeable set of passengers, and made a comfortable, speedy voyage, reaching the bar at Sandy Hook Sunday at 10:15 P. M. —eight days and twelve hours from Queenstown. We spent Monday in New York, and on Tuesday came to Washington, which ended the trip on September 17, 1872, just ten months from the day we left New York in the *Wabash* frigate.

FRANKLIN AS WRITER AND JOURNALIST.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,
Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

FRANKLIN'S grandfather on the maternal side, and his uncle, were both confirmed scribblers of rhyme, and therefore it was seemingly preordained by heritage and by example that he should write. At seven years of age the boy sent a poem to his uncle Benjamin, and the recipient wrote back:

'T is time for me to throw aside my pen,
When hanging sleeves read, write, and rhyme like men.
This forward spring foretells a plenteous crop;
For, if the bud bear grain, what will the top!
. . . . . .
If first years' shoots such noble clusters send,
What laden boughs, Engedi-like, may we expect in the end!

He was thirteen years of age, and a printer's apprentice, before any further evidence of his writing is to be found, and his ambition was still to be rhymester. "I now took a fancy to write poetry, and made some little pieces," he relates in his autobiography; and his printer-brother, "thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called 'The Lighthouse Tragedy,' and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street-ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them." Recently what is supposed to be the original of his poem on Teach has been unearthed, and a stanza deserves quotation, as an example of his earliest writing now extant:

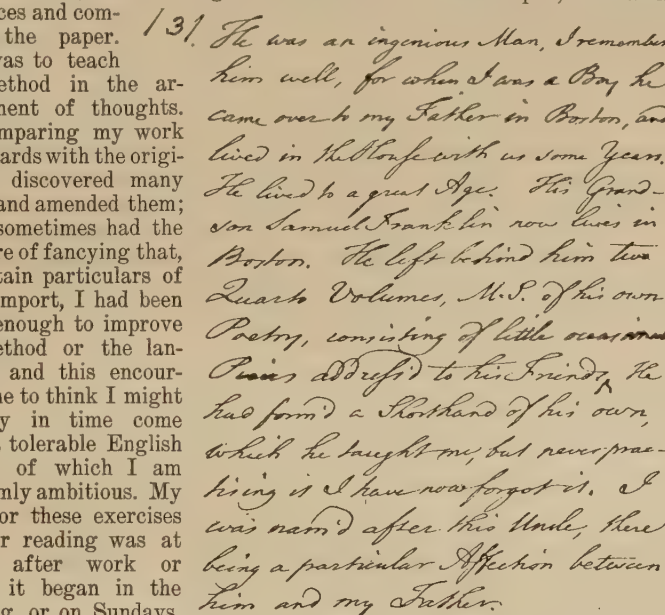
Will you hear of a bloody Battle,
Lately fought upon the Seas,
It will make your Ears to rattle,
And your Admiration cease;
Have you heard of *Teach* the Rover,
And his Knavery on the Main;
How of Gold he was a Lover,
How he lov'd all ill got Gain.

Whatever their merit, Franklin scored a success in his first essay in letters. The ballads sold well, one, in fact, "wonderfully," which "flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one."

Laughed out of poetry, the lad turned to prose, and here again his father's criticism influenced him. Having engaged in an argument on "the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study," with a friend, who "was naturally more eloquent," and "had a ready plenty of words," Franklin was worsted, so he thought, "more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons." Accordingly, "I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I ow'd to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement."

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. . . . I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found that I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continued occasion for

words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I am extreamly ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone.



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

It was undoubtedly this admiration for the "Spectator" which inspired his next contributions to literature, for it is from that series clearly that the young author took his model. On a March night in the year 1722, or when the lad was sixteen years of age, he slipped a paper under the door of what James Franklin advertised as his "Printing-House over against Mr. Sheaf's School, near the Prison," and then stole away. The next day, as the apprentice stood at his type-case, he could hear his brother consulting with the "ingenious men among his friends, who amus'd themselves by writing little pieces" for the paper, as to who could be the author of the sheets with the humble signature of "Silence Dogood," and it is easy to imagine his pride when he heard the essay praised by them; when the piece appeared in all the glory of type in the "New England Courant," and when his eye met the notice in the same issue that "As the favour of Mrs. Dogood's Correspondence is acknowledged by the Publisher of this Paper, lest any of her Letters should miscarry, he desires they may be deliver'd at his Printing-Office, or at the Blue Balls in Union street, and no questions will be ask'd of the Bearer."

In the piece thus printed Mrs. Dogood introduced herself to her readers in due form, and announced that she "intends once a Fortnight to present them, by the Help of this Paper, with a short Epistle, which I presume will add somewhat to their Entertainment"; and she was as good as her word, for to the number of fourteen letters the pseudo widow gossips on female training and vices, pride, college learning, hypocrites, widows, match-makers, religion, drinking, etc., until "my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted," when, unable longer to contain the secret, "I discovered it." This made the lad "considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance," which did not "quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain." Very quickly, as already recounted, the anonymous contributor was acting as both publisher and editor of the "Courant," and in these capacities he seems to have satisfied James Franklin better, for, while the last-named was in prison, "I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly." He was at this time barely seventeen, and thus presumptively the youngest American editor.

The wandering life of the runaway apprentice gave slight opportunity for the cultivation of his pen-talent, and, save for his little "wicked tract," the succeeding years were lean ones in production. But once Franklin was established in Philadelphia as a printer, the tendency to write redeveloped, and proved of real service to him. In the first year of the new firm he wrote a little pamphlet on a local issue, entitled "The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency," and the opposition "happening to have no writers

among them that were able to answer it," the party in favor of an issue of paper money carried their point in the Assembly. "My friends there, who conceiv'd that I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very profitable jobb and a great help to me. This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write."

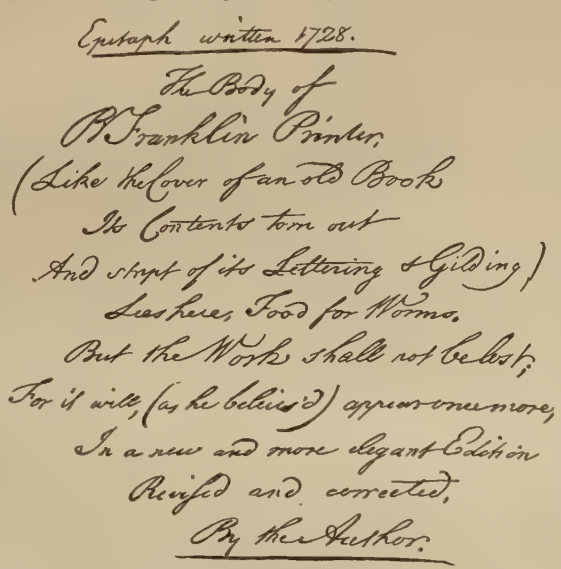
Once again within this first year Franklin's ability to use his pen was to profit him. When Keimer stole his project of a newspaper, and forestalled him, in resentment the would-be editor "wrote several pieces of entertainment for Bradford's paper." This latter, according to Franklin, had hitherto been "a paltry thing, wretchedly manag'd, no way entertaining, and yet was profitable"; but now, thanks to the letters of the "Busy Body," which were much in the same style as those of Mrs. Dogood, "the attention of the publick was fixed on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which were burlesqu'd and ridicul'd, were disregarded." The new paper languished, and within a year, as already told, was purchased by Franklin.

Mr. Keimer, by way of filling his columns rather than of entertaining his readers, had begun reprinting Chambers's "great" Cyclopædia and De Foe's "Religious Courtship," but Franklin was too instinctively a journalist to continue such padding. The first, he told his subscribers in his inaugural, contained too "many Things abstruse and insignificant," and, moreover, would take perhaps ten years to finish. As for the second, it would shortly be printed in book form, and at the service of "those who approve it." His paper thus cleared of uncurrent and stale matter, the new editor set about filling it with news that should be both interesting and timely. "Our Country Correspondents," the "Gazette" requested, "are desired to acquaint us, as soon as they can conveniently, with every remarkable Accident, Occurrence, &c. fit for publick Notice, that may happen within their Knowledge; in Order to make this Paper more universally intelligent." Having made his appeal for local events, Franklin spread a broader drag-net, and the paper assured its patrons that "The Publishers of this Paper meeting with considerable Encouragement, are determined to continue it; and to that End have taken Measures to settle a general Correspondence, and procure the best and earliest Intelligence from all Parts. We shall from time to time have all the noted Publick Prints from *Great Britain, New-England, New-York, Maryland* and *Jamaica*, besides what News may be collected from private Letters and Informations; and we doubt not of continuing to give our Customers all the Satisfaction they expect from a Performance of this Nature." Try as Franklin might to make his paper a good news-sheet, it was not always easy, and occasionally the "Gazette" gives voice to the editorial difficulties. One issue, for instance, informed its readers:

> After a long Dearth of News, we have, by the late Ships, received English Papers to the 12th of November. The War, tho' it creates a more general Appetite for News, does, we find, in this distant Part of the World, very much disconcert us News Writers. During the Peace, Ships were constantly dropping in at some Port or other of this Continent, and we had fresh Advices almost every Week from Europe; but now, by their waiting for Convoy, and other Hindrances and Delays, we are sometimes Months without having a Syllable. The Consequence is, that a Series of News Papers come to hand in a Lump together; and being each of us ambitious to give our Readers the freshest Intelligence, we croud all the latest Events into our First Paper, and are obliged to fill up the Succeeding Ones with Articles of prior Date, or else omit them entirely, as being anticipated and stale, and entertain you with Matters of another Nature. Hence the Chain of Occurrences is broken or inverted, and much of the News rendered thereby unintelligible. Hence you have tedious Accounts of the raising of Armies, the Motion of Fleets, or the Siege of Cities, after you have been some Weeks acquainted with the taking of those Cities, and the beating of those Fleets and Armies; or perhaps you are never told at all by what Steps those great Events were brought about. Such a confused Method must make any Writings of a historical Nature less entertaining and instructive to the intelligent Reader. We purpose therefore to avoid it for the future in this Paper, as much as may be, and doubt not, but that for the sake of a clear and regular Account of the Affairs of Europe, our Readers will excuse us if we happen now and then to be a Week or two later than others with some particular Articles.

Measured by its contemporaries, there is no doubt that Franklin succeeded in making the "Gazette" a newspaper. Thefts, murders, rapes, etc., were described with a detail that might be termed modern, but for this very example that the new journalism is not new. Real pains were taken to chronicle local events, and though the results seem meager, it was far better done than by its rivals, and nothing proved this more than the fact that they stole from its columns. "When Mr. Bradford publishes after us," the "Gazette" told one plagiary, "and has Occasion to take an Article or two out of

the Gazette, which he is always welcome to do, he is desired not to date his Paper a Day before ours, (as last Week in the Case of the Letter containing Kelsey's Speech, &c.) lest distant Readers should imagine we take from him, which we always carefully avoid." Nor was this the only amusement Franklin made out of his rival's columns, and one of his jokes was peculiarly typical. "As you sometimes take upon you to correct the Publick," he made a pretended correspondent, "Memory," write to his paper, "you ought in your Turn patiently to receive publick Correction. My Quarrel against you is, your Practice of publishing under the Notion of News, old Transactions which I suppose you hope we have forgot. For Instance, in your Numb. 669, you tell us from London of July 20, That the Losses of our Merchants are laid before the Congress of Soissons, by Mr. Stanhope &c. and that Admiral Hopson died the 8th of May last. Whereas 't is certain, there has been no Congress at Soissons nor any where else these three Years at least; nor could Admiral Hopson possibly die in May last, unless he has made a Resurrection since his Death in 1728. And in your Numb. 670., among other Articles of equal Antiquity, you tell us a long Story of a Murder and Robbery perpetrated on the Person of Mr. Nath. Bostock, which I have read Word for Word not less than four Years since in your own Paper. Are these your freshest Advices foreign and domestick? I insist that you insert this in your next, and let us see how you justify yourself." Still affecting to treat the matter seriously, Franklin replied:


Epitaph written 1728.

The Body of
B. Franklin Printer,
(Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering & Gilding)
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost;
For it will, (as he believ'd) appear once more,
In a new and more elegant Edition
Revised and corrected,
By the Author.

FACSIMILE OF EPITAPH IN FRANKLIN'S HANDWRITING.

I need not say more in Vindication of my self against this Charge, than that the Letter is evidently wrong directed, and should have been To the Publisher of the Mercury: Inasmuch as the Numb. of my Paper is not yet amounted to 669, nor are those old Articles any where to be found in the Gazette, but in the Mercury of the two last Weeks.

These girds bespoke strained relations with his fellow-editor, and there was little love lost between them. The Bradfords charged upon one occasion that Franklin had been awarded the printing of the New Jersey colony money for a higher sum than was asked by another printer, and added: "Its no matter, its the Country's Money, and if the Publick cannot afford to pay well, who can? Its proper to serve a Friend when there is an opportunity." There were other charges, too, of one sort and another, and countercharges in the "Gazette," with the advantage generally in Franklin's favor, but which did little credit to either of the disputants. Later in life Franklin came to realize this fact, for from Paris he wrote of American journalism to a friend:

You do well to avoid being concerned in the pieces of personal abuse, so scandalously common in our newspapers that I am afraid to lend any of them here until I have examined and laid aside such as would disgrace us, and subject us among strangers to a reflection like that used by a gentleman in a coffee-house to two quarrellers, who, after a mutually free use of the words, *rogue, villain, rascal, scoundrel,* etc., seemed as if they would refer their dispute to him: "I know nothing of you, or your affairs," said he; "I only perceive *that you know one another.*"

The conductor of a newspaper should, methinks, consider himself as in some degree the guardian of his country's reputation, and refuse to insert such writing as may hurt it. If people will print their abuses of one another, let them do it in little pamphlets, and distribute them where they think proper. It is absurd to trouble all the world with them; and unjust to subscribers in distant places, to stuff their paper with matters so unprofitable, and so disagreeable.

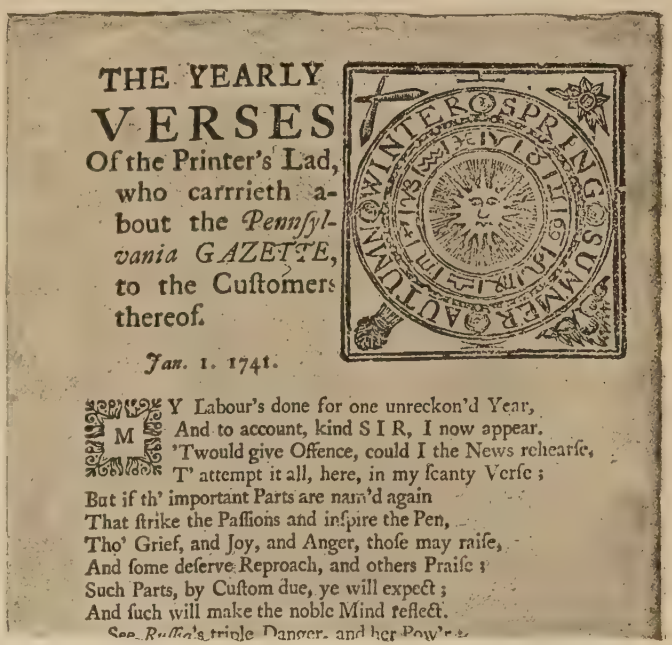
Even more severe was his ironical "Account of the Supremest Court of Judicature in Pennsylvania, Viz. The Court of the Press." This court, he wrote, "may receive and promulgate accusations of all kinds against all persons and characters . . . with or without inquiry or hearing *at the courts'*

discretion." It is established for the benefit of "about one citizen in five hundred, who can procure pen, ink, and paper, with a press, a few types and a huge pair of BLACKING balls," and who, if you make the least complaint of his conduct, "daubs his blacking balls in your face wherever he meets you; and, besides tearing your private character to flitters, marks you out for the odium of the public, as an *enemy to the liberty of the press*." This five-hundredth part of the citizens have the privilege of accusing and abusing the other four hundred and ninety-nine parts at their pleasure. In practice this court "is not governed by any of the rules of common courts of law. The accused is allowed no grand jury, . . . nor is the name of the accuser made known to him, nor has he an opportunity of confronting the witnesses against him, . . . nor is there any petty jury of his peers." Its "privileges flow from what is termed the liberty of the press," which Franklin deemed to be akin to "the *liberty of the press* that felons have, by the common law of England, before conviction, that is, to be *pressed* to death or hanged"; and he argues that if this so-called liberty consists in the power of "affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it whenever our legislators shall please so to alter the law, and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my *liberty* of abusing others for the *privilege* of not being abused myself." Failing this,

My proposal then is, to leave the liberty of the press untouched, to be exercised in its full extent, force, and vigor; but to permit the *liberty of the cudgel* to go with it *par passu*. Thus, my fellow-citizens, if the impudent writer attacks your reputation, dearer to you perhaps than your life, and puts his name to the charge, you may go to him as openly and break his head. If he conceals himself behind the printer, and you can nevertheless discover who he is, you may in like manner waylay him in the night, attack him behind, and give him a good drubbing. Thus far goes my project as to *private* resentment and retribution. But if the public should ever happen to be affronted, *as it ought to be*, with the conduct of such writers, I would not advise proceeding immediately to these extremities; but that we should in moderation content ourselves with tarring and feathering, and tossing them in a blanket.

If, however, it should be thought that this proposal of mine may disturb the public peace, I would then humbly recommend to our legislators to take up the consideration of both liberties, that of the *press*, and that of the *cudgel*, and by an explicit law mark their extent and limits; and, at the same time that they secure the person of a citizen from *assaults*, they would likewise provide for the security of his *reputation*.

Long after Franklin had severed his interest in his own paper, he took pride that


THE YEARLY
VERSES
Of the Printer's Lad,
who carrrieth a-
bout the *Pennſyl-*
vania GAZETTE,
to the Cuſtomers
thereof.

Jan. 1. 1741.

MY Labour's done for one unreckon'd Year,
And to account, kind S I R, I now appear.
'Twould give Offence, could I the News rehearſe,
T' attempt it all, here, in my ſcanty Verſe;
But if th' important Parts are nam'd again
That ſtrike the Paſſions and inſpire the Pen,
Tho' Grief, and Joy, and Anger, thoſe may raiſe,
And ſome deſerve Reproach, and others Praiſe;
Such Parts, by Cuſtom due, ye will expect;
And ſuch will make the noble Mind reflect.
See *Ruffa*'s triple Danger, and her Pow'r

YEARLY VERSES OF PRINTER'S LAD OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE." IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"I lately heard a remark, that on examination of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for fifty years, from its commencement, it appeared that during that long period scarce one libellous piece had ever appeared in it. This generally chaste conduct . . . is much to its reputation; for it has long been the opinion of sober, judicious people, that nothing is more likely to endanger the liberty of the press than the abuse of that liberty by employing it in personal accusation, detraction, and calumny. The excesses some of our papers have been guilty of in this particular have set this State in a bad light abroad, . . . for I have seen a European newspaper, in which the editor, who had been charged with frequently calumniating

the Americans, justifies himself by saying, 'that he had published nothing disgraceful to us which he had not taken from our own printed papers.'"

Franklin's share in the "Gazette" was far more than gathering news. The editorial was a yet unknown feature of journalism, but he often added to his items little comments or explanations. When there was an empty column, he wrote an essay, letter, poem, or anything else to fill it. Forestalling modern journalism, he asked a question, and then proceeded to answer it at length. So, too, he propounded "questions in casuistry," and riddles, to his readers, and for one of the latter he offered that:

> Who in good Verse explains me clear
> Shall have this Gazette, free, one year.

Finally, he composed the annual "carrier's address" that ushered in each new year.

Having made a success of his newspaper, the editor's ambition expanded, and he conceived the scheme of establishing a magazine. Imprudently, he confided the idea to a friend before he was quite ready to begin, and, as with his project of a newspaper, another publisher heard of the plan, and hastened to issue a prospectus of just such a periodical. Instead of letting this interfere, Franklin, while charging a breach of confidence, continued his preparations, and after a war of words in the press between the two editors, the controversy settled into a race as to which magazine should first appear. On February 13, 1741, "The American Magazine" was issued, and on the 16th "The General Magazine" was for sale, Franklin thus losing, by three days, the honor of having edited and published the first monthly in America. Neither publication succeeded, the earliest in the field dying with its third number, with its publisher not far from bankruptcy, and the second, after a six months' struggle, ceased to appear, leaving nothing but a long account on the wrong side of the printer's ledger.

These years of editorship were busy ones for Franklin, and kept his quill too well employed to let it produce much besides what was required for his periodicals. From 1729 to 1757, the few pieces he wrote which did not appear in one of these publications were, with one exception noted elsewhere, wholly pamphlets of occasion, such as his "Proposals for Education" and his "Account of the Pennsylvania Hospital." But if he produced nothing that can be ranked as literature while his paper, magazine, and Almanac made such drafts on his time, his work in them was teaching him all there was to be learned of pen-craft. An inch of space, or a column, or a page needed to be filled: the printer left his type-case and wrote something of exactly the right length. It is to be questioned if any man of letters ever served so long and so difficult an apprenticeship as did Franklin in his almost forty years of editorial work, and there is small wonder that every year marked a gain to him in style and facility. When he took farewell of printing, words had become to him a plastic medium which he could model to any shape his fancy chose. In a generation which considered Johnson's Latinized English as the acme of fine writing, he wrote a style which has scarcely been equaled for its combination of simplicity and clearness. "A Query" which he wrote gives his own standard:

> How shall we judge of the goodness of a writing? Or what qualities should a writing have to be good and perfect in its kind?
>
> *Answer.* To be good, it ought to have a tendency to benefit the reader, by improving his virtue or his knowledge. But, not regarding the intention of the author, the method should be just; that is, it should proceed regularly from things known to things unknown, distinctly and clearly without confusion. The words used should be the most expressive that the language affords, provided that they are the most generally understood. Nothing should be expressed in two words that can be as well expressed in one; that is, no synonymes should be used, or very rarely, but the whole should be as short as possible, consistent with clearness; the words should be so placed as to be agreeable to the ear in reading; summarily, it should be *smooth*, *clear*, and *short*, for the contrary qualities are displeasing.
>
> But, taking the query otherwise, an ill man may write an ill thing well; that is, having an ill design, he may use the properest style and arguments (considering who are to be readers) to attain his ends. In this sense, that is best wrote, which is best adapted for obtaining the end of the writer.

Far more than a good style went to make up Franklin's success as a writer. Poor Richard had distinct literary ease; he was never at a loss for an aphorism, simile, or story to illustrate or strengthen an argument; could take another man's idea and improve upon it; could refute a whole argument by a dozen words scribbled in the margin, and imitate other and bygone styles of writing at will. On this facility he drew heavily as he stepped into public life, and some examples of his work will show at once his methods and his versatility.

In 1760 the colonists had reason to dread a termination of the French and Indian War before the British success had made certain the retention of Canada. Instead of keeping to traditional lines and repeating in a pamphlet or squib the arguments that had become by repetition both hackneyed and partizan, Franklin made his appeal in such a way as to avoid both.

"I met lately with an old quarto book on a stall," he wrote to the editor of the London "Chronicle," translated, so he goes on to tell, from the Spanish, and a certain chapter of this book is "so apropos to our present situation (only changing Spain for France) that I think it well worth general attention and observation, as it discovers the arts of our enemies, and may therefore help in some degree to put us on our guard against them." Having thus convinced the reader that whatever follows is untinctured by contemporary bias, he pretendedly transcribes from the book a chapter, "On the Means of Disposing the Enemie to Peace," and by putting every reason for ending the war into the mouth of an enemy of England, he successfully makes each of them seem inimical to that country. But this masterpiece of turning an opponent's own guns on him could only succeed if the hoax were well enough done to carry conviction of its genuineness to each reader. An excerpt will illustrate how far the writer was able to accomplish this:

Warres, with whatsoever Prudence undertaken, and conducted, do not always succeed. Many Thinges out of Man's Power to governe, such as Dearth of Provision, Tempests, Pestilence, and the like, oftentimes interfering and totally overthrowing the best Designes; so that those Enemies (England and Holland) of our Monarchy though apparently at first the weaker, may by disastrous Events of Warre, on our Parte, become the stronger, and though not in such degree as to endanger the Bodie of this great Kingdom, yet by their greater Power of Shipping and Aptness in Sea Affairs, to be able to cut off, if I may so speake, some of its smaller Limbs and Members that are remote therefrom and not easily defended, to wit, our Islands and Colonies in the Indies; thereby however depriving the Bodie of its wonted Nourishment, so that it must thenceforthe languish and grow weake, if those Parts are not recovered, which possibly may by continuance of Warre be found unlikelie to be done. And the Enemie, puffed up with their successes, and hoping still for more, may not be disposed to Peace on such Termes as would be suitable to the honor of your Majestie, and to the Welfare of your State and Subjects. In such Case, the following Meanes may have good Effect.

A still cleverer imposition was something he wrote in 1773. The stock argument of the English writers who maintained that Parliament possessed supreme authority over America was that the colonists, had they remained in Great Britain, would have been absolutely subject to its laws, and that emigration had not changed this condition. To show the utter absurdity of the claim, Franklin drafted what purported to be an edict of the Prussian king, which began in due form, "Frederic by the Grace of God, King of Prussia, etc, etc, etc.," and then continued:

Whereas it is well known to all the world, that the first German settlements made in the Island of Britain, were by colonies of people, subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions, under the conduct of Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uffa, Cerdicus, Ida, and others; and that the said colonies have flourished under the protection of our august house for ages past; have never been emancipated therefrom; and yet have hitherto yielded little profit to the same; and whereas we ourself have in the last war fought for and defended the said colonies, against the power of France, and thereby enabled them to make conquests from the said power in America, for which we have not yet received adequate compensation; and whereas it is just and expedient that a revenue should be raised from the said colonies in Britain, towards our indemnification; and that those who are descendants of our ancient subjects, and thence still owe us due obedience, should contribute to the replenishing of our royal coffers (as they must have done, had their ancestors remained in the territories now to us appertaining); we do therefore hereby ordain and command, that, from and after the date of these presents, there shall be levied and paid to our officers of the *customs*, on all goods, wares, and merchandises, and on all grain and other produce of the earth, exported from the said Island of Britain, and on all goods of whatever kind imported into the same, a duty of four and a half per cent *ad valorem*, for the use of us and our successors.

The edict, its author affirmed, was written to attract attention by its "out-of-the-way" form as "most likely to take the general attention," and in this it was an entire success. It was printed in the "Public Advertiser," and Franklin wrote a friend that he could not send him one, because "though my clerk went the next morning to the printer's and wherever they were sold," the edition of the paper had been exhausted. In consequence, the piece was reprinted by request in a subsequent issue, and was generally reprinted in other papers and in the magazines. "I am not suspected as the author," the

cozener told a correspondent, "except by one or two friends; and we have heard the latter spoken of in the highest terms, as the keenest and severest piece that has appeared here for a long time. Lord Mansfield, I hear, said of it, that it *was very* ABLE *and very* ARTFUL *indeed;* and would do mischief by giving here a bad impression of the measures of government; and in the colonies, by encouraging them in their contumacy. . . . What made it the more noticed here, was that people in reading it were, as the phrase is, *taken in,* till they had got half through it, and imagined it a real edict, to which mistake I suppose the king of Prussia's *character* must have contributed." Of this he relates an incident which must have delighted him:

I was down at Lord le Despencer's, when the post brought that day's papers. Mr. Whitehead was there, too, (Paul Whitehead, the author of "Manners,") who runs early through all the papers, and tells the company what he finds remarkable. He had them in another room, and we were chatting in the breakfast parlor, when he came running in to us out of breath, with the paper in his hand. "Here!" says he, "here 's news for ye! Here 's the king of Prussia claiming a right to this kingdom!" All stared, and I as much as anybody; and he went on to read it. When he had read two or three paragraphs, a gentleman present said: "Damn his impudence; I dare say we shall hear by next post, that he is upon his march with one hundred thousand men to back this." Whitehead, who is very shrewd, soon after began to smoke it, and looking in my face, said, "I 'll be hanged if this is not some of your American jokes upon us." The reading went on, and ended with abundance of laughing, and a general verdict that it was a fair hit; and the piece was cut out of the paper and preserved in my Lord's collection.

Another incident which occurred at Lord Le Despenser's serves to show still another quality of his skill, as well as his facility with his pen. "Dr. Franklin told me," John Adams relates, "that before his return to America from England, in 1775, he was in company . . . with a number of English noblemen, when the conversation turned upon fables, those of Æsop, La Fontaine, Gay, Moore, &c., &c. Some one of the company observed that he thought the subject was exhausted. He did not believe that any man could now find an animal, beast, bird, or fish, that he could work into a new fable with any success; and the whole company appeared to applaud the idea, except Franklin, who was silent. The gentleman insisted on his opinion. He said, with submission to their lordships, he believed the subject was inexhaustible, and that many new and instructive fables might be made out of such materials. Can you think of any one at present? If your lordship will furnish me a pen, ink, and paper, I believe I can furnish your lordship with one in a few minutes. The paper was brought, and he sat down and wrote:

"Once upon a time, an eagle scaling round a farmer's barn, and espying a hare, darted down upon him like a sunbeam, seized him in his claws, and remounted with him in the air. He soon found that he had a creature of more courage and strength than a hare, for which, notwithstanding the keenness of his eyesight, he had mistaken a cat. The snarling and scrambling of the prey was very inconvenient, and, what was worse, she had disengaged herself from his talons, grasped his body with her four limbs, so as to stop his breath, and seized fast hold of his throat with her teeth. Pray, said the eagle, let go your hold, and I will release you. Very fine, said the cat, I have no fancy to fall from this height and be crushed to death. You have taken me up, and you shall stoop and let me down. The eagle thought it necessary to stoop accordingly.

"The moral was so applicable to England and America, that the fable was allowed to be original, and highly applauded."

Perhaps the ablest of all his quips was a letter designed to increase the odium of the small German princes who sold their troops to Great Britain during the Revolution. This purported to be written by one of the potentates to his officer in command in America. "You cannot imagine my joy," the ruler declared, "on being told that of the 1950 Hessians engaged in the fight [at Trenton] but 345 escaped. There were just 1605 men killed, and I cannot sufficiently commend your prudence in sending an exact list of the dead to my minister in London. This precaution was the more necessary, as the report sent to the English ministry does not give but 1455 dead. This would make 483,450 florins, instead of the 643,500 florins which I am entitled to demand under our convention. You will comprehend the prejudice which such an error would make in my finances, and I do not doubt that you will take the necessary pains to prove that Lord North's list is false and yours correct. The court of London objects that there were one hundred wounded who ought not to be included in the list, nor paid for as dead; but I trust you will not overlook my instructions to you on quitting Cassel, and that you will not have tried by human succor to recall to life the unfortunates whose days could not be lengthened but by the loss of a leg or an

arm. I do not mean by this that you should assassinate them; we should be humane, my dear Baron, but you may insinuate to the surgeons with entire propriety that a crippled man is a reproach to their profession." Then Franklin makes the writer continue:

I am about to send you some new recruits. Don't economize them. . . . You did right to send back to Europe that Dr. Crumerus who was so successful in curing dysentery. Don't bother with a man who is subject to looseness of the bowels. That disease makes bad soldiers. One coward will do more mischief in an engagement than ten brave men will do good. Better that they burst in their barracks than fly in a battle, and tarnish the glory of our arms. Besides, you know that they pay me as killed for all who die from disease, and I don't get a farthing for runaways. My trip to Italy, which has cost me enormously, makes it desirable that there should be a great mortality among them. You will therefore promise promotion to all who expose themselves; you will exhort to seek glory in the midst of dangers; you will say to Major Maundorff that I am not at all content with his saving the 345 men who escaped the massacre at Trenton. Through the whole campaign he has not had ten men killed in consequence of his orders. Finally, let it be your principal object to prolong the war and avoid a decisive engagement on either side, for I have made arrangements for a grand Italian opera, and I do not wish to be obliged to give it up.

A greater imposition still was something he did, in 1782, in an endeavor to make Europe appreciate the horrors of another British mode of warfare. On his private press at Passy he struck off a fictitious newspaper, purporting to be a supplement of the Boston "Chronicle," filled with certain evidence which he wished to get before the public. Chief of these was an account of the capture of a large quantity of scalps from the Indians in English pay, which had been made up in eight packs, "cured, dried, hooped and painted," preparatory to sending them as a gift to George III. With them was an invoice of each package, of which the following are examples:

No. 4. Containing one hundred and two of farmers, mixed of the several marks above; only eighteen marked with a little yellow flame, to denote their being of prisoners burnt alive, after being scalped, their nails pulled out by the roots, and other torments; one of these latter supposed to be a rebel clergyman, his band being fixed to the hoop of his scalp. Most of the farmers appear by the hair to have been young or middle-aged men; there being but sixty-seven very gray heads among them all; which makes the service more essential.

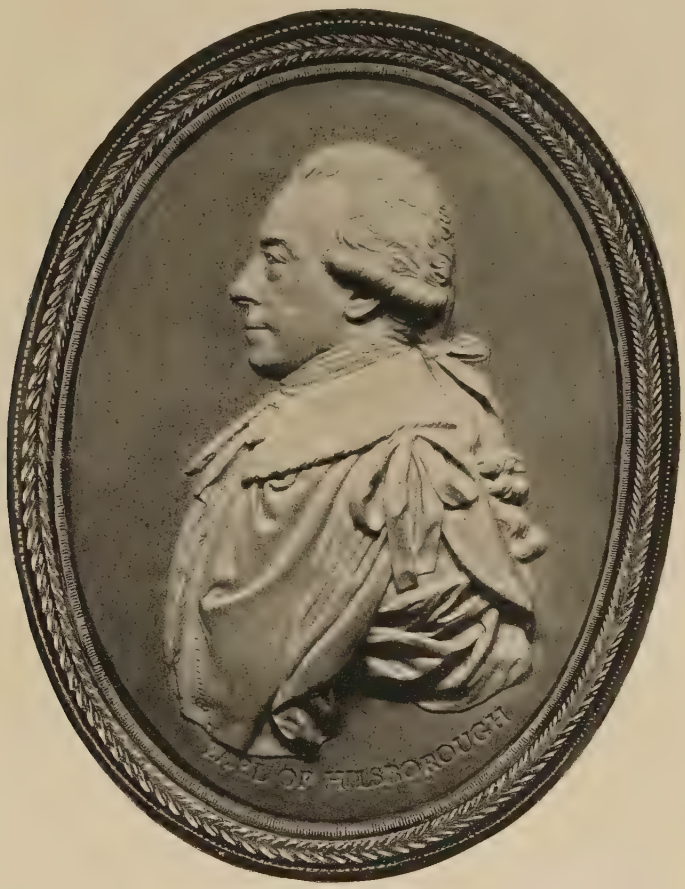
No. 5. Containing eighty-eight scalps of women; hair long, braided in the Indian fashion, to show they were mothers; hoops blue; skins yellow ground, with little red tadpoles, to represent, by way of triumph, the tears of grief occasioned to their relations; a black scalping-knife or hatchet at the bottom, to mark their being killed with these instruments. Seventeen others, hair very gray; black hoops; plain brown color; no mark, but the short club or *casse-tête*, to show they were knocked down dead, or had their brains beat out.

After this gruesome description in the paper, almost as if to show the literary versatility of the man, comes a pretended letter from John Paul Jones to the British minister at The Hague. In a moment of temper the diplomat had termed the naval officer "a pirate," and it was too good a chance for Franklin not to seize upon. "A pirate," the Englishman was told, "is defined to be *hostis humani generis* (an enemy to all mankind). It happens, Sir, that I am an enemy to no part of mankind, except your nation, the English; which nation, at the same time, comes much more within the definition, being actually an enemy to, and at war with, one whole quarter of the world. . . . A pirate makes war for the sake of *rapine*. This is not the kind of war I am engaged in against England. Ours is a war in defence of *liberty*, the most just of all wars; and of our *properties*, which your nation would have taken from us, without our consent, in violation of our rights, and by an armed force. Yours, therefore, is a war of *rapine;* of course a piratical war; and those who approve of it, and are engaged in it, more justly deserve the name of *pirates*, which you bestow on me." Following this letter came a number of minor paragraphs, and even advertisements, all intended to give verisimilitude.

Enclosed I send you a few copies of a paper [Franklin wrote to a friend] that places in a striking light, the English barbarities in America, particularly those committed by the savages at their instigation. The FORM may perhaps not be genuine, but the *substance* is truth; the number of our people of all kinds and ages murdered and scalped by them being known to exceed that of the invoices. Make any use of them you may think proper to shame your Anglomanes, but do not let it be known through what hand they come.

For once the fraud was too well done, and Franklin overreached himself by the very ability of his philippic against the ambassador. "Have you seen in the papers an excellent letter by Paul Jones to Sir Joseph York?" asked Horace Walpole of a correspondent. "*Elle nous dit bien des vérités.* I doubt poor Sir Joseph cannot answer them! Dr. Franklin himself, I should think, was

the author. It is certainly from a first-rate pen, and not a common man-of-war." This was the judgment, however, of a skilled critic, and the supplement was generally accepted as genuine.



EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH, BY FLAXMAN. FROM A MEDALLION IN POSSESSION OF SIR J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

It was not his contemporaries alone whom Franklin deceived by the cleverness of his art. While acting as agent in London for a number of the colonies, he was compelled, if he wished their interests to receive the slightest attention, to dance attendance at the levees; but he put his disgust at a system of business based on personal influence and corruption into one of the severest pieces of irony he ever penned. "It is now more than one hundred and seventy years since the translation of our common English Bible," he began a paper which he entitled "Proposed New Version of the Bible." "The language in that time is much changed," he continues, "and the stile being obsolete, and thence less agreeable, is perhaps one reason why the reading of that excellent book is of late so much neglected. I have therefore thought it would be well to procure a new version, in which, preserving the sense, the turn of phrase and manner of expression should be modern. I do not pretend to have the necessary abilities for such a work myself; I throw out the hint for the consideration of the learned: and only venture to send you a few verses of the first chapter of Job, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend."

Then followed seven paraphrased verses, which, without the least change of substance, were, by a mere change of words, made to become a savage satire on the monarchical system of government. Yet such was the skill with which it was written that the editor to whom it was sent printed it in good faith as a genuine proposal, and it has since been frequently cited as a serious endeavor of its author. Thus one of

his recent biographers devotes three pages to abuse of the travesty, writing:

When age and experience should have taught him better, he . . . made a paraphrase of a chapter of Job. In no book, it is safe to say, is the force and beauty of the English tongue so finely shown as in King James's Bible. But on Franklin that force and beauty were wholly lost. The language he pronounced obsolete. The style he thought not agreeable, and he was for a new rendering in which the turn of phrase and manner of expression should be modern. . . . The plan is beneath criticism. Were such a piece of folly ever begun, there would remain but one other depth of folly to which it would be possible to go down. Franklin proposed to fit out the Kingdom of Heaven with lords, nobles, a ministry, and levee days. It would on the same principle be proper to make another version suitable for republics. . . . Nor would he have hesitated to make such a version. The Bible was to him in no sense a book for spiritual guidance. . . . Hence it was that the first chapter of Job taught him nothing but a lesson in politics.

Something Matthew Arnold wrote is still more amusing:

I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?" Franklin makes this, "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how when first I read that I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself, "After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense." The lover of literary curiosities may be almost sorry that Franklin's proposal never got any further.

It is a pity that Franklin could not read both these judgments, for no one would have enjoyed such "literary curiosities" more, and that he should have successfully deceived biographers and critics is only a further monument to his cleverness in letters.

Franklin attempted a far more difficult piece of biblical revision, however, than a paraphrase of Job, by rewriting the Lord's Prayer. His draft, which has been strangely overlooked by his editors and biographers, though imperfect, gives reasons for each suggested change, too long to be included here, though most interesting. The text of the prayer, as far as extant, was:

Heavenly Father. May all revere thee. And become thy dutiful Children and faithful Subjects. May thy Laws be obeyed on Earth as

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

RESIDENCE OF LORD LE DESPENSER, WEST WYCOMBE.

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

THE BREAKFASTERS AT WEST WYCOMBE TAKEN IN BY FRANKLIN'S PRUSSIAN EDICT.

perfectly as they are in Heaven. Provide for us this Day as thou hast hitherto daily done. Forgive us our Trespasses, and enable us likewise to forgive those that offend us. Keep us out of Temptation.

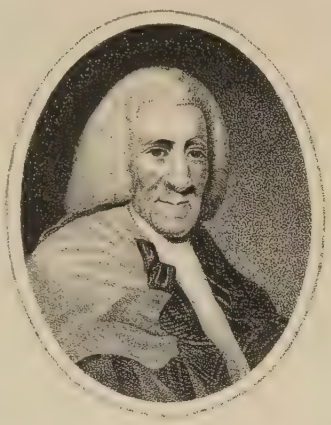
How far Franklin deemed the style of the Bible obsolete and unagreeable is shown by another literary joke. He found in a book of Jeremy Taylor's a parable teaching the toleration he was so constantly advocating, and was so charmed with the moral, "well worth being made known to all mankind," that he rewrote it in Scripture language, and printing off a few copies, kept one laid in his Bible. In time he came to know what he called "Genesis li." so well as to need no text, and one of his pleasures was "reading it by heart out of my Bible, and obtaining the remarks of the Scripturarians upon it, which were sometimes very diverting." This amusement was finally ended by one of his friends, Lord Kames, who had persuaded Franklin to give him a copy, printing it, "without my consent," in his "History of Man," and so giving it general circulation.

It must not be supposed from this accenting of his sleight of pen that Franklin spent his time in literary legerdemain. From the time he retired from active printing and journalism he was a prolific scribbler, both of newspaper articles and of pamphlets, on all subjects he was interested in, which owed

their influence to force of argument rather than to their form or turn of phrase. Poor Richard said:

> A . . . they say has wit: for what?
> For writing?—No,—for writing not.

But his creator was a living denial of the lines, for, judged by the product, his pen seems never to have been idle. He not merely wrote himself, but utilized the writings of others. During his service as agent in England from 1764 to 1775, he caused every important American pamphlet to be republished in London, usually adding a preface of his own. In Paris he was instrumental in starting a periodical that should disseminate news of the Revolution untinctured by British prejudice. He saw to it that other periodicals employed writers friendly to the American cause, and encouraged other men to write. His long experience had taught him the value of the press, and in every contest in which he took a share he used it to its fullest extent.



LORD KAMES.

The ancient Roman and Greek orators [he remarked] could only speak to the number of citizens capable of being assembled within the reach of their voice. Their writings had little effect, because the bulk of the people could not read. Now by the press we can speak to nations, and good books and well written pamphlets have great and general influence. The facility with which the same truths may be repeatedly enforced by placing them daily in different lights in newspapers, which are everywhere read, gives a great chance of establishing them. And we now find that it is not only right to strike while the iron is hot, but that it may be very practicable to heat it by continually striking.

One peculiarity of this pen-activity was his endeavor to avoid being the draftsman of public papers. In his long political service he could not help but prepare one occasionally, yet whenever possible he left it for others to do, and though he was unquestionably the foremost writer of his country during his lifetime, not one really famous document was framed by him. His reasons for this policy were given to Jefferson, under circumstances that make them peculiarly interesting:

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it which gave offence to some members. The words "Scotch and other foreign auxiliaries" excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British king, in negativing our repeated repeals of the law which permitted the importation of slaves, were disapproved by some Southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, these gentlemen continued their depredations on other parts of the instrument. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these mutilations. "I have made it a rule," said he, "whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, *Hatter*, *makes* and *sells hats* for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word '*Hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the words '*makes hats*,' which show he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word '*makes*' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words '*for ready money*' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' '*Sells hats*,' says his next friend! 'Why nobody will expect you to give them away, what then is the use of that word?' It was stricken out, and '*hats*' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

In objecting to submit his writings to criticism of this kind, Franklin's sense of humor was too strong not to get amusement out of the author's undue valuation of his own work. "I have of late fancy'd myself to write better than ever I did," he told a friend who jocosely asserted that his judgment was on the decline, "and, farther, that when any thing of mine is abridged in the papers or

magazines, I conceit that the abridger has left out the very best and brightest parts. These, my friend, are much stronger proofs, and put me in mind of Gil Blas's patron, the homily-maker." More seriously he complained of a London editor, who, for party reasons, made corrections and omissions in one of his pieces. "He has drawn the teeth and pared the nails of my paper, so that it can neither scratch nor bite," Franklin grumbled. "It seems only to paw and mumble." Yet he welcomed true criticism, and in reply to such a one from David Hume, he wrote:

WEST'S PENCIL-SKETCH OF FRANKLIN. IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HON. SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.

I thank you for your friendly admonition relating to some unusual words in the pamphlet. It will be of service to me. The "*pejorate*," and the "*colonize*," since they are not in common use here, I give up as bad; for certainly in writings intended for persuasion and for general information, one cannot be too clear; and every expression in the least obscure is a fault. The "*unshakeable*" too, though clear, I give up as rather low. The introducing new words, where we are already possessed of old ones sufficiently expressive, I confess must be generally wrong, as it tends to change the language; yet, at the same time, I cannot but wish the usage of our tongue permitted making new words, when we want them, by composition of old ones whose meanings are already well understood. The German allows of it, and it is a common practice with their writers. Many of our present English words were originally so made; and many of the Latin words. In point of clearness, such compound words would have the advantage of any we can borrow from the ancient or from foreign languages. For instance, the word *inaccessible*, though long in use among us, is not yet, I dare say, so universally understood by our people, as the word *uncomeatable* would immediately be, which we are not allowed to write. But I hope, with you, that we shall always in America make the best English of this Island our standard, and I believe it will be so. I assure you it often gives me pleasure to reflect how greatly the *audience* (if I may so term it) of a good English writer will, in another century or two, be increased by the increase of English people in our colonies.

This shrewd estimate of the future value of an American public to British writers he discussed more at length in a letter to his friend Strahan, the publisher. "By the way," he informed him, "the rapid growth

and extension of the English language in America must become greatly advantageous to the booksellers and holders of copyrights in England. A vast audience is assembling there for English authors, ancient, present, and future, our people doubling every twenty years; and this will demand large and of course profitable impressions of your most valuable books. I would, therefore, if I possessed such rights, entail them, if such a thing be practicable, upon my posterity; for their worth will be continually augmenting. This may look a little like advice, and yet I have drunk no *madeira* these six months." What Franklin did not conceive was that American authors and publishers would in time reverse the process and profit by the English reader; yet had it been possible for him to entail the copyright of Poor Richard and his autobiography on his own descendants, they would have been made rich by the wide sale of these two books in Anglo-Saxon countries.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM FRANKLIN, BY FLAXMAN. FROM A MEDALLION IN POSSESSION OF SIR J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

The autobiography, the most famous of all his writings, is of peculiar interest, not merely as a story of his life, but because it is his only real endeavor to write a book. It was begun in 1771, during a visit with his friend Bishop Shipley at Twyford, and, as originally planned, was merely a letter to his son, William Franklin, that he might "learn the circumstances of my life." Other occupations compelled him to lay it aside when it had been brought down only to 1731. Left in Philadelphia with his papers when Franklin sailed for France, the manuscript, in the turmoil of the Revolution, was actually thrown into the street, where by good chance it was found by an old friend, who was so charmed by a reading that he begged Franklin to complete it. In compliance with the wish, a few pages were added in 1784, which mark a complete change of plan; for the alienation from his son had meantime come, and so the work was no longer a personal communication, meant for one eye only, but was now written with publication in mind. Accordingly, its author sought to ingraft a second book on the story of his life. From the year 1732 Franklin "had had in mind a little work for the benefit of youth, to be called *The Art of Virtue*," which he described to Lord Kames as follows:

> From the title I think you will hardly conjecture what the nature of such a book may be. I must therefore explain it a little. Many people lead bad lives that would gladly lead good ones, but do not know *how* to make the change. They have frequently resolved and endeavour'd it, but in vain, because their endeavours have not been properly conducted. To expect people to be good, to be just, to be temperate, &c. without *showing* them *how* they should *become* so, seems like the ineffectual charity mentioned by the Apostle, which consists in saying to the hungry, the cold, and the naked, "Be ye fed, be ye warmed, be ye clothed" without showing them how they should get food, fire and clothing.

In resuming the autobiography, therefore, to "shorten the work as well as for other reasons I omit all facts that might not have a tendency to benefit the young reader by showing him from my example and my success in emerging from poverty and acquiring some degree of wealth, power, and reputation the advantages of certain modes of conduct, which I observed, and avoiding the

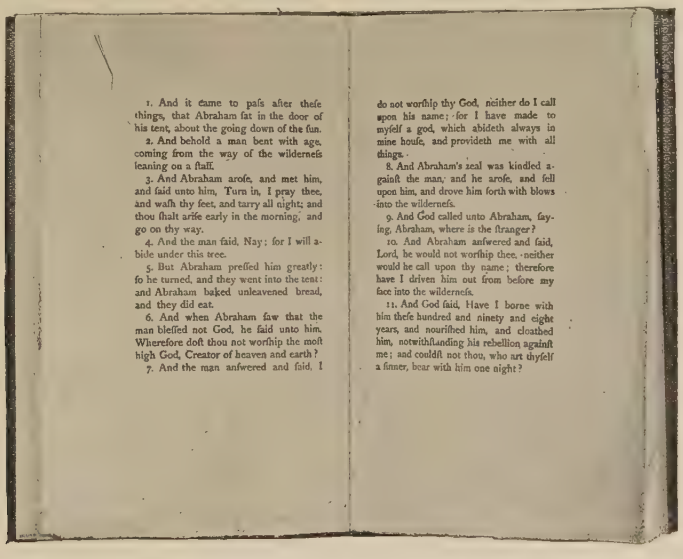
errors which were prejudicial to me." It was this motive which induced Franklin to write with extraordinary frankness of the mistakes of his youth; and every "erratum" which he told in the autobiography was described, not because he took any pleasure in cataloguing his own failings, but in the hope that it might be of benefit in saving others from similar slips. From time to time in the next few years Franklin, urged by his friends, worked at the book; but his time was heavily mortgaged to the public, and when at last leisure came, he found that the gout and stone were faster workers than the man, and they wrote "finis" to the real life when that on paper had passed over only a little more than half its story.

To judge Franklin from the literary standpoint is neither easy nor quite fair. It is not to be denied that as a philosopher, as a statesman, and as a friend, he owed much of his success to his ability as a writer. His letters charmed all, and made his correspondence eagerly sought. His political arguments were the joy of his party and the dread of his opponents. His scientific discoveries were explained in language at once so simple and so clear that plow-boy and exquisite could follow his thought or his experiment to its conclusion. Yet he was never a literary man in the true and common meaning of the term. Omitting his uncompleted autobiography and his scientific writings, there is hardly a line of his pen which was not privately or anonymously written, to exert a transient influence, fill an empty column, or please a friend. The larger part of his work was not only done in haste, but never revised or even proof-read. Yet this self-educated boy and busy, practical man gave to American literature the most popular autobiography ever written, a series of political and social satires that can bear comparison with those of the greatest satirists, a private correspondence as readable as Walpole's or Chesterfield's; and the collection of Poor Richard's epigrams has been oftener printed and translated than any other production of an American pen.

> If you would not be forgotten,
> As soon as you are dead and rotten,
> Either write things worth reading,
> Or do things worth the writing,

advised the Almanac-maker, and his original did both. Yet Franklin himself asserted:

> He that can compose himself, is wiser than he that composes books.



1. And it came to paſs after theſe things, that Abraham ſat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the ſun.
2. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderneſs leaning on a ſtaff.
3. And Abraham aroſe, and met him, and ſaid unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and waſh thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou ſhalt ariſe early in the morning, and go on thy way.
4. And the man ſaid, Nay: for I will abide under this tree.
5. But Abraham preſſed him greatly: ſo he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.
6. And when Abraham ſaw that the man bleſſed not God, he ſaid unto him, Wherefore doſt thou not worſhip the moſt high God, Creator of heaven and earth?
7. And the man anſwered and ſaid, I do not worſhip thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myſelf a god, which abideth always in mine houſe, and provideth me with all things.
8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled againſt the man; and he aroſe, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderneſs.
9. And God called unto Abraham, ſaying, Abraham, where is the ſtranger?
10. And Abraham anſwered and ſaid, Lord, he would not worſhip thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderneſs.
11. And God ſaid, Have I borne with him theſe hundred and ninety and eight years, and nouriſhed him, and cloathed him, notwithſtanding his rebellion againſt me; and couldſt not thou, who art thyſelf a ſinner, bear with him one night?

FRANKLIN'S FICTITIOUS CHAPTER OF THE BIBLE, USUALLY STYLED A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION. IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

WITH LAWTON AT EL CANEY.[1]

BY FRANK NORRIS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & CO.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U. S. A.

THE regiment whose fortunes I had elected to follow, and, incidentally, whose rations I had hoped to share, had landed and gone on ahead the day before. I delayed in Daiquiri only long enough to readjust my pack, then pushed on after it. At Siboney I caught up with it, rolling on the grass and kicking its heels under a grove of cocoanut-palms, after the long days of cramped quarters on shipboard. For a week or more nothing extraordinary happened. We marched and countermarched, broke camp

[1] For General Shafter's personal account of "The Capture of Santiago," see the February CENTURY.—EDITOR.

and pitched it. One morning we heard sounds of firing off in the hills, and ten hours later knew that Guasimas had been fought. Then we moved forward by easy marches to a point on the Santiago road about three miles south of El Pozo. For three days we lay there, trying to keep dry, and devising new methods of frying mangoes in bacon-grease. Brigades and whole divisions went on ahead of us in such numbers that, instead of being in the lead, we found ourselves in the rear. Already there were rumors of a surrender, and we began to believe that there would be no fighting around Santiago after all.

Then all at once every man in the brigade seemed to understand that on the morrow there was going to be a battle. For the first time we heard a new name. Somebody had pronounced the word "Caney."

When Capron's battery came along the bugles began to call. At five in the afternoon the brigade (it was Ludlow's) moved off in the battery's wake. By the time it was fairly dark the column had begun to climb the slopes of the foot-hills that encircle Santiago. The column, consisting of Lawton's division, went forward through the night by fits and starts, now doubling when the word was passed back to close up, now halting in mud up to its legging-tops, for no assignable reason, now moving forward at snail's pace, and now breaking up completely, when the tired men eased belt and blanket-roll and dropped into the drenched grass by the roadside for a moment's rest. The march had not been long, but it had been wearisome; for on Cuban trails the men must march in single file, and the column is always elongating or contracting. No two companies went the same gait; there was none of the swing and heave of marching that on better roads picks a man up like an undertow and carries him along in spite of all fatigue.

There was no talking in the ranks, but on ahead we could hear the battery trundling along. Then there was the monotonous squash of many boots churning up the mud of the road, the click of swinging cups against bayonet scabbards, the indefinable murmur of a moving army that recalls the noise of the sea or of forests. There was a moon somewhere, but rather low as yet. To our left, far down the valley, was a cluster of pin-points in a faint white glow as of a nebula. Santiago was there, and from mountain-top to mountain-top the Spanish signal-fires were flashing.

We went into camp toward ten o'clock, under orders to light no fires, nor even pipes, and to talk no louder than a whisper. One wondered at this until, some half-hour later, when we were eating our supper of hardtack, cold bacon, and water, we heard through the silence the long-drawn *centinela alerta* of the enemy's pickets, not a quarter of a mile away. By the time we turned in we knew that the battery would open fire upon the town of El Caney, which lay to the front of us, at daybreak the following morning. The next morning, when I looked in the direction in which our field-guns were pointing, Caney was plainly visible—red roofs, a white wall or two, the twin towers of the church, a blockhouse of unusual size on a sugar-loaf knoll just outside the town, and, yes, on its one salient tower a flame-colored tongue of bunting, the flag of Spain. By five o'clock Capron's battery was astir. Overnight the guns had been placed in position, and by the time we had gulped our breakfast the battery lieutenants were pottering about with their little brass range-finders and getting the distance of the blockhouse by triangulation. The four guns stood out upon the crest of the hill, the caissons in the rear, the horses picketed in the bushes farther down the slope, while the soldiers who were the support of the battery, the Cuban camp-followers, and the correspondents formed a great crowd back of the caissons.

It was about sunrise, and the range-finding was still going on, when I happened to turn my glasses upon an open meadow on the left of the town. Cavalry at a slow trot was moving there, leaving the town. I told the news to the man at my elbow, and in a twinkling all the battery knew it. But the commanding officer could not see the cavalry, nor could his lieutenants, and while we pointed and danced with impatience the troops slowly passed out of sight behind a hill. The range-finding was resumed. In all the landscape below us there was no sign of a human being—nothing but trees, open fields, the red roofs of Caney, and the flame-colored flag on the blockhouse.

Suddenly there was a noise which split the silence of the early tropic morning. It began as corn begins to pop, irregularly and with pauses. Then it gathered volume and rippled and rolled and spread till it awoke a great echo somewhere up in a little gully of the hills. Every one cried out at the same time. We knew that Ludlow had opened on the left. The firing of rifles on the battle-field is not loud; it is not even sharp when heard

at a distance. The rifles sputter, as hot grease sputters, the shots leaping after one another in straggling sequence, sometimes in one-two-three order, like the ticking of a clock, sometimes rushing confusedly together, and sometimes dropping squarely in the midst of an interval of silence, always threatening to stop, yet never quite stopping; or again coming off in isolated rolls when volley-firing is the order. But little by little the sputtering on our left gathered strength, and settled down at length to steady hammer-and-tongs work.

"There they are! Look, quick, there they are again! See 'em over there!" shouted an artillery sergeant standing on a caisson, with his glasses to his eyes. The cavalry column was emerging from behind a line of hills, and this time everybody, the officer in command as well, made them out. Capron shelled the column. I confess to a certain amount of surprise and a little disappointment. I had imagined the handling of a battery in actual battle to be more business-like, that the orders would be given with more precision. The captain was on foot, his coat and waistcoat were off, and at every movement he hitched his suspenders over his shoulders. The men did not hurry in serving the guns. They went to the caissons, groped among the ammunition, and talked excitedly while they were cutting the fuses. It was something like this:

"Where are those beggars?" This was from the captain, holding his field-glasses to his eyes with one hand and hitching up his suspenders with the other.

"There, there! Don't you see them, in line with those palms; don't you see, right where I 'm pointing!"

"That 's so! Now, men, hurry up—with shrapnel now! That 's about twenty-six hundred yards; hurry up, now! What are you waiting for? What's the trouble? They'll be out of sight in a minute. *Everybody stop talking!* Everybody that does n't belong to the battery get back!"

The shells were locked into the breeches, the pieces aimed, and one after another the gunners jumped to one side after sighting, and all down the line one could hear: "Number three, ready!" "Number two, ready!" "Number one, ready!" "Number four, ready!"

Meanwhile the captain had gone to one side, studying the town and the moving column through his glasses; everybody was talking at once, and the correspondents and an attaché or two were dodging in and out, note-books and kodaks in hand.

"What 's the matter?" cried the captain, angrily. "Why don't you begin?"

"All ready here, sir. Number four, ready!"

"Well, fire it, then! Go ahead!"

"Number four, ready!" began the lieutenant. "Fire!"

After the report came a piercing, ear-shattering sound as the shell took the air and tore across the valley. All of us went tumbling to the left of the battery's position, to get out of the way of the smoke and to see the explosion when the shell should burst. There was a silence for about ten seconds, while a hundred eyes watched the moving column and the mass of green bush and hill and pale-blue sky above it. Then suddenly a little ball of white cotton popped out against the blue of the distant landscape; the crowd relaxed its breath.

"Too high!"

"What 's the matter with you fellows?" shouted the captain. "You 're a hundred yards too high. Is number two ready? Go ahead and shoot! I want to tear 'em all up! I want 'em cut *all to pieces!*"

Numbers two and three fired, and then number one, and by the time the dense curtain of white smoke thinned we could see that the range had been found and the column was scattered and galloping. Twice more the battery fired, but it was only at the spot where the column had been. We began to hear the sputtering of rifles again, this time on the right, where Chaffee's brigade was moving toward the Santiago road. To the left, where Ludlow was, the sputtering was fiercer than ever, till soon there was a continuous, nervous ripple of discharges, extending across the entire front of our line. We began to look at one another and nod our heads.

"By Jove, it 's getting hot down there!"

"Look! there they are, firing from the blockhouse—the big one on the hill. I *knew* that so long as the flag was up, there would be troops there!"

A faint blue haze was curling up from the summit of the hill just below the blockhouse.

"Now, then!" cried the captain. "At the blockhouse, at twenty-four hundred yards, with percussion-shell!"

An interval of scrambling and confusion ensued, then one by one: "Number four, ready!" "Number one, ready!" "Number two, ready!"

"Here, what 's the matter with you men? Is n't number three ready?"

"Number three, ready!"

"Fire number four, there!"

"Number four, ready! Fire!"

Such gunnery as we witnessed that morning I never again expect to see equaled. It could not be surpassed, for it was well-nigh perfect. Not only did the gunners reach the blockhouse whenever they pleased, but they reached whichever corner or angle they picked out beforehand. The first one or two shots went wide; then the shells began to creep in closer and closer, and great fountains of brown earth spouted from the location of the trenches and rifle-pits, and pinwheels of smoke, mortar-dust, brick, and stone whirled off the surface of the fort as the great projectiles struck. With every successful shot the crowd of watchers on the hilltop cheered. And now the flag was down.

"Look out, now!" cried the battery captain. "There 'll probably be a man come out to set it up again; get him with shrapnel if you can."

A man did come out; we could see him dodge from an embrasure around an angle of the fort.

"He 'll be on top in a minute; get him now with shrapnel. Who 's ready there? Whichever gun is ready, fire!"

Number four fired. The shell was still screaming when we caught sight of the man scrambling upon the ledge of the blockhouse near the broken staff. Then, right over the fort, right over the staff, and over the Spanish soldier's head, the little ball of white cotton leaped into view. "Got him!" shouted the entire battery, as the bursting shrapnel wiped the man from the wall of the blockhouse as a sponge would wipe a slate. Still the Spaniards hung on. To one new to the grim game that was being played that day at El Caney it did not appear credible that men in their senses would endure and endure and endure, in those rifle-pits, under the bursting shells. Had the fire been wild, had a few shells missed the mark, had there been a chance of escape, we should have marveled less; but we knew—could, in fact, see—that of every six shells the battery fired, five went straight to the mark, exploding in the very trenches themselves. We shall remember these Spanish soldiers of El Caney, for not until late in the afternoon, after ten hours of intermittent shelling, did they finally consent to leave—what was left of them.

Meanwhile the battle went forward. Again and again we searched the valley with our field-glasses for moving troops, but all to no effect. The enemy was close within his fort and blockhouses; our brigades kept under cover. The valley was empty of life. Toward high noon and the heat of the day the unexpected happened. The fire slackened and ceased. It was time for lunch, and for upward of two hours the fight waited on the camp-fire. The men would fight; also they must be fed.

It was along toward three in the afternoon that we first made out our troops—a part of Ludlow's brigade, no doubt,—a dozen tiny specks scattered out in an irregular line in a grain-field, moving across it by degrees, stopping now and then to fire. They were far off, and were soon gone from view, but the sight of them sent the blood galloping through the veins and made us draw our breath more quickly. Then far to the left more specks in an opening between the trees, running about like excited ants, advancing always, while the sputtering came suddenly to a great climax and ran from end to end of our lines, from right and left and back again, like the current over a live wire. The battery held its fire now; our men were too close to the enemy. The end was beginning, and the lines that all day long had been moving in toward Caney and its fort began suddenly to concentrate.

The crowd on the hill around the battery was beyond all control now; it surged forward to the crest of the hill, swarming over cannon and caisson, taking possession of every elevation, eager to see the last move in the game, and it shouted and talked aloud regardless of answer. A German count, an attaché of legation, wrangled with a company cook over a question of distance; a brigade commander asked meek questions of a private standing on an upturned cracker-box; colonels, majors, correspondents, soldiers, Cubans, photographers, crowded together, rubbing elbows, gesticulating, advancing opinions, contradicting one another, all beside themselves in the tension of the moment.

Then suddenly the charge began, full in view now, far off at the base of the sugar-loaf hill with its battered, shrapnel-shattered blockhouse. There they were, our soldiers, our men, crowding forward, crowding upward, the moving specks converging into a mass, a great wedge-shaped mass that pushed up and up and up the slope of the hill. We could hear them cheering, so at least we thought, and we ourselves cheered—no, it was not cheering; we yelled inarticulately, just a primitive bellow of exultation, an echo of the stone age!

The blockhouse was taken by the assault, but the town still held on, and far to the left the rifles were yet talking. At once the battery moved forward, followed by its supporting regiment. But I went on ahead as fast as my little horse could carry me, left him with the Cuban guide in a grove of cocoanut-palms, and following in the wake of the charge, climbed the sugar-loaf hill and gained the blockhouse and its lines of rifle-pits. The blockhouse was a horror, the trenches beyond description. The first Spaniard I saw was lying at the bottom of a trench. He was a young fellow,—they were all young fellows,—his face the color of wax; one poor, dirty hand hooked like a buzzard's claw; his arm was doubled under him, and—but the rest is not for words. A bullet-wound is one thing, but shrapnel smashes its man, flings him down, and drives and dints him into the dirt. The dead were everywhere; they were in the trenches, in the fields of pineapple, in corners of the blockhouse, and in grisly postures half-way down the slope of the hill. The air was full of smells—the smell of stale powder, of smoke, of a horse's carcass two days unburied, of shattered lime and plaster in the blockhouse, and the strange, acrid, salty smell of blood. Our soldiers set about burying the dead and carrying off the wounded, and we turned our attention to the town.

El Caney lay, a spread of red-tiled, fluted roofs, surmounted by a cathedral tower just on the other side of a deep gully where ran a stream. On its outskirts there was a blockhouse or two. At first glance the town looked deserted; a solitary, unperturbed white mule nosed calmly in his fodder in a courtyard by the church. But while we looked, a woman and two men, not soldiers, came to the door of one of the cottages. At that time I stood on the slope of the hill below the blockhouse with a corporal, five enlisted men, and a San Francisco correspondent. We called to these people of the town to come out and come over to us, and, in what little Spanish we knew, told them we were *amigos*. They came hesitatingly, stopping and calling every five steps, then, gaining confidence, came boldly out of the town, the woman carrying a bundle on her head. In five minutes the town was alive with people, men, women, and little naked pot-bellied children, who came pouring out from every door and every street, forming in one long line and filing up toward us upon the hillside. Most of them were women trembling on the verge of hysteria. Such as were not half crazed were stupefied, gazing slowly about them with unseeing eyes, permitting themselves to be herded like so many sheep. Some few were crying; one, who was choking with sobs, was at the same time eating sardines from a tin as fast as she could handle the fork, and with no consciousness of what she was doing. The children were for the most part intensely amused, excited, but very interested and pleased. For them it was a new kind of picnic. But there was plenty of misery among these people. A beautiful woman, whose husband, a Cuban, had been killed by one of our shells, was filling the air with her cries, sobbing and groaning and biting her hands in her excess of grief, till it broke one's heart to listen to her. An old woman of sixty-five, hardly able to walk, was carrying, by means of her wrists drawn over her shoulders like the draw-strings of a grain-sack, another woman of surely more than ninety, a woman so old as to be blind and deaf and all but senseless. She was in her sleeping-gown, just as she had been hurried from her bed, which perhaps she had not left for years.

We hurried on, crossed the gully and stream, and entered the town. The corporal was under orders to look for Spanish soldiers, wounded and otherwise, who might still be in hiding. It was not work that six men should have been detailed to do, and looking back upon the affair, I see that we correspondents were foolhardy in going along. We found the houses still intact; our batteries had shelled the trenches, but not the village. We cocked our revolvers and went through the narrow, deserted lanes and streets and into the larger houses, the jail, the hospital, the church, the mayor's residence, and into most of the houses on the plaza. It was uncanny work to let one's self unbidden into these houses, pushing open the street door and entering the dark and silent interiors, with unfamiliar furnishings and strange smells, never knowing what we should find across the next threshold. In the mayor's house I came suddenly upon the body of a plain-looking girl, lying on the floor, her hair across her face like a drift of seaweed. She had not been shot; she had been stabbed! Some dead we found, men who had crawled away in corners to die. In one of the larger buildings on the plaza we found some forty wounded men with no fight left in them, one of them a most pitiable object. Two Spanish soldiers in a blockhouse, and unhurt, gave themselves up to me, thinking perhaps that I was some sort of officer. I had them

walk in front of me, and allowed myself a full breath only when I was once more under the cover of our own rifles. Afterward I saw one of them in the stockade at Siboney. We recognized each other simultaneously, and shook hands as old friends, across the barbed wire, genuinely glad to meet again.

It was growing dark when we regained the blockhouse, and the brigades were on the move again. We were afraid lest we should miss our horses and the Cuban guide in the darkness and the crowd, and worked our way back to them. Then in the twilight we marched on through a wild confusion of regiments, companies, and brigades, and litter-bearers carrying the dead and wounded, to join the regiment to which we had been assigned, and which had gone on three miles down the Santiago road.

And then upon that day of many sensations a curious thing occurred. Our army had won a victory, had fought from dawn to dark and had defeated the enemy. It was the time for triumph, for exultation. Instead of that, a feeling of depression lay upon us, and upon the soldiers with whom we were marching. There was no great talk. It was a sorrowful army marching through the twilight after victory. At a turn of the road, just before it got very dark, I came upon a brigade adjutant. We knew each other only slightly, yet for some reason we gripped hands, so glad to see each other that the right words would not come, and standing in the mud of the road, talked until the marching troops, like an onrushing current, forced us apart; even then we waved good-by to each other across the maze of shouldered rifles. It was dark now. The army was moving to new positions; artillery was trundling heavily on the road; the clicking of cups and scabbards was like the chirp of a vast swarm of crickets. Somewhere off to the southward heavy guns were speaking at lazy intervals. It was ten o'clock at night when we again set our faces toward Santiago.

OUT OF DOORS IN TEXAS.

BY E. S. NADAL,
Author of "Notes of a Professional Exile," etc.

ON the cold spring morning on which, years ago, I started by stage from Abilene to San Angelo, it had been raining all night. One of the fierce storms peculiar to those latitudes had attacked the country, and left it in a damaged condition. A chill and mournful wind, which fortunately was on our backs and not in our faces, was blowing from the north. The stage had a high seat outside for the driver, which on this occasion I did not venture to share with him. Inside it was a kind of covered carryall, with two seats facing each other, and had, for curtains, flaps which could be rolled up in good weather, but were of course now down. I was the only occupant, although I should rather have liked a passenger or two, my sense of the loneliness of the journey being increased by the fact that the stage had been robbed some seven times within the past two months. I half rolled up one of the blinds so that I could see out. The journey got more and more monotonous as the stage advanced. The cold wind that blew from the north was monotonous, as was the leaden sky which everywhere overhung the vast landscape. The country was slightly rolling, and I think you get an impression of greater vastness from a slightly rolling than from a perfectly flat country. The wide tops of the knolls, to which the immense pastures ascend with a slight swell and a long, resistless sweep like that of the sea, are points by which to measure the country. The few horses and cattle which you see grazing far and near (the distant ones, for some reason, appear to be of unusual height) serve the same purpose. The characteristics of the scenery are monotonous. You pass wide spaces in which there is scarcely anything but grass and cactus. The only tree is the mesquit, which is, to speak roughly, about as big as a peach-tree. You pass miles and miles of these, every sixth or seventh tree containing among its branches a dark-green sphere of mistletoe about a foot in diameter. The pastures, filled with the mesquit-trees, look not unlike peach-orchards. The country thus has an appearance of cultivation, and this fact, taken together with your knowledge that it lies just

as it has done for thousands of years, heightens your sense of its aboriginal wildness.

There is infinite monotony in the profusion of yellow, pink, and blue flowers which underlie the mesquits, and which tinge the prairies to their remotest limits. The odor of these flowers is sweet but powerful, and the monotony of the smell is added to that of the wind and the sky, and the endless flowers, and the other incessantly recurring peculiarities of the face of nature. The smell soon becomes somewhat nauseating, although it is perhaps rather the constancy of the odor than its potency which affects you. Everything else is equally incessant. It seems to be the same killdee, with the same cry, which alights upon the same cactus, or by the side of a wet gully or pathway of stones where a stream had been flowing. It is the same scissor-bird which, with the two long feathers of its tail, flutters before you and settles downward with a weak, uncertain movement. But the greatest impression of monotony you receive from the prairie-dogs. The towns of these creatures line your road, with very short intervals, all day long. They bark from the edges of their holes in just the same way, and sit erect with just the same tricks of manner, and wiggle their tails in just the same way, communicating thereto a shiver of great rapidity, and flop down into their holes at your approach with the same rudeness and abruptness. They did this all the way through Taylor and Runnels counties. These animals have a strong effect upon you. You are alone, and your mind is in a very susceptible condition. Your imagination has been taken possession of by the wind and sky, and the eternal flower-tinted waste, and the universal and nauseating perfumes. On top of these come the rude and monotonous manners of the prairie-dogs. They are very clannish and exclusive things. They seem to be saying to you that you may be all very well where you come from, but that you have no kind of status in a prairie-dog town, and are not wanted there. You see them a few hundred feet ahead of you, chasing one another about with the familiarity of intimate acquaintance. But you are no sooner caught sight of than each flies to his hole, and sits there upon his hind legs, wiggling his tail, and uttering a bark which seems to say: "Who is this? Something very suspicious, no doubt!" And down he flops. This iteration and identity of sentiment and behavior soon begins to tell upon you. These ten hours of incessant exclusiveness all about you on both sides of the road, the journeying through I know not how many leagues of insult and suspicion,—which, by the way, you must support alone,—in time powerfully affect your cheerfulness and self-esteem, and you sink back in a profound dejection.

As the afternoon advanced, the sky grew brighter, and by and by the sun appeared, and I left the inside of the stage, and, for company and a better view, got up with the driver. As you approach the Colorado River, you pass a great extent of country which is entirely bare of trees. A peculiarity of travel in Texas, by the way, is that there are no roads, only ruts and tracks which have been made in previous trips. To these the driver pays no attention. The road is anywhere he chooses to drive, the four horses, however, always going at a good trot. The solitary vehicle traversed the immense plain like a ship at sea. The scene had now become much more cheerful, but was still very vast and solemn. We moved for some hours through a region having no other covering than the endless flower-embroidered grasses, much overrun by growths of no greater height than the cactus, and populous with many forms of animal life. At the hour when the day was just approaching its conclusion, an old gray fox, much astonished and discomposed by our advent, ran out of a rut before us, and, going some thirty yards to our right, stood between us and the sun, which just rested on the rim of the horizon, looking at us, having upon his features an expression of wild and dull wonder. The poets have made the fox and the fox's den the symbol of desolation. As the body of this animal was projected against the red disk of the setting sun, with whose lonely effulgence the vast tinted and perfumed scene was brightened, he looked indeed the type of solitude.

Texas was unlike what I had expected. I had a notion of a flat plain covered in May with wild flowers; but I had not at all apprehended the realities of the Texan landscape. I did not see the cactus or the interminable mesquits looking like orchards. I knew there were flowers, but I did not see the endless stretches of blue and yellow, or smell the universal odors which would be too powerful if they were not so essential to the country and so impossible to escape. It is true that there is a great deal of flat country in Texas, but there is also a great deal of rolling and broken country. Then, there is also much pretty scenery. Tom Green and Concho counties are full of charming scenery. There are no forests, it is true. Beyond the mesquits

which cover the country, there are only the dark-green clumps of live-oaks and pecans scattered about at wide intervals.

But the country has its own indigenous beauties. Many of the streams are clear. The Brazos and Trinity are muddy rivers, but the Concho is as clear as a mountain brook. The landscape becomes gay and brilliant, as the afternoon advances and a bold and ample light is shed over it and the profuse grasses are swept by the winds of May. The verdure with which the late spring enriches the horizon rests upon it like a mirage. This verdure is peculiar. It is of a bright emerald hue, and has a sheen upon it which is like that upon the rind of green fruit, but much stronger. This appearance is very rank, and looks as though it would come off on your hands. Into this the colors of the sunset infuse many fresh and delicate stains. I have never seen a country upon which the sunset has such a softening and transforming effect as upon this.

These remarks relate only to the earth; you have not as yet looked above you. Owing, perhaps, to the absence of trees or of tall objects of any kind, the sky seems very high and remote. During the day's closing moments the heavens have been preparing for the reception of the stars, and have taken on a soft, deep bloom like that of purple flowers. No light has yet appeared in those lofty spaces, but while you have not been looking, a star has wandered hither with timid and hesitating step, and taken its modest station in the spotless and profoundly purple expanse. Soon a bolder and a larger one, remote from the first, hangs, a yellow spot, above the scene, and contributes its golden infusion to the vast chromatic pageant. Now for some moments the face of nature is gentle and pensive. Gilded by his attendant planet, the Concho flows with a perfectly clear current, between ramparts as smooth and sedately verdant as those of the Thames. Faster and faster the stars are projected from their elastic depths, the glint of their fine points at first faint and pale, but strengthening with approaching darkness. Now go within doors for an hour, and return, and you are astonished at the thick array of bright objects that crowd and jostle one another in the wide domain on high. You look upward, and behold them where they glow with ever-increasing energy, and shine with simple and vainglorious magnificence, and silently triumph with an ostentation and a splendor of self-assertion unknown elsewhere. The stars occupy a larger place in the mind of the young Texan than in yours or mine. He views nightly the exalted throng, and remembers that the same glittering roof covers himself and distant friends.

From the day of your arrival in Texas until you leave, you are very close to nature. You have had a good night's rest, and have got rid of the motion of the cars, when a journey is proposed to a ranch fifteen miles away. The object of the expedition is a business one, but nevertheless guns are put in the wagon, in the certainty of plenty of shooting. The Texan does not ride when he can drive, and they all get into a covered wagon. You yourself, however, if you prefer it, are given a saddle-pony. It is one of the earliest of the really warm days of the season, and the spring is in full tide. The sun is strong, but there is wonderful life and freshness in the air. After an hour or two the backs of your hands begin to blacken. You have your first elate sense that you have really found the wilderness, when a hawk—not the bird known to us in the East, but a bulky creature—rises from her nest on a near mesquit, and urges her level flight along the ground with a heavy motion of the wing. Presently a long-legged and long-eared animal goes springing by, which at first you do not know what to make of, but which you discover to be the jack-rabbit. Somebody shoots, and it turns several somersaults, and lies upon its side, its large pop-eye expressing the acutest pain, and its body struggling and bleeding copiously, like some wild, coarse weed which has been cut asunder and from which the red sap is flowing. The white tufts of little cottontails are flashing in every direction, and flocks of plovers settle all about you. You are surprised at the amount of live things there are everywhere. Animal life exists on these prairies with an almost metropolitan profusion. The prairie is the city of the jack-rabbit.

Old soldiers who went through Texas to Mexico fifty years ago, at the time of the war, have told me how great this profusion was then. The antelope even, unused to men, and expecting no harm, would not run from them. There is not now, of course, the quantity of wild life there was at that time. But there is a great deal left, and the animals of civilized communities, cattle, sheep, and horses, are everywhere. The Texan bull is perhaps the most dignified occupant of the prairie. He does not turn and run as you approach, as the steers, calves, and cows do, but stands there, knee-deep in the long grass that borders the watercourses, composed and

unregardful of you, authority and majestic tyranny graven deeply in the wrinkles of his grand head. There is a sad fate in reserve for this fine creature. When he is old and feeble, the young bulls will get round him and gore him to death. That struggle for existence which with human beings is softened, in appearance at least, he must encounter in its simple and original form. There are, in his case, none of those ineffectual but well-intended consolations which the young address to the old: "Cheer up, my dear fellow; you 're in the heyday of your youth and beauty." It is not thus the young bulls comport themselves to the old one. He sees round him in a circle their utterly candid and hateful faces, as, with a cry of anguish, rage, and broken pride, he sinks amid the solitude of the prairie.

On the morning of the round-up, everybody was in the saddle by five o'clock, and the bunches of cattle were soon in motion. The proprietor and half a dozen boys rode in the rear and on the sides. I was allowed to try my skill in an occasional chase after a stray calf. But the scene was so charming that one did not need this excitement. The morning air of that mountain plain of western Texas is fresh and sweet. The country is here a table-land three thousand feet above the sea. We soon encountered many other herds, which were on their way to the common center, where each ranchman of the neighborhood was to "cut out," or select, his own cattle by the brand. Before long, in all directions, cattle appeared. They were moving, under a sky of perfect blue, through a boundless plain of bright verdure, variegated by the narrow lines of the darker timber which marked the concealed watercourses, their speckled backs, as far as the eye could reach, —red, white, black, and brown,—shining in the sun. The herds, not in thick masses, but loose and scattered, were swept onward in a wide and gaily colored stream. What a brilliant, flashing scene! It looked as if it were nature's holiday, and all the animal life of that part of the world were hurrying to some great fair.

If the impression which I have given here of the country may seem somewhat rose-colored, I should explain that I was there at wnat is everywhere the most beautiful time of the year—late spring and early summer. I remained, however, long enough to know what Texas heat is like. In June it became too hot to be much out in the open country; but I found amusement and occupation in the neighborhood of the ranch-house. A ranch-house is one of the best places I ever found for reading. There was a shelf of books. Among the books there were the works of Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield, and, somewhat oddly, it seemed to me, Miss Emma Lazarus's translations from Heine. Miss Lazarus's translations struck me as among the best of any kind I had ever read. They render the wayward eloquence of the poet with great beauty and the closest sympathy. The gift of making translations such as hers is rarer than that of writing good original verse, and perhaps of more value to the world. Her own verse was full of thought and feeling. But Miss Lazarus had a combination of feminine sympathy with a sure intellectual and critical discrimination which especially fitted her for the delineation of great literary minds. Had she lived, and chosen to exercise her almost unsurpassed genius in this direction, it is my belief that she would have placed the English-speaking world under great and lasting obligations. The volume brought also to my mind a fresh sense of the wide void left when we missed from among us so rare and kind a spirit. It was great good fortune to find among these books "Rasselas" and "The Lives of the Poets" and "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son." I think I never so well appreciated the weighty thought and sentiment of the author of "Rasselas," or the sincerity and acuteness of Chesterfield's masterpiece. I read that profoundly sympathetic work, the "Life of Savage," and at a distance of a hundred years, and amid the quiet of the Texan pastures, could hear the great heart of Johnson beating like some engine which shakes with its pulsations the tenement in which it is housed.

When I tired of reading, I could watch the education of four young mocking-birds, packed like sardines in a nest, on the lowest branch of a mesquit, a rod or two from the kitchen door, to the great concern of the mother, who was fluttering and crying about my ears. Or I would take a line, and bob in the stream for what they call in Texas trout, which are really bass, or for catfish. The source of this stream was a big spring near at hand, in which I took great delight. This was in what is called a motte. A motte is a striking peculiarity of Texan scenery. It is a clump of good-sized forest-trees, usually either live-oaks or pecans. In a region as bare of forests as Texas, a motte is a most grateful object, and one conspicuous throughout a great extent of country. The spring I speak of runs out freely from under a rock

in a good mass, say six feet wide and two or three feet deep, protected by a thick clump of lofty pecans. The bottom is smooth and bright, and the water, which is perfectly clear and fresh, comes out from the bosom of the rock with a slant impulse, which does not change or weaken throughout the day, while far and wide upon the whole extent of the landscape without the sun's heat descends with the force of a hammer. Throughout the summer months the proprietor takes his bath here at sunrise. There could not be a more delightful one, but the bather must not mind feeling now and then against him the athletic stroke of the bass or gar as he rushes from the shadow of the cavern into the sunlight.

Early in June I had an opportunity of seeing what was perhaps the most extraordinary spectacle I saw in that country—a Texas thunder-cloud. They have in Texas what gives every promise of being a far more dreadful thunder-storm and rain-storm than one would ever see in the East. This, however, has no result in the form of rain, and is accompanied by very little noise. But evening after evening, toward sundown, the cloud would nevertheless appear at about the same point of the horizon, and would remain on exhibition for an hour or so, while I watched it from a seat on the fence inclosing the kitchen yard, as if from a chair in the dress-circle. This cloud is a structure of great volume, and reaching to an immense height, which unfolds and is rolled and piled upward slowly, but with such facility of progress that you think the whole heavens are about to be seized upon. The edifice stands in front of you, from its base to its rolling turret pierced with fine needles of lightning, the dark mass filled throughout with electricity which seems hung upon a hair-trigger. The earth is in shadow, and the wind blows mystically. It is very terrific, and you wonder what it is going to do to you, and the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. It does nothing, however; but from its depths, sketches upon the fume of its purple surface hieroglyphic after hieroglyphic of the utmost elaboration and perfection, drawn with a pencil of infinite fineness, strength, and distinctness.

OUT OF DOORS IN COLORADO.

BY H. P. UFFORD.

THE SUMMONS OF THE PEAKS.

WE had been talking for some time of a trip into the mountains, and had finally settled upon Hermosa Park as our destination.

Into the mountains, I say, though to a dweller on the plains such an expedition would have seemed superfluous, since every drop of water which fed the smelters at either end of our village must needs fall over ten thousand feet before it can mitigate the saltness of the Pacific brine. And, withal, north, east, west, south,—turn which way you will,—you are met by a rampart of mountains, which, from their three thousand feet of altitude, look down serenely on the human figures which, like ants, crawl about their feet. Though we are already nearly twice as high above the sea as Mount Washington, still above us are to be found smiling green savannas, limpid lakes, and verdant valleys. From this mountain bowl, in whose depths Argentum is scattered like coffee-grounds at the bottom of a cup, there is but one outlet save by climbing. Below the town, the Río de las Ánimas has cleft the mountain-range with a gap such as the sword of Cœur de Lion left when it clove the false Templar from crest to breastplate. But even here nature has written, "No thoroughfare," save for those gamins of the wilds, the speckled hawk or the spotted trout. Three hundred years ago, Coronado, facing it, named it "El Paso del Purgatorio," and turned aside from farther quest.

By the way, what a stately resonance there is about those old Spanish names! How sonorously they roll off the tongue!—El Conquistador, Dos Hermanos, Las Golondrinas, Sangre de Cristo. After these, how weak and piping seem Kendall and Sultan and Long and Pike! And how scant is our vocabulary in terms descriptive of the various mountainous forms! Peak, hill, range, crest, chain—how few and feeble, compared with the wealth of Castilian authors, with their

cordilleras, farallones, reventazones, sierras, peñas, peñones, peñascos, peñolerías, penoncillos, rocas partidas, montes, montañas, montañuelas. The very sounds of the words have a mountainous outline. They stir the blood, and incite one to the ascent.

Hermosa Park was the *pièce de résistance* which Ignotus and I had been reserving against a time of need. We wanted a place which the tenderfoot had not yet profaned with the "great American tin can," and where the prospector was conspicuous by his absence. Ignotus had been there,—as, indeed, where had he not been?—and it was upon his recommendation that I decided to try it.

"If you want a place," said he, "where the luxury of living is its own reward, then come with me to Hermosa."

UP AN INDIAN TRAIL.

We started early in the morning, for we had a long trip before us. True, the distance was only a dozen miles in a straight line, but, as every climber knows, a mountain mile is equal to three horizontal ones. We followed an old Indian trail which was now sadly out of repair, and which in many places had to be recreated by removing stones and chopping out logs.

The Indian is a born engineer, and his trails follow naturally the "line of least resistance." As he has nothing in this life to do but to be born and die, time is of little account to him, and ease of paramount importance. Follow the Indian trails if you wish to find the greenest pastures, the finest springs, the most sheltered valleys, or the lowest gap in the mountain wall, and that by the easiest and most practicable route. Seven tenths of the wagon-roads and railways in the West follow these old trails.

The present one led down the valley, across a little stream so impregnated with iron that the stones were all rusty red, and in every quiet nook an iridescent film covered the water; then on through thickets of willow and box-elder, across the Ánimas, and up the mountain-side. Huz and Buz, our pack-mules, climbed like conies, and we stepped merrily out behind. The trail led through a grove of "quaking asp," which furnishes fine house-logs for the miner's cabin, but is almost worthless for saw-timber, as it is rare to find a tree over a foot in diameter which is not rotten at the heart. The monk's-hood is very abundant about here, but its flowers have not that lurid hue so characteristic of it nearer the Atlantic, but rather the tender, delicate blue of our wild Johnny-jump-up. It has lost none of its poisonous properties, however, and many a packer's burro falls a victim to it in the early spring. This and the larkspur and the lupine give the scene a blue appearance. The wild parsnip shoots up its fluted stalk in every damp hollow, and we see where the bears have already been digging for its succulent root. Ursus has a strong predilection for this vegetable, and is pretty sure to find it when he goes out marketing. The service-berry and the wild raspberry also appeal to his palate, nor is the wild haw despised by him. He does not disdain grasshoppers, and a fat ground-hog is a gift of the gods.

The trail turned to the left to avoid a gulch, and was lost on a wide stretch of slide-rock. Tons upon tons of angular fragments, broken from the ledges above, had slid down the mountain-side. But Huz and Buz picked their way over as cautiously as a cat in wet grass, and seemed to make but little of it. But we all breathed a little easier when safely past, out of the peril of a drop of five hundred feet upon the porphyry rocks below.

Looking down at this range, one day, from El Conquistador, I was struck by its resemblance to a man stretched recumbent on a sloping bank. His hands are clasped beneath his head, and his elbows, pointing skyward, form the peaks of Dos Hermanos (the "Two Brothers"). On the breast lies Hermosa Park. The left leg is flexed at almost a right angle at the knee, so that the lower part of it forms the perpendicular cliff which guards the entrance to El Paso del Purgatorio. The right leg, inclined at a gentler angle, stretches into the valley below; and on the instep lies Argentum. It was up this right leg that we had been slowly climbing, and now, on the kneepan, Ignotus called a halt for lunch.

A little spring broke out of the hill here, and hurriedly tumbled down the side of the gulch, as though afraid the Ánimas might run away before it could catch it. The spring was sunk so deep in the ground that we could not reach it when lying down, and our cups were all in the pack. Here woodcraft came into play. A long stalk of wild parsley was cut, and through its hollow stem we sucked up our mountain julep. I had a fancy that it tasted sweeter than if drunk out of a cup. In the latter case it tastes of civilization—and tin. Here we had the true woodsy flavor. There is a subtle, indescrib-

able tang which is lost when the water is dipped up. To get the full ethereal sweetness, however, you must prostrate yourself at full length among the mosses or on the shining sand. Then will the Undine of the brook meet you lip to lip—the touch of her cool fingers sweep the cobwebs from your brain, and the sweet aroma of her presence thrill through your veins like new wine. Huz and Buz were not to be balked of their draft. Finding they could not reach it in the ordinary way, each knelt as gravely as a Chinese mandarin at his prayers, and drank lustily. There seemed to be some connection between their throats and ears, for the latter worked back and forth as regularly as the brakes on an old-fashioned fire-engine, and at every backward stroke a swallow of water came up from the spring. Ignotus called it pumping, and it certainly looked like it.

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

"BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth," was our camping-place for the night. Ignotus had selected it for the prosaic reasons that it was convenient to wood, water, and grass; but I strongly suspect that some poetic instinct had biased his choice. To our left the spruce woods rolled downward, fold on fold, till they crossed the valley below, and broke, a wave of green, on the crags of Mount Piedra. Behind and to our right swept the billowy savannas of the park, a sea of verdure, lapping gently at the base of Dos Hermanos. In front, and at our feet, gurgled and sang, on its way to the sea, the Nauhica-Tallulu ("Song-bird of the Mountains"), while beyond shot up the slender spires and tapering shafts of Las Golondrinas, inaccessible even to the cimarrón, and stirred to life only by the scream of the falcon or the sweep of the eagle's wing.

On our way hitherward, the inquisitive nose of Swipes (our dog) had revealed to him the presence of a covey of dusky grouse, one of whom, with much indignant cackle, alighted on a spruce bough close to us, swearing under his breath, till Ignotus brought him down with a shot. Him now, deprived of his sober business suit of brown and gray (much such a color as the "heather cheviot" which callow sportsmen wear), we tenderly grilled upon the coals, along with juicy bacon and golden-fleshed trout from the Tallulu.

Ignotus had "picked a mountain goose"—that is to say, had stripped a spruce-tree of its fragrant tassels—and therewith made our bed for the night. Stretched on its balsamic length, sprawling with limbs supine, we yielded to the sweet enchantment of the hour. The soft susurrus of the breeze and the babble of the brook, subdued in kind consideration of our softened mood, whispered gracious words of welcome.

On this side, where our camp was pitched, all was darkness outside the circle of the fire, while far away over the needles of Las Golondrinas a mystical light was shimmering, and every tree and rock and abysmal chasm showed plain and clear in that strange illumination. Had it been the rising moon, the tops of the peaks would have caught the brilliance first, and the glow would have crept down the mountain-side to the valley below. The light, however, did not seem to come from above or outside, but the whole ground glowed as from a hidden illumination within. And there were no shadows, as there would have been if the light had come from any fixed direction. Atmospheric causes had probably something to do with it, as I have never witnessed the phenomenon save at the close of a cloudless day; but the moon is certainly not concerned therein, for the light does not show itself when the moon is up—in fact, slowly fades away an hour or two before moonrise. Illuminated by this mysterious glow, and lullabied by these spirit voices, we went to bed. Mountain-climbing is the best of soporifics, and if to this be added an easy conscience, spruce boughs, and balsamic odors, sleep is assured.

CAMP-ROBBERS.

"WHAT 'S up now, Ignotus?"

"I am."

"So I see; but why?"

"Mountain mutton is good for breakfast, and I heard an old ram whistling up there on Dos Hermanos, an hour ago; so come along."

Off we started. But I soon changed my mind, and concluded to lie in wait on the edge of the park, where I had marked a deer-trail leading into the woods, secreted near which I might perhaps get a shot at a blacktail returning from an early breakfast. So I took a seat where a couple of large spruces furnish me good cover, and, resting my rifle in my lap, proceed to scan the park with my field-glasses, in search of my game. These artificial eyes are almost indispensable to the woodman, and armed with them, and an admirable lens, I have captured many a secret which would have been lost without them. Nature is apt to be very prudish in your presence, but if she thinks you are too

far off to see, will indulge in many hoydenish pranks. Birds and beasts, too, sometimes, when they think you are watching them, seem to take a malicious delight in refusing to do what they know you are looking for. Ignotus told me once that a ground-hog drank like a cat; and as two or three quasi-pets, on the other side of the gulch, used to come down to the brook in front of the cabin nearly every morning, I watched to see if he was right: but though my presence did not alarm them, and they came regularly, they would not drink while I was there to look at them. It was only when I climbed the hill back of the cabin, and brought my glasses to bear on them, that I was able to settle the question.

This time my glasses were useless, for they revealed no deer in the park. Not entirely useless, either, for they attracted the attention of some half-dozen Canada jays, most of whom hopped excitedly about from bough to bough, indulging in gibing remarks, such as "See! see!" "Lookee! lookee!" "Kill 'im! kill 'im!" These mocking Thersites kept at a safe distance; but one "plumed knight," braver than the rest, seemed bent on a closer inspection. Dropping down from bough to bough, with a flirt of the tail, and a solemn "Lawk!" he finally reached a limb about ten feet from me, where he balanced, with his head cocked first to one side and then the other. Evidently unsatisfied with a front view, he sailed slowly around me, to see how I looked from the rear. Finding everything normal there, he confided the fact to his more timid friends, and returned for another inspection. What wise conclusion he might eventually have arrived at I shall never know, for at this point I took the glasses down from my eyes. The whole ribald crew were panic-stricken, and fled shrieking through the tree-tops. Not without cause do the miners and prospectors call this jay the "camp-robber." Nothing is safe from his attacks. I have seen him fly down and snatch potatoes from the pan in which they were frying; and Ignotus relates how he found one, once, "mired" in his sour-dough can, from which it had succeeded in removing the cover. I know of only one worse plague about a cabin, and that is the mountain-rat. This fierce rodent is nearly twice the size of the Norway species, and is always ready for a fight. Besides his bellicose propensities, he is an arrant thief. The miners have a saying that he will steal anything but a red-hot stove. He does not steal to satisfy hunger alone; he appears to be a cleptomaniac. Provoked by the depredations of one old graybeard who haunted our cabin, I one day assisted in harrying his castle, where I found the following articles: four candles, one partly burned, three intact; two spoons, one knife, two forks; twenty-seven nails, all sizes; one box of pills; one coffee-pot lid and one tin cup; two pairs of socks; three handkerchiefs; one bottle of ink; three empty phials; one stick of giant-powder, with ten feet of fuse; beans, rice, and dried apples galore. His spirit of mischief is as strong as his passion for stealing, and the honest miner solemnly avers that if you leave open a bag of beans and one of rice, he will not rest till he has made a clean transfer of all the beans to the rice-bag, and vice versa. I know that more than once he has, during the night, filled one or both of my boots with the cones of the spruce-tree. I have heard, also, of a veracious prospector who, returning from a trip without coffee-pot, frying-pan, and bake-oven, accounted for their absence by declaring that the mountain-rats had carried them off, and emphasized his assertion by shooting through the leg a skeptic who was so injudicious as to doubt the fact.

COLOR-STUDIES.

My camp-robbers gone, there comes an interval of quiet, which I employ in studying the colors of the sky. Whether it is the great altitude, and the consequent rarity of the air, that causes the difference, I cannot say, but while living in the middle east I never saw such tints as may be seen here. The sun is not yet up, and toward the dawn the whole sky is of a yellowish-purple tinge, while in the west the lower edge is of a dull olive hue, shading through steel-blue into steel-gray. The color of a clear mid-day sky here is the most intense, vivid blue conceivable; but the morning and evening blues are of the hue of tempered steel, and even sometimes of a decided greenish cast, almost identical with the dull, dead green of the spruce. I have not seen a vivid crimson or scarlet tint in the sunsets since I have been here, a brick-dust red or a watery pink seeming to be the best that nature can afford. But if she is niggardly in her cloud effects, she more than makes recompense in the lavishness and brightness of the hues with which she paints her mountain flowers. Her larkspurs, columbines, claytonias, asters, are prismatic in their brilliance. Even here, though, she uses the cyanic half of the spectrum almost exclusively. Blues, purples, and

violets predominate; yellows and reds are scarce. She is niggardly, too, in her shades of green. The dull, dead color of the spruce, and the yellowish-green of the quaking asp, are the only two she seems to have in her color-box, while in Ohio I have counted thirteen different shades of green in one little clump of trees, covering less than half an acre. *Per contra*, no painter's palette ever showed half the shades of umber, ocher, and sienna, burnt or raw, that streak the sides of the mountains round about.

AN ELK TRACK.

As I wander quietly along, I come upon a fresh elk track, as an excuse to direct my wandering steps. He must be a true "monarch of the glen." The track is as large as that of a two-year-old steer, and here, where he has crossed this sandy gully, you can see how the edges of the hoof are worn off, and how the frog is flattened, showing that he is old and heavy. Another indication of his size is given here, where he has passed between these spruce saplings, nearly three feet apart, and has left some of his coat on each. The question of sex is settled by the shape of the foot—nearly as broad as it is long; for the ladies of this family, like some of their sisters, may pride themselves on their long and narrow feet. With dainty care he picks his way, stopping here a moment to brush off an intrusive fly, and there to pluck a tender twig. Serene and high-bred, his march has all the dignity of a royal progress. But here some great terror has suddenly seized him. For an instant he stands with all four legs drawn together under him; then a wild bound of twenty feet or more, and he is off like the wind. What startled him so? Ah! here is the answer in this ursine track, which looks like the impression of a huge, misshapen, naked human foot.

A BIRD THAT FLIES UNDER WATER.

THE song of the Tallulu, down in the gorge, wins me from thoughts of slaughter, and yielding to softer influences, nature sends a "water-witch" to divert me. Called indifferently water-ouzel, water-turkey, dipper, or water-witch, the *Cinclus mexicanus* seems to be a compound of wren, bluebird, thrush, and dabchick. Up the stream he comes, pulsating like a kingfisher, with strong, regular wing-beats, alights on a rock in the middle of the stream, indulges in two or three flute-like notes, as who should say, "I could sing, an I would," "squats" three or four times, with quick bend of the knees and jaunty flirting of the tail (whence his name of "dipper"), walks down into the water, and proceeds to fly up-stream under the surface. He does not walk on the bottom, as was once asserted, but flies as truly as he does in the air. The only difference I can see is that his wings are not quite so much expanded; but the movements are precisely the same. The current here is too swift for him, and he comes to the surface, is tumbled over a few times, swept down-stream, recovers himself, flies to a little bay, where the water is stiller, and goes under again. I am reminded of what Coues says of him: "Given a brawling brook, too small, clear, and cold to suit any of the water-birds nature has on hand, but just the thing for a kind of thrush, if he could be made to understand it, and, presto, *Cinclus!* The odd little thrush puts on his waterproof diving-suit, takes a header from the nearest green, slippery rock, and likes it so well he wonders why he never did it before. *Divers* ways of doing things were open to thrushes in the beginning, and this was evidently one of them." I have never seen him take a "header," though—in the sense, at least, in which a kingfisher does. He either walks down into the water, or alights upon the surface, like a duck, and then goes under. He generally seems to prefer the brawling mountain torrent; but I have seen him perfectly at home in the little chain of lakes which lie near the summit of El Conquistador. He seems an unsocial bird, and, except in pairing-time, I have never seen more than two together. Like all other water-birds, he seeks his favorite element when wounded, and a specimen which I shot was found dead at the bottom of a foot or more of water, clinging to a tuft of grass with his bill, as some ducks do in a like case. In another I noticed a singular deviation from the ordinary maternal instinct which so often renders bird-nesting a painful task, even when followed from scientific motives. Following up a mountain stream, one day, I noticed a water-witch which preceded me for nearly half a mile—alighting some yards in advance, waiting till I came up, and then flying on again. Finally it turned aside into a little gulch which joined the main stream, and I bade it good-by. I had hardly passed the mouth of the smaller stream, however, before the bird reappeared, darted past me as though to attract my attention, wheeled, and flew back up the side gulch. Quick to take the hint, I turned back and followed it. It led me on, as before, for a short distance,

and finally perched, twittering and "dipping," upon a roundish ball of green moss, which proved to be its nest. As I came up, it flew off a few yards to a stone, and with a glance of its black eye remarked to me: "There, sir, what do you think of that as a specimen of architecture? Pretty well done, is n't it? Did it all myself, too!" The house had just been finished, evidently, as the carpenter's shavings still littered the front dooryard. After such a display of confidence I did not dare betray the trust reposed in me, but left it undisturbed—the nest, I mean, and the confidence also, I hope.

With his humble deprecatory courtesy, the dipper always seems to be meekly begging your pardon for presuming to exist. He is one of the few small birds I know that seem to have no sense of fun or humor in them. He is the cause of mirth to others, his plaintive air contrasting oddly with the pert vivacity of his movements. But to him life is serious, not to say oppressive. He seems to have no time for uproarious skylarking, like the jays and blackbirds, or for quiet, demure mischief, like the woodpeckers and some of the finches. He lacks even the solemn, dry fun of the crow or the magpie. His very whistle has a preoccupied sound, as though he was wondering where the mischief the money to pay that grocer's bill was coming from. After having made an exhibition of himself by tumbling over some mimic cascade, a mere puffball of slaty-gray feathers, or rolling, heels over head, in a disgracefully undignified way, down the foaming torrent, he never seems to see the grotesqueness of the performance, but, if you laugh, looks at you with a mildly reproachful air, and, with martyr-like resignation, proceeds to try it over again.

After *Cinclus* leaves me, I gird up my loins and return to camp, where I find Ignotus, who, like myself, has returned empty-handed —to outward appearances, at least; though, speaking for myself, I bring back more than shows upon the surface, and my invisible game-bag is plethoric with hidden wealth.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WHAT gain, did we give us ever
To love and beauty's care!
So would our hearts be gentle,
So our visions fair.

The winds have breath of the roses,
Over the roses blown;
Yea, the angels of heaven grow whiter
Looking on the throne.

"L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose."

BY TUDOR JENKS.

WITH PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

He. Ah! Miss Violet, I am so delighted to find you alone!

She. Surely it is unwise to delight in an impossibility.

He. An impossibility?

She. Because no sooner do you find me than I cease to be alone. Besides, I am here only for the moment; I am on my way to attend a meeting of—but that does n't concern you; it is only a woman's club.

He. Whatever the paradox, I can only repeat I am glad to find you by yourself. I have long been seeking an opportunity to say to you—

She. I know exactly what you are going to say.

He. I am afraid not. I can only wish that you did. For sometimes when I am with you—

She. Now, don't wander from the subject. You are afraid I shall guess what your errand is, and wish to forestall me. I de-

light in guessing, and I insist upon a trial of my wits.

He. But this is trifling. I—

She. Not to me. I assure you, I am really interested. I have always believed I should have made an excellent detective.

He. Miss Violet, do not think ill of me if I insist for a moment upon being serious.

She. Am I then so frivolous? Do you not believe I am ever serious? Wait! I know what you wish to say, and I have my defense ready. I never said it.

He. Said what?

She. That there was no modern literature worth the reading. I would n't make so sweeping a statement. I said only that I preferred to read the old books first. I would n't be afraid to defend that preference—even to you, though I know you are a champion of the modern schools of fiction. You believe in realism, do you not?

"'I COULD STAY ON HERE WITH *YOU* FOREVER.'"

He. I care nothing about the question one way or the other, just now. It was not what I had in mind at all. I wished to enter on a more personal subject. In short—

She. Wait just a moment. You 're not fair. Don't tell me yet. I 've had only one guess, and the tradition of the ages allows three. Not literature, you say? Something more personal? Let me see. Ah! now I can do better.

He. Excuse me; I may have but a moment to see you.

She. Why? Are you going away?

He. Yes. And before I go—

She. When do you leave us? I am surprised. I supposed you meant to stay another week at least.

He (*desperately*). I could stay on here with *you* forever.

She. Then somebody must have offended you. I believe it was Miss Black. She is so sarcastic and clever. But you should n't mind what she says. She 's really a good-hearted girl. Why, do you know, she—

He (*interrupting*). I care nothing for Miss Black, nothing whatever.

She. There you are unjust. Let me tell you one instance of her kindness toward a poor helpless cripple. It was the most touching thing—

He. Pardon me; please don't. Another time, if you like; not now. Now I must say a few words to you about myself.

She. It won't take a minute to tell you. Still, if you insist upon being unjust to that young girl, why, all I can say is that I think you very inconsiderate, to say the least. She is my best friend.

He. I know—I know. I did n't come here to talk about Miss Black, and as my time is so short—

She. True! I forgot for the moment that you are going so soon. You did n't tell me just when, did you?

He. No. In fact, I wanted to tell you how much your presence here had been to me, how dearly I shall prize—

She. I beg you won't mention it. I have, of course, meant to be kind and courteous to my uncle's guests.

He. Guests?

She. Yes, to all. Tell me, have I failed in my purpose? Have you heard me criticized? I would n't ask, you know, for any idle reason. But, seriously, I am not always as considerate to others as—

He. Considerate? How can I tell you—how express to you the feelings of happiness—

She. Ah!—that 's really very gratifying—very. My uncle thinks me flighty; and I have honestly tried to do my duty as, in a sense, the hostess. I am much pleased by what you say; but I shall not take your words of compliment too seriously.

He. You cannot take them too seriously. But that is not exactly my meaning. I spoke, not for others, but for myself.

She. I was, I see, too hasty. I hoped you spoke for all, or at least from a knowledge of the sentiments of the others. Never mind. I am glad to have made one of my uncle's friends more welcome—no, I mean more contented. That is not the word I want, either. What is the right word there?

He (*ignoring her question*). Before I go, I wish to ask you whether—

She (*hastily*). I believe you cannot think of the word, either. Now, be frank. How would you express the idea?

He. I wish to ask you whether I have been misled by your kindness; whether I am wrong in believing—

She. Excuse me; I do so dislike to give advice. Can't you ask some older woman? I know so little of the world!

He. You do not let me finish.

She. I am not fond of confidences. One so soon regrets them, and then—alas for the poor confidante! Please let us not be serious. I have so much on my mind—questions of housekeeping, of servants, so many petty details.

He. It is hopeless, I see.

She. Entirely so, believe me. You are exceedingly kind to offer me your sympathy, but nothing can be done. It is hopeless indeed. All butlers seem to have the same faults; and what they lack, the cooks possess. We thought we had a treasure, this last month; and this morning she came to complain that our dance-music kept her from sleeping!

He. You are trifling with me!

She. No. It is a fact. That woman actually had the effrontery to complain—

He. For the last time—will you hear me?

She. Certainly. (*Very stiffly.*) I did not know you had an oration to deliver. I am all attention. Proceed, sir.

He. You are offended?

She. Oh, not at all!

He. Then please don't be so—cold.

She. What *am* I to do? When I am silent, you say I am cold; when I talk, I am trifling. If you will graciously indicate exactly what demeanor you prefer, I will do my best to enact the part.

He. I don't know what to say or how to act. (*Pathetically.*) I believe you know just what I mean to tell you, and somehow you stop me whenever—

She. Don't let us go back to that point again. I had almost forgotten that I was to guess. Let me see. It was n't literature, and it was n't Miss Black; it must be—

He. It was—

She (*hastily*). Don't tell me. I *know* I could guess if you gave me time.

He. I came to tell you that I love—

She (*suddenly interrupting*). Hush! Here comes Harry Douglas. Another time will do.

He (*in despair*). I must go, then. I will write you. Good-by.

She (*rising and ignoring his hand*). Good-by.

[*Exit "He."*

Enter Harry Douglas.

Harry. Ah, my dear! (*Kisses her.*) What was the trouble with my lord the recently departed? He looked like the ghost of Hamlet's father, as he left.

She. Oh, Harry! He was trying to propose to me, poor boy! And I could n't tell him of our engagement till it is out, and I did n't know how to refuse him.

Harry. And how did you?

She. Oh, he did n't say anything to me.

Harry. Why not?

She. He could n't seem to find a chance.

Harry. I had no difficulty.

She. That 's different.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Out of Doors.

THE statisticians tell us that the modern tendency is alarmingly and increasingly toward the cities; that the country is being drained, while the cities are becoming congested. But it is at the same time evident that there is, on the part of city folk, a constantly increasing countryward tendency. Nearly all who can afford it now have country homes, either temporary or permanent. Not only are country hotels and boarding-houses thickly populated during the heated season, but every family that can manage it must have a "cottage for the summer," or else own its cottage, or its farm, or its estate and palace. If the palaces in some localities are out of proportion to the hills, and in other places too gigantic for their own grounds, this only marks the excess of a healthy and well-nigh universal appetite for green fields, purple mountains, and blue sea.

The man of independent means goes earlier into the country and stays longer, and works harder in country affairs. One of these men, one of the busiest and most useful citizens of his own town, by the way,—a man who adds to a general love of nature a special passion for trees,—said the other day that he longed for his country place among the hills all winter, and gloated over it all summer. Such a man, a leader in his profession, can command at least a good part of his own time. But at the other end of fortune's ladder we have the clerk, with his longer vacations spent in the country, his more frequent holidays, all given to out-of-door delights; and we have the bicycle-rider, man or woman, flying along on winged wheels, "out of doors" at every moment that ingenuity can steal from "business." Still farther down the ladder of fortune we have the old and young of the tenements, lifted up and taken bodily, by all sorts of societies and agencies, upon salt-water voyages or inland excursions and visits. Still farther down the ladder, we come to another phase of the out-of-door appetite in the life of the great army of tramps, whose migratory habits are so graphically and authoritatively described by our contributor Josiah Flynt.

One wonders what people did in the hot summer seasons, that many remember well, when vacations were shorter, and the country habit was not fully developed in the people of the cities. In those days, however, the cities themselves were not so city-like; there was not such a stew of overheated humanity; the houses did not cut off so much of the sky or of the air. On the other hand, the streets were never truly clean before Waring, and before asphalt.

A curious result of the out-of-door passion in the East is the reawakening of the farming industry. Eastern farms, abandoned largely on account of the overwhelming competition of the big farms of the West, are being taken up by city men, who find in farming by proxy a real solace for the strain of city work and city living. Every one knows, and is at liberty to apply, the admirable pleasantry concerning the similarity of cost of milk and champagne, on a basis of amateur agriculture; but there are other things in farming beside money-grabbing, and, furthermore, he is a poor bookkeeper who cannot, by proper manipulation of farm accounts, and the differentiation of "current" and "capital," work out at least an occasional monthly profit-balance—even without crediting in cash the mental, moral, and physical benefits received.

In this "Out-of-Doors Number" of THE CENTURY only a few phases of a subject as broad as the earth and as intricate as nature could be even hinted at. In fact, every number of the magazine for the summer will, we hope, be found in a peculiar sense "appropriate to the season." Enough, for a while, of "horrid war"; now for "fresh woods and pastures new."

A Help to Wholesome Living.

EIGHT years ago there appeared a little volume entitled "Power through Repose," written by Annie Payson Call, and setting forth what was then doubtless considered by some a gospel and by some a fad. It differed from previous and more elaborate handbooks of physical culture, such as Blaikie's admirable manual "How to Get Strong, and How to Keep So," in laying stress upon the power of the will by relaxation to adjust mind and body into an equilibrium of highest faculty. The theory was clearly demonstrable, as well as reasonable, and has been the foundation of many a rescue from physical or mental weakness, morbidly coddled, or accepted with fatalism. Other volumes on the same subject have revealed a widespread awakening to the possibility of getting a valuable product out of the waste energy of body and mind. Some of these books carry their theories to a doctrinaire limit, and in the practice of their votaries there has been sometimes a perilous, even a criminal, disregard of the lessons of medical science. Such fanaticism aside, the total effect of the study and effort given to the subject has been in the main excellent. Where it has led to athletics, it has reinforced the conservative tendencies of American life; and where it has reached the mere parlor invalid it has given hope and a wholesome habit of thought. In general it has contributed to the upbuilding of a new type of American, to whom health takes on a re-

ligious sacredness, and happiness the aspect of a duty. Two volumes, not of this special propagandum, but which have added to the serenity of existence, are "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock, and "The World Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting.

The cardinal principle of the new teaching is the power of the mind over the body—the exposition of the fact that disease and weakness in their attack upon the citadel of health receive treacherous aid from within. Fears, apprehensions, undue conviction of the force of hereditary tendency, nervous and muscular strain, and a whole brood of similar evils, are shown to be amenable to the sane and vigorous exercise of the will. Excessive emotionalism is combated by physical diversion and rest. Alluring ideals of self-control, serenity, and usefulness are held up to nervous invalids until a new heaven and a new earth open before them. A pain forgotten becomes a pain half cured, and at last all the force of the will is enlisted in a passive resistance to the conditions of ill health. This is by no means a new gospel,—being probably, in some guise or other, as old as Æsculapius,—but undeniably it has taken a new hold in this country, particularly among women, and the results, present and prospective, are a subject of congratulation. The delicate, die-away, tight-laced type of young woman, popular a generation ago, has long been out of favor, and a robust but not less feminine type has taken her place. This is not wholly due to athletics, but to the fact that men and women have reached a serener and broader view of life. This shows itself, even if a little artificially, in the "Don't Worry" clubs, in the associations for the study of longevity, and in many other less public manifestations.

One of the desiderata to which this line of thinking is sure to contribute is the substitution of morality for emotionalism in religion. Probably more than any other people in the world we have suffered from the misdirection of the conscience into emotional channels—into something corresponding to a highly wrought love-affair, instead of the deep-felt but undemonstrative adhesion to ideals of right living. The proportion of inmates of sanatoriums due to this cause is so appalling that it behooves religious teachers to look to the doctrine of relaxation, not as to a foe, but as to an ally in the uplifting of humanity to a greater efficiency of moral power.

"Wanted: Gentlemen."

THE exhibition of a copious lack of that gracious quality in the actions of a certain prominent official has brought up again the fragrant theme of gentlemanliness. In this connection, it has been declared by an undoubted expert that what is needed in a certain department of our public service is a greater number of "gentlemen." An eminent scholar, very much of a gentleman himself, the other day expressed a desire to see a public discussion of the subject, from a purely disinterested and literary point of view. It is indeed a very good and timely subject to discuss; and in a democracy like ours it can be discussed without offense; for there has grown up a democratic amplification of the term which makes it entirely convenient for any two citizens to exchange views freely on the subject, no matter what contrasts may be apparent in their social positions. In fact, under democratic influences the original meaning of the word would seem almost to have disappeared. The idea that a "gentleman" must be of aristocratic birth has small consideration nowadays; that bearing of the phrase carries, indeed, little more than a philological suggestion. The modern note was struck by one Oliver Cromwell when he said: "I honor a gentleman *that is so indeed!*" It is notorious now that a coal-heaver may, without risk of contradiction, say of another, in view of any generous or pleasing action: "He ain't no snide; he 's a gentleman."

It is interesting to note how the dictionaries work steadily along in their definition to the modern uses of the word. Take the Century Dictionary, for example. Go back to the word "gentle," and you find your "*gen(t-)s*, race, family, clan"; your "noble or good birth." Under "gentleman" itself the definitions begin, quite conventionally, with "a man of good family," and easily expand to "in a loose sense, any man whose breeding, education, occupation, or income raises him above menial service or an ordinary trade." Down the page the word still further expands so as to cover any "man distinguished for fine sense of honor, strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others." The dictionary refers to a still greater broadening of the phrase in its application to the human male in general, as where the polite orator addresses his audience as "ladies and gentlemen." But this latter interpretation is as foreign to the discussion as it would be to the use of the word "lady" in the not unknown locution: "Tell the woman of the house that the lady as does her washing is waiting to see her."

Robert Louis Stevenson endeavored to reconcile the old with the new—the gentle-birth definition with the democratic definition that concerns itself with actual and existing traits. "We in the present," he said, "and yet more our scientific descendants in the future, must use, when we desire to praise a character, the old expression 'gentleman,' in nearly the old sense—one of a happy strain of blood, one fortunate in descent from brave and self-respecting ancestors, *whether clowns or counts.*"

'T is a matter for hair-splitting, no doubt. Yet we are inclined to cherish the feeling that there are uses in the old-fashioned meanings of the phrase which may be to some extent worth preserving till the hoped-for day arrives when all men shall be well born, in the view of the scientist as well as of the philanthropist, and, being well born (that is, born of healthy, gentle, and brave parents), shall be themselves brave, gentle, and considerate. Meantime it is well to say of the good and gentle deed of a rough and ill-bred man that it is a gentlemanly deed; but is it not confusing to say of an ill-bred man—one who, albeit unconsciously, wounds others by his untrained

actions—that, because he is not incapable of kindness, therefore he is a gentleman? Does or does not such a use of the term tend to destroy an ideal of constantly noble, generous, and considerate manners?—which ideal, in the interest of the race, should continuously be held up and striven after.

Though, under the cloak of inherited or acquired good manners, many a dastard has done all the ill that gave him pleasure, still the *noblesse oblige* of feudalism has been one of the factors of the world's advance in civilization. If the feudal gentleman was a necessity, so, too, is the democratic gentleman.

Now, Stevenson thought that with the decay of ceremonial the part of the gentleman is the more difficult to play. A celebrated critic of American institutions has said, however, that good manners are more common in America than among any other people. When asked to explain his assertion, he replied that consideration is the foundation of good manners, and that there is less insolence and more consideration here than in any other country with which he is familiar. But, again, an American philosopher has maintained that it is the cheerful "mission of America to vulgarize the world."

Whether or not a democratic society conduces to true gentlemanliness, there can be no doubt that the realization of the ideal of gentlemanliness, as it is now defined and understood, tends to the cure not merely of superficial inelegancies, but of those deeper evils whose existence troubles the philanthropist and the patriot. A good deal of Washington's world-resounding patriotism was just plain, every-day, decent gentlemanliness. Compare his considerate and disinterested political leadership—compare Abraham Lincoln's—with the careers of the "political leaders" whose methods have recently attracted the curiosity of courts and investigating committees! Leave out the morals of it—the undemocratic character of the "government" thus exposed; withdraw the mind from contemplating the depths of political corruption uncovered; and think only of the grotesque ungentlemanliness of conducting public affairs, under a so-called democratic system, not on the line of public policies, but for the immediate purpose of feathering the nest of the "statesman" himself!

Gentlemanliness in the pulpit would drive out the mountebank; gentlemanliness in journalism would exclude whatever there is inconsiderate, salacious, and dishonorable; the gentlemanly and ladylike would drive from the stage the vulgar and the indecent. Gentlemanliness in politics would extinguish scandalous lying and a hundred smart practices. Gentlemanliness among races and nations would be only another name for Christian consideration and forbearance on a larger scale; it would put an end to international bullying, and would bring, finally, that era of universal peace for which the true heart of man is forever hoping.

There are some who will say that a gentlemanly world would be an effeminate, decadent, and contemptible world—that the hardy virtues are desirable, even at the cost of any amount of uncouthness and brutality. But the selfish and the brutal in man needs no reinforcement; and looking over the whole face of the earth at the present epoch, we do not see that there is the slightest danger to be anticipated from laying rather heavy stress, just now, on the virtues catalogued in the dictionary as belonging to "a man distinguished for fine sense of honor, strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others."

"The Century's" Prizes for College Graduates.

An incident attending on the appearance of this number of the magazine is the closing of the second competition for The Century's literary prizes. The contestants, whose manuscripts must be in on June 1, are students who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts during the commencement season of 1898, the object of the competition being to give a literary turn to the activity of graduates during the first year out of college. The announcement of the winners of the prizes will be made in The Century early in the autumn.

In the past year innumerable inquiries have been received from the colleges, and from graduates, denoting an increase of interest in the contest for the prizes. This may be ascribed in large part, no doubt, to the publication of the prize manuscripts of the first competition, their excellence being sufficient proof of the success and utility of The Century's undertaking. The prize story, entitled "A Question of Happiness," was printed in The Century for last November, and was by Miss Grace M. Gallaher of Essex, Connecticut, who was graduated at Vassar in 1897. The prize poem, "The Road 'twixt Heaven and Hell," was published in the December Century. Its author, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch of New London, Connecticut, was graduated at Smith College in 1897. The prize essay, on "Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character," appeared in the January Century, and was by Miss Florence Hotchkiss of Geneva, Illinois, also a Bachelor of Arts of Vassar, 1897.

COMPETITION FOR GRADUATES OF 1899.

For the information of students who are graduated during the commencement season of the present year we reprint the rules of the competition:

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, The Century Magazine offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of $250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1. $250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2. $250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3. $250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding gradua-

tion, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

A competitor may submit more than one manuscript. Manuscripts must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

Announcement of the award will be made in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE as early as possible in the autumn.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payment, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

A Swiss Housekeeping School.

THE professional housekeeping school in Geneva, Switzerland, is one of the six different classes into which the government schools are divided for pupils after they pass out of the primary schools, at twelve and thirteen. The object of the housekeeping school, in which I passed a morning, is to familiarize young girls with all the domestic occupations, to teach them habits of work and order and economy, and make them understand all that is noble and beneficent in the accomplishment of the humble duties of domestic life. The pupils receive a wise and sensible instruction, more intended to enlarge their mental horizon than to fill their minds with vast stores of learning.

The theoretical courses, occupying thirteen hours weekly, are French, German, arithmetic, accounts, commercial geography, elementary science, domestic economy, and hygiene. The practical courses, occupying seventeen hours a week, are drawing, geometry, cutting, making and mending of garments, embroidery, washing and ironing, cleaning stains, cooking, and gymnastics.

The school, which has been running only two years, has outgrown its present quarters in the third floor of a secondary-school building, and the city of Geneva has appropriated eighty thousand dollars for a new building, which is now being erected and will be occupied this year. At present there are more than two hundred pupils. The instruction is entirely free, as in the primary and complementary schools. I mention this because the Swiss government schools, unlike ours in America, are not always free of charge to parents and guardians. They fix the standard of teaching, but do not encourage well-to-do parents to lay on the state all the burden of educating their children.

My investigations in the housekeeping school were confined to the practical work, the first hour being spent in the cutting-room, where Mlle. A. Gneschi applied geometry to a beginners' class in obtaining a sleeve-lining pattern. The lesson was dictated, and was illustrated on the blackboard, while the pupils drew on large sheets of paper. By following the very clear and simple directions the youngest girl obtained the desired result. Mlle. A. Gneschi's text-book on the making of garments is the standard authority in Geneva.

On entering the kitchen I noticed the menu for the day: "Soupe au cresson, omelette au lard, pommes de terre frites, croûtes à la confiture." Twenty-four pupils were preparing it. Mlle. Boujon invited me to remain to dinner and test their work. The room was large, well lighted, and well ventilated, with four stoves, two for coal and two for gas. The equipment included four long tables, all the appurtenances of a good kitchen, and mural charts to serve as guides. The domestic economy charts illustrated the exact manner in which animals used for food should be cut, and offered the following ten injunctions:

1. As thou eatest, so thou workest. An irregularly and badly fed workman wastes his capital and gains no interest.
2. The blood is the master builder; the albumin is the building-stone.
3. The dearest food is not always the most nourishing.
4. Thou livest not on what thou eatest, but on what thou digestest.
5. Eat food neither too hot nor too cold.
6. Eat moderately.
7. Season not too much with salt or pepper.
8. Vary the diet.
9. Eat regularly, and nothing between meals.
10. Coffee, wine, and beer do not nourish, but are only stimulants.

Other charts, by diagrams, variously colored, with scale attached, indicated the relative nutritive elements of the principal foods and drinks, and the normal elementary rations according to age and occupation; also the total comparative nutritive value of the principal foods and drinks, in relation to both weight and price. From one I copied the following estimate of the monthly expenses of three families having an income of only twenty dollars. The estimate is made for a household of six persons: 1, for a family abstaining from alcoholic drinks; 2, for a family using alcoholic drinks moderately; 3, for a family whose head is addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks.

	1	2	3
Food	$11.60	$10.00	$8.00
Clothes	2.80	2.80	2.00
Heating and lights	1.00	1.00	1.00
Alcoholic drinks	.00	1.60	6.00
Lodgings	3.60	3.60	2.00
Personal expenses	.40	.40	1.00
Education Incidentals and insurance	.60	.60	.00
	$20.00	$20.00	$20.00

Imagine the happy result of the practical application of such instruction in an honest laborer's home.

We dined at noon, and I enjoyed the simple and well-cooked meal, which, the directress told me, cost, fuel included, exactly five cents for each. The city allows one hundred dollars a month for the provisions used in the kitchen, and each pupil pays forty cents a week for her dinners. The German teacher presided over one table, and kept up a lively conversation in her vernacular.

The teachers of the school are university men and women, or are drawn from the high-school graduates, whose course includes about two years of the usual work in American colleges.

Geneva, by the coördination of her schools, has solved many vexed school questions. Both pupil and teacher thus work to the best advantage, and the state secures the happiest results in being provided with a very large class of able and worthy citizens. These, in token of appreciation for their admirable training, have richly endowed the city with substantial sums, so that no citizen is much taxed to support the finest schools to be met with in Europe.

The school tax per capita in Geneva is one dollar and twenty cents, and per household about two dollars. An advisory board consisting of thirty-two members, half of whom are drawn from the city council, and half elected by the teachers to represent the different needs and interests of all classes of schools, aids the departments of instruction, elected by the people at large. This guards the schools from degenerating into political machines, as they now so frequently do in America.

Henrietta Aiken Kelly.

College Women and Matrimony.

THE college woman has been, and still is, discussed much oftener than by virtue of merit, or by default thereof, she deserves. Thus, with a realizing sense that the theme is shopworn, and that the audience is weary, the writer ventures to add one guess more to the conundrum, "Why do college women not marry?" Of course many maintain that they do—where they have opportunities. Others assert, with equal confidence, but less sarcasm, that while college women may not marry often, they marry very well. And all continue to seek the reason why the higher-educated woman is left to tread alone the path of life.

Some say that men do not like superior women. This is a consoling but an inadequate explanation. Others maintain that the college woman is too fastidious; men are no longer educated up to her ideals. Perhaps; but "a man 's a man, for a' that!" Again, the theory is advanced that the desire, by them translated into duty, of women graduates to put their education to some so-called practical use, results in a preoccupation which prevents them, for lack of time, from mingling in society and thus establishing propitious relations with eligible men. In all of these theories there is an element of truth; but all of them, separately or collectively, fail to explain the phenomenon.

Has it never occurred to those interested that the real explanation lies back of all of these suggestions? It is not the college education, it is not the superiority of the women nor the inferiority of the men, that leads to fewer marriages among women graduates than among their less cultivated sisters. The fact is that, matrimonially speaking, college women are a picked class before they enter college. A certain proportion of all women remain unmarried. These are usually the quiet, studious girls at home, who from childhood have preferred books to personal companionship; or they are the elder daughters,—at least, the self-reliant, resolute ones,—who early perceive the necessity for rendering financial aid to the family, and therefore prepare themselves for college, with the expectation of becoming breadwinners, while their less serious sisters are seeking husbands. It may often be that unattractive girls resort to study and college interests as compensation for social unpopularity—this, of course, without self-confession or even realization of their own reasons.

Therefore we claim that Greek and mathematics have nothing to do with the matrimonial ratio, and the statistician, instead of vainly seeking to discover why black sheep are not white, might better be employed in rejoicing that the army of predestined spinsters have found a means of self-support and of happiness, which may perhaps be as full of satisfaction and usefulness as is the life of married women.

M. T.

General B. F. Kelley: A Correction.

IN a paper entitled "President Lincoln's Visiting-Card," printed in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1898, Mr. John M. Bullock alluded incidentally to the capture of Generals George Crook and B. F. Kelley by a band of daring Confederates at Cumberland, Maryland, in February, 1865, and added that General Kelley subsequently married Miss Dailey of that place. Mrs. David B. McIlvaine, General Kelley's daughter, writes to THE CENTURY to say that General Kelley married Miss Bruce, the daughter of Colonel Robert Bruce.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Security Needful.

I SAUNTERED down the garden walk,
For once regardless of the posies.
Though scarlet shafts of hollyhock
Vied in their splendor with the roses,
Though lilies laid their bosoms bare,
And pansies tipped their witching faces,
I really was too warm to care:
I only sought for shady places,

And found, at length, a perfect spot,
Cool, breezy, shaded, and secluded,
And, crowning joy of all the lot!
A cozy, rustic seat included.
I sat me down, warm but elate;
Ere long a cooling circulation
Restored me to my normal state,
And so I turned to meditation.

"How easily we men are blest!"
So I began my modest musing;
"Our simplest pleasures are our best,
And pastoral joys are to my choosing.
Here, shaded from the glowing sun,
What do I lack? But one thing only."
For here it struck me that for one
The seat was rather large and lonely.

"Yes, solitude is tame at best,
But solitude *à deux* is charming:
Were Helen here, I should be blest
Beyond all fear of earthly harming."
I had not told the maid my love—
The time had never seemed propitious;
But once I helped her clasp her glove,
And oh, the moment was delicious!

"Never the loved one and the time
And place together," said the poet.
I vowed it was a foolish rhyme,
And thought that I 'd proceed to show it.
"Here and to-night, beneath the moon,
I 'll bring the maid, and ask her whether
She will be mine: soon, very soon,
I 'll have love, time, and place together."

A shadow fell across the grass,
And 'neath a parasol held neatly
Came *Helen*—with Lieutenant Cass!
She smiled upon him, oh, so sweetly:
He had an air of conscious bliss,—
I felt a sudden, deep dejection,—
Then, unrebuked, he stole a kiss
Beneath that parasol's protection.

Enough. Once more I trod the walk,
This time as though a demon prodded,
The while from every swaying stalk
The saucy blossoms smiled and nodded.
"It is n't nice," they seemed to say,
"To find you 're disregarded, is it?
Perhaps you 'll chance to glance this way
Next time you pay this walk a visit."

I am a wiser man to-day
For one short hour of introspection
The while I took my homeward way,
For I evolved this sage reflection:
Who first gets time and place assured
May find his love go all unheeded,
But he who has his love secured
Will find the time and place when needed.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Gang Awa' t' Yir Bed.

GANG awa' t' yir bed! It 's time, I 'm speerin';
Yir aunty can mend the breeks
An' patch the shoon for the bairnie's wearin'.
What 's come up wi' yir cheeks?
They 're red as the fire, an' yir twa een glancin'.
Jamie was here? The whang!
Na doot o' the jig yir hairt is dancin'.
Gang awa' t' yir bed, then—gang!

It 's Jamie late, an' it 's Jamie airly;
He 's whistlin' oop the glen;
He 's comin'—goin': we 're bothered fairly,
An' he 's nane sic a prize o' men—
A six-foot-lang 'le, wi' tow hair crappit.
I 'm na in love wi' yir taste;
There 's many anither . . . but, drap it—
drap it!
An' awa' t' yir bed—mak' haste!

When I was yir age, eh, but men was plenty!
Ye 'd nod to three in a mile.
I 'd gie ye the name o' more nor twenty
That whistled to *me* frae the stile.
It was niver wi' ane *I* strailed an' tarrit;
It was liker a score—eh, what?
It 's weel to be seen why I niver marrit?
Gang awa' t' yir bed, ye brat!

Mary Ainge De Vere.

Placid Robie Explains.

"WELL, I don't see why any one should be interested in my reasons fer givin' up spring haouse-cleanin'," said Mrs. Placid Robie, looking over her spectacles at me and taking up her knitting, "but ef you want t' know, I 'll tell yer. When I married Mr. Robie, nigh on to forty year ago, I was as much a believer in spring haouse-cleanin' as I was in th' Bible—am yit, fer them as kin stan' it. But poor, dear Mist' Robie had a most dretful tryin'

A Child's Primer of Natural History.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

(EIGHTH SERIES.)

The Fly.

Ob-serve, my child, the House-hold Fly,
With his ex-traor-di-na-ry eye:
What-ev-er thing he may be-hold
Is mul-ti-plied a thou-sand-fold.
We do not need a com-plex eye
When we ob-serve the morn-ing Fly:

He is so vol-a-tile that he
In *ev-er-y* place at once can be;
He is the buzz-ing in-car-na-tion
Of an-i-mate mul-ti-pli-ca-tion.
Ah! chil-dren, who can tell the Why
And Where-fore of the House-hold Fly?

---

temper, thet took the form of supposin' thet my own warn't what it should be, an' thet made it more tryin' still; fer my temper, ef I do say it, is my bes' quality. Well, we managed to git along, fer we was devoted to each other; but when it come time fer my fust spring haouse-cleanin', well, it was somepin' awful the way the poor dear went on at the way I scolded an' at bein' turned upside down, a-sleepin' in the kitchin one night an' in the bes' room the nex'; an' I mus' say thet even my own temper was ruffled some, fer he was a mos' unhandy man, poor dear, an' was more of a hindrance than a help in the haouse, though on the farm he could hold his own with the best of 'em. Well, at last—it was the day he helped me take daown the stove from the settin'-room—he dropped the stovepipe, all filled with soot, right on the carpet, an' he said: 'Placid, I married you to live with you until death should us part; but I guess I can't stan' your tongue durin' haouse-cleanin' time, an' ef there 's many more rooms to this haouse, I 'm goin' to git a bill, fer it 's a livin' death to be upset an' tongue-lashed like this.' Well, I was skeered. I knowed it was his ungovernable temper thet hed led him to talk thet way, but I knowed the poor dear would do what he said ef I persisted in haouse-cleanin', an' the disgrace of a bill was the wust thing I could think on, so I says: ' Reuben, ther 's three more rooms to be done, but ef it 's go'n' to lead to a public scandal I 'll do no more haouse-cleanin' *as* sich.' He surprised me by shakin' han's, an' he says: 'Placid, I 'd sooner see this haouse knee-deep in dust an' dirt than go threew what I 've endured from your tongue the past three days'; an' I says: 'I can say the same, Reuben'; an' then we kissed,—we was young then,—an' from thet time on we was as happy as birds in their nes', with naow an' then a bicker f'um him, but never no equynoctial storm, as you might say. An' naow, though Reuben's be'n dead a score of years, I don't never clean haouse—as sich: 't would seem like quar'lin' with his memory."

Charles Battell Loomis.

With the Colored Regiment Band.

I.

He wuz down heah hoein' de cotton in de lan' whar he raise en bo'n,
En all he knowed wuz de ol' home road, twell de war-talk hit come on;
Den he stop de mule in de furrow, en take his gun in his han';
He des can't stay! so he march away wid de Cullud Regiment Ban'!

"Look at 'im!" (Dat what his mammy say.)
"Hep ter de right, en hep!
He black ez coal,—Lawd bless yo' soul!—
But he step lak a white man step!"

II.

We lock up de house en de chillun; we lef' de crap in de grass;
We stir roun' some, w'en we heah de drum, fer ter see 'im marchin' pass!
He dress in blue lak a sojer true, en de cap'n say,—good lan'!—
"He de bes' one yit—ef his cloze *don't* fit—dat march ter de Regiment Ban'!"

"Look at 'im!" (Dat what his mammy say.)
"Hep ter de right, en hep!
I glad he bo'n 'fo' de war come on,
'Ca'se he step lak a white man step!"

III.

Ter think dat he raise en bo'n heah, en never been l'arnt in school—
Dat all he knowed wuz de ol' home road en de ways er de Georgy mule;
En den, ter jine de army, en shoulder his gun—good lan'!
We wuz proud dat day w'en he march away wid de Cullud Regiment Ban'!

"Look at 'im!" (Dat what his mammy say.)
"Hep ter de right, en hep!
He my *own* son, wid his guv'ment gun,
En he step lak a white man step!"

IV.

En we gone ter de train ter see 'im off; en we heah de news er de fight—
How de Spaniels say, ez he blaze away, dat de bullets wuz flyin' right!
How dey shot one arm f'um his shoulder, but he fou't wid de yuther han'!—
De boy we raise in de freedom days, dat march ter de Regiment Ban'.

"Look at 'im!" (Dat what his mammy say.)
"Hep ter de right, en hep!
Min' what I say: he 'll step some day
Ez proud ez a white man step!"

V.

En de cap'n say, w'en dey sont 'im home,—in de letter what he write,—
"His face wuz black ez de chimbly-back, but de heart what he had wuz white!"
En ter think dat he fight fer his country so—de boy dat we raise—good lan'!
En we bless de day w'en he march away wid de Cullud Regiment Ban'.

"Look at 'im!" (Dat what his mammy say.)
"He done wid de hep, en hep!
I shouts fer joy fer my sojer boy,
Fer he step lak a white man step!"

Frank L. Stanton.

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Very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling.

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BIRD ROCK.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

WELL within the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence stands a rocky islet which, as early as the time of Jacques Cartier, supported a population greater than that of the largest city of Canada to-day. Since its discovery by the French voyager, some three hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitants of this rock have been persecuted without mercy; but to the government that should protect them they are only seabirds, and year by year their numbers decrease. Some day in the not very distant future the fishermen who kill these birds and rob them of their eggs will find only the inaccessible parts of the rock occupied by feathered tenants; then they will realize their own folly and the selfishness of their ancestors.

It is, however, not too late to save this bird colony from extermination. Shooting during the summer months should be absolutely prohibited, and nest-robbing should not be permitted after July 1. Under these conditions the fishermen of the region, and their descendants, may feast on eggs during Junes innumerable, and bird-lovers may rejoice in the knowledge that one of the ornithological wonders of America has escaped destruction.

But in spite of the great diminution in the ranks of the inhabitants of Bird Rock, as it is well termed, the casual observer of to-day will believe with difficulty that it was ever more populous.

Common and Brünnich's murres, razor-billed auks, puffins, kittiwake gulls, and gannets are present in surprising numbers, and petrels, whose day begins at night, may be unearthed from their burrows on the rock.

Without the assistance of a camera I should make no attempt to describe my visit to this avian metropolis; and if, in looking at the pictures secured, one can imagine hearing a chorus of harsh voices, seeing a constant procession of winged forms, and feeling an unspeakable sense of isolation, Bird Rock may become something more than a name.

As a matter of fact, there are two rocks, known as Little and Great Bird. They are about three quarters of a mile apart, and while the smaller rock is inhabited by numbers of birds, Great Bird possesses the larger colony, and is more interesting in every way.

It is irregularly elliptical in shape, about four hundred yards in length and from fifty to a hundred and forty yards in width, and arises abruptly from the sea to a height varying from about a hundred to a hundred and forty feet. The summit occupies between three and four acres, is fairly flat, and is covered with a thrifty growth of grass.

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MURRES, RAZORBILLS, AUK, AND PUFFINS.

The position of the rock, at the gateway of Canadian ports, makes it particularly dangerous to vessels plying in these waters, and in 1869 a lighthouse was erected on its summit. Several years later a cannon was added, which during fogs was discharged at thirty-minute intervals.

Previous to the building of the lighthouse, the top of the rock could be reached at only one place, and there with much difficulty; but while constructing the light the government built two cranes, one on the northerly, the other on the southerly side of the rock, for use in hoisting supplies. There are also now three other places, one at the southern and two at the eastern side of the rock, where, by means of ladders and ropes, one may ascend.

The only spot at the base of the rock which can be called a beach is below the northern crane, and here the keeper hauls up his boat and stows it among the closely surrounding rocks. At all other points the rock either rises directly from the water or is beset by huge masses fallen from the cliffs above. Hence a landing can be made on Bird Rock only in comparatively calm weather.

The human inhabitants of the rock are a keeper, his daughter, and two assistants, who may claim to be isolated in the most rigid interpretation of the word. During five months of the year, from December to April inclusive, they are usually without means of communication with the rest of the world. In the spring and autumn they are visited by the government lighthouse tender, bringing their supplies for the ensuing six months, and this is their only regular connection with the world of affairs.

Barring the risk of falling over the edge of their circumscribed abode, one might suppose that the dwellers on this rock were far removed from the dangers to which beings surrounded by more complicated conditions of existence are exposed. But the history of the rock shows a remarkable list of disasters. No less than three keepers have been killed, and three injured, by the bursting or accidental discharge of the signal-cannon, while only three years ago (1896) all three keepers were lost in the ice while hunting the seals which frequent the ice-floes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in early spring. The ice on which these men had ventured separated from the main field, and they were carried seaward. Two days later one of them was picked up in a dying condition on the coast of Cape Breton; the others were never heard from.

The mental condition of the head keeper's wife, who was left alone upon the rock, may be imagined. For two nights she tended the light. On the third day, by unusual good fortune, a sealing-schooner answered her signals for assistance.

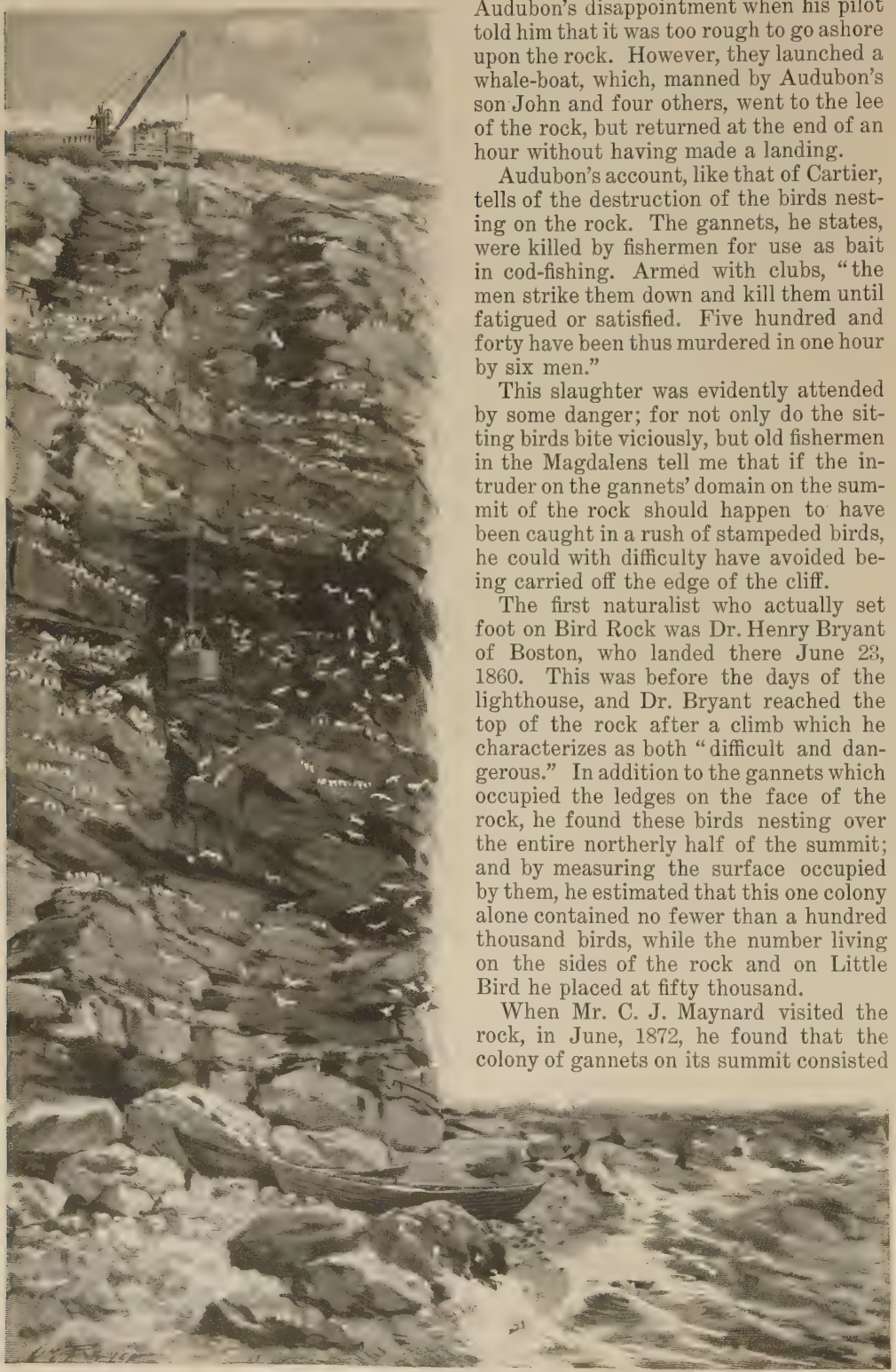
The isolation which makes Bird Rock a comparatively safe home for birds has also prevented it from becoming a popular resort for field-ornithologists. As far as the records go, only eight students of birds have visited the place.

But if we are amazed at the number of birds inhabiting these islands to-day, what would we have thought if we could have seen them before they began to show the results of man's warfare of extermination?

Jacques Cartier, writing in 1555 of his voyages to Canadian waters, states that he came to islands which were "as full of birds as any meadow is of grass. . . . We went down to the lowest part of the least island, where we killed above a thousand of these godetz and apponatz. We put into our boats so many of them as we pleased, for in less than one hour we might have filled thirty such boats of them." The islands Cartier here refers to are identified by Mr. F. A. Lucas as being the Bird Rocks, and our first account of them, therefore, deals with the slaughter of their feathered indigenes.

Nearly three centuries passed, however, before an ornithologist observed the wonders of Bird Rock. On June 14, 1833, Audubon, whose energy in exploration no ornithologist has ever surpassed, visited the rocks. He wrote in his journal: "About ten a speck rose on the horizon, which I was told was the rock; we sailed well, the breeze increased fast, and we neared this object apace. At eleven I could distinguish its top plainly from the deck, and thought it covered with snow to the depth of several feet; this appearance existed on every portion of the flat, projecting shelves. Godwin [the pilot] said, with the coolness of a man who had visited this rock for ten successive seasons, that what we saw was not snow,—but gannets! I rubbed my eyes, took my spy-glass, and in an instant the strangest picture stood before me. They were birds we saw,—a mass of birds of such size as I never before cast my eyes on. The whole of my party stood astounded and amazed, and all came to the conclusion that such a sight was of itself sufficient to invite any one to come across the gulf to view at this season."

One need not be a naturalist to imagine



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BIRDS FROM THE CAR.

Audubon's disappointment when his pilot told him that it was too rough to go ashore upon the rock. However, they launched a whale-boat, which, manned by Audubon's son John and four others, went to the lee of the rock, but returned at the end of an hour without having made a landing.

Audubon's account, like that of Cartier, tells of the destruction of the birds nesting on the rock. The gannets, he states, were killed by fishermen for use as bait in cod-fishing. Armed with clubs, "the men strike them down and kill them until fatigued or satisfied. Five hundred and forty have been thus murdered in one hour by six men."

This slaughter was evidently attended by some danger; for not only do the sitting birds bite viciously, but old fishermen in the Magdalens tell me that if the intruder on the gannets' domain on the summit of the rock should happen to have been caught in a rush of stampeded birds, he could with difficulty have avoided being carried off the edge of the cliff.

The first naturalist who actually set foot on Bird Rock was Dr. Henry Bryant of Boston, who landed there June 23, 1860. This was before the days of the lighthouse, and Dr. Bryant reached the top of the rock after a climb which he characterizes as both "difficult and dangerous." In addition to the gannets which occupied the ledges on the face of the rock, he found these birds nesting over the entire northerly half of the summit; and by measuring the surface occupied by them, he estimated that this one colony alone contained no fewer than a hundred thousand birds, while the number living on the sides of the rock and on Little Bird he placed at fifty thousand.

When Mr. C. J. Maynard visited the rock, in June, 1872, he found that the colony of gannets on its summit consisted

NORTHWEST SIDE OF ROCK.

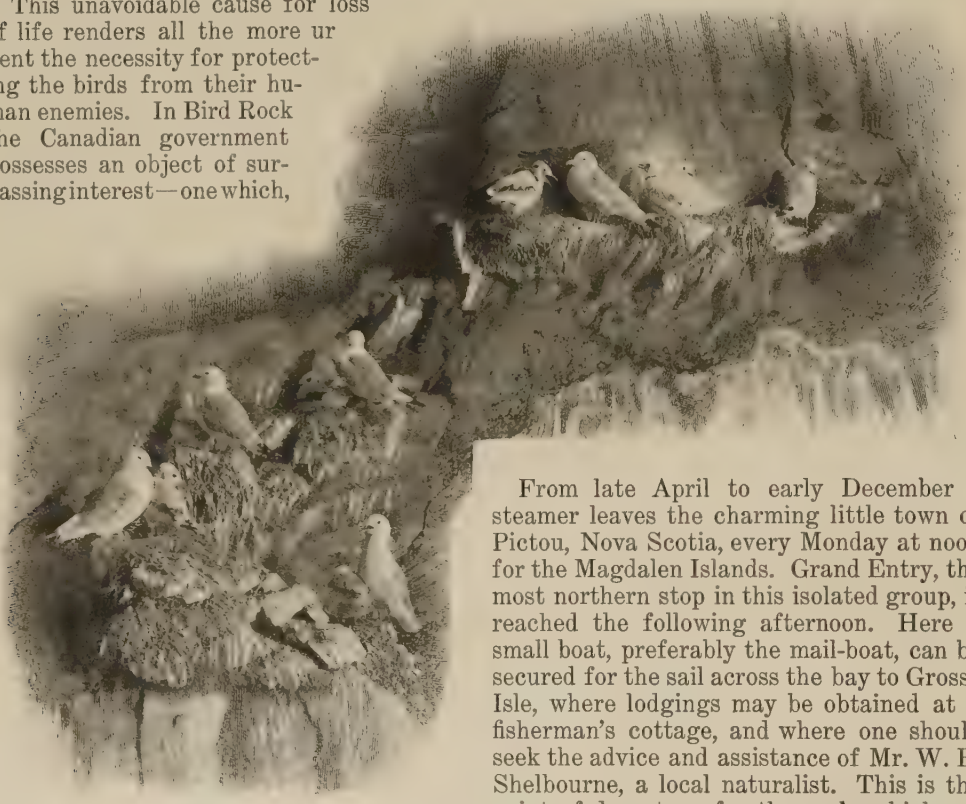
of only five thousand birds, which nine years later, Mr. William Brewster discovered, had diminished to fifty pairs.

This rapid decrease was due to the erection of a lighthouse in 1869, making the top of the rock easily accessible by means of a hoisting apparatus, and thus exposing the birds to the attack of fishermen. Doubtless, also, the keepers of the light aided in driving the birds from the nesting-site which they had so long held undisturbed. Mr. Brewster also noted a fresh cause for the destruction of the eggs of birds nesting on the face of the rock in the shape of the cannon, which had been introduced shortly before his visit. He writes: "At each discharge the frightened murres fly from the rock in clouds, nearly every sitting bird taking its egg into the air between its thighs, and dropping it after flying a few yards.

This was repeatedly observed during our visit, and more than once a perfect shower of eggs fell into the water around our boat."

While the birds have become comparatively accustomed to the report of this cannon, or to that of the guncotton bomb which has replaced it, large numbers still leave the rock each time a bomb is exploded, so that it continues to be a means of destroying not only eggs, but also young birds, which are carried off their narrow ledges by the precipitous flight of their parents.

This unavoidable cause for loss of life renders all the more urgent the necessity for protecting the birds from their human enemies. In Bird Rock the Canadian government possesses an object of surpassing interest—one which,



KITTIWAKES, FROM THE CRATE.

south of Greenland, is unique in eastern North America. It is the obvious duty of the proper authorities to preserve it; and the ease with which this preservation can be accomplished makes further neglect inexcusable. The appointment of the light-keeper as a game-warden would solve the problem. The present keeper assured me that for a slight increase in salary he would gladly protect the birds. The fishermen might then be permitted to take eggs until the 1st of July, after which time the birds should be permitted to rear their young undisturbed.

In the meantime I would advise every bird-student and nature-lover to lose no opportunity of seeing this, one of the ornithological wonders of the world. My own visit to Bird Rock was made to secure photographs and specimens of birds for the American Museum of Natural History, where it is proposed to represent a portion of the rock with its feathered inhabitants.

So little information exists concerning the manner in which this trip may be made that I enter here the details of my itinerary for the benefit of future travelers.

From late April to early December a steamer leaves the charming little town of Pictou, Nova Scotia, every Monday at noon for the Magdalen Islands. Grand Entry, the most northern stop in this isolated group, is reached the following afternoon. Here a small boat, preferably the mail-boat, can be secured for the sail across the bay to Grosse Isle, where lodgings may be obtained at a fisherman's cottage, and where one should seek the advice and assistance of Mr. W. E. Shelbourne, a local naturalist. This is the point of departure for the rock, which, although only twenty miles distant, and on clear days plainly visible, will now seem much farther away than before the first step of the journey was made. This, in a measure, is due to the uncertainty of gulf weather, the strong tides, the sudden and severe squalls, the prevalence of fogs, and the surprising rapidity with which the latter change a sunlit horizon to closely crowding gray walls, making navigation in these waters more than usually dangerous.

Very few of the natives of Grosse Isle had ever visited Bird Rock, but they had tales to tell of persons who had attempted to reach it in small fishing-boats, and had been lost in the fog, and narrowly escaped being carried out

to sea. However, after arriving at Bryon Island, the most northern of the Magdalens, twelve miles from Grosse Isle, and an equal distance from the rock, the run to the latter can be made, under favorable conditions, in a small boat with comfort and safety; but it is by no means certain when one may return, and the voyager in a small boat should go prepared to be fog-bound or storm-bound on the rock.

YOUNG MURRES AND EGG.

We were fortunate in securing a thirty-ton schooner, the *Sea Gem* of Grosse Isle, Captain Hubbard Taker, master,—whom I can commend as both man and sailor,—and set sail for the rock on the afternoon of July 24, 1898. We anchored off Bryon for the night, and after a dense fog had cleared, continued our voyage at eleven o'clock the following morning. A fresh southwest breeze brought us under the lee of the rock in an hour and a half, where we were welcomed by Mr. Peter Bourque, the keeper of the light, whose cordial invitation to make his domain our home relieved us of the embarrassment of being self-made guests. Our dory was soon beached on the narrow, rock-beset shore at the foot of the crane, and for the first time Bird Rock became to us a reality. With bag and baggage, we were now packed in the small, wooden crate which was to carry us over the last stage of our journey; the command, "Hoist away," was shouted to the men at the windlass above, and after six minutes of suspense we were deposited on the summit. The slow turning of the crate, bringing now cliff, now sea, before us, and the sudden jars as the rope in winding slipped off the preceding coil, were incidents which most novices at this means of progression will doubtless find of unexpected interest.

YOUNG PETREL AND NESTING MATERIAL AS REMOVED FROM BURROW.

To a naturalist this ascent possesses an indescribable fascination. Every suitable ledge and crevice in the face of the rock was occupied by groups of birds, who, almost within reach, regarded us with fearless curiosity. Here were kittiwakes, murres, and razorbills in attendance on their young—all so abundant, and so much at home, that we seemed to have reached the heart of the bird world.

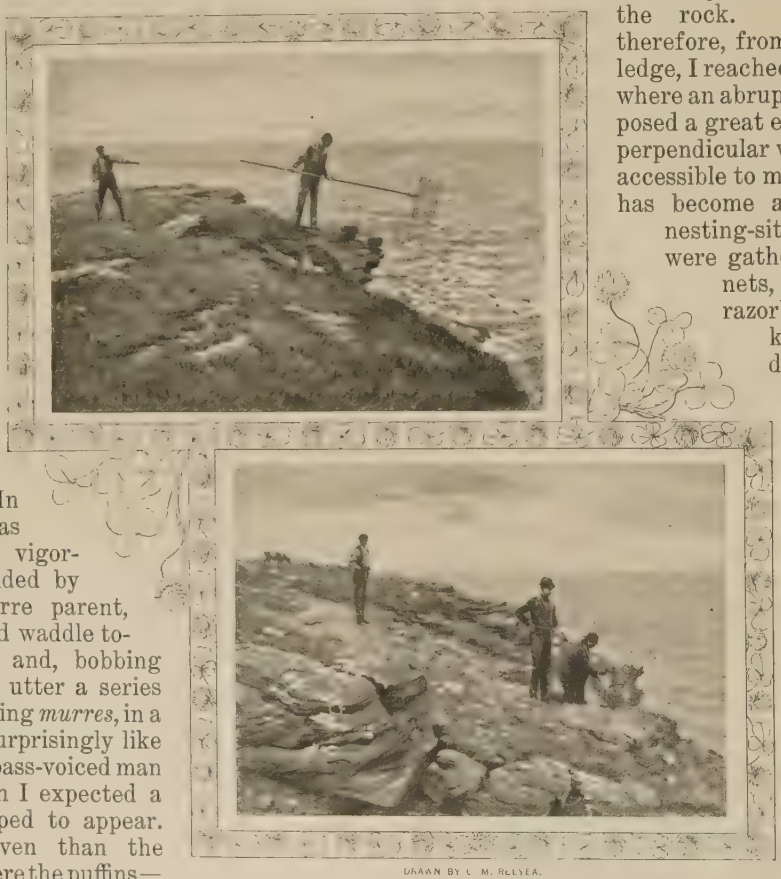
Arriving at the top, we were greeted by Mr. Bourque's two assistants and his daughter, a girl of sixteen, who completed the population of the islet; to which, however, should be added one cow, an important member of the rock colony, who had reached her elevated position in life by means of the same apparatus with which we had just gratefully parted company.

Numerous buildings, which we had barely noticed from the sea, were found to form a miniature village on the nearly level summit of the rock, and gave to the scene an atmosphere of comfort and homeliness which emphasized one's sense of isolation.

These details, however, were observed later, the favorable light prevailing at the time of our arrival being far too valuable to be used for anything but photography. Not a moment was lost, therefore, in unpacking cameras and plate-holders. The latter, numbering twenty-one, furnished forty-two plates; but even this supply was soon exhausted. Going to the western end of the rock, which was well illuminated by the

afternoon sun, where the jutting ledges permitted one easily to descend a short distance, I soon found myself among groups of puffins, razorbills, and murres, who, in view of the persecution to which they have so long been subjected, were remarkably tame. At a distance of twenty feet they permitted me to go through the operations of focusing under a dark cloth, inserting the plate-holder, etc., without showing marked signs of fear. In fact, I was at times vigorously scolded by some murre parent, who would waddle toward me, and, bobbing her head, utter a series of protesting *murres*, in a tone so surprisingly like that of a bass-voiced man that often I expected a larger biped to appear. Tamer even than the murres were the puffins—*paroquets*, the French Canadians call them; and one has only to see the bird in life to appreciate the applicability of the name. It is not alone their appearance, but also their actions, which suggest the parrot. Unlike the murres and razorbills, they do not rest on the whole foot,—that is, on the so-called tarsus as well as on the toes,—but stand quite erect on the toes alone, and run about with the characteristic pattering steps of parrots. When the wind blew fresh from the sea, they faced it, hovering a foot or two above the rocks on outstretched, motionless wings, and retaining for several seconds this perfect balance between gravity and air-pressure.

As the birds gathered about in rows and groups on the border of the cliff, its ledges and projections, I seemed almost to be on speaking terms with them; and so unusual and pleasing was the experience of having birds apparently admit you at once to the inner circles of their society, that I hesitated to alarm them by moving. But as yet I had seen only a fragment of the rock. Climbing, therefore, from ledge to ledge, I reached a corner where an abrupt turn exposed a great expanse of perpendicular wall so inaccessible to man that it has become a favorite nesting-site. Here were gathered gannets, murres, razorbills, and kittiwakes, distributed singly or in rows, according to the nature of the shelves and ledges on which they were nesting, the gannets taking the widest the murres and kittiwakes the narrowest ledges, while the razorbills sought the more sheltered crevices.



DRAWN BY L. M. RELYEA.

CATCHING RAZORBILLS, AND REMOVING THE BIRD FROM THE NET.

What noise and apparent confusion were here! A never-ceasing chorus, in which the loud, grating *gor-r-r-ok*, *gor-r-r-ok* of the gannets predominated, while the singularly human call of the murres and the hoarse note of the razorbills formed an accompaniment. Occasionally the kittiwakes found cause for

excitement, and hundreds of birds would swoop downward from their nests, and circling about, call their rapidly, distinctly enunciated, ringing *kít-ti-wake, kít-ti-wake.*

YOUNG GANNET.

In addition to the great number of birds on the rock, an endless procession of gannets, puffins, murres, and razorbills circled about it. Unconsciously one expected a pause in this whirling throng of birds; but although its numbers fluctuated, birds were ever passing, never flying over the rock, but always around it.

The schooner had dropped anchor near the rock, but the wind increasing in strength, Captain Taker set sail for the lee of Bryon Island, with instructions to return for us in two days, weather permitting.

The following morning dawned cloudy, and with a high wind which drove the waves on to the rock-set base of our islet with terrific force. Fortunate it was that we had neither to reach nor to leave the rock that day. Photography was out of the question, and the time was devoted to collecting and preserving specimens. For the former purpose a gun was necessary only in securing gannets and kittiwakes, murres and razorbills being caught in a dip-net by the keepers; one of whom, having a rope about his waist, which was held by his associate, advanced to the edge of the cliff, or "cape," as it is termed locally, and looked cautiously over in quest of birds resting on the ledges immediately below. Having determined their position, the net was thrust quickly downward; and the birds, in attempting to escape, often became entangled in its meshes.

Puffins were caught on their nests in crevices in the face of the rock or in the holes they had burrowed in the earth on its top. The latter were sometimes shared with Leach's petrel, a variety of "Mother Carey's chicken." These little birds also occupied smaller burrows of their own, in which, at the end of a tunnel three or four feet in length, they would be found sitting on their single white egg or brooding a newly hatched chick—about as singular a specimen of bird life as ever wore feathers.

GANNETS ON NEST.

The casual visitor to Bird Rock would never suspect the presence of these petrels; and, indeed, he might live there for years and still be unaware that these birds also made it their home. While not wholly nocturnal, they are never seen about their burrows during the day. At this time usually only one of a pair, either the male or female, is to be found on the nest, while its absent mate passes the day at sea, returning after dark. One night I visited the end of the rock where the petrels breed, and from the

ground at my feet and on every side came their uncanny little crow, which curiously suggested the presence of elves or brownies. Occasionally I saw a blur of wings as a bird passed between me and the lighthouse.

A special object of my visit to the rock was to secure birds in nestling plumage to illustrate the various stages of their growth, causes it, when disturbed, to describe a circle about its own point. Thus, like a diplomat, it yields to superior force while retaining its original position.

Late in the afternoon the sun appeared at intervals through the clouds; and I at once substituted the camera for the scalpel, and had Mr. Bourque lower me in the crate, in order that I might secure photographs of the

LEDGE OF NESTING GANNETS.

and fortunately I arrived at exactly the right date. Young murres in every condition, from those newly hatched to others nearly ready to fly, were scattered over the narrow ledges on which this species nests, or rather lays, and there were still a few fresh eggs, doubtless laid by birds who had been robbed earlier in the season. Murres deposit their single egg on the bare rock, often on a ledge so narrow that there is barely room for the sitting bird. A round or elliptical egg, if moved by the wind or incubating bird, would soon roll from its precarious position; but the markedly pyriform shape of a murre's egg birds observed on our ascent. Neither the instability of the crate nor its constant turning were conditions which a photographer would choose, but nevertheless several excellent pictures were secured, notably that of the kittiwake, here shown.

The third day of our stay on the rock presented us with an excellent sample of Newfoundland fog, and the bomb which had startled us at twenty-minute intervals throughout the night continued its warning during the day. Its dull boom, however, proved a welcome sound to Captain Taker, who, in spite of the fog, had kept his ap-

PUFFIN'S OR PETREL'S BURROW.

PETREL ON NEST AT END OF BURROW. YOUNG PUFFIN ON NEST.

pointment, and at ten o'clock we heard his fog-horn from the gray bank beneath the rock where the *Sea Gem* was anchored.

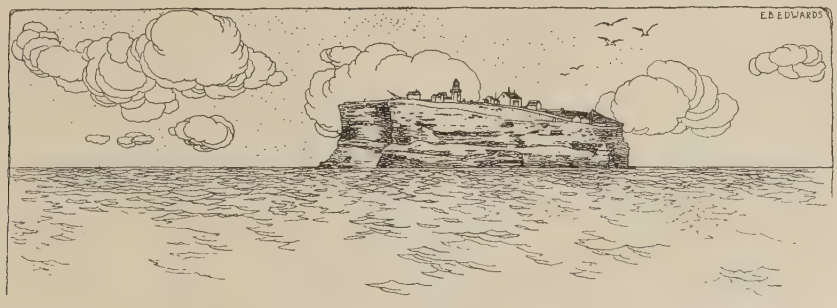
Before leaving, I fastened a rope about my waist, and with sturdy Keeper Bourque at the other end of it as anchor-man, descended the northern side of the rock at a favorable point to secure photographs of a colony of gannets. Not only was it cloudy, but the birds were in the shadow, and there seemed to be little prospect of securing good negatives. The white plumage of the birds, however, was in my favor, and by using a large diaphragm I succeeded beyond my expectations.

The greater part of the colony was on an inaccessible ledge below me; but by approaching carefully I managed to secure a fair-sized portrait of a single bird nesting on a ledge above them.

These gannets are magnificent birds, exhibiting, on the wing, admirable grace and power. They dive for fish from a height of forty feet or more, half closing their wings until they resemble enormous spear-heads, and descending with a force and speed that take them far below the surface of the water, which splashes five feet or more into the air as they strike it. It is a thrilling performance; one involuntarily applauds the winged fisher.

Early in the afternoon the weather gave promise of clearing, and we decided to leave the rock. My collections and outfit were placed aboard the schooner, and in a dory I went to visit Little Bird Rock; but before coming fairly abreast of it the fog crept back, Great Bird became only a periodic *boom* in the surrounding gray wall, and I returned to the schooner without further delay.

The sail to Bryon apparently demonstrated Captain Taker's possession of the much-disputed sense of direction. In spite of a head wind, violent squalls, and a strong tide, he made his way through the fog with perfect assurance, and dropped anchor at a particular lobster-buoy, visible less than one hundred feet from the schooner, but which in effect he appeared to have seen before we left the rock.



BIRD ROCK FROM THE SOUTHWEST, DISTANT HALF A MILE.

A DAY IN WHEAT.

BY WILL PAYNE.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

A VICTORIA drawn by shining bays, the coachman in drab livery faced with yellow, wheeled up to the curb on the east side of the Board of Trade.

Miss Thatcher did not at once offer to alight. She reefed her gaudy little parasol, and looked deliberately up the craggy bulk of granite that towered overhead. She was aware, as parts of the picture, of the windowed broadside of the bank blocking their dingy bit of street just to the north, and of the awkward mass of the elevated-road station shutting off the view to the south. An inarticulate roaring of human voices came out of the broad, open windows above.

"How much noise they make!" she commented, gathering her skirts.

"They 're always at the boiling-point," said Miss Gund, briskly, with the advantage of her experience. "I hope they 'll boil over for you. Maybe Arthur can get them to. We may as well get out."

Miss Thatcher's eye had been quick to catch the gilt signs on the two windows and the door across the sidewalk: "Gund, Randall & Morehouse: Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions." That, and the mere glimpse beyond of a big bare room full of lounging men, were rather disappointing—not so suggestive of money and excitement as she had supposed.

She alighted in a leisurely way. Shorter and plumper Miss Gund followed her with a bounce which seemed rather due to the environment. Everybody hurried there, even those passing men who turned briefly challenging eyes upon the tall, alluring figure beside the carriage. Miss Thatcher did not mind the glances here more than elsewhere. It was an advantage of her size and beauty that she could stand calmly aloof.

But Miss Gund was less serene. "This is the office," she said. "Oh!"

The office door opened, and a large young man came hurrying out to them. His big, loose frame moved with a kind of awkwardness, and he took off his straw hat, someway as though he wished to hide it, disclosing a long, narrow brow, and a thinness in the lightish hair over the top of his head. But his long, smooth face was distinguished in a way by the amiable mouth and the mutely eloquent brown eyes. He briefly, even hurriedly, shook the neatly gloved hand which Miss Thatcher extended.

"Is it a good day for us, Arthur?" Dora cut in at once; and his one tiny hope that, after all, they were not going to stay fell to pieces.

"Why, no; it is n't really a very good day," he began. His troubled eyes even made an appeal to Miss Thatcher.

"Perhaps you 're too busy," she suggested. She mentally drew herself up.

"Oh, I 'm sure it 's a good day," said Dora, with sisterly privilege. "I read the 'Tribune's' Board of Trade column to Margaret before we started, and it says the market is 'wildly nervous.' That 's good for us, is n't it? We want it to be lively."

"But if you 're busy—" Miss Thatcher insisted. His was not the attitude which she had reason to expect.

But Arthur had come out of his helplessness. It was apt to be that way with him—as though it took his machinery a few minutes to get into running order.

"I meant the gallery will be crowded," he explained, lamely but amiably. "Of course I 'm not too busy. I 'm only a sort of flourish in the office as yet, anyway."

They started across the flagging.

"Oh, and will the 'bull clique' be up there—the one the 'Tribune' says is running the market? How will we know it? Can you point it out?"

Dora paused at the door to put these questions with a touch of excitement.

"I hope it will come out and perform for us," said Miss Thatcher. "What is it they do? 'Go broke'? Will it do that?"

A little panicky constriction caught the young man's heart.

"Perhaps; I 'll ask them to!" he cried in nervous recklessness. But Miss Thatcher was passing him to enter the door. Her beauty was too near; it was too real. His eyebrows drew together. "I hope they won't 'go broke' anywhere, Miss Thatcher," he said in a sort of hurried aside.

IN THE GALLERY.

It made a commotion in her nerves—perhaps not an unpleasant commotion. What an odd speech!

She affected not to hear, and she glanced calmly at the strange scene—a big bare room, with a space at the left divided off by a cheap partition of stained wood and ground glass, the remaining space mostly filled with chairs, in and over and about which men lounged. There were some big blackboards, whereon two boys nimbly entered chalk figures. It struck her as decidedly unkempt and smelling of tobacco.

They crossed the width of the office, and were nearing the door which gave into the main hall of the building. In the corner was a small den partitioned off with the same stained pine and ground glass that made the larger division.

"Oh, here 's papa's hole," said Dora, cheerfully. "Is he in? Let 's speak to him."

"He 's busy," Arthur warned hurriedly.

But Dora had already stepped aside, tapped at the small glass door, and was opening it and peering in.

"Shut that door! Go away!" said a high, peremptory voice from within.

Miss Thatcher recognized the voice of Peter Gund, and her face became blankly composed. Instantly she felt a sort of dismal failure in her expedition. This bare, unkempt room, with its air of cheapness, that example of courtesy from Gund, senior—in a way it seemed to justify her father's estimate of them, or, at least, of Peter. She knew her father's attitude well enough. Finally he had said to her: "Young Gund always seems to me like Peter's savageness trying to wriggle into an acceptable form."

That had been after Arthur Gund's second evening call, which had been his last; for Miss Thatcher believed in loyalty to one's father—at least, up to a certain point. Lately she had thought a good deal; and if now she kept her eyes steadily averted from Arthur, it was because she had a rebellious instinct to keep him apart from Peter's vulgarity.

Dora flushed hotly, and they went into the hall considerably under the cloud of Peter's manners.

"It certainly sounds 'wildly nervous,'" Miss Thatcher commented.

As they ascended the broad, curving granite stairs to the trading-floor, a roaring strife of voices gushed down to them.

As soon as Margaret spoke, Dora saw that her chance had gone by; for in the space of a second she had meditated a feminine defense against Miss Thatcher's judgment of Peter. It had been on the tip of her tongue to say, "Your father was in there, too."

Perhaps Miss Thatcher would have received it incredulously. It was quite beyond her conception of her father that he had sat by and silently admired Gund's curt dismissal of his daughter as though she were a trespassing boot-black.

The two men sat at opposite sides of the small table in the little den—Franklin Thatcher, a tall man with a formal and military suggestion because of his clothes, his square shoulders, his grizzled mustache and imperial. One could guess that he was fond of a silk hat. It was easy to imagine the background of his establishment on the Lake Shore Drive. Peter Gund was a mere post of a man, weighing about one hundred pounds, partly bald, with a smooth, thin face, and a tuft of whitish mustache, his complexion a faintly blotched and mottled red, no eyebrows, and puffy, wrinkled lids that commonly drooped over the watery, weary-looking pale-blue eyes.

The threat of feminine intrusion delivered by Dora intolerably stung Thatcher's straining nerves, and at Gund's prompt, "Go away!" he looked up with new regard.

For at that moment something like three million dollars lay at hazard, and the dice must be thrown at once.

Every second impassively clicked off by the electric clock on the wall narrowed the margin within which a fortune might be saved, and Peter Gund was not one to let courtesy distract the steady eye with which he measured the chances.

The big wheat deal was in a desperately bad way. Money had tightened unexpectedly. It was almost impossible to borrow, on any terms. When Thatcher began to buy wheat in February with Sheahan and Tomlins (the three constituting the mysterious "bull clique"), he had proposed merely one of those speculative adventures with which he sometimes varied his leisurely occupation of "capitalist," as the city directory designated him. But Pat Sheahan's was a more ardent temperament, and through stages which he could now scarcely account for Thatcher found himself and his partners in a position where they must buy more or ruinously throw over the big line they had accumulated. He had felt uneasy for days; but the fear that strikes cold to the pit of a man's stomach and loosens all his nerves had not touched him until this very morning. Then, coming rapidly to the office of Gund,

Randall & Morehouse, his straining eye sought the senior partner. The two went without a word to that little den in the corner. The door was closed. Thatcher took off his hat, and drew his hand across his brow.

"Pat 's fallen down," he said; "can't borrow a dollar." The bull clique's reserve force had been Sheahan's supposed ability to arrange a certain large loan. It looked like Waterloo, with no Grouchy in sight.

lords of the town, that went on under its smoke, amid its din, in its endless stretches of grimy streets, ready enough to pay him the consideration he asked so long as he could maintain his position; instantly ready, also, if he fell, to distort its vast visage in a derisive grin, to set its huge foot on him, and forget him in a day. He even thought—the straw-clutch of a drowning man—to ask Peter to come into the breach with his fortune. But he had to own that Peter had

"'UNLOAD ON 'EM.'"

Thatcher understood well enough, in his half-benumbed helplessness, that if the desperate situation were to find its younger Napoleon anywhere, it must be in this mere post of a man opposite. Even in the distress which confused his mind, he was conscious of a color of contrition. He and Gund had known each other a long time, and he had to own that as between them Gund's attitude had been the franker. As for himself, he had cherished reservations, especially of late, after he had set up that more pretentious establishment on the Lake Shore Drive, and Margaret had come home quite "finished." In his heart he felt that Peter was a stranger to the significance of a silk hat. Just now the reservations seemed infinitely unimportant. That million of his own which lay at hazard dwarfed everything else. It was the pedestal on which he stood, with the other been generous. If he failed, he would stand in Gund, Randall & Morehouse's books for a sum which most men would be richly content to retire from money-getting with.

"You 're in a devil of a box," said Gund, looking thoughtfully at the sheets of paper before them. He drew a match with a long scratch across the under edge of the table, and lighted the big black cigar between his teeth. The teeth were glitteringly false. This, of course, was only the prelude, and Thatcher fetched a tremulous sigh.

"But it ain't so bad," Gund went on thoughtfully. "You 've got a chance, I guess. Sheahan and Tomlins have some money left, for they 're supporting the market right now. Sheahan 's got a big credit with the trade, and a big following. He 's black Irish, and he 'll fight like the devil. Besides, he 's a clever man, and knows how

to fight. He may stand up for a couple of days. The deal can't win; it 's bound to go to smash in the end." He lifted his weary-looking eyes, half veiled by the puffy lids, to Thatcher's face, and added kindly: "The thing for you to do, Franklin, is to sell out —unload on 'em—let them hold the bag before the smash comes."

Thatcher's eyes dropped to the table.

Gund considered the memoranda a moment. "'Y gad, it will work first-rate, I believe," he declared more briskly. "Wait a minute."

He jumped up and ran to the outer office to verify a fact or so.

To Thatcher's expert understanding the proposition was quite plain. It meant that he should surreptitiously sell his wheat in the market to his partners, and by betraying them to complete ruin save a part of his own fortune.

All his life he had cherished a certain gentlemanly conception of himself. Yet he did not leap back from Gund's suggestion. What he felt was a sort of sickness, a sort of tremulous incapacity to do the necessary thing. It was like saving his life—or more. If it could be done at a stroke, one desperate lunge of the knife, a pressure of the trigger with shut eyes and clenched teeth—but his mind was sufficiently awake to realize that it must be a more elaborate and detailed treachery. Sheahan was no fool. If he were to be confidenced out of his money, some carefully planned betrayals would be necessary. Then the accounting afterward! He saw Sheahan confronting him—a big, coarse, half-illiterate brute. The overwhelming sickness in his mind increased.

Gund, darting back to the stall, found his client standing by the door. The client avoided the pale eyes. In his soul in that moment, before the man of daring counsel, he felt rather abject and futile.

"We 'll let this go for the present, Peter," said Thatcher, with downcast eyes, in a low voice, in a way that half entreated the other's forbearance. "I believe I can raise some money; I 'm going to try."

"But, thunder! you can't," said Gund. "Can't borrow a dollar."

"Yes; I believe I can," Thatcher repeated. "I 'm going to try."

"Wheat 's weaker now; you 'll be too late," the broker warned. "This market ain't going to wait for anybody."

"I won't be long. Give me a chance. I 'm not up to this other business—now." He grew firmer as he argued. "My account with you—"

"TOMLINS SEEMED QUITE GAY." (SEE PAGE 348.)

Peter made a gesture. "If you 're going, go quick. The minutes count."

Thatcher hurried out.

Gund stood a full minute, worrying his little whitish mustache. Then he walked slowly into the main hall of the Board, and on up the curving granite stairs to the trading-room, all the time fingering his mustache and looking down thoughtfully. At his back, through the windows, lay a fine perspective of La Salle street, walled by its towering buildings, its flaggings and roadway full of constantly shifting masses. Before him was the high and broad trading-room, with its three packs of shouting, gesticulating brokers—packs which seemed to be constantly drawing in the loose human atoms on the floor and casting them forth again. But Gund had no eye either for the panorama behind the wide windows or for the clamoring packs before him. He strolled out upon the floor, quite oblivious of all the pandemonium, still busily worrying his mustache and looking down. He was addressed here and there, stopped, questioned. He answered with a word, absently, and strolled on. Only here and there he spoke a word on his own account—catching the eye of a broker, calling him up by a mere indication from those puffy eyelids, leaning to speak for an instant, then passing on. And as Peter's saunterings and whisperings progressed, an habitué could have told from the shoutings, from the manner in which the fingers of those flourished, gesticulating hands were held, that the market was turning.

"Now what does it mean?" Miss Thatcher asked.

"Five eighths," Arthur replied, half absorbed in the market. He spread his fingers and made the sign for her.

"That 's less, then?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes; it 's going off fast."

He leaned over the edge of the railing, watching the pit, Miss Thatcher watching him. "Thatcher 's catching it hot and heavy," he was thinking. "How grotesque, her being up here! But, thank God, nobody knows her; and she is here—beside me!" He looked around at her, smiling.

The ten minutes which she had at first proposed had grown to twenty. It was unexpectedly snug up there in the gallery, beside the big sheltering pillar. They had the farther end quite to themselves. Dora had gone back to look into the street through the top of a broad window. The great trading-floor spread out below them, with its three shouting packs, its many rows of high little tables over which men seemed more sanely busy, and its open space where men continually crossed and recrossed, gathering, gossiping, pointing, dispersing. Over the heads of that mob there was an odd air of seclusion. The very noise made a better place for them to be still in.

He explained some things, but the explanations mostly went wide of her understanding. She preferred to understand him. She asked a question now and then at random, and observed him, conscious of her own little secret drama in which she was assigning him a part, but not dreaming of the big drama of the pit as it appeared to him, and in which, to him, she was the innocent figure. He leaned forward, watching and listening. She knew it for a battle. It subtly charged her nerves with its electrical atmosphere. It was as though they had been together in a storm. Words, gestures, the ordinary means of approach, were not needed. There was fusion in the air. They drew near to each other by insensible processes.

"You find it really interesting?" she asked murmurously, without caring what his answer might be. She simply wished him to feel her presence.

He drew back a little, and gave her his attention.

"Why, it 's really a big trade," he said. "I think a fellow 's bound to do something. Of course"—he dropped his eyes—"I suppose there are a lot finer things to do." He got over the self-depreciatory implication by looking up at her. "One ought to do the best he can, and this is really a big business—that is, the best part of it: the 'cash wheat' business—buying, storing, shipping grain, and all that."

"Of course it 's important," she said quickly, with a completeness of approval which he found not at all marred, but rather improved, when she added, "if one can understand it."

She looked thoughtfully across the floor. They seemed to be confessing something to each other.

"After all, Chicago does do a good deal; and if you 're of Chicago—"

"Certainly!" he caught it up quickly. "My father, in a way, has made a place here,—made a foundation,—and why should n't I go on with it?"

Miss Thatcher's hands came together in her lap. "Yes," she said deliberately; "I 've felt the same thing myself of late."

Such was the effect of this demure speech

that the young man had a thrilling sense, which remained for half a minute, that they fully understood each other.

"I like to see a man do something," she added quite recklessly; and then, as though daring could go no further,—the words did not matter,—she looked him in the face. She did not mind electrifying him. In a certain soft rebellion she took his surface disadvantages into the fold of her protecting affection, so that it was then really much better for him than if he had been able to make his own advances gracefully —than if he had been of the most plausible form. It was her way of paying him for his awkwardness.

The two human figures in the lee of the big pillar in the gallery presented no suggestion of the dénouement of a play. Peter Gund, happening to glance up, saw two idle spectators of the wheat-pit; then he made out the yellow hair and the hat and Arthur. He was too busy to be definitely amused, but he thought, "Nice time for Thatcher's daughter to be studying the wheat market!" and he even had a fleeting sense of typical youth and beauty looking on at the battle and pretending to study it, but really too full of its own comedy to understand anything else.

He moved along, and gave another order to sell wheat. For if Franklin Thatcher did n't know enough to sell out on his partners, Peter Gund knew enough to sell out on his client. He had made up his mind that Thatcher would fail to raise the money to support the market—that he was about to lose. The failure of the bull clique meant necessarily a big drop in the price of wheat. From this conclusion and this fact Gund moved promptly and characteristically to the action of selling wheat on his own account, so that he would profit by whatever decline occurred. He explained briefly to Randall, whom he found down in the office, nervously slipping two silver dollars between his fingers, his white-felt hat on the back of his fat head. Gund sidled up to him.

"Guess Thatcher 's gone to pot, sure," he said in an aside. "He 's trying to borrow some money, but he can't do it. I just been up-stairs,"—he glanced up at his partner,— "and I 've sold a slough of wheat for our own account. If those fellows pull through we 'll have to cover it at a loss. But I 'm guessing they won't pull through. If they don't, we 'll make enough on this stuff I 've just sold to square what Thatcher 'll owe us, and more, too. You might go up-stairs and watch it; but don't try to cover without seeing me."

Not long afterward, Gund stood before an electric printing-machine in his office, and read this:

"The market is turning strong again. The big selling seems to be over. Good buying now; price up three cents from the bottom: supposed to be the clique."

Randall hurried in—his third trip from up-stairs.

"I 'm dead sure Thatcher is buying through Judson," he began excitedly.

"S-s-s-st!" said Peter, for Thatcher was coming in.

Gund went to meet him.

"It 's all right, Peter," he began at once; "all right!" He stooped and laid a hand confidentially on the small man's arm. "I went to Judson because—"

"Are you buying?" Gund cut in.

Thatcher vaguely felt himself accused. "I went to Judson because I did n't see you when I came back from the bank," he explained, "and there was n't any time to lose. Besides, Judson 's been pretty hard hit with Tomlins's and Sheahan's business. Been called for margins, in fact, and had n't responded; so I thought it only fair to—"

"You raised the money!" Peter looked up, really astonished.

"Yes; I got the money—hundred and twenty thousand."

"Pshaw!" said Peter, an exclamation of incredulous admiration. "I did n't think it could be done."

"Yes; it could be done," said Thatcher.

It seemed to Gund's intent eye and ear that there was a kind of confusion and recklessness somewhere behind Thatcher's words.

"I congratulate you," said Peter, calmly.

Thatcher felt an aloofness, an accusation, and it added to the trouble in his mind. "See here, Peter," he began. He slipped his hand through the broker's arm, and turned him toward the big hall, leading him, as though walking helped him on with it. "I— it was the girl's money."

"The girl's?"

"My girl's—Margaret's. It 's the right thing to do. It will pull us all out. I did n't —really did n't hesitate—"

Peter's weary and watery eye took an upward and sidelong glance, calmly, at the tall figure. He felt the rattling and shaking of overburdened machinery. He recalled briefly the fortune left by Margaret's mother, of which the father was the trustee. But he had his own work on hand.

"How much?" he asked, with brutal directness.

"One hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It was all very available—good bonds and stocks." Thatcher's white hand went up to the military tuft of hair on his chin. "It will pull us all through," he said. "You see, the tide has turned now. It just needed that to get us around the corner. I knew it could n't last, Peter," he added, with pathetic emphasis. "Of course if you felt like turning in and buying now, it would be a chance for you to make something. The tide has turned." He drew himself up a little.

"All right," said Gund, vaguely, and he went back into the office. But he halted, just out of Thatcher's sight, and twisted his mustache. He gave a glance at the clock. The time was very short. The bold play that he had made in selling wheat was in jeopardy. If Thatcher and Sheahan should regain control of the market, he would have to buy in that wheat at a loss. The time was very short. And Thatcher's hundred and twenty thousand dollars,—the girl's money (which meant it was the last the bull clique could raise),—part of which had already been swallowed up in helping Judson out of his "hole"! What an ass Thatcher was! Gund started forward, walked deliberately through the hall, up the stairs, and out on the trading-floor. The big clock showed that he had only thirty minutes left. Again he sauntered among the brokers, speaking his confidential word.

A little later the electric machine said:

"Tremendous line of wheat coming on the market. Price weakening. Crowd thinks the clique is unloading. All sorts of rumors—one that a clique broker is in trouble. Wildest sort of market."

"There 's your father now," said Margaret.

"Yes," said Arthur, without looking around. He was leaning forward, watching the pit, and his nerves felt the crisis.

"Gad! See 'er slide!" Randall murmured, in a kind of rapt admiration. Down-stairs, he stood before the blackboard watching the quotations, and he recognized Peter's hand. But would he win?

The market, like a thing fatally hurt, had been weakly fluttering up, only to meet harder blows and to sink more definitely. Up-stairs it was a death-struggle. The wheat-pit was so packed that the human atoms in it became welded. The mass swayed and writhed in one complex motion along each of the four sides. Its voice was an inarticulate shriek.

The big bell tolled out the stroke of one. The hollow note booming over the great hall called the pit to its final effort. The shriek grew more violent. The flutterings grew less. The price began to sink steadily, ominously, point by point, like the going out of a life.

Arthur exhaled a long sigh. He looked around at Miss Thatcher. His manner was not excited, not constrained.

"It can't last," he said, with a kind of compassionate solemnity, as though in fact they were watching the going out of a life.

"No?" she breathed.

In the last two minutes an overpowering suggestion had been gathering in her mind: Arthur's first reluctance, Peter Gund's worried appearance down there—they might be involved in this catastrophe which she felt to be hurrying on below.

It was overwhelmingly shocking. Still, there was a kind of desperate perverseness—a reckless desire to make it up to him a little.

"Will it do any harm if we stay—now?" she asked meekly.

He smiled readily enough. "Not at all. Stay," he said.

Abruptly the noise below took a new direction. There was a pouring of the human atoms toward a bulletin-board in the farther corner, where a man had tacked a placard. The wheat-pit died down as though it had been turned off. A word was shouted along, passed on. In an instant the din in the pit recommenced furiously. Arthur bent over, listening. A man below flung out an arm toward some one, and shouted, "Judson!"

Arthur stood up. Instinctively Miss Thatcher arose. They faced each other. Dora, a little farther along, glanced up at them; but neither of them minded that.

"A failure?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he said gravely, looking into her face; "it amounts to that. It 's Judson." She did not know who Judson was, but she knew the look on his face. "It 's the end," he said.

Her chin was lifted a little as she looked at him, showing the soft line of her throat.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

Her compassion infolded him. They were very close together. There was another word to say. Both of them half understood that. In a way the storm engulfed them; but they were strangely at home in it.

"Yes; I want you to come with me—you and Dora," he began.

The bell tolled its last warning. Some people farther on in the gallery were getting up. The frenzy below continued. Margaret did not understand—except that he wished her to be with him. She had the sense of a trial and of loyalty. The three went down the stairs together.

The final strokes of the bell, announcing the closing of the market, echoed through the lower floor of the building; and Peter Gund, turning from the blackboard in his office, saw Thatcher's coachman outside, leaning from the box as some one on the sidewalk spoke up to him. Peter turned confidentially to Randall.

"They 're mighty well busted, Jim, all three of 'em," he said cheerfully. "There 'll be assignments this afternoon. Thatcher owes us something in six figures; but we 'll cover this wheat I 've been selling, and come out well ahead. I 'm going to lunch now. Suppose I 'll be called to the confab by and by."

As he stepped out on the flagging, he saw the victoria driving away empty. "Thatcher won't need his drab livery; he 'll want dark blue," he thought. For just then the stir of the ended battle was in his nerves, the lust of his victory was in his blood. The gibe was his satisfyingly brutal kick at the corpse. It was not so much that he had saved the house from a large loss. The house could stand a loss, if it came to that. But he had won; he had brought the concern through a strait where few pilots would have availed.

It was three o'clock when Arthur hurried back to the office. Peter was on his way to the confab up-stairs. He stopped, midway to the door, a cigar in his mouth. Arthur crossed to him hurriedly.

"How did—things come out?" he asked hastily.

Peter examined the open, anxious face with indulgent cynicism.

"Well, three things have n't come out at all," he said. "Their names are Franklin Thatcher, Pat Sheahan, and E. G. Tomlins."

Arthur took off his straw hat with a nervous motion, and turned it over thoughtfully by the brim. "Is it really so bad as that—for Thatcher?" he asked.

"Busted to the devil and gone. I 'm going up to the funeral now." Peter watched for the effect of his words.

Arthur shifted his weight to the other foot. For a moment his hand fumbled aimlessly for his coat pocket. Then he came up squarely to his father's eye.

"See here, father," he said steadily. "I 've been out of the office most of the day. I 've been with Margaret Thatcher. I took her and Dora to lunch, and—" He was going on very steadily, but just what else was there to say? Just what had happened? A great deal, of course, as he understood it; but what was there in an instant's surreptitious contact of the hands, a murmured word, that he could resolve definitely into words for his father? "If we can do anything to help Thatcher out, father, I 'd like it," he added.

After all, it was as clear an explanation as Peter desired. For him the fact lay not so much in what concerned the girl as in Arthur's self-assertion. Hitherto he had been only the tractable pupil, and the habit of that relationship was so strong that it came to Peter's lips to say sarcastically: "Certainly; pitch right in; do whatever you feel like for him." As it was, he grinned a bit; but his face quickly sobered to his son's steady gaze. He understood in that moment that there was a "we"; the boy asked to be taken into account. Peter was not displeased.

"Well," he said non-committally, and walked away.

Up-stairs in Sheahan's office, he found what he had expected—a half-dozen men with the catastrophe on their hands. Some of the stress, the highly wrought nervous energy evoked by the big speculation, was carried over into this conference to decide upon the disposition of the debris. A stranger might have said that Sheahan took it hardest. The burly, black-bearded Irishman was plainly suffering. He said little, was very tractable; and every minute, when somebody else talked, he screwed up his face, nearly shutting his eyes, like a man who is trying to hear something amid confusion and physical distress. But Gund comprehended the letting off of the tremendous head of steam which Sheahan had been carrying. He knew that Sheahan was realizing the situation fully and would recover quickest. Chubby little Tomlins seemed quite gay. He made jokes—and smelled of liquor. Peter's weary eye measured him and Peter amiably reflected: "He 'll be drunk to-night, and to-morrow—whew!" Thatcher was vacuously composed. "It will come to him day after to-morrow," Gund thought.

He left the room with Thatcher at five o'clock. The client slipped his hand through the little broker's arm. Gund was a comfort to him to a degree which he did not try to understand.

"Well, Peter, I owe you something handsome," he said in a gossiping way.

"Yes," said Gund, thinking of something else.

"I shall pay it all in time," Thatcher persisted, with a poor bolstering of his pride.

Gund gave his head an impatient jerk. "We 'll take that up some other time; it does n't matter," he said. "Now, that jag of cash wheat at Duluth—" he gave some practical advice.

"That 's true," said Thatcher as to the advice. "But that don't matter much now, either. It 's all gone." He made a large, loose gesture.

He added: "I suppose there 'll be talk enough when I—errmm—make my assignment." He laid the hot iron to his flesh with a certain morbid interest.

"You need n't assign," said Gund, promptly.

Thatcher looked at him dumbly.

"Nearly all you owe, you owe to me. I 'm going to fix up the rest. Rather have it all in my own hands. Rather not have you assign—understand? I intend to keep your name out of it." In his charity, Peter felt uncomfortable, nervous, on the defensive. It helped him a little to add: "I 'm looking at it from the standpoint of the chief creditor. It makes my claim better—understand?"

"Well, really, Peter—" After all, for a moment only commonplaces came to Thatcher's mind. Yet it was a great reprieve. It meant that he could take his failure and bankruptcy off in a corner by himself. He was not to be publicly pilloried. It was so great a relief that finally he said weakly, almost tremulously: "It 's very good of you, Peter."

Gund had to defend himself against that. He said brusquely: "Oh, the devil! it ain't anything. No use your assigning. You have n't got anything left to assign that 's worth mentioning."

That wholesomely braced Thatcher up a little. "No; that 's so," he admitted. "Still, I 'm glad not to get into the newspapers. I 'm sorry about the girl's money," he added, as though that incidental regret were left.

"That was unlucky," Peter admitted candidly. "But it happens. I reckon she won't suffer any. I suppose she 'll marry well, in time." He might have said that without thinking of Arthur, but it happened that he did think of him.

"Well, I 've sometimes thought that she fancied your son," said Thatcher. The words came naturally out of his attitude toward Gund. He spoke them quite shamelessly. He did not know exactly that he was leaning upon Peter; but he had a weakly wounded and nervous comfort in keeping a fast hold upon this stanch, enduring little man. "And I don't know but Arthur—" He broke off, smiling like an old man over an indifferent joke.

"Well, I rather guess he does," said Gund, promptly. "Of course, if it happens that way, so much the better. We 've known each other a long time." He really felt sorry for Thatcher, not so much because he had lost his money as because he had turned so woefully flabby.

"That 's so," said Thatcher, still with a comfort in the subject. "Of course I once expected to give her a different sort of send-off—and in time—"

"Pooh! Guess I can scratch up enough to set the youngsters going respectably, if it comes to that," said Gund.

A real emotion stirred in Thatcher. "You 're a good fellow, Peter," he said, with futile gratitude.

Gund smiled a little, grimly. "Well, I 'm a pretty good trader," he said. "I know my way around in a wheat deal."

In the office Randall and Arthur were waiting. Gund beckoned to the partner in a way that excluded the son.

"Have they laid down?" the partner asked at once.

"Gone all to pot—flat broke," said Gund.

The bare office, with its rows of chairs whence patrons watched the blackboards, was quite empty. The floor, like a deserted battle-field, was littered over with the debris of the day's trading. A silent workman in a blue blouse was sweeping it with a big broom, and putting the chairs to rights.

Gund dropped in one of the chairs and lighted a fresh cigar. He was tired, but content. "Thatcher 's gone to pieces," he repeated, with a discursive and philosophic interest, now that the strain was over.

"Must grind him—the assignment and all that," Randall suggested.

"He won't assign." Gund philosophized a moment in silence. "It 's sort of queer," he said, with a purely philosophic interest. "I suppose I did as much as any one man to break him, and now I 'm going to help him out. This morning, over there,"—he pointed to the den in the corner,—"I advised him to unload on Sheahan and Tomlins. He could 'a' done it, and saved a lot. But his nerve failed him; he was n't equal to it. The minute I saw his nerve was gone, I knew the game was up—and I unloaded on him. Then

what do you suppose he did?" Gund looked up at his partner with a deep relish for the fulfilment of his theories. "It 's exactly what I always said: When a man's nerve is gone, look out for him. Why, Thatcher went out and robbed his daughter. The girl had one hundred and twenty thousand dollars left by her mother,—stocks and bonds, I suppose,—and he took it. It 's always the fellow whose nerve is gone that does those things. A bold man don't do 'em. Thunder, no! he goes out in the open and robs strangers. That was the money that braced the market about noon. Of course we were short a big line then. You see, I 'd advised Thatcher to unload on the others, and it seems to me a bright, nervy sort of man would have suspected that I 'd be unloading on him. But what do you suppose Thatcher does?" Again Gund cherished his point for a moment. "Why, soon 's he sees me, he toddles right up and tells me what he 's done—taken the girl's money and so forth. Had n't nerve enough to keep it to himself and play it through alone—understand? Must come and tell me, and play right into my hands. Well, I just went up-stairs and sold him that hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth, and some more, too."

The broker smoked a moment, and even smiled a little, in pure fondness for the accuracy of his judgment.

"'Scrupulous,' I suppose they 'd call it," he said, after a moment, retrospectively. "Well, when a man gets 'scrupulous' in a wheat deal, he 'd best go throw his money in the river. It ain't that sort of a game."

He was aware that his son had moved around to the door, and now stood looking out, waiting. Peter's eyes were fixed discursively on the younger figure as he went on:

"This wheat speculation is the fastest race they 've got up yet, and a handicapped man can't win in it. The faster the race is, the less you can stand a handicap; and scruples are a handicap. A man with scruples wants to stick to the cash wheat trade, or something else slow and easy. But if he comes in here, blast him! let him play the game to win. I guess the boy 'll stick to the cash trade, and I don't know but the second generation ought to. If we make money enough for 'em they can afford to wear gloves—stick to principles and pink teas." He got up abruptly. "So I 'm going to step in and help Thatcher out," he added, leaving Randall to guess the connection, or miss it, as he might.

He crossed the office, and laid a hand on his son's arm.

"Ready to go home?" he asked briskly.

For answer Arthur opened the door; but on the flagging he paused.

"How does it come out?" he asked.

"Well, Thatcher 's lost all his money," said Peter; "but he won't have to assign or to come into the newspapers. We save him his name." There was a slight movement of the puffy eyelids at the plural pronoun.

"You, father!" Arthur cried triumphantly. "It was fine. It was like you."

The young man's praise struck a harsh note in Peter's breast. For an instant he looked hardily at his son, and it flashed upon him to tell this triumphing young gentleman just what was "like" his father—to explain precisely what had happened that day. And this impulse was a belief in his own day as against the coming day which called itself finer.

"Kid gloves don't do it all, young man," he said. "What good are they, unless somebody has had the bare, strong hand to grab things and to hold on to them?"

But, after all, that was impracticable; let the second generation be as fine as it liked. "You can remember," he added, "that your father knew his way around in a wheat deal, if he did n't make much of a fist in society." He wished to forestall the protest which he saw coming, and he went on hastily: "It 's up to you, now—up to the kid glove. See if you can do as much for the girl as we did for the father. I fancy she 'll need it. You 're going up to their house to that Frenchman's lecture business to-night?"

"Why, yes—if Thatcher is n't going to assign. But then, of course she won't know about it; there 's no need of his telling her." Arthur spoke with a certain nervous hopefulness.

"Is n't there need?" said Peter, derisively. "You depend on Thatcher for doing the useless thing. He 's gone to pot. You go up there and see."

Arthur found the suggestion startling enough; but he labored to put it aside. Of course Thatcher would n't tell her at once, he said; perhaps not at all. If he should tell her, he could see that some cherished things that had happened that day might be quite expunged. He relied on Thatcher's pride, on his natural reluctance; but as he got out of the cab in front of the high-gabled Roman brick front on the Lake Shore Drive, his heart beat up disquietingly.

He did not see Thatcher. Presently he

understood an excuse—a sudden indisposition, from which he could draw no augury. He got one full look at Margaret—very splendid in evening toilet. That was reassuring, for she seemed herself. Then he avoided her eye, until it came to him that she also was avoiding him, and that was disquieting.

PRESENTLY the lecturer stopped, amid applause. The room at once broke into multitudinous action, from which Arthur stood apart in a kind of painful incapacity, a tumult in his mind. He saw Margaret twice, and looked away at once. The people were going.

Again his anxious eye met hers, and he looked away. But she came directly over to him, where he stood aside. The action touched him, but it gave him no certainty.

"You 're getting a wide range of knowledge to-day," he began.

"Yes," she said. She looked steadily into his eyes. "I 've just had my second lesson in wheat, too. Papa told me."

"Oh!" He gave his head a jerk aside, of protest, of regret.

"I had to know sometime; it was best to know now," she said, still looking at him, and with a little melancholy smile. She had proposed, as a duty, to make him understand the difference as soon as might be—the great change in their positions since the afternoon. The change, to her understanding, was an elemental one, altering everything, unmaking everything. This was exactly as he had feared that it might be.

Yet just at that moment, as she stood before him, knowing everything, and warning him that she knew, it did not seem to him that the conditions of their relationship had been altered in the least. In the shock of the disclosure her loveliness and his sympathy were all that he understood; so that at once, as though they were back in that electric moment in the gallery, he said:

"It 's too bad, Margaret, dear; I wanted you not to know. But of course it does n't make any difference to us, does it?" he pleaded.

And at once it was as though she were back in the moment when she had felt so profound a compassion for him. He seemed to ask her compassion now as much as then, although it was her father who had failed, not his.

"No," she said; "it does n't make any difference to us." She stood before him an instant, looking down, a picture of loyalty and surrender.

It was perfect—only they were in plain view of half a hundred people, and he could do nothing but fetch a sigh. The sigh seemed at once to put them into relationship with conventional things. Margaret even laughed a little. They turned toward the guests.

"Then I don't see why it was n't the best day that ever happened—all around—for me! " he said triumphantly.

"If you 'll always think so!" she said.

They gave an irresponsible little laugh together, and walked down the room side by side, looking anything but downcast. Arthur was thinking, or his brains were humming, in irresponsible gladness: "After all, a wheat deal more or less—what does it matter!"

JIM.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,
Author of "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

I USED to think that it would have been better for Jim if he had never been born. What the good bishop said of some children—that they were not so much born into the world as they were damned into it—seemed true of Jim, if ever it was true of any one. He had had a father, once, who was kind to him, but it was long since. The one he called by that name last had been sent to Sing Sing, to the lad's great relief, for a midnight burglary, shortly after he married Jim's mother. His back hurt yet when he thought of the evil days when he was around. If any one had thought it worth while to teach Jim to pray, he would have prayed with all his might that his father might never come out. But no one did, so that he was spared that sin. I suppose that was what it would have been called. I am free to confess that I would have joined Jim in sinning with a right good will, even to the extent of speeding the benevolent intentions of Providence in that direction—anyhow, until Jim should be able to take care of himself. I mean with his fists. He was in a way of learning that without long delay, for ever since he was a little shaver he had had to fight his own way, and sometimes his mother's. He was thirteen when I met him, and most of his time had been put in around the Rag Gang's quarters, along First Avenue and the river-front, where that kind of learning was abundant and came cheap.

His mother drank. I do not know what made her do it—whether it was the loss of the first husband, or getting the second, or both. It did not seem important when she stood there, weak and wretched and humble, with Jim. And as for my preaching to her, sitting in my easy-chair, well fed and respectable, that would come near to being impertinence. So it always struck me. Perhaps I was wrong. Anyway, it would have done her no good. Too much harm had been done her already. She would disappear for days, sometimes for weeks, at a time, on her frequent sprees. Jim never made any inquiries. On those occasions he kept aloof from us, and paddled his own canoe, lest we should ask questions. It was when she had come home sobered that we saw them always together. Now it was the rent, and then again a few groceries. With such lifts as she got, sandwiched in with much good advice, and by the aid of an odd job now and then, Mrs. Kelly managed to keep a bit of a roof over her boy and herself, down in the "village" on the river-front. At least, Jim had a place to sleep. Until, one day, our visitor reported that she was gone for good—she and the boy. They were both gone,—nobody in the neighborhood knew or cared where,—and the room was vacant. Except that they had not been dispossessed, we could learn nothing. Jim was not found, and in the press of many things the Kellys were forgotten. Once or twice his patient, watchful eyes, that seemed to be always trying to understand something to which he had not found the key, haunted me at my office; but at last I forgot about them, too.

Some months passed. It was winter. A girl, who had been one of our cares, had been taken to the city hospital to die, and our visitor went there to see and comfort her. She was hastening down the long aisle between the two rows of beds, when she felt something tugging feebly at the sleeve of her coat. Looking round, she saw on the pillow of the bed she had just passed the face of Jim's mother.

"Why, Mrs. Kelly!" she exclaimed, and went to her. "Where—?" But the question that rose to her lips was never spoken. One glance was enough to show that her time was very short, and she was not deceived. The nurse supplied the facts briefly in a whisper. She had been picked up in the street, drunk or sick—the diagnosis was not clearly made out at the time, but her record was against her. She lay a day or two in a police cell, and by the time it was clear that it was not rum this time, the mischief was done. Probably it would have been done anyhow. The woman was worn out. What now lay on the hospital cot was a mere wreck of her, powerless to move or speak. She could only plead with her large, sad eyes. As she tried to make them say that which was in her soul, two big tears rolled slowly down the wan cheeks and fell on the coarse sheet. The visitor understood. What woman would not?

"Jim?" she said; and the light of joy and understanding came into the yearning eyes. She nodded ever so feebly, and the hand that rested in her friend's twitched and trembled in the effort to grasp hers.

"I will find him. It is all right. Now, you be quite happy. I will bring him here."

The white face settled back on the pillow, and the weary eyes closed with a little sigh of contentment very strange in that place. When the visitor passed her cot ten minutes later, she was asleep, with a smile on her lips.

It proved not so easy a matter to find Jim. We came upon his track in his old haunts after a while, only to lose it again and again. It was clear that he was around, but it seemed almost as if he were purposely dodging us; and in fact that proved to have been the case when at last, after a hunt of weary days and nights through the neighborhood, he was brought in. Ragged, pale, and pinched by hunger, we saw him with a shock of remorse for having let him drift so long. His story was simple enough. When his mother failed to come back, and, the rent coming due, the door of what had been home to him, even such as it was, was closed upon him, he took to the street. He slept in hallways and with the gang among the docks, never going far from the "village" lest he should miss news of his mother coming back. The cold nights came, and he shivered often in his burrows; but he never relaxed his watch. All the time his mother lay dying less than half a dozen blocks away, but there was no one to tell him. Had any one done so, it is not likely that the guard would have let him through the gate, as he looked. Seven weeks he had spent in the streets when he heard that he was wanted. The other boys told him that it was the "cruelty" man sure; and then began the game of hide-and-seek that tried our patience and wore on his mother, sinking rapidly now, but that eventually turned up Jim.

We took him up to the hospital, and into the ward where his mother lay. Away off at the farther end of the room, he knew her, the last in the row, and ran straight to her before we could stop him, and fell on her neck.

"Mother!" we heard him say, while he hugged her, with his head on her pillow. "Mother, why don't you speak to me? I am all right—I am."

He raised his head and looked at her. Happy tears ran down the thin face turned to his. He took her in his arms again.

"I am all right, mother; honest, I am. Don't you cry. I could n't keep the rooms, mother! They took everything; only the deed to father's grave. I kept that."

He dug in the pocket of his old jacket, and brought out a piece of paper, carefully wrapped in many layers of rags and newspaper that hung in dirty tatters.

"Here it is. Everything else is gone. But it is all right. I 've got you, and I am here. Oh, mother! You were gone so long!"

Longer—poor Jim—the parting that was even then adding another to the mysteries that had vexed my soul concerning you. Happiness at last had broken the weary heart. But if it added one, it dispelled another: I knew then that I erred, Jim, when I thought it were better if you had never been born!

THE WORD OF THE ENIGMAS.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

THE stars and suns know of their guiding force
No more than I:
Untaught, unasking whither runs their course,
And whence, and why,
They heed the living power, nor seek its source.

The sea knows not the master that it loves;
Must I know mine?
It rolls its vast profound in cyclic grooves
Before his shrine,
And feeds a myriad lives each time it moves.

O restless soul, with reasonings deceived,
With doubtings racked,
Leave all thou hast believed or disbelieved,
And live, and act!
So find thy problems solved, thy fate achieved.

BROTHER SIMS'S MISTAKE.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,
Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

THE Rev. Joshua Sims reached the Holly Bluff settlement Saturday afternoon, near the close of summer, with but little time to spare, and no disposition to preach a sermon. He was due at Smyrna upon the following morning, where he was under contract to join four couples in the bonds of wedlock, and at the annual picnic near Smyrna, many miles farther, on Monday. Four fees were involved in the matrimonial affair, and Brother Sims yielded to no man in his respect for a fee, be it possum, pork, or pocket-money. But the Smyrna picnic was the chief social function in church circles, and the glory of that picnic was its barbecued shotes; for be it known that, while the legal title was sometimes doubtful, there was ever about shotes—annually contributed for picnic day—a flavor distinctive and delightful, born of the free range of swamps that abound in mass and the cool, sweet muscadine. Death might perhaps have kept Brother Sims's physical outfit from arriving upon the picnic-grounds in time for dinner, but it is suspected that even death would not have deterred his astral body, if it is indeed true that when men die the initial velocity acquired in life is still potent. It would, in all likelihood, have arrived promptly, and have made a meal of the astral shotes.

Time had laid only gentle hands on the great itinerant since he preached his famous sermon and embalmed himself in the memory of admiring Americans. He was a little thicker through waist and neck, and the blackness of him had gained from the fatness of life a braver luster. These were the only changes. His roving eyes still flashed their keen, comprehensive glances; his flow of words and ideas was still as marvelous, his wit and satire as brilliant, his invective as terrific.

The indisposition of Brother Sims in connection with the expected sermon arose from what might be called his state of unpreparedness; for the habits of Brother Sims were the chains of his genius. He was not a preacher of discourses; he was no defender of the faith. He was mighty, but in the charge only; and the devil, to him, was always a personal one. If anybody could withstand Brother Sims's charge, he might defeat him; but few, even with the backing of the arch-enemy himself, would attempt such a thing. To preach successfully and effectively, it was absolutely necessary for Brother Sims to arrive on the ground at least twelve hours in advance of his appointment; and twelve were always sufficient, for within the limit he would move around industriously, and from the zealous and jealous gather enough of the misdeeds of his flock to enable him to locate the common enemy and fire effective volleys. His skill in this preparation was nothing less than phenomenal, his execution something more than frightful. Upon this occasion, preparation being impossible, a substitute must be found; and Brother Sims announced an "experience meeting."

And the summons went forth. By their mysterious channels of communication, it was known within a few hours to all negroes interested that Holly Bluff would hold an experience meeting.

Darkness descended. To the humble log church, spacious, but dwarfed by the great pines that sheltered it,—pines erect like the pipes of a mighty organ, and murmuring sweetly their far, faint melodies, hushed hymns of long ago,—came the scattered flock. There were nervous little black Tom, guarded vigilantly by his gigantic consort Tempy, the one with a fat lightwood torch, the other with a fat umbrella; Henry Clay Thompson, bent and sad since emancipation forced him to think; black Aleck, with the fisherman's heraldry upon his Sunday garments; Ben Evans, with his wife Melviny; and Sal, whose "comin' through," some years previous, left scars upon the whole congregation. Besides these there were a hundred others, grave, silent, apprehensive. For no one knew the workings of the great man's mind. They only remembered where their own bars were down, and past results.

And there was present the presiding elder, Uncle Lazarus. The eye of the preacher rested upon him the moment he entered. It followed him to the corner from which the "Yes, Lord!" "Do so, Lord!" "Oom hoo!" "Face the light!" and "Amen!" were expected to roll promptly. And soon the keen observer noticed that, however often the attention of that eye was won by newcomers, it always returned to Uncle Lazarus; and soon a whisper went around which focused all other eyes upon the same unfortunate deputy shepherd. It was understood that the Evil One was present in Uncle Lazarus, and was to be assaulted.

Ten minutes before the opening hour, the preacher lifted his head suddenly and asked in a cheerful voice:

"Brother Lazarus, how many members does yer claim for Holly Bluff?"

Brother Lazarus reflected a full minute—not to recall the statistics, but to avoid any trap that might be laid for him; for let it not be supposed that Lazarus had failed to observe what had become revealed to all others. He knew Joshua Sims as well as any man living.

"One hunderd an' forty-fo'," he said at length.

"Yes," said Brother Sims, encouragingly stroking his fat chin as he half reclined in his chair; and then: "How many did yer have las' year, Brother Lazarus?" The voice was now musical and conciliating. It was almost a little voluntary upon brotherly love.

"One hunderd an' forty-eight."

"Yes," said Brother Sims; and then it was plain to everybody that some problem had presented itself; for his face gradually lost its placidity, and a wave of trouble rolled across it. "Did yer say *one forty-eight*, Brother Lazarus?" he asked, at length. "Does yer mean ter say fo' of my sheep done strayed?"

"Dead!" said Brother Lazarus, almost cheerfully. "Thar was—"

"Ain't thar nobody hyah, Brother Lazarus, ter carry de Word to de dyin'? Is all de sinful souls of men roun' hyah done be'n saved?"

Lazarus was silent; Brother Sims had announced the line of his forthcoming remarks.

The congregation were now doubly happy. Not only were their apprehensions stilled, but there was in the situation before them promise of large reward; for in singling out Lazarus the preacher had selected a most able opponent, and this being an experience meeting, Lazarus would have a chance.

Finally, the late-comers had all arrived, and the human drift that had hung against step and lintel floated in. The shuffling feet grew still. Then spoke the Rev. Joshua Sims, gently and pathetically.

"Dearly beloved," he said, exactly reproducing the full musical tones of a great Georgian he had once heard, "hit was my full mind to come tergedder wid yer dis mornin'; but de debble took Brother Si Evans ter Macon on yestiddy, an' de Messina Church money went wid 'im. An' de same ole enemy of mankind took 'im ter dwell en de tents of de wicked, tel, if it had n' be'n for Cap'n Bofay an' de perleece, he would n't er had 'nuff er dat money lef' ter git outer de jug wid. Hit took me nigh onter all dis blessed day laborin' wid dat sinful soul ter fin' out dat Messina's new church is goin' ter stay er-growin' in de shape of live trees fer er few mo' years ter come. I ain't in no mind, dearly beloved, ter preach ternight, an' I calls yer tergedder fer er ole-time 'sperience meetin'. Br'er Clay, lead us ter grace."

And Brother Clay led them. He prayed for unlimited blessings upon the lost world, his powerful voice rising to a climax of emotion for the absent, and lapsing almost to a whisper when he came back to those at hand. With an astute perception of impending difficulty, he interpolated very skilfully an able defense of the presiding elder, to whom he was much beholden. "An', O Lord," he said, "don't jedge er man too hard what 's got er morgidge so big hit covers er mule, er sow, an' er bull yearlin', tel yer would n' know dey was under dere ef de trough war n't empty all time."

"Oom hoo!" exclaimed Lazarus, encouragingly.

"Don't jedge er man too hard what 's got fo' chillen too little ter work an' too big ter fill up three times 'twix' sun-up an' sun-down; 'sides one what 's a widder wid two more babies, an' es wife's mother an' es own ter look atter!"

"Hyah 'im, Lord!" said Lazarus. "He knows!"

"Don't jedge er man too hard when he 's lak dat, fer time has come wid him when hit 's more pow'ful ter save bodies den ter save souls; fer ef de body perish, de soul hit will sho'ly git erway fum us all."

"Listen ter de good brother, dear Lord!"

"An' so, ef it comes ter de p'inted question, how many sheep lef' in de fold, look at dem he done save when de grass was short, an' don't let no man pester him 'bout fo' ole

wethers what die. Gi' 'im time, an' er good price fer cotton dis fall, an' trus' 'im ter mek up for los' bodies wid foun' souls."

"Amen!" said Lazarus, fervently, and a fairly good echo supported him.

But Brother Sims was not to be thwarted. He gave out the hymn:

Are there any of the old sheep lost to-night?
Are there any of the old sheep lost?
Are there any of the old sheep lost to-night?
Better ring them golden bells;
Ring them sweet golden bells;
Ring them sweet bells!
Ring them sweet golden bells,
And call the old sheep home!

A long and solemn silence followed the singing of this hymn. The audience were expectant. After a glance at Brother Lazarus, who seemed little disposed to lead off, the preacher said:

"Dearly beloved, what have de Spirit done for you?"

After a few moments, Chloe arose, and gave a dramatic recital of her "comin' through," which warmed up the assemblage to a spontaneous burst of song; and then little Tom told of an angel meeting him in Swift Creek swamp, and how he "breshed" sin from him with a "gold-handle bresh." And Tempy had seen a man "comin' down the mountain, leavin' shinin' footprints," and bidding her keep in the strait and narrow path. Old Peter, with his low and musical voice, confessed that he had felt a hand in his, one night, leading him back, when he was "on de wrong road." And little Manse gave a recital of such marvelous inconsistency that no one raised a hymn when he finished; but his grandfather offered up a fervent prayer for liars and the new generation of "little niggers." Many had spoken, and the hours passed, when the critical moment arrived.

The Rev. Joshua Sims realized when too late that he was at a great disadvantage. Unless Lazarus should give in his experience first, he would have the closing; and Lazarus had a rampant, tropical fancy which, once set free, was an uncertain factor in any experience meeting. Besides this, Lazarus possessed a sense of humor, and, from long association with Sims, had acquired a readiness that was not discreditable to his model; moreover, he knew his antagonist's record.

The preacher had waited patiently, with the hope that the other would speak first and sacrifice the advantage of position; but that worthy sat with his chin upon his hands, and his hands crossed over his stick, absorbed in thought. Occasionally he nodded his head, but whether as an indorsement of some sentiment expressed, or in acceptance of some thought that came to him, will never be known. Certain it is, however, that once his form shook with emotion, and a broad smile flashed upon the placid vacancy of his aged countenance; but people often laugh in church from emotion not allied to fun. Still, the preacher did not like that silent demonstration, and from time to time his eyes rested inquiringly upon the elder. When the last stretch of silence had remained unbroken until it was painful, he said in his friendliest tones:

"Brother Lazarus, can you shed any light on de darkness of dese po' souls ter-night?"

Lazarus looked sleepily upon him, and replied slowly:

"Hold de candle, Brother Sims, tel I look over Jordan. Mebbe I can find de troof dere!"

No man knew better than Joshua Sims the strength and weakness of the negro character. Never in his ministry did he show anger, never did he abuse. The negro fattens on scolding, and while excusing himself generally excuses his critic also. But ridicule is torture. Laughing faces and curious eyes turned upon him can come as near making the uneducated country negro a sick man as any combination under the sun. Sims usually crucified his victim with metaphor, a parable or story; and when, still seated in his broad, deep chair in front of the pulpit, he began his remarks, the silence of the room was as the silence of the gallows when the sheriff lays hand on the lever.

"Dearly beloved," he began, "one er de riches' white men what ever live in dis kentry was name' Dives. He was big rich, but not in grace. He come of bad stock, 'cause es pa make es money 'fo' de war, tradin' niggers. After he done dead, es son, dis hyah same Dives I 'm talkin' 'bout, tek es money an' trade mules, same as es pa trade niggers; an' fus' thing yer know, he done lay by er thousan' million dollars in de 'change bank yonner in Macon, an' don't ask nobody any odds, but des set esse'f down ter live. Now, dere was livin' on de Dives place er po' ole nigger name' Lazy. Dat war n't es rale name, dearly beloved; it was des er nickname. His name sho' 'nuff was Lazarus."

A ripple of excitement, followed by a distinct laugh from little Manse, drew a mild look of inquiry from the speaker; and the

presiding elder withered the guilty party with a stare of such ferocity that the little fellow's jaw fell, and he slid along his bench precipitately, and finally sat upon the floor with a loud thump. When he had arisen, and the excitement had subsided, the preacher continued:

"Somehow, dey got fust ter callin' 'im Lazy-urous, an' fum dat hit worked down ter Lazy. Hit was er name made for de man, an' hit fit 'im like er new back-ban' on er pasture-mule."

Again the preacher paused, and poured a look of mild rebuke over the audience; for several women were hunching one another and ducking their heads in silent laughter. Their mirth died out when they encountered the eyes of Brother Lazarus.

"Ol' Unc' Lazy knocked off work, one year, when es young Marse Dives comed out ter spen' de summer on es place, an' hung roun' de house. But law! he never knowed what hard times was tel he got ter settin' up wid dat white man; fer hard times an' Dives trabble tergedder, han' en han', an' when yer met one yer met de t'other. Unc' Lazy lef' ev'ything ter run hitse'f dat year; es cotton went ter grass, an' de lambs of de church got scattered en de hills an' swamp,—for he was de presidin' elder,—an' fo' of 'em died plum' dead!"

"Dar, now!" said Emanuel, involuntarily; and everybody laughed—everybody but Lazarus, who photographed upon his brain the rash speaker's image. Joshua Sims wrinkled his forehead as one who is resolutely patient under annoyance, and waited until order was restored.

"Den, dearly beloved, Unc' Lazy knowed what hit was ter put es trus' en princes. He got so pow'ful weak an' po', he was hongry all time; an' he go an' set esse'f down by es Marse Dives while 'e was er-eatin'; an' when dey fetch in dat barbecue shote, what was des er-layin' on de dish, smilin' wid es eyes shet, an' weepin' brown gravy down enter er collar of sweet 'taters—"

"Hush, man, hush!" exclaimed an earnest voice somewhere; and Emanuel, reaching back, shook hands with Peter, amid subdued applause.

"—When he seed dat shote, an' de niggers rushin' en fum de kitchen wid hot biscuit, b'iled bacon, fried greens, an' big hominy an' cracklin' bread, an' de air of de room was full er misery, es heart fairly died, an' he groan, des so: 'Oh, Marse Dives, I so hongry!' An' dat white man sorter look down over es shoulder to whar po' ole Lazy was er-settin' on de flo', like he was greatly s'prised. 'Have er crum',' 'e say, des so, 'have a crum'!' An' wid dat 'e bresh de table wid er backhanded lick, an' smile at de gal what was swingin' de peacock feathers, 'cause 'e knowed ole Lazy had ter scramble fer dat much wid de setter dog.

"An' den come mo' trouble; for dat white man des natchully mean ernuff ter drink six glasses of 'simmon beer right 'fo' es nigger's eyes, an' finish wid de jug. An' when po' ole Lazy say, 'Oh, Marse Dives, I so thirsty,' 'e say, 'Go down ter de spring branch, back er de house, nigger, an' git some water.' An' den he an' de nigger wid de fly-bresh laugh erg'in. You kin always 'pend on de fly-bresh nigger ter laugh.

"An' so hit went on all dat summer; an' po' ole Lazy git so thin, when 'e swaller er grape you could see whar hit stopped; but es Marse Dives he git fat tel de fall er de year come. Den, one day, es Marse Dives tek sick, an' de docters come, an' say one of es livers is out er gear; an' dey cut 'im open, an' tek er muscadine seed outer es vermyfuge pendulum, ter be in de fashion. Den, while dey was threadin' de needle ter sew 'im up erg'in, es little soul climbed outer hits nes' like a young jay-bird, an' hit kerplunk 'way down yonner en de lake er fire, 'fo' dey knowed it was gone."

"Amen!" said Peter, fervently, and then stirred uneasily, because the eyes of Lazarus sought him.

"Well," continued the preacher, "den Unc' Lazy fairly perish fum de face of de yarth, an' make only ha'f a load for de angel what come down ter fetch 'im up; for dere war n't nuthin' seeyus charged erg'inst de ole man, 'cep'in' es laziness, an' hit was borned en 'im. An' somep'n' had ter be done ter make Dives feel bad, outside er de burnin'. So de good angel sail off wid Unc' Lazy; an' when he got up to whar Peter had de gates cracked, Peter up an' say, 'I think,' sez 'e, des so, 'fum de way dat po' soul holds esse'f, hit mus' sho'ly be Unc' Lazy.' An' de angel say, 'Oom hoo!' Den Peter say, sorter puzzled-like, 'Who gwine tend 'im, chile?' An' de angel 'e don't know. Den Peter stick es keys back en es belt, an' say, 'Dat nigger b'long ter de tribe er Ham, an' Aberham is 'sponsible for 'im. Go tek 'im ter de ole man, my son, an' tell 'im de cusses an' chickens sometimes come home ter roost tergedder.' An' de angel come ercross ole man Aberham settin' under er fig-bush, smokin' es pipe, an' he do like de angel tell 'im."

By this time Joshua Sims's audience had

recovered from their spasm of solemnity, and were laughing as only plantation negroes can laugh. To add to the interest of the situation, Lazarus, under the mimicry of the preacher and his biting satire, had been settling in his seat until his head was below the level of their gaze. The curious, back of the first row, could only behold him by rising and peeping over the shoulders in front, and this they did whenever a new point was made, greatly adding to his distress. The preacher had not looked toward his victim, but his eyes brightened with the applause, and he rose to greater heights.

"Well, dearly beloved, Aberham war n't no man ter go back on es kin; an' yet he was er little bit 'shamed fer folks ter see 'im. So 'e des open de bosom of es puffy shirt,—one of dese hyah neggigent shirts de town boys wear out ter picnics,—an' 'e say ve'y kindly ter de angel, 'Drap 'im en dere, my frien'; drap 'im en dere. I 'll tend 'im tel he rests up an' gits es secon' win'.' An' de angel drapped 'im, an' Father Aberham comb es whiskers er little wid es lef' han', an' look roun'. An' ain't nobody know what done happen.

"But hit war n't ve'y long, dearly beloved, 'fo' Unc' Lazy, who done gone right ter sleep, was waked up by hyahin' er voice he knowed risin' outer de depths like er man talkin' fum er well, sayin', 'Oh, Father Aberham, I so hongry!' An' Father Aberham open es eye an' say ter ole Lazy, 'Elder, hyah dat?' An' ole Lazy say, 'Oom hoo! I hyah 'im.' Den sez Father Aberham, 'Well, well! Why n't yer talk back?' Wid dat de shirt-front sorter stir er little, an' ole man Lazy sing out, 'Have er crum'.' An' Father Aberham laugh tel es whiskers trimble. But Dives come erg'in. 'Oh, Father Aberham, I so thirsty!' An' ole Lazy sing out erg'in, 'Go down ter de spring branch, back er de house, honey, an' try some water!' An' Father Aberham shake all over, an' say ter esse'f, 'Sho'ly dis is er merry dog!'

"But bimeby Dives give a mighty shout what wake up ev'ybody: 'Oh, Father Aberham, I do beseech yer, let Unc' Lazy come down hyah an' des so much as wet de end of my tongue wid one drap er water!' Well, dearly beloved, dat was somethin' else; dat was *work*, an' de los' of er fat job. Dat puffy shirt stirred pow'fully like er sack wid er pig in hit. De front flied open, an' out pops ole Lazy like a red-headed woodpecker fum er hole in er tree. He mek er horn outer es two han's, ter shout back in mighty anger; but Father Aberham tech 'im on de shoulder. 'No bad words, elder!' he say, des so, 'no bad words!' An' ole Lazy sorter laugh, an' drap back in es warm nes'. 'I was des 'bout ter tell 'im ter go somewhar,' he say; 'an', bless my soul, *he already done gone dere!* Let de po' white trash burn!'"

The laughter that followed this was prolonged many minutes, and was a tribute not only to the skill and power of the preacher, but to Lazarus; for the ingenious turn given at the close made him a sort of hero, and the laugh was at his wit, not at him.

Gradually, under the realization of this fact, he assumed an upright position, and his courage returned. He arose gravely, and, crossing over, shook hands with the preacher, and resumed his seat. It was a happy demonstration.

"Look out, now!" said little Manse, "look out for Unc' Lazarus!" And this clearly voiced warning stilled the tumult and turned all eyes upon the elder. Perceiving his own danger, Joshua Sims gave out the doxology; but Lazarus waved his hand, and no one raised the tune. He sat in silent reverie until the strain upon the audience became almost painful; then he said, imitating Joshua Sims's voice perfectly:

"Dearly beloved, you have hyard fum Brother Sims. Now let er po' ole man hold er candle for yo' wand'rin' feet erbout er minute!"

"Amen!" "Sho'ly!" "Yes, Lord!" Such were the responses that came to him; and assured by these, he began in a low, earnest voice:

"I was er-settin' down yonner on de san'-bar t'other side de pond, las' week, studyin' how I could save souls, dearly beloved, an' gether my crop same time, when somep'n' happen dat 'stonish me. I look up, an' yonner come er man walkin' wid what look like er kivered umberella. 'Fo' I done seed 'im good I say, 'Huh! da' 's Mister Ed'ards come back fum de salt water, an' he goin' ter queshum me now 'bout what dese hyah niggers be'n doin' while 'e gone'; an' I sorter brace myse'f ter tell 'im de troof, when I see hit war n't 'im, but fum de way he was gittin' 'bout under de limbs an' bushes, look like Mister Wimbly, what sometimes comes er-fishin'. An' den I say, seein' 'im straighten up an' rear back as 'e walk, steppin' high: 'No; dat mus' be Marse George Dunc'n!' Den I say, 'No; sho'ly, fum de way he hol' es head an' tote dat umberella, hit 's Jedge Speer, an' 'e out er-lookin' for moonshiners.' Wid dat I sorter laugh, 'cause I knowed how col' de trail was roun' dere. But hit war n't

de jedge; hit was er strange man, dress ter kill, an' makin' esse'f free wid ev'ything like 'e done own hit. He come an' stood on de san'-bar, an' look erbout, sorter whistlin' easy ter esse'f, an' not botherin' 'bout me. Bimeby he strip de kiver off dat thing en es han', an' I see 't war n't no umberella, but look like one er dese hyah j'inted rods; an' in erbout two minutes he done screwed hit tergedder, put in er little wheel, run out er line, an' was tyin' on er hook. I look ter see what he goin' ter fish wid, but dere war n't no sign of er bait-gourd, an' I say, 'Dis hyah some newfangle' thing ter fool dem trout, an' Mister Ed'ards goin' ter hol' me 'sponsible.' Sez I, 'I 'll des step up an' brace 'im one time, anyhow'; an' so I walk roun' 'im tel my shadder hit 'im en de eye, an' I say, ve'y perlite: ''Scuse me, boss, but I 'spec' you done bought dis place, ain't yer?'

"Wid dat he smile little bit, an' say, 'No; Unc' Lazarus; but I own most er de niggers.'

"Wid dat I natchully fell back, 'cause dat man know my name, an' es smile gi' me er chill on my back. When I git my breath, I walk roun' de t'other side, an' say erg'in, ''Scuse me, sah, 'scuse me; but dis hyah place is posted!'

"Wid dat, dearly beloved, he smile ter esse'f erg'in, as he fix on es hook, an' 'e say, 'Ah!'—des so,—'ah! Well, dat 's all right, ole man; I 'm posted merse'f.'

"An' wid dat he sorter look back over es shoulder at me an' smile erg'in; an', 'fo' God, de col' chill an' de hot chill chase one ernudder up an' down my back tel I fa'rly staggered, puffec'ly pluralized wid 'stonishment. Fum dat time I could n't do nothin' but stan' by an' hol' my jaw.

"Den dat white man start out ter fish. He tek er little red ribbin fum es hat, an' twis' hit roun' es hook, an' flung hit erway out yonner in de pond. Dearly beloved, I look down dere den, an' seem like ter me hit war n't water but air I see, hit was so clear. Look like de worl' was in de pond, an' I could see all sorts er souls swimmin' roun' er layin' up en de shadder of de lily-pads. 'Mongst dat crowd I seen little Manse wid er mouf like er catfish, an' Aunt Chloe an' Manuel an' Peter an' Tattlin' Tilly, an' er heap more. An', dearly beloved, I seen down dere Brother Sims, layin' up erg'inst er log, wid er white skin drawed over es eye, payin' no 'tention ter de crowd swimmin' roun'. 'Spec' he was studyin' up dat 'sperience wid Dives an' ole Lazy."

As the rippling merriment of his hearers broke into a tumultuous laugh, Lazarus smiled grimly.

"Well, when dat hook wid de ribbin drap down in dat crowd, hit drap right front er Brother Sims's nose; but he did n't 'pear ter know hit was dere. Lots er dem po' souls started for it; but Chloe got dere fust, an' smiled hit right enter her mouf. An' de gemman gi' es pole er flip, an' nex' minute Chloe was flutt'rin' in de san' behind 'im. He des twis' de hook out 'er mouf, an' say, des so: 'Yer can allus ketch er country nigger like dat—wid er ribbin.'"

A commotion in Chloe's neighborhood showed where the shell had burst. Brother Sims arose with dignity.

"Brother Lazarus," he said slowly, "is yer makin' up er story on dis occasion, or is yer tellin' er 'sperience? 'Cause—"

"Tellin' er 'sperience, Brother Sims; same sort er 'sperience ole Unc' Lazy had. An' hit 's too late now ter back down. Face de light, Brother Sims; face de light!"

Brother Sims resumed his seat, while those in the rear of the room crowded forward eagerly.

"An' den, dearly beloved, dat white man re'ch back in de bresh behind 'im, an' find er little round cucumber, an' put hit on es hook, sayin', wid es eye on Brother Sims, 'I reck'n dis 'll fetch 'im.' Hit war n't bigger 'n er hick'ry-nut, but soon as hit teched de water hit look like er forty-pound melon. Hit fell right in front er Brother Sims; an' all 'e do was ter let er bubble come right up fum es nose an' bus' on top er de water, like 'e was sayin', 'Yer can't fool me.' But Manse, little Manse, lyin' little Manse, des wiggle esse'f for'd, an' open es big mouf. 'Fo' yer could bat yo' eyes, Manse was gapin' on de san', swearin' *he* did n' steal fum *no*body."

At the mention of water-melons, Manse, who had recently had trouble in Lazarus's patch, glided through the crowd and out of the door. When his punishment arrived no eye could find him. He appeared afterward at the window, contributing a horse-laugh from time to time. Lazarus continued:

"'I think,' said de gemman, 'I 'd er fetched 'im but for dat big-mouf hornyhead gittin' de bait. But yer goin' ter hyah fum em dis time.' An' wid dat 'e put on er little bottle er whisky what holds er sample, an' gi' hit er curl in de air; but when hit teched de water, Brother Sims he still ersleep; an' hit did n' mek no difference ef 'e was erwake, 'cause Brother Manuel come fum somewhar en de moss wid er rush, an' hit dat bottle so

hard he run plum' ergroun'. De gemman kick 'im high up onter de san', an' say, 'Ef I 'd knowed Manuel was down dere I 'd er run 'im off wi' de pole, 'cause nobody can beat Manuel gittin' ter er bottle er whisky.' But by dis time Brother Sims done waked up an' was swimmin' roun' en er ring. De gemman did n't have nair 'nother bottle, so 'e had ter try er new bait. He des shek er bush, an' er young bird drapped down. 'Putty good chicken en de water!' 'e say, des so, an' 'e strung 'im on es hook. He drop dis right 'fo' Brother Sims's nose; but hit only made er little shiver run down es side-fins, an' 'e back off suspicious-like. Nobody can't fool Brother Sims when hit comes ter chicken. But hit fooled ole Peter. He landed en de san' wid de chicken en es mouf an' de legs stick'n' out through es gills.

"An' so hit went. Dat man des stan' up dere an' ketch mighty nigh de whole Holly Bluff crowd; an' hit made my heart ache, 'cause dere was *some* good folks dere. But Brother Sims still keep er-swimmin' roun' an' roun', an' lay low; an' den de gemman stop an' scratch es head er little, an' den he smile ter esse'f. He tek er little yaller mud, an' roll hit an' twis' hit tel hit look like er doll. He stick some white rocks en de mouf for teef, an' two huckleberries for eyes, an' fum er bush whar black sheep be'n scratch esse'f he pull some wool an' stick hit en de doll's head. Den 'e tear up es red handk'chi'f; an' 'fo' yer could bat yer eye he done dress dat doll ter kill! I was er-lookin' at 'im wid my mouf wide open. Done dress dat doll ter kill! An' 'e snatch up er little dry grass, an' plat er hat; an' knock down er hummin'-bird, what come erlong, wid es pole, an' put 'im on de far side er de hat; an' des stretch out es han' an' say:

'Ki, yi!
Kee, yee!
Butterfly,
Come ter me!'

An' er big yaller butterfly come an' balance esse'f on es finger, pumpin' wid es wings; an' he sot 'er on de nigh side. All time 'e doin' dis 'e singin' sof' ter esse'f. Den he hol' out es han' wid de doll stan'in' en hit, an' 'e say, 'How is dat, ole man?' An' I say, 'Sho'ly you is er king en er circus!'

"Well, dearly beloved, 'e put dat doll on es hook, an' look at me. 'What yer bet dis time, ole man?' 'e say, des so. An' I say, 'Gi' me yo' side de game, an' I bet er million!' He laugh, an' gi' de bait er whirl, dearly beloved—"

"Brother Lazarus," said Joshua Sims, rising, and drawing an old-fashioned silver watch from his fob with dignified formality, "'fo' yer fling dat line,—I hates ter break inter yer 'sperience,—but hit 's er long way ter Smyrna, an' I better be goin'!"

"No, Brother Sims; yer can't start tel de moon comes up, an' hit ain't come up yit! He gi' de bait er whirl, dearly beloved—"

"Brother Lazarus, des er minute 'fo' yer fling dat line—"

"He gi' dat bait er whirl, dearly beloved, 'way over de water ter drap in de right place; but hit never drapped. Brother Sims made er rush, an' meet hit en de air. He broke water, an' come cl'ar out by esse'f, an' fell ten foot up de bank, wid de bait an' hook an' fo' foot er line out er sight en es mouf. An' de noise 'e made was like de flop of er twenty-foot plank."

So great was the confusion at this point, the voice of Lazarus was drowned out. Brother Sims was down in the crowd, working toward the door, but purposely obstructed by the laughing members of his flock. Lazarus stood in a chair and shouted:

"An' den dat white man turn an' look at me wid one eye shet; an' es fine shoes an' clothes drapped off, an' es hoofs come out, an' es fishin'-pole turn ter er forked tail, an' I knowed 'im for de Ole Man. Oh, Brother Sims! Face de light, brother; face de light!"

The crowd took up the shout. Brother Sims turned at the door, with a last effort at dignity.

"I knowed him den for de Ole Man," continued Lazarus, shouting above the din, "what made Dives call fer water. Face de light, Brother Sims!"

Brother Sims was shaking hands and getting out.

"De moon is er-risin', Brother Lazarus, an' hit 's er long way down ter Smyrna."

The laughing crowd followed him out, and their voices filled the piny woods. As they separated toward the cabin lights far and near, suddenly, away off in the shadows, the rich barytone of Manse came floating back, as clear as a bell:

Play on yo' harp, little David;
Hally-lu, hally-lu!
Little David, play on yo' harp;
Hally-lu!

This ringing chorus, always a challenge for the improvisors, was instantly caught up

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

"'BROTHER LAZARUS, DES ER MINUTE 'FO' YER FLING DAT LINE—'"

in every direction. As it died out there was a pause, and again Manse's voice was heard:

Debble he stan' on er nec' er lan',
An' he fish for de soul of er mortal man.

Once more the ready voices united:

Play on yo' harp, little David;
Hally-lu, hally-lu!
Little David, play on yo' harp;
Hally-lu!

And then little Manse settled a debt and made a name for himself; for to the silence that followed he gave these lines:

Debble got er fryin'-pan settin' on de burner:
Lay low, Br'er Sims, when yer git down ter Smyrna!
Play on yo' harp, little David.

And long the laughing voices echoed in the pines.

"I OPENED ALL THE PORTALS WIDE."

BY KATE CHOPIN.

I OPENED all the portals wide
To swallows on the wing.
It matters not what now betide:
I 've had the taste, the touch, the breath, the scent and song of spring.

Oh, fair, sweet spring! abide with me
In joy the whole time long;
Bring all thy life, thy light, with thee:
I fain would keep thy taste, thy touch, thy scent, O spring! thy song.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JOSIAH BRADLEE (LUCY HALL).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

GILBERT STUART'S return to this country marks an important epoch in American art. At the time of his coming back there were only four portrait-painters of ability in the land, each one of them, however, being a much better painter than is commonly credited, which is doubtless largely owing to Stuart's overshadowing them. This quartet was Charles Willson Peale, Matthew Pratt, Ralph Earl, and John Trumbull. Peale's early portraits are most excellent pictures; but his later ones, by which, unfortunately, he is best known, are mere perfunctory efforts with which to cover his museum walls; yet but for these inartistic works we would be without any delineation of some of the foremost patriots of the Revolution. Pratt was an artist of distinction, and many portraits ascribed, with reverence, to the brush of Copley, are from the easel of Matthew Pratt. Earl, but for his dissipated habits, might have reaped a reward commensurate with his ability, which was of no mean order; indeed, so good a painter was he that a portrait of Mrs. Richard Yates, in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, ascribed to Stuart, is unquestionably the work of Ralph Earl. Trumbull needs no comment; his works are well known, and while very unequal, his best are exceedingly good. But not one of these men was adequately employed when Stuart opened his studio in New York, in the early winter of 1793.

Why, when Stuart came back to America to paint the portrait of Washington,—even though, as we have seen, it was not out of patriotism or admiration for the man, but "to make a fortune,"—he should have waited two years before visiting Philadelphia, where the President resided, we do not know. It was not on account of over-employment in New York, for there are comparatively few portraits painted there by Stuart at that time. There are, however, a few signally fine ones. What is claimed to be, and very likely is, the first one Stuart painted after his return, is a superb canvas of the distinguished jurist and president of Columbia College, William Samuel Johnson, in his scarlet hood of an Oxford doctor of civil law, an honorary degree conferred upon him by the university in 1776. Soon after, Stuart limned John Jay in his robes as chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—a black-silk gown, faced with salmon-colored satin and having a white edge. Stuart had painted in London an earlier portrait of Mr. Jay, which, in good Stuart fashion, was left there with the head only finished, and so found some years later by Trumbull, who was Jay's secretary, and who completed the picture. There is a particular interest attached to Stuart's London portrait of Jay. It is identical with the portrait of Jay in an unfinished painting of the "Signing of the Treaty of Peace," at Kingston Hall, Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Belper. This painting is attributed to West, but has little resemblance to that painter's work. Belonging to the same period as the Jay and Johnson portraits is the fine half-length of General Gates in uniform, full of character and strength. Of course Stuart painted some others at this period, but none of importance, either as to subject or work.

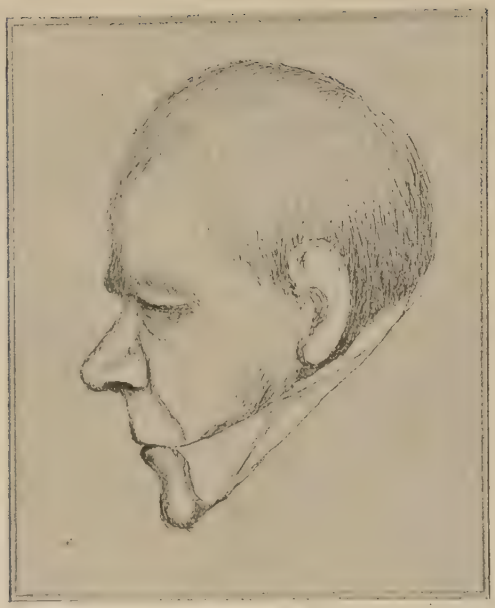
Gilbert Stuart went to reside in Philadelphia about New Year, 1795, and there he painted his famous life-portraits of Washington, three in number.

The portrait of Mrs. Josiah Bradlee belongs to a later period than any of Stuart's portraits of women heretofore reproduced in this series. It was painted soon after Stuart's removal to Boston, which took place in 1805, and is a very charming, delicately painted panel, which Mr. Wolf has rendered with ample justice. Lucy Hall, who became the wife of Josiah Bradlee, one of Boston's foremost shipping merchants, was the daughter of Benjamin Hall of Medford, Massachusetts, who was the leading citizen of that town in Revolutionary days. Her mother, Lucy Tufts, was a lineal descendant of Thomas Dudley, deputy governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1650. Mrs. Bradlee's portrait by Stuart, with a companion portrait of Mr. Bradlee, is owned by her daughter, Mrs. Lucy Hall Shober, a lady living in Philadelphia, in her ninety-sixth year.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF MRS. LUCY HALL SHOBER, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JOSIAH BRADLEE (LUCY HALL).



WALTER SCOTT, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, 9TH JUNE, 1825.

UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SKETCHED BY A CONTEMPORARY, JOHN SHERIFF OF EDINBURGH.

BY JOHN THOMSON.

JOHN SHERIFF was better known as "Dr. Syntax," which cognomen he derived from his bearing a striking resemblance to the caricatures by the celebrated Rowlandson which adorn the book (at that time well known), "A Tour in Search of the Picturesque by Dr. Syntax." Sheriff was a conspicuous character in Edinburgh during the first half of the present century, and after the publication of the book referred to was universally denominated and recognized as "Dr. Syntax."

Dr. Syntax lacked stability and steadiness of purpose, with the result that he never attained to fame or worldly success. Tall and almost gaunt in appearance, with much quaintness and oddity of manner, and dressing in a style completely out of touch with the fashions of the time, he naturally attracted attention. He was of a quiet and inoffensive disposition; but though in most respects a pronounced eccentric, he was recognized as having great aptitude in sketching the human face and figure. He followed no regular occupation, and, lacking means, he was not infrequently the recipient of a kindly charity bestowed on him by friends, who, despite his peculiarities, were affectionately drawn to him. His time was largely spent in visiting places of public resort, such as the law-courts, the city churches, the classes in the university, public meetings, and, when sitting, the General Assembly, his purpose being to take notes, but more especially to sketch the various speakers or other prominent persons that might take his fancy. He was engaged in this work for about thirty years, and during that period produced a very large number of sketches. Many of these, it is to be regretted, have been lost, but close on a thousand still remain. The greater number are in pen and ink, some in pencil, and a few in water-color. These embrace the more prominent Edinburgh professors, judges, clergymen, doctors, and town councilors of his time, including notables in other parts of Scotland. The doctor was privileged with easy access to the

university classes, and many of his favorite professors are reproduced in various attitudes. A few of the sketches may perhaps be regarded as somewhat stiff and lacking in artistic beauty, but if such defects exist, they are largely compensated for by the realism that marks the doctor's productions. The various subjects were depicted while all unconscious of the artist's operations; and thus, in the absence of pose and preparation, they were delineated exactly as he saw them.

As adjunct to the scanty letterpress regarding Sheriff, portraits of the artist are here introduced, the two together giving some idea of the unknown genius whose recently unearthed sketches of Sir Walter Scott now see the light. These portraits are marked "No. 1" and "No. 2." No. 1 is from a sketch by Sheriff himself. No. 2 is from a caricature portrait by Crombie in "Modern Athenians." A notice of Sheriff by John Hill Burton is to be found in the "Life of Professor John Wilson," better known as "Christopher North," by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon; also in Crombie's "Modern Athenians" and other works of the period. He was not a native of Edinburgh, and is believed to have been born in the south of Scotland. He is buried in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, the grave being marked by a modest tombstone bearing the following inscription: "In memory of John Sheriff, who died 17th August, 1844. Erected by those who mourn the loss of 'Syntax.'"

NO. 1. JOHN SHERIFF (DR. SYNTAX).
From a sketch by himself.

NO. 2. JOHN SHERIFF (DR. SYNTAX).
From a sketch by Crombie.

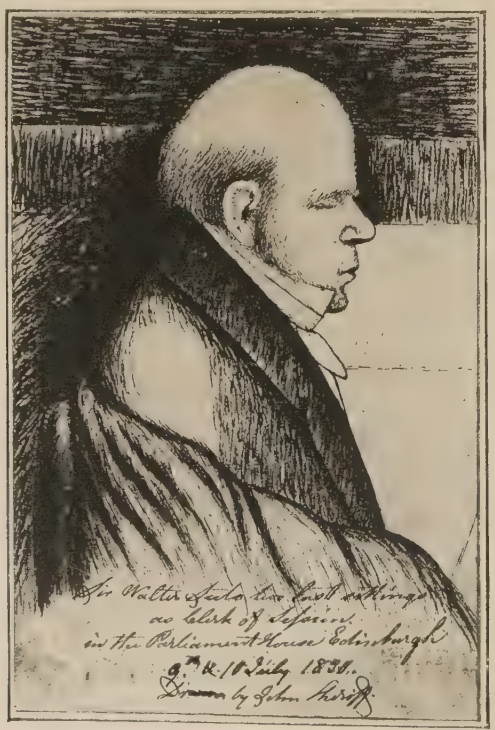
In his "Miscellaneous Essays" (page 129, People's Edition) Carlyle says: "*Any* representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure which *he* saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be, in a deeper or less deep degree, the universal one; and every student and reader of history, who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of fact and *man* this or the other vague historical *name* can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a portrait, for all the reasonable portraits there are, and never rest till he have made out, if possible, what the man's natural face was like." And to this the Sage of Chelsea adds: "And all this is quite apart from the *artistic* value of the portraits." Fortified with such an authority, no apology is needed for bringing this new and interesting series of sketches of Sir Walter Scott to public notice.

Sheriff's portraits of Scott represent the

author under varying attitudes and changeful moods, as he sat in court discharging his official duties, all unconscious that he was being made the subject of the artist's skill. In Allan's "Life of Scott," written immediately after his death, but not issued till 1834, the writer, in making special reference to his manner and appearance in court, says: "Frequently Scott sat doing nothing but staring about him in a vacant manner, with his under lip far drawn into his mouth, as if he experienced a difficulty in breathing. At such times his countenance seemed to have rather a stolid expression; but to those who examined it closely it evidently arose from the intensity of internal rumination." The same writer adds that when Scott saw any one or anything in court which tickled his fancy, "his eyes, which in what may be termed the moments of repose gave little animation to his features, appeared then to light up the whole visage with the sunshine of humor. . . . They were surrounded by numerous diverging lines, which increased greatly the expression of the ludicrous in his countenance, and possessed the extraordinary property of shutting as much from below as above."

From Syntax's unpublished sketches we give here two out of the dozen or more drawings made by him of Sir Walter. The first is a sketch of the head only, in pen and ink, giving a side view. It has the following inscription at the foot: "Parliament House, Edinburgh, 9th June, 1825."

A peculiar interest attaches to the second sketch of Scott that we give, inasmuch as the sketch was completed on what must be regarded as a memorable occasion, namely, during the last appearance of Scott in his position as clerk to the Court of Session. This important fact is ascertained, as will be seen, from the following inscription on the portrait: "Sir Walter Scott's two last sittings as Clerk of Session in the Parliament House, Edinburgh, 9th and 10th July, 1830. Drawn by John Sheriff."



SCOTT, AS CLERK OF THE COURT OF SESSION, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, 1830.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

RHYMERS and writers of our day,
Too much of melancholy!
Give us the old heroic lay;
A whiff of wholesome folly;
The escapade, the dance;
A touch of wild romance.
Wake from this self-conscious fit;
Give us again Sir Walter's wit;
His love of earth, of sky, of life;
His ringing page with humor rife;
His never-weary pen;
His love of men!

II.

Builder of landscape, who could make
Turret and tower their stations take
Brave in the face of the sun;
Of many a mimic world creator,
Alive with fight and strenuous fun;
Of nothing human he the hater.
Nobly could he plan:
Master of nature, master of man.

III.

Sometimes I think that He who made us,
And on this pretty planet laid us,
Made us to work and play
Like children in the light of day—
Not like plodders in the dark,
Searching with lanterns for some mark
To find the way.
After the stroke of pain,
Up and to work again!

IV.

Such was his life, without reproach or fear.
And at the end,
When Heaven bent down and whispered in his ear
The word God's saints waited and longed to hear,
I ween he was as quick as they to comprehend;
And when he passed beyond the goal,
Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE.

WILLIAMINA STUART.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

What a romance to tell! and told it will one day be; . . . but the dead will feel no pain.

THESE words were written by Sir Walter Scott in his private journal, in the year 1827, exactly thirty years after the winter day in 1797 which had seen his first love—the object of his intense and long-enduring attachment—pass out of his life forever as the bride of one of his own most faithful friends. They were written just seventeen years after that hour in 1810 when Williamina Stuart's heart-broken husband had laid her in the grave, from which he turned away to hide himself and his undying grief in complete seclusion.

It is this romance which we are about to tell; and if he who consoled himself with the thought that in death he would feel no pain could know of our purpose, we cannot doubt that he would rejoice in it: for our object is to relate the true history of this romance, which has, unfortunately, been already given to the world in a totally inaccurate form—one in which aspersions that are as unjust as they are mistaken are cast on the character and conduct of the gentle, high-minded lady whom Sir Walter justly loved and honored. Nor is it only in printed records that she has been misjudged: public opinion has attributed to her unworthy motives, in her mode of dealing with her poet lover, which had no existence in reality, and would have been impossible to one of her pure and generous disposition.

We are in a position, from family connections and the possession of numerous letters written by the lady herself and by her mother, to tell this touching romance as it really occurred, and as it has never yet been told in its true proportions.

PAINTED BY COSWAY. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY FRANK FRENCH.

WILLIAMINA, LADY STUART FORBES.

Unpublished miniature at Fettercairn. Inscription written by her mother, Lady Jane Stuart, probably in 1796:

"Even Cosway's flattering pencil cannot grace
That dear, that charming form, that matchless face;
Nature alone can justice do to these,
Tho' Cosway's pencil never fails to please."

Williamina Stuart was the only child of Sir John Wishart Belsches Stuart and his wife, the Lady Jane, daughter of David, seventh Earl of Leven and Melville.

In Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" the Christian name of the lady who was his first love is given as Margaret; but that is a mistake—due, probably, to the idea existing in some quarters that he had portrayed her in Margaret of Branksome, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." That also is a mistaken theory, for we have seen an autograph letter from himself to Miss Edgeworth, in which he states that the description of Matilda in "Rokeby" was the only one in which he ever attempted to picture the appearance and character of her he had so loved and lost. "Williamina" was her only baptismal name, given to her in honor of her grandmother, the Countess of Leven and Melville, a lady greatly distinguished in her day by her beauty and amiability. But from infancy the fair young girl, who was all the world to Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart,

was known under the short, familiar name of "Willie," by which designation they speak of her, in letters still extant, "as the very joy and delight of their lives."

Miss Stuart was not quite twenty years of age at the time of her marriage, but during her short period of girlhood the fascination which she seems to have exercised over all who came near her was very remarkable. Some portraits of her which still exist show her to have been very beautiful, although, unhappily, the one that has been engraved most frequently is taken from a badly executed attempt at a likeness, which does not in the least resemble her.

Her own letters and those of her mother prove her to have been of a singularly noble and refined nature. But the mere possession of beauty, either of mind or of person, would not wholly account for the attraction by which she seems to have drawn to herself various distinguished men whose talents and culture would have been likely to render them fastidious. Walter Scott was not the only man of genius who succumbed to her witchery, and we can perhaps best explain the secret of her involuntary power by quoting the words of a clever writer who calls attention to "that mysterious gift of charm which, like magic, gives to some men and women a wholly unexplained influence and ascendancy over their kind. We now and again come across some person to whom all things are forgiven because they possess this extraordinary charm. No one can say in what it consists; it neither belongs especially to beauty, nor yet to talent, nor to goodness . . . in life. It is impossible to get behind the secret of charm."

It may be well to give here Sir Walter's own description of Williamina, under that of the fictitious heroine in "Rokeby":

> Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
> Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
> Half hid and half revealed to view
> Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
> The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
> So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
> That you had said her hue was pale:
> But if she faced the summer gale,
> Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
> Or heard the praise of those she loved, . . .
> The mantling blood in ready play
> Rivaled the blush of rising day.
> There was a soft and pensive grace,
> A cast of thought upon her face,
> That suited well the forehead high,
> The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
> The mild expression spoke a mind
> In duty firm, composed, resigned. . . .
> In hours of sport, that mood gave way
> To Fancy's light and frolic play;
> And when the dance, or tale, or song,
> In harmless mirth sped time along,
> Full oft her doting sire would call
> His (Maud) the merriest of them all.

Sir Walter Scott's mother and the Lady Jane Stuart had been friends in earlier days; but the young people had never met till the morning when both, still unknown to each other, had joined in the Sunday service at the Old Greyfriars' Church in Edinburgh, and found it pouring with unexpected rain when they came out. Miss Stuart had no umbrella with her, and Sir Walter at once offered her his and escorted her home. The young lady could not then have been more than seventeen years of age, but the charm which in that first hour she exercised over Walter Scott was instantaneous and indelible. It endured more or less through all the vicissitudes of his life, and drew tears from his eyes in his old age, when she who then captivated him, heart and soul, had long been numbered with the dead. After this first meeting Scott sought anxiously for opportunities of being again with her who had so fascinated him. His mother and Lady Jane resumed their former intimacy, and he seems to have been made very welcome at Sir John's house.

He was not then celebrated in any way; he had not even written his first poem, a translation of the ballad of "Lenore" by Bürger, and was simply a young advocate making his way at the bar. We have it, however, on the testimony of a lady who knew him well, that his personal appearance was at that time very engaging. Her description of him remains to us in these words:

> Young Scott was a comely creature. He had a fresh, brilliant complexion; his eyes were clear, open, and well set, with a changeful radiance; while the noble expanse and elevation of his brow gave to his whole aspect a dignity far above the charm of mere features. His smile was always delightful, and one can easily fancy the peculiar intermixture of tenderness and gravity with playful, innocent hilarity and humor in the expression as being well calculated to fix a lady's eye. His figure was eminently handsome, tall much above the usual standard, the head set on with singular grace, the throat and chest after the truest model of the antique, the hands delicately finished, the whole outline that of extraordinary vigor without a touch of clumsiness.

His father's house and that of Williamina's parents were very near together, and they met frequently so long as she remained

in Edinburgh; but a considerable portion of her time was spent at Melville House, the home of her grandfather, Lord Leven, as well as at Invermay, Sir John's country residence until he inherited the title and fortune of his Stuart ancestors, when he acquired the estate of Fettercairn, which became his daughter's permanent home till her marriage.

Williamina naturally saw much of the best society wherever she went, and she was greatly admired both for her beauty and her talents. She was highly accomplished in many ways: she painted well, played on the harp, and sang charmingly; she spoke French fluently, and enjoyed foreign literature as well as that of her own land. She had many admirers. Among them was the father of a distinguished man well known by reputation even in our own day, but on whom she seems never to have bestowed much attention.

Walter Scott was, however, undoubtedly by far the most ardent and devoted of all the aspirants to her favor, and no deeper, truer love was ever offered by one human being to another than that with which he worshiped Williamina Stuart for three long years in silence—in silence because Scott was extremely diffident. His prospects were at that time by no means brilliant, and his intense longing for her whom he termed the secret empress of his heart was so absolutely bound up with all his hopes of earthly happiness that he dared not by an open avowal risk the terribly critical question on which his fate depended. According to his own words,

> Silent he loved. In every gaze
> Was passion—friendship in his phrase.

The young people were apparently simply on friendly terms. They corresponded frequently, discussing different phases of literature, which interested both extremely; but the letters were all seen by Williamina's parents, and we have it on record that her father had no idea of the real nature of Scott's feelings toward her. His own father, Mr. Scott, had keener sight, and knowing that the young lady was highly connected, and had prospects in the future far above those of his own son, he deemed it his duty as an honorable man to speak on the subject to Sir John, saying frankly that he did not wish the matter to go any further without the express sanction of the lady's father. Sir John, however, while thanking Mr. Scott for his high-minded scruples, told him he believed he was quite mistaken in supposing there was anything more than the merest friendship between the young people; and as neither of them was ever told anything of this episode in their intimacy, matters went on as before.

Walter Scott's passionate attachment to his *chère adorable*, as he often called her, was, however, weighing very heavily upon his life; and it had a powerful influence in driving him to very hard work in his legal profession, which was somewhat uncongenial to his imaginative and poetic temperament, but which he knew might make him, in a worldly point of view, more eligible as a suitor to the aristocratic young lady.

A most serious mistake was made by Mr. Ruskin, when he criticized the writings and character of Sir Walter Scott, by the manner in which he estimated the poet's early attachment, and its influence on his life, declaring that he never knew *l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*. Apparently Ruskin judged in this erroneous fashion because Scott wrote very little about it; and we cannot do better than quote the words in which Mr. Andrew Lang has refuted this most false and misleading statement:

> It is necessary to differ from Mr. Ruskin when he says that Scott never knew *l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*. He whose heart (as he says himself) was broken for two years, and retained its crack till his dying day—he who, old and tried and near his death, was moved by the memory of the name which thirty years before he had cut in runic characters on the turf at the castle gate of St. Andrews—knew love too well to write of it much. He had won his ideal as alone an ideal can be won. He never lost her, because she was unattainable.
>
> "There are few," Scott wrote, "who have not broken ties of love, secret disappointments of the heart to mourn over." He could not be ever eager to recall them, and because he had known and always did know *l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*, a seal was set upon his lips.

We come now to the year 1796, the most momentous period in the history of this sad first love of a noble mind; and it is also the point from which may be said to date the calumnies that have darkened the memory of beautiful Williamina Stuart. These were twofold. It has been asserted, both in published statements and by the easily deceived *vox populi*, first, that after having given Walter Scott the utmost possible encouragement, and virtually engaged herself to him, she then deliberately threw him over when a more welcome lover appeared; secondly, that she did this dishonorable and cruel act from the most unworthy motives—because the

worldly position of the new suitor, heir to the title and wealth of the baronets of Pitsligo, was infinitely superior to that of the young and as yet unknown advocate. Now, the first of these calumnies is mainly founded on a false interpretation of a letter written by Williamina to Walter Scott, in answer to one from him. After three years of silent longing and devoted love, he had at last been unable to resist the temptation to tell her openly the real nature and depth of his feelings toward her, and had written all that was in his heart for her, without reserve. They were, as we have seen, in the habit of corresponding, and therefore a reply to this letter was no proof of any intention, on her part, to allow of a change in their relations. Scott, writing on the subject at the time to an intimate friend, admits that she distinctly urged upon him the "prudent line of conduct," which would leave their intercourse to be conducted, as before, on simple terms of friendship; and then he adds:

> I read over her epistle about ten thousand times, and always with new admiration of her generosity and candor. . . . It would be very difficult to describe the mixed feelings her letter occasioned, which, *entre nous*, terminated in a very hearty fit of crying.

Williamina had written with the gentleness and sweetness which were her prevailing characteristics, and probably from this fact Scott does seem to have, unfortunately, derived some hopes which had no real foundation, as it is plain that, although they met frequently afterward in Edinburgh, there was no change whatever in the footing on which they had always stood, and Scott apparently did not attempt any further avowal of his attachment. Just at this time he brought out his first poem, a splendid translation of the wild German ballad of "Lenore"; and a friend of his prepared for him a beautifully bound and ornamented copy to be by him presented to Miss Stuart. The gift could not be refused from the young author, and Williamina intimated that she had appreciated and admired it; but the matter went no further, and the fatal climax of his unreturned affection was at hand. In the autumn of that year Walter Scott went to stay for a few days with Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart at their country-seat, where he had frequently been received before with the friendliness and hospitality which were natural to them. It was the last visit he ever paid to them; for their daughter let him see at once that his hopes were finally in vain, and that the affection he so long had tried to win had been given unreservedly to William Forbes, who was emphatically her first as well as her last love. It is probable, as we have seen, that Scott, in his anxious hopefulness, had misinterpreted some expression in Williamina's written answer to his avowal of his love for her; but, apart from all other proofs that there never was any engagement between them, William Forbes was far too honorable as well as too proud a man to have sought her had he known that any such existed. Scott was his own intimate friend, and the fact of his betrothal could not have been concealed, intimate as they were, had it ever taken place.

The fact that Williamina had never known a feeling save that of friendliness to any save the man who became her husband is clearly shown in a letter from Lady Jane Stuart to her future son-in-law, Sir William Forbes. Apparently this lover also had been diffident and doubtful of winning the prize so many coveted, and had applied to the mother of his lady-love to tell him without reserve how far he had gained her affections. We give an extract from Lady Jane's answer:

> The subject you wish me to write upon is a most interesting one to us all, and I will be as open and undisguised in what I shall say upon it as possible, and tell you all the truth, and nothing but the truth. . . . That her opinion of you was formed before you came here is what I know well. We had many conversations about you, and I never shall now forget how much she was prepossessed in your favor the first evening she met with you, and what I have often remarked is that the same thing has never happened of any other, having never once heard her speak in the same way of any one of all the young men we have seen and met with; so that I must believe there was something particular in your appearance or manners that from the first attracted her attention. During the course of our frequent meetings last winter we had much opportunity of observing your conduct, and you were often the subject of the pleasing and undisguised communications we held together. . . . I cannot tell you all the particulars in you that pleased us, but your manner altogether was so different from any other, and so much adapted to please us, that we were constantly making comparisons between the . . . attention you paid to us, and that of others. . . . In short, I cannot explain how it happened, but there was a sort of confidence and satisfaction in your attention that I early found was growing upon her. Carry it ever in your mind that nothing could induce her to say more than she thinks to please any one. Take my word, who knows her well, you may implicitly rely on every word she says as being the sincere sentiments of her heart.

In the above letter Lady Jane states prosaically enough the fact that her daughter had never loved but one man from first to last, and that man was her future husband; but her own letters to him show that her affection for him was of the most passionate and absorbing nature, such as can never be felt but once in a lifetime. One of Scott's most intimate friends, writing at the time of his disastrous visit to Invermay, says Scott had always feared there was great self-deception, on his part, with regard to Miss Stuart's feelings toward himself; and of this fatal truth he had indeed become painfully certain when he finally left her, knowing well that while she had never thought of him but as a friend, she did indeed love deeply and faithfully the man who had succeeded where he had failed.

It was a cruel disenchantment—a most crushing blow. He left her father's house, and wandered away into a country solitude, to battle with the anguish which during two long years he was unable to quell, and which, in fact, endured more or less to the very end of his life. He said in reference to it, as we have quoted, that "the dead will feel no pain"; but still, the secret agony they have known in life ought to be sacred to us now, and we will not attempt to touch on Walter Scott's bitter trial otherwise than by giving lines from his own hand, which tell how it fared with him as he turned away forever from the long-loved presence he dared seek no more:

Toll the bell;
Greatness is o'er.
The heart is broke,
To ache no more.
An unsubstantial pageant all!
Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

In the present generation, even as in those which were nearer to his own time, Walter Scott holds a royal place in the hearts of all who have read his works, with which none can compete; but it is the history of Williamina Stuart we are telling now, and not his, and therefore we must leave him, in all the bitterness of what he terms his two years of awaking from a blissful dream, while we tell of the radiant happiness which flooded all her own life as with unclouded sunshine. On January 19, 1797, she was married to William, eldest son and heir of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, and the young couple entered thereby on a period of unalloyed felicity and peace, which terminated only with her death, thirteen years later. Their deep contentment was probably the more complete from the fact that some difficulties had arisen previously as to the marriage, the cause of which has not transpired in any of the existing records; but as it is known that at a later period William Forbes did not feel very cordial toward his father-in-law, it is possible that Sir John Stuart may have manifested some unwillingness to give up his peerless daughter even to so worthy a suitor. But all was joy and serenity after that bridal day. They seem to have passed their honeymoon in a tour through the western Highlands, and a pretty instance is given of the manner in which Williamina captivated all who came near her, in the recollections of an aged lady not long since gone from this world. Her home was in the island of Mull, and one day she saw a vessel arriving at the harbor there, containing such an unusual number of tourists that she felt sure they could not all obtain accommodation in the small island inn. Among them she noticed a very beautiful young lady and her husband, and she sent to offer them shelter in her house. They very gladly accepted her kind invitation, and made themselves known to her as William Forbes and his bride. The enthusiastic admiration which the hospitable lady conceived for Williamina lasted to the very end of her own life, long after Lady Stuart Forbes had herself passed away. "She was an angel, not a woman," the good lady used to exclaim, when speaking of her; and even in extreme old age she could always be roused to animation by the mention of that magic name.

The unjust aspersions on Williamina, which charged her with being a cold-hearted, calculating person, will best be disproved by a few brief extracts from her letters to her husband. These were mainly written during short periods of separation between them, which occurred in consequence of Lady Jane Stuart's frequent illnesses, when Williamina was always imperatively called upon to go and attend to her mother, as Sir John was in Parliament, and had to be often absent from home. How precious her tender letters were to William Forbes is shown by the fact that he never seems to have destroyed a single one, but cherished them so carefully that they are all extant to this day; and sacred as they are to his descendants, we venture to quote a few passages from them. She writes to him from Fettercairn:

My dearest, dearest love, how I wish you could fly to your own Williamina! I wonder if there ever was or ever will be in this world such another person

as my William. I am persuaded *never*. Good angels guard you, my love—dearest and best my beloved! *Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse* is my first prayer in the morning, my last at night.

She had dreamed of him on one occasion, and then writes:

The whole day have I been employed in wondering what has become of the sweet vision which cheated me. It appeared in the only shape in which happiness can reach me, and I had just pressed it to my heart when it vanished. Dearest, dearest William, you never can know or think how very dear you are to your own Williamina.

Two years after their marriage she writes thus:

The letter which I had last night the happiness of receiving from you calls so loudly on every feeling of my heart for an answer that I must write, even at the risk of your thinking I do nothing else. Dear loved William, why are you so good to me? Your kindness breaks my heart. To think how little I merit it! Your sweet letter cost me many tears. They flowed from the only source whence you have ever drawn them—from a mind oppressed with those grateful feelings which you may imagine, but I can never express.

One more passage will suffice. He had gone a long distance to see her on one occasion, and then she writes:

Dearest, dearest William, how are you? Fatigued to death—I know you are; but do you feel no other bad effects from the greatest piece of kindness that ever any wife met with before? Before we are entitled to that name some such improbable vows may be read of, because love and madness are generally supposed by wise people to be synonymous; but if even a novelist of the present time were to tell us of a young man traveling ninety-five miles and back for the sake of seeing a wife of three years' standing, what an outcry against the unnatural idea would such a violation of the probabilities occasion! If it may never be in my little power to give you such a proof of my affection, but never, never, my love, will I forget it. May Heaven ever bless and guard you, beloved William, and restore you safe and well to your own Williamina.

The writer of these letters was no heartless, mercenary woman who could wreck the life of such a one as Walter Scott by breaking a solemn engagement from purely selfish motives. The heart that had been so utterly surrendered to William Forbes had never beat for Scott with more than a calm and measured friendship.

On the death of Sir John Stuart, Williamina inherited the house and estate of Fettercairn, and there she and her husband made their happy home, surrounded by their children, of whom six were born to them, four sons and two daughters. One great sorrow they had in the early death of their eldest boy; but the three sons who remained to them were all distinguished in after life by qualities which won for them the esteem and respect of all who knew them. The memory of Sir John Stuart Forbes, who succeeded his father at Fettercairn, is cherished there with deep affection and gratitude for many kindly deeds. His grandson, now representing him in that fair ancient home, worthily upholds the noble traditions of his family, while by his side there reigns another Lady Jane, who is one of the loveliest visions that ever brightened those old walls.

Williamina's children were all, however, still quite young when the call came for her to pass from their clinging arms to the custody of a higher love. She died on December 5, 1810; and from that day, so far as society and the outer world were concerned, Sir William Forbes may be said to have died with her. He retired into the most complete seclusion, maintaining the heart-stricken silence of a grief too deep for words, and scarcely seeing even his own nearest relatives. He was naturally a reserved and sensitive man, as Sir Walter Scott himself described him in the introduction to the canto of "Marmion" which he dedicated to Sir William Forbes's brother-in-law, James Skene of Rubislaw. Speaking of their early companions, he adds:

> And one whose name I may not say;
> For not Mimosa's tender tree
> Shrinks sooner from the touch than he.

Only at the call of duty did Sir William Forbes ever emerge from his retirement, and on one occasion, when he did so, he gave a touching proof that the friendship between him and Walter Scott had not been affected at all by their early rivalry. When the great financial misfortune fell on Scott which drove him to the heroic, ceaseless toil that undermined his health and life, Sir William Forbes, whose bank was among the largest losers by the disaster, came forward at once with most generous offers of help in every way. Scott writes thus of those efforts to lighten his heavy burden:

Sir William Forbes called, with all offers of assistance—high-spirited, noble fellow as ever, and true to his friend. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together! It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting to me. Down, down, a hundred thoughts!

Even then, amid his crushing anxiety, the vision of Williamina had evidently risen up before him in all its alluring sweetness; but he never knew till after the man who had won her from him was laid beside her in the grave that he had secretly paid one of Scott's most pressing debts for a large amount out of his own private means, and carefully concealed the generous action from him.

We come now to the last scene which connected Williamina Stuart Forbes with Walter Scott, and that at a time when both she and her husband had long been numbered with the dead, and the lover of her early youth was an aged man, bowed down with care and grief. He had been married, in the interval, to a good and estimable wife; but he himself states plainly in a letter to a friend that it was a union very different from that which would have bound him to Williamina:

> Mrs. Scott's match and mine [he writes] proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides; but it was something short of love, which I suspect people only feel once in their lives—folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing scarcely venturing a second time out of their depths.

More than thirty years had passed since Scott had parted with his first and only love, when a letter came to him, inscribed as being from "one who had been in former happy days no stranger to him," and whom he found to be none other than the Lady Jane Stuart, the aged mother of his lost Williamina. He had not seen her or held any communication with her since his last visit to Invermay, when his heart had been wrung by the discovery that he had been cherishing a fatal delusion, which had finally vanished to leave him desolate. Lady Jane's letter merely contained a request for permission to print some ballads from a manuscript book he had given to her daughter, to which petition he at once acceded; but a few days later his journal contains this entry:

> When I came home a surprise amounting to a shock reached me in another letter from Lady Jane Stuart. Methinks this explains the gloom which hung about me yesterday. I own that the recurrence of these matters seems like a summons from the grave. It fascinates me. I ought perhaps to have stopped it at once, but I have not nerve to do so. Alas, alas! But why alas? *Humana perpessi sumus.*

In this second letter Lady Jane said she would send him the manuscript book as a "sacred and secret treasure," and added:

> Were I to open my heart, of which you know little indeed, you would find how it has [been], and ever shall be, warm toward you. Not the mother who bore you followed you more anxiously, though secretly, with her blessing than I! Age has its tales to tell and sorrows to unfold.

Sir Walter Scott was then living in Edinburgh, and he found that Lady Jane's house was quite close to his own. A longing to see her once more seems to have seized upon him, but he had not the courage to meet her alone. He asked Mrs. Skene, the wife of his dearest friend, who was also Sir William Forbes's sister, and intimate with Lady Jane, to accompany him to her abode. Mrs. Skene was ready to do anything he wished; but she dreaded the interview, which she feared would be very painful. It took place in her presence, and she told Mr. Lockhart afterward that the meeting had been most deeply affecting, as both Sir Walter and Lady Jane were moved to tears and completely overcome. He paid her a second visit not long before Lady Jane's death, which occurred two years later, and thus he himself recorded it:

> I went to make another visit, and fairly softened myself with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses the whole night! This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years. . . . I begin to grow overhardened, like a stag turned to bay. . . . Yet what a romance to tell! and told it will one day be—and then my three years of dreaming and two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless; but the dead will feel no pain.

With these words, which we quoted in commencing this brief history of Williamina Stuart, we close the record. "They have all gone into a world of light." Those noble and attractive persons, whose momentous connection with one another was destined to form so sad and strange a story, have all alike passed to that land where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but where the dwellers in its cloudless light feel pain and grief no more.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND RACIAL INSTINCT.

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

VER fascinating is the study of one who moves deeply those of his own age and generation; and clearly Rudyard Kipling, our most famous living writer, has moved in quite unique manner the thoughtful, yes, even the superficial, men and women of his time. Yet how can one hope coolly and with unwarped judgment to analyze the qualities of his friend? for he who has awakened those of many lands and of many callings to appreciate the strength of the ties which bind humanity together can surely not resent it if we one and all claim his friendship. Indeed, he has aroused a sense of even intimate acquaintance in the breasts of many who, until the anxious moments of last winter, failed to realize that they had learned to love him as a man of the widest sympathies—not devoid, indeed, of the failings of our race, but nevertheless displaying its virtues in exceptional manner.

Perhaps to another generation we must pass the task of judging, under the fierce fire of long-continued criticism, the breadth of his genius; yet it must surely be agreed that genius in no small measure has been granted to him who has so deeply affected those of his own age, and who, with all the adulation that has been poured out before him, still holds the power to judge himself calmly, to value himself as a mere expresser of what nature has bequeathed to him. No one who did not thus judge himself could have written the lightsome lines, "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"; no one who did not thus meet the praise of his fellows could set before himself as an ideal the time when

> Only the Master shall praise us,
> And only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money,
> And no one shall work for fame,
> But each for the joy of the working . . .

Knowing the man to be of that ilk, we have no fear that the world's broad interest, of late so vividly evidenced, will warp his critical self-judgment; we but rest assured that his sense of responsibility will be deepened as he learns how large is the number of those who are influenced by his words. Nor, as his friends, do we fear to speak of his genius; nor do we hesitate in his very presence to seek to fathom in some measure its quality.

BUT genius is constituted by its very mystery; just because it defies analysis is it for us what it is. Could we analyze it, and even in a measure reproduce it, it would become at that moment common property, and no unique gift. It is as much a mystery for the man in whom it is displayed as for the one who feels that he has no measure of it himself: so much a mystery indeed that the man of genius has always persistently clung to the notion that he spoke or acted under the command of higher powers—of a Muse were he a Homer, of a δαίμων were he a Socrates. The genius throws light upon our way, leads us in paths which we joyously tread, but which would have been unknown to us had we not felt his influence. He strikes chords which resound within us, to which we are capable of vibrating sympathetically, though but for his touch our capacity would have remained unknown to us.

Kipling displayed this characteristic very distinctly when he wrote for us his stirring "Recessional." Its sentiments had been far from our thoughts, but the immediate appreciation it received showed how ready we were to recognize their significance. Its very name was an "inspiration" which led us to see how close to our deep religious life are the moments of rest after extravagant jubilation. Its substance appealed to every soul to whom experience had brought knowledge of the vanity of pomp and display uncoupled with sense of the deeper significance of life.

THE wide-spread acknowledgment of his power is doubtless due largely to the broad versatility which he displays, and which enables him to touch the hearts of men of the most diverse types. Thus it happens that few are found who do not think him a master; and yet, on the other hand, that there are few of us folk of narrower sympathies who do not find that special portions of his writings fail altogether to appeal to us—who

do not, in fact, deplore the publication of certain of his works.

This very versatility makes it no easy task to explain in terms of any simple principles the power he displays. Is it due to the realism of his story-telling? Surely not. He satisfies, indeed, most fully the fundamental demand of our human nature, upon which is rightly based such truth as there is in the dogma of the realist: his intuition leads him naturally to avoid those false notes which untruthfulness involves, and which clash with the harmony we would sustain. But, like all great artists, he treats his realism as a negative principle, which enables him to avoid sources of unrest that would overwhelm the impression of beauty, while he looks beyond the avoided untruth for the striking characteristics which appeal to our sympathies and imagination.

Nor can it be said that his strength is due to his skill in the widest reach of the poet's art. His most ardent admirers will scarcely claim to find always in his poems perfection of taste or special verbal dignity. That he is a true singer we all know. The pulse cannot but throb in unison with the measured beat of his lines; our souls are set aflame by the fire that burns within him. But his power over us lies deeper than the rhythm with which we are thrilled as we read his words.

We must look elsewhere for the force which compels our admiration—must look for some quality which is more fundamental than realistic keenness, broader than poetic or rhetorical form.

THE secret of his strength lies in the fact that he expresses the force of the deeper-lying human instincts as they are stimulated by the demands of modern life. He bids us listen to them as guiding voices which tell of the long experience of our human ancestors, and of that line of living forms from which the first of human beings was descended. He warns us that these instincts must not be quenched by the artificiality of what we in our pride call our modern civilization; that they must be modified to harmonize with the complex environment of these later times, rather than bridled into subjection by a confident rationalism which forgets the failures of reason in the past.

He is, for instance, the prophet who preaches to us of the dignity of arduous work, as in the lines quoted above, and in his brilliant "Bell Buoy," for instance; and of the nobility of the willingness to curb individual desire, to the end that greater results may be accomplished by all than were possible if individuals labored in isolation. "Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed," sings his engineer McAndrew; and the same lesson is taught by such tales as "Her Majesty's Servants," "William the Conqueror," and others, some of which have been lately collected under the significant title, "The Day's Work."

It is this characteristic which gives his more serious poems a distinctly religious flavor. "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Hymn before Action," "Mulholland's Contract," tell not of modern critical philosophy, indeed, but they proclaim the worth of the deep-seated religious sentiments which men the world over acknowledge to be founded upon fundamental truth, however much they may feel that this truth needs restatement to bring it into accord with the logical and philosophical tenets of the day.

His vigorous imperialism tells the same story. The process of nature, which through dim ages in the past has perfected the race of men by the contest for survival, expresses itself in him with new power. Civilization must contend with civilization that the more efficient, the more skilful, the more resourceful, may inherit the earth. And even those of us who believe this to be a moment when these deeply intrenched instincts should be restrained,—that the time has come when civilization will be the better advanced by such restraint, by coöperation rather than contest,—even they must grant, nevertheless, that the instincts to which he appeals, which have given our forefathers their preeminence, cannot be repressed without danger, must be guided rather than thwarted, must be made instrumental in the movement toward perfection, rather than crushed out and obliterated.

What some tell us are his faults and errors express this same revolt against the repression of those instinctive forces within us—forces which have dignity given them by the very fact that they speak of the experience of the ages—by the very fact that they have been impressed upon us by nature in her struggles toward the higher life. Of these faults we can speak but lightly here. If at times he deals with indelicacies, almost with brutalities, even then his themes tell of nature's demand that the experience of eons of time shall not be lost to sight in our efforts to establish artificial standards of life.

YET we are led to ask ourselves whether these qualities in his work, which take so

strong a hold upon us, are of a kind that destine him to master other generations as he masters ours. Permanent impression upon a race can only be made by one who speaks for the ideals which are scarce formed within the men of his time, but which are to become all-powerful in their descendants. To the failure to satisfy such longings of after-generations must be ascribed the fact that many writers of the past whose praises have been upon every lip during their lives have failed to influence a later age. The history of Anglo-Saxon literature is filled with the names of those who have thus appealed to their own time, but have lost their hold as years have passed. Shakspere, whose name we think the greatest upon its pages, was one who moved his own generation deeply, and who moves ours also, in all that relates to the fundamental qualities of human nature; and at the same time he voiced sentiments which are our established heritage to-day, though they were but ideals and hopes in the age in which he sang.

In much of our author's work we recognize these characteristics which are so clearly exemplified in the writings of the great masters. But there are times when we cannot avoid asking ourselves whether the use of local dialect, the appeal to special classes, the treatment of problems which are of merely momentary interest, may not prevent our descendants from listening to the nobler sentiments which set our hearts throbbing as we read his words. Yet, as we rest devoutly thankful that his voice has not been silenced in his youth, so we look forward to the work he has still to do, with fullest confidence that it will display those qualities which seem thus far to have been in a measure submerged, and which, if more distinctly emphasized, will insure the addition of another star of first magnitude to the galaxy which makes the pride of English literature.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,
Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XVII.

GILBERT sat in the door of his tent at noon, the sun shining down upon him and warming him pleasantly, for the day was chilly, and he was still aching. As he idly watched the soldiers going and coming, and cooking their midday meal at the camp-fires, while Dunstan and Alric were preparing his own, he was thinking that this was the third day since he had saved the queen's life, and that although many courtiers had asked of his condition, and had talked with him as if he had done a great deed, yet he had received not so much as a message of thanks from Eleanor, nor from the king, and it seemed as if he had been forgotten altogether. But of Beatrix, Dunstan told him that she was in a fever and wandering, and the Norman woman had said that she talked of her home. Gilbert hated himself because he could do nothing for her, but most bitterly because he had yielded to the queen's eyes and to her voice in the instant of balanced life and death.

The great nobles passed on their way to their tents from the king's quarters, where the council met daily to trace the march. And still Gilbert's shield hung blank and white on his lance, and he sat alone, without so much as a new mantle upon him, nor a sword-belt, nor any gift to show that the royal favor had descended upon him as had been expected. So some of the nobles only saluted him with a grave gesture in which there was neither friendship nor familiarity, and some took no notice of him, turning their faces away, for they thought that they had made a mistake, and that the Englishman had given some grave offense for which even his brave action was not a sufficient atonement. But he cared little, for his nature was not a courtier's, and even then the English Normans were colder and graver men than those of France, and more overbearing in arms, but less self-seeking one against another in courts.

Dunstan came from behind the tent, where

[1] Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

the fire was, bringing food in two polished brass bowls, and Gilbert went in to eat his dinner. Coarse fare enough it was, a soup of vegetables and bread, with pieces of meat in it, and little crumbs of cheese, scraped off with a sharp knife, and floating on the thick liquid; and then, in the other bowl, little gobbets of roasted beef, run by sixes on wooden skewers that were blackened at the ends by fire. And it all tasted of smoke, for the wood was yet green on the hillsides. But Gilbert ate and said nothing, neither praising nor blaming, for very often on the long march he had eaten the dried bread of the German peasants and the unleavened wheat-cakes of the wild Hungarians, with a draft of water, and had been glad even of that. Also on Fridays and Saturdays, and on the vigils of feast-days, and on most days in Lent, he had eaten only bread and boiled vegetables, such as could be found, and the fasting reminded him of the old days in Sheering Abbey.

For in his nature there was the belief of that age in something far above common desire and passions, dwelling in a temple of the soul that must be reached by steps of pain; there was the spirit of men who starved and scourged their bodies almost to death that their souls might live unspotted, and the terribly primitive conception of every passional sin as equal in importance to murder, and only less deadly than an infamous crime in the semi-worldly view of knightly honor, which admitted private vengeance as a sort of necessity of human nature.

The mere thought that he could love the queen, or could have believed that he loved her for one instant, seemed ten thousand times worse than his boyish love of Beatrix had once seemed, when he had supposed that there was no means of setting aside the bar of affinity; and it was right that he should think so. But though temptation is not sin, he made it that, and accused himself; for it was manifest that the merest passing thrill of the blood, such as he had felt on that night at Vézelay, and now again, must be an evil thing, since it had brought about such a great result in a dangerous moment.

These were small things, and nice distinctions, that a strong man should dwell on them and bruise his heart for his wickedness. But they were not strong compared with the eternity of torture that awaited him who looked upon his neighbor's wife to covet her. There were among the nobles who had taken the cross not a few to whom the law seemed less rigid and perdition less sure, and Eleanor herself gave her sins gentle names; but the Englishman was old-fashioned, and even the good Abbot of Sheering had been struck by his literal way of accepting all beliefs, in the manner of a past time when the world had trembled at the near certainty of the last judgment, expiating its misdeeds by barefooted pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and its venial faults by cruel macerations of the flesh.

Gilbert therefore looked upon all bodily weariness and suffering and privation which he chanced to encounter on the march as so much penance to be borne cheerfully because it should profit his soul; and while the young blood coursed in his veins, and the world's bright lights danced in his eyes, the cold spirit of the ascetic fought against the warm life toward an end which the man felt rather than saw, and of which the profound melancholy would have appalled him, could he have realized it.

As month followed month, though his strength increased upon him under much labor, and though his cheeks were tanned by sunshine and weather, the broad forehead grew whiter under his cap, and more thoughtful, and his eyes were saddened, and his features more spiritual; also, while he longed daily to draw his sword and strike great blows at unbelievers for faith's sake and to the honoring of the holy cross, the rough fighting instinct of his people, that craved to see blood for its redness and to take the world for love of holding it, no longer awoke suddenly in him, like hunger or thirst, at the wayward call of opportunity. He could not now have plucked out steel to hew down men, as he had done on that spring morning among the flowers of the Tuscan valley, only because it was good to see the dazzling red line follow the long, quick sword-stroke, and to ride weight at weight to overthrow it, swinging the death-scythe through the field of life. He wanted the cause and the end now, where once he had desired only the deed, and he had risen another step above the self that had been.

He knew it, and nevertheless, as he sat still after he had eaten his midday meal, he saw that his years had been very sad since his first great sorrow; and each time, when he thought he had gone forward, some strong thing had driven him back, or some great grief had fallen upon him, and he himself had been forced down. He had been proud of his arms and of his boyish skill at Farringdon, and before his eyes his father had been foully slain; he had faced the murderer in the cause of right, and he himself had been

half killed; he had believed in his mother as in heaven, and she defiled his father's memory and robbed her son of his inheritance; he had sought peace in Rome, and had found madness and strife; he had desired to do knightly deeds, and had killed men for nothing; he loved a maiden with a maiden heart, and at the touch of a faithless woman his blood rose in his throat, and for a look of hers and a tone of her voice he had put forth his hands to grapple with sudden death, forgetting the other, the better, the dearer.

So he was thinking, and the door of his tent was darkened for a moment, so that he looked up. There stood one of Queen Eleanor's attendant knights, in tunic and hose, one hand on his sword-hilt, the other holding his round cap in the act of salutation. He was a Gascon, of middle height, spare and elastic as a steel blade, dark as a Moor, with fiery eyes and thin black mustaches that stuck out like a cat's whiskers. His manner was exaggerated, and he made great gestures, but he was a true man and brave. Gilbert rose to meet him, and saw behind him a soldier carrying something small and heavy on one shoulder, steadying it with his hand.

"The Lord of Stoke?" the knight began in a tone of inquiry.

"If I had my own, sir," answered the Englishman, "but I have not. My name is Gilbert Warde."

"Sir Gilbert—" began the Gascon, bowing again and waving the hand that held his cap in a tremendous gesture, which ended on his heart as if to express thanks for the information.

"No, sir," interrupted the other. "Of those who would have given me knighthood I would not have it, and they of whom I would take it have not offered it."

"Sir," answered the knight, courteously, "those of whom you speak cannot have known you. I come from her Grace the Duchess of Gascony."

"The Duchess of Gascony?" asked Gilbert, unaccustomed to the title.

The knight drew himself up till he seemed to be standing on his toes, and his hand left his sword-hilt to give his mustache a fierce upward twist.

"The Duchess of Gascony, sir," he repeated. "There are a few persons who call her Highness the Queen of France, doubtless without meaning to give offense."

Gilbert smiled in spite of himself, but the knight's eyes took fire instantly.

"Do you laugh at me, sir?" he asked, his hand going back to his sword, and his right foot advancing a little, as if he meant to draw.

"No, sir. I crave your pardon if I smiled, admiring your Gascon loyalty."

The other was instantly pacified, smiled too, and waved his long arm several times.

"I come, then, from her Grace the Duchess," he said, insisting on the title, "to express to you her sovereign thanks for the service you did her the other day. Her Grace has been much busied by the councils, else she would have sent me sooner."

"I am most respectfully grateful for the message," answered Gilbert, rather coldly, "and I beg you, sir, to accept my appreciation of the pains you have taken to bring it to me."

"Sir, I am not wholly at your service," replied the knight, again laying his hand upon his heart. "But besides words the duchess sends you by my hand a more substantial evidence of her gratitude."

He turned and took the heavy leathern bag from his attendant soldier, and offered it to Gilbert, holding it out in his two hands, and coming nearer. Gilbert stepped back when he saw what it was. The money was for a deed that might have cost Beatrix her life. He felt sick at the sight of it, as if it had been as the price of blood which Judas took. His face turned very pale under his tan, and he clasped his hands together nervously.

"No," he said quickly, "no, I pray you! Not money! Thanks are enough!"

The knight looked at him in surprise at first, and then incredulously, supposing that it was only a first refusal, for the sake of ceremony.

"Indeed," he answered, "it is the duchess's command that I should present you with this gift in most grateful acknowledgment of your service."

"And I beg you, by your knighthood, to thank her Grace with all possible respect for what I cannot receive." Gilbert's voice grew hard. "She is not my sovereign, sir, that I should look to her for my support in this war. It pleased God that I should save a lady's life, but I shall not take a lady's gold. I mean no discourtesy to her Grace, nor to you, sir."

Seeing that he was in earnest, the Gascon's expression changed, and a bright smile came into his sallow face, for he had found a man after his own heart. He threw the heavy bag toward the soldier, and it fell chinking to the floor before the man could

reach it, and turning to Gilbert again, he held out his hand with less ceremony and more cordiality than he had hitherto shown.

"With a little accent," he said, "you might pass for a Gascon."

Gilbert smiled as he shook hands, for it was clear that the knight meant to bestow upon him the highest compliment he could put into words.

"Sir," answered the Englishman, "I see that we think alike in this matter. I pray you, let not the queen be offended by the answer you shall give her from me; but I shall leave it to your courtesy and skill to choose such words as you think best, for I am a poor speaker of compliments."

"The Duchess of Gascony shall think only the better of you when she has heard me, sir."

Therefore, with a great gesture and a bow to which Gilbert gravely responded, the knight took his leave and went to the door; but then, suddenly forgetting all his manner, and with a genuine impulse, he turned, came back, and seized Gilbert's hand once more.

"A little accent, my friend! If you only had a little accent!"

His wiry figure disappeared through the door a moment later, and Gilbert was alone. He asked himself whether the queen had meant to insult him, and he could not believe it. But presently, as he remembered all that had happened, it occurred to him that she might be ashamed of having shown him her heart in a moment of great danger, and now, as if to cover herself, she meant him to understand that he was nothing to her but a brave man who ought to be substantially and richly rewarded for having risked his life on her behalf.

Strangely enough, the thought pleased him now, as much as the brutal offer of the gold had outraged his honorable feeling. It was far better, he reflected, that the queen should act thus and help him to look upon her as a being altogether beyond his sphere, as she really was. After this, he thought, it would be impossible and out of the question that any look or touch of hers could send a thrill through him, like a little river of fire, from his head to his heels. The hand that had been held out to pay him money for its being alive must be as cold as a stone and as unfeeling. She was helping him to be true.

He shook himself and stretched his long arms as if awaking from sleep and dreaming. The motion hurt him, and he felt all his bruises at once; but there was a sort of pleasure in the pain, that accorded with his strange state of heart, and he did it a second time in order to feel the pain once more.

XVIII.

THE knight, whose name was Gaston de Castignac, faithfully fulfilled Gilbert's wishes, using certain ornate flourishes of language which the Englishman could certainly not have invented, and altogether expressing an absolute refusal in the most complimentary manner imaginable. The queen bade him return the gold to her seneschal without breaking the leaden seal that pinched the ends of the knotted strings together. When she was alone, her women being together in the outer part of the tent, she hid her face in her white hands, as she sat, and bending forward, she remained in that attitude a long time, without moving.

It was as Gilbert had thought. In the generous impulse that had prompted her to ask Beatrix's forgiveness she had done what was hardest for her to do, in a wild hope that, by insulting the man who had such strong attraction for her, she might send him away out of her sight forever. Had he accepted the money, she would assuredly have despised him, and contempt must kill all thoughts of love; but since he refused it, he must be angry with her, and he would either leave her army, and join himself to the Germans during the rest of the campaign, or, at the very least, he would avoid her.

But now that it was done and he had sent back the money in scorn, as she clearly understood in spite of her knight's flowery speeches, she felt the shame of having treated a poor gentleman like a poor servant, and then the certainty that he must believe her ungrateful began to torment her, so that she thought of his face, and longed to see him with all her heart. For Beatrix's sake and her own honor she would not send for him; but she called one of her women and sent for the Lady Anne of Auch, who bore the standard of the ladies' troop, the same who had stopped her horse without a fall. In her the queen had great faith for her wisdom, for she had a man's thoughts with a woman's heart.

She came presently, tall and grave as a stately cypress among silver birches and shimmering white poplar-trees.

"I have sent for you to ask you a question," the queen began, "or, perhaps, to ask your advice."

The Lady Anne bowed her head, and when Eleanor pointed to a folding-stool beside her,

she sat down and waited, fixing her black eyes on a distant part of the tent.

"You saw the young Englishman who stopped my horse," the queen began. "I wish to reward him. I have sent him five hundred pieces of gold, and he has refused to receive the gift."

The black eyes turned steadily to the queen's face, gazed at her a moment, and then looked away again, while not a feature moved. There was silence, for Anne of Auch said nothing, while Eleanor waited.

"What shall I do now?" Eleanor asked after a long pause.

"Madam," answered the dark lady, smiling thoughtfully, "I think that, since you have offered him gold first, he would refuse a kingdom if you should press it upon him now, for he is a brave man."

"Do you know him?" asked Eleanor, almost sharply, and her eyes hardened.

"I have seen him many times, but I have never spoken with him. We talk of him now and then, because he is unlike the other knights, mixing little with them in the camp and riding often alone on the march. They say that he is very poor, and he is surely brave."

"What does Beatrix de Curboil say of him?" The queen's voice was still sharp.

"Beatrix? She is my friend, poor girl. I never heard her speak of this gentleman."

"She is very silent, is she not?"

"Oh, no! She is sometimes sad, and she has told me how her father took a second wife who was unkind to her, and she speaks of her own childhood as if she were the daughter of a great house. But that is all."

"And she never told you her stepmother's name, and never mentioned this Englishman?"

"Never, madam, I am quite sure. But she is often very gay and quick of wit, and makes us laugh, even when we are tired and hot after a day's march and are waiting for our women; and sometimes she sings strange old Norman songs of Duke William's day very sweetly, and little Saxon slave songs which we cannot understand."

"I have never heard her laugh or sing, I think," said Eleanor, thoughtfully.

"She is very grave before your Grace. I have noticed it. That may be the English manner."

"I think it is." The queen thought of Gilbert, and wondered whether he were ever gay. "But the question," she continued, "is what I am to do for the man."

She spoke coldly and indifferently, but her eyes were watching the Lady Anne's face.

"What should you do yourself?" she asked, as the noble woman made no answer.

"I should not have sent him gold first," replied Anne of Auch. "But since that cannot be undone, your Grace can only offer him some high honor, which may be an honor only, and not wealth."

"He is not even a knight!"

"Then give him knighthood and honor too. Your Grace has made knights,—there is Gaston de Castignac,—and the fashion of receiving knighthood only from the church is past."

"I think I have heard him say that he would have it from his own liege sovereign, or not at all. He will not even set a device in his shield, as many are beginning to do, to show in the field that they are of good stock."

"Give him one, then—a device that shall be a perpetual honor to his house and a memory of a brave deed well done for a queen's sake."

"And then? Shall that be all?"

"And then, if he be the man he seems, single him out for some great thing, and bid him risk his life again in doing it for holy cross and for your Grace's sake."

"That is good. Your counsel was always good. What thing shall I give him to attempt?"

"Madam, the Germans have been betrayed by the Greek emperor's Greek guides, and we ourselves have no others, so that we in turn shall be led to slaughter if we follow them. If it please your Grace, let this Englishman choose such men as he trusts, and go ever before our march till we reach Syria, sending tidings back to us, and receiving them, and bearing the brunt of danger for us."

"That would be indeed an honorable part," said the queen, thoughtfully, and she turned slowly pale, careless of her lady's straight gaze. "He can never live to the end of it," she added in a low voice.

"It is better to die for the cross than to die or live for any woman's love," said Anne of Auch, and there was the music of faith in her soft tones.

The queen glanced at her, wondering how much she guessed, and suddenly conscious that she herself had changed color.

"And what device shall I set in this man's shield?" she asked, going back to the beginning, in order to avoid what touched her too closely.

"A cross," answered Anne. "Let me see; why not your Grace's own, the cross of Aquitaine?"

But the queen did not hear, for she was dreaming, and she saw Gilbert in her thoughts, riding to sure death with a handful of brave men, riding into an ambush of the terrible Seljuks, pierced by their arrows —one in his white throat as he reeled back in the saddle, his eyes breaking in death. She shuddered, and then started as if waking.

"What did you say?" she asked. "I was thinking of something else."

"I said that your Grace might give him the cross of Aquitaine for a device," answered the Lady of Auch.

Her quiet eyes watched the queen, not in suspicion, but with a sort of deep womanly sympathy; for she herself had loved well; and on the eighth day after she had wedded her husband, he had gone out with others against the Moors in the Southern mountains; and they had brought him home on his shield, wrapped in salted hides, and she had seen his face. Therefore she had taken the cross, not as many ladies had taken it, in lightness of heart, but earnestly, seeking a fair death on the field of honor for the hope of the life to come.

"Yes," said the queen; "he shall have the cross of Aquitaine. Fetch me some gentleman or squire skilled with colors, and send for the Englishman's shield."

"Madam," said Anne of Auch, "I myself can use a brush, and by your leave I will paint the device under your eyes."

It was no uncommon thing in that day for a lady of France to understand such arts better than men, and Eleanor was glad, and ordered that the shield should be brought quickly by two of the elder pages who were soon to be squires.

But Alric, the groom, who lay in the shade outside Gilbert's tent, chewing blades of grass and wishing himself in England, would not let the messengers take the shield from the lance without authority, and he called Dunstan, who went and asked Gilbert what he should do. So Gilbert came and stood in the door of his tent, and spoke to the young men.

"We know nothing, sir, save that we are bidden to bring your shield to the queen."

"Take it. And you shall tell her Grace from me that I crave excuse if the shield be of an old fashion, with rounded shoulders, for it was my father's; and you shall say also that she has power to take it, but that I will not sell it, nor take anything in return for it."

The young men looked at him strangely, as if doubting whether he were in his right mind. But as they went away together, the one who bore the shield said to the other that they should not give the message, for it was discourteous and might do harm to themselves. But the other was for telling the truth, since they could call Gilbert's man to witness of the words.

"And if we are caught in a lie," he said, "we shall be well beaten."

For they were young and were pages, not yet squires, and still under education.

"Also, we shall be beaten if we say things uncourtly to the queen," retorted the first. "This air smells of sticks," he said, and he sniffed, and laughed at his jest, but somewhat nervously. "You shall speak for us," he added, "for you are the truth-teller."

So they came to the queen, and laid the blank shield at her feet, and neither would say anything.

"Saw you the gentleman to whom it belongs?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," they answered in one breath.

"And said he anything? Have you no message?"

"He said, madam—" said one, and stopped short.

"Yes, madam, he said that we should tell your Grace—"

But the page's courage failed him, and he stopped also.

"What said he?" asked Eleanor, bending her brows. "Speak out!"

"May it please your Grace, the gentleman said that it was his father's shield."

"And that he craved excuse if it were of an old fashion," added the other.

"And that he would not sell it," concluded the one who was the bolder of the two.

Then he shrank back, and his companion too, and they seemed trying to get behind each other; for the queen's eyes flashed wrath, and her beautiful lips parted a little over her gleaming teeth, that were tightly closed. But in an instant she was calm again, and she took money from her wallet and gave each page a piece of gold, and spoke quietly.

"You are brave boys to give me such a message," she said. "But if I chance to find out that you have changed it on the way, you shall each have as many blows as there are French deniers in a Greek bezant—and I doubt whether any one knows how many there may be."

"We speak truth, madam," said the two, in a breath, "and we humbly thank your Grace."

She sent them away, and sat looking at the shield at her feet, while Anne of Auch waited in silence. Her eyes burned in her head, and her hands were cold, and would have shaken a little if she had not held them tightly clasped together.

"It was unknightly of him to say that," she cried at last, as if it hurt her.

But her lady was still silent, and the queen turned her hot eyes to her.

"You say nothing. Was it not unknightly of him?"

"Madam," answered Anne of Auch, "since you wished to pay him for your life, it is little wonder if he thinks you may offer to buy his arms."

They said no more for a long time, and from the outer tent the sweet subdued voices of many women, talking and laughing softly together, floated into the silence like the song of birds at dawn. At last the queen spoke, but it was to herself.

"He had the right," she said bitterly, and bent her head a little, and sighed. "Paint me the shield, Lady Anne," she added, a moment later, looking up calmly once more. "On a field azure, for the faith he keeps, gild him the cross flory of Aquitaine—for me!"

She rose and began to walk slowly up and down the tent, glancing at Anne from time to time. The lady had sent for her colors, ground on a piece of white marble, and a small chafing-dish with burning coals, in which a little copper pot of melted wax mixed with resin stood on an iron tripod. She warmed her brush in the wax, and took up the costly blue on it, and spread it very dexterously all over the long shield. When it was cool, the resin made it very hard, and with rule and dividers she measured out the cross with its equal arms, all flowered, and drew it skilfully, while the queen watched her deft fingers. And last of all she washed the cross with Arabian gum, a little at a time, and laid strong gold-leaf upon it with a small steel instrument, blowing hard upon each leaf as soon as it was laid, to press it down, and smoothing it with a hare's foot. When it was all covered and dry, she took a piece of soft leather wrapped about her forefinger, and carefully went round the outline, taking off the superfluous leaf that spread beyond the gummed part. She had learned these things from an Italian who had come to Auch to adorn the chapel of her father's house.

The queen had sat down long before it was finished, but her eyes followed the Lady Anne's brush and her fingers, while neither of the women spoke.

"It is a fair shield," said Eleanor, when it was done. "Lady Anne, shall I send it to him, or shall he come here? Were you in my place, which should you do?"

"Madam, I would send for the Englishman. From your Grace's hands he cannot refuse honor."

Eleanor did not answer, but after a moment she rose and turned away.

"Nor death," she said in a low voice, as to herself, and stood still, and pressed her hand to her forehead. "Send for him, and leave me alone till he comes, but stay when he is here," she added in clear tones, but still not looking at the Lady Anne, who bent her head and went out.

The tall, old-fashioned shield stood on its point, leaning against the table. Eleanor looked at it, and her features were moved, now that she was alone, and her eyes were veiled. She lifted it in both her hands, wondering at its weight, and she pushed aside an inner curtain and set the shield upon an altar that was there, hidden from the rest of the tent for a little oratory, as in many royal chambers. Then she knelt down at the kneeling-stool and folded her hands.

She was not ungenerous, she was not at heart unjust, she deserved some gentleness of judgment; for she was doing her best to fight her love, for her royal honor's sake and for the sick girl who seemed so poor a rival, but who loved Gilbert Warde as well as she and less selfishly. As she knelt there, she believed that she was in the great struggle of her life, and that once and forever she could make the sacrifice, though it had grown to be a great one.

She meant to send him before the army, and the wager for his death was as a hundred to one. Let him die: that was the consecration of the sacrifice. Dead in glory, dead for Christ's sake, dead in the spotless purity of his young knighthood, she could love him fearlessly thereafter and speak very gentle words upon his grave. It was not cruel to send him to die thus, if his days were numbered, and he himself would gratefully thank her for preferring him before others to lead the van of peril; for the way of the cross leads heavenward. But if he should come alive through the storm of swords, he must win great honor for all his life.

Therefore she prayed for him alone, and she dedicated his great shield on her own

altar, in her own words, with all her passionate heart, wherein beat the blood of her grandsire, dead in a hermit's cell after much love and war, and the blood of the son she was to bear long after, whom men were to call Lion-hearted.

And she prayed thus with a pale face:

"Almighty God, most just, who art the truth and who orderest good against evil, with pain, that men may be saved by overcoming, help me to give up what is most dear in life. Hear me, O God, a sinful woman, and have mercy upon me! Hear me, O God, and though I perish, let this man's soul be saved!

"Lord Jesus Christ, most pitiful and kind, to thee I bring my sin, and I steadfastly purpose to be faithful, and to renounce and abhor my evil desires and thoughts. Hear me, O Christ, a sinful woman! To thy service and to the honor of thy most sacred cross I dedicate this true man. Bless thou this shield of his, that it may be between him and his enemies, and his arms, also, that he may go before our host, and save many, and lead us to thy holy place in Jerusalem! Endue him with grace, fill him with strength, enlighten his heart! Hear me and help me, O Christ, a sinful, loving woman!

"Holy Spirit of God Most High, Creator, Comforter, let thy pure gifts descend upon this clean-hearted man, that his courage fail not in life, nor in the hour of death! Hear me, a sinful woman, thou who, with the Father and the Son, livest and reignest in glory forever!"

When she had prayed, she knelt a little while longer, with bowed head, pressing against her clasped hands on the praying-stool till they hurt her. And that was the hardest, for it had been her meaning to make a solemn promise, and she saw between her and her love the barrier of her faith to be kept to God, and of her respect of her own plighted honor. Rising at last, she took the shield again, and kissed it once between the arms of the cross; and her lips made a small mark on the fresh gold-leaf.

"He will never know what it is," she said to herself, as she looked at the place, "but I think that no arrow shall strike through it there, nor any lance."

Suddenly she longed to kiss the shield again, and many times, to thousands, as if her lips could give it tenfold virtue to defend. But she thought of her prayer and would not, and she brought the shield back into the tent, out of the oratory, and set it upright against the table.

Then, after a time, Anne of Auch lifted the curtain to let Gilbert in, standing by the entrance when he had passed her.

He bent his head courteously but not humbly, and then stood upright, pale from what he had suffered, his eyes fixed as if he were making an inward effort. The queen spoke, coldly and clearly:

"Gilbert Warde, you saved my life, and you have sent back a gift from me. I have called you to give you two things. You may scorn the one, but the other you cannot refuse."

He looked at her, and within her outward coldness he saw something that he had never seen before—something divinely womanly, unguessed in his life, which touched him more than her own touch had ever done. He felt that she drew him to her, though it were now against her better will. Therefore he was afraid, and angry with himself.

"Madam," he said, with a sort of fierce coldness, "I need no gifts to poison your good thanks."

"Sir," answered Eleanor, "there is no venom in the honor I mean for you. I borrowed your shield,—your father's honorable shield,—and I give it back to you with a device that was never shamed, that you and yours may bear my cross of Aquitaine in memory of what you did."

She took the shield and held it out to him with a look almost stern, and as her eyes fell upon it they dwelt on the spot she had kissed. Gilbert's face changed, for he was moved. He knelt on one knee to receive the shield, and his voice shook.

"Madam, I will bear this device ever for your Grace's sake and memory, and I pray that I may bear it honorably, and my sons' sons after me."

Eleanor waited a breathing-space before she spoke again.

"You may not bear it long, sir," she said, and her voice was less hard and clear, "for I desire of you a great service, which is also an honor before other men."

"What I may do, I will do."

"Take, then, at your choice two or three score lances, gentlemen and men-at-arms who are well mounted, and ride ever a day's march before the army, spying out the enemy and sending messengers constantly to us, as we shall send to you; for I trust not the Greek guides we have. So you shall save us all from the destruction that overtook the German emperor in the mountains. Will you do this?"

Again Gilbert's face lightened, for he knew the danger and the honor.

THE KNIGHTING OF GILBERT.

"I will do it faithfully, so help me God."

Then he would have risen, but the queen spoke again.

"Lady Anne," she said, "give me the sword of Aquitaine."

Anne of Auch brought the great blade, in its velvet scabbard, with its cross-hilt bound with twisted wire of gold for the old duke's grip. The queen drew it slowly and gave back the sheath.

"Sir," she said, "I will give you knighthood, that you may have authority among men."

Gilbert was taken unawares. He bowed his head in silence, and knelt upon both knees instead of on one only, placing his open hands together. The queen stood with her left hand on the hilt of the great sword, and she made the sign of the cross with her right. Gilbert also crossed himself, and so did the Lady Anne, and she knelt at the queen's left, for it was a very solemn rite. Then Eleanor spoke:

"Gilbert Warde, inasmuch as you are about to receive the holy order of knighthood at my hands without preparation, consider first whether you are in any mortal sin, lest that be an impediment."

"On the honor of my word, I have no mortal sin upon my soul," answered Gilbert.

"Make, then, the promises of knighthood. Promise before almighty God that you will lead an honest and a clean life."

"I will so live, God helping me."

"Promise that to the best of your strength you will defend the Christian faith against unbelievers, and that you will suffer death, and a cruel death, but not deny the Lord Jesus Christ."

"I will be faithful to death, so God help me."

"Promise that you will honor women, and protect them, and shield the weak, and at all times be merciful to the poor, preferring before yourself all those who are in trouble and need."

"I will, by God's grace."

"Promise that you will be true and allegiant to your liege sovereign."

"I promise that I will be true and allegiant to my liege queen and lady, Maud of England, and to her son and prince, Henry Plantagenet, and thereof your Grace is witness."

"And between my hands, as your liege sovereign's proxy, lay your hands."

Gilbert held out his joined hands to the queen, and she took them between her palms, while Anne of Auch held the great sword, still kneeling.

"I put my hands between the hands of my lady, Queen Maud of England, and I am her man," said Gilbert Warde.

But Eleanor's touch was like ice, and she trembled a little.

Then she took the sword of Aquitaine and held it up in the right hand, though it was heavy, and she spoke holy words:

"Gilbert Warde, be a true knight in life and death! 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things'—and do them, and for them live and die."

When she had spoken, she laid the sword flat upon his left shoulder, and let it linger a moment, and then lifted it and touched him twice again, and sheathed the long blade.

"Sir Gilbert, rise!"

He stood before her, and he knew what remained to be done, according to the rite, and it was not fire that ran through him, but a chill of fear. The queen's face was marble-pale and as beautiful as death. One step toward him she made with outstretched arms, her right above his left, her left under his right as he met her. Then she coldly kissed the man she loved on the cheek, once only, in the royal fashion, and he kissed her.

She drew back, and their eyes met. Remembering many things, he thought that he should see in her face the evil shadow of his mother, as he had seen it before; but he saw a face he did not know, for it was that of a suffering woman, coldly brave to the best of her strength.

"Go, Sir Gilbert!" she said. "Go out and fight, and die if need be, that others may live to win battles for the cross of Christ."

He was gone, and Anne of Auch stood beside her.

"Lady Anne," said the queen, "I thank you. I would be alone."

She turned and went into the little oratory, and knelt down before the altar, looking at the place where the shield had stood.

(To be continued.)

THE MAKING OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

BY J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

AWAY back as far as the fourteenth century, somebody conceived the happy title of the "Kingdom of Fife" for that little neck of Scottish country which lies between the Forth and the Tay. The phrase survives as a modern pleasantry, when the Forth and the Tay bridges have joined Fife to the Lothians and civilization, and removed the point of the old epigrammatic proverb which allowed a man to be out of the world when he had got into Fife. Nevertheless, in spite of the bridging of the stormy firths, the county of Fife is to the tourist in Scotland still practically an unknown land. It is true that sight-seers go to St. Andrews, but St. Andrews is taken mostly by way of Dundee, and the Fife which is the glory of the artist and the delight of the antiquary is not on that side. It is nearly two centuries ago now since Defoe himself remarked that the traveler who would see the ancient "kingdom" aright "must go round the coast." In other words, he must take in everything from Queensferry to Crail and the East Neuk. And what a feast of the picturesque he would have! Historian Buchanan used to speak of the coast as "girt about with townlets." And was it not these same townlets, with their tiled roofs glistening in the sunshine, that suggested James V's famous description of Fife as "a beggar's mantle with a fringe of gold"? The fringe of gold is still there—a little tarnished by time, perhaps; but the mantle is no longer the beggar's garment that it was when James amused himself by playing the gaberlunyie among the Fifers. To-day they will tell you in Fife that there are more proprietors in the "kingdom" than in any other county in Scotland, Lanark alone excepted; and the value of the land is stated at something like two pounds per acre higher than the average for the rest of the country. Of course these things are for the gazetteers and the guide-books; but the Fifers are a sensitive race, and the tourist who goes among them must be well informed, and watchful of his words.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

JAMES W. DEFOE, THE LAST LINEAL DESCENDANT OF DANIEL DEFOE. PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MAXWELL.

If you look at that part of the map of Scotland which represents Fife's fringe of gold, you will find the name of Largo indicating one of its quaint seaboard towns. It is a stirring little place, with a bay that has been celebrated in Scottish song, and is occasionally compared by enthusiastic traveled natives with the glory of Naples itself. Behind the town there rises the striking eminence known as Largo Law—the peculiar term "law," according to the learned in such matters, pointing to the early settlement of Danes and Northmen hereabouts. The law stretches up to a height of nearly a thousand feet above sea-level; and any one who would have the best view, not only of Largo itself, but of the country around, must needs mount to the top. Away to the west, in the far distance, the eye rests on the Lomonds and some of the Perthshire hills; in the foreground there is the peaceful beauty of a landscape dotted over with villages and farm-houses, and picturesque castles and mansions, and woods and streams, stretching along the shores of the glittering Forth. Looking across the bay toward the southeast, one notes the companion law of North Berwick, the Bass Rock, with its myriads of sea-fowl and its memories of the Covenanters, and the Isle of May, where a coal fire was kept burning as a mariners' beacon for two hundred years; while away to the northeast there are the gray ruined towers of St.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SELKIRK FAMILY.

Andrews, and the Bell Rock lighthouse, and the wide expanse of the German Ocean, white with many sails. Such is the nature of the view to be obtained from the Law of Largo, on whose heights, two hundred years ago and more, the future Robinson Crusoe scrambled and played, a rough-and-tumble youth of that good old time in the bonny Scotland of "braw fighters" and true-blue Presbyterianism.

That a certain Alexander Selkirk was connected in some way with Defoe's romance is vaguely understood by everybody having the least acquaintance with Cowper's "monarch of all I survey." But beyond the fact that Selkirk was an exile, and that Juan Fernandez was the place where he lorded it over "the fowl and the brute," what do the majority of Crusoe's admirers know of the man who sat, all unconsciously, for Crusoe's portrait? Selkirk, in truth, if he were to rise from the dead, might very well conceive a grudge against Defoe. Practically his identity has been lost—merged, as it were, in that of the half-imaginary personage of whom he was the prototype. His hermit life on the Pacific islet was quite as worthy of note as a piece of human endurance and human triumph over adverse conditions as is Defoe's vivid narrative of Crusoe's labors and achievements; and yet it is solely by that narrative that Selkirk's name has survived. Perhaps, if he could have lived long enough to be conscious of it, he would have borne the wrong with that easy-going philosophy which his exile engendered. Perhaps he would not. It is a matter of no great concern; nor, if it were, would any one be likely, at this time of day, to quarrel with destiny on his behalf.

De Quincey, playfully expressing an indifference to dates, says it is so certain that a man was born and born somewhere, that he married or wished to marry, that he finally paid the penalty of nature either by being hanged or deserving to be hanged, that these circumstances, in comparison with other points, are not worth dwelling on. It is a comforting theory for the writer who has to break new ground in dealing with a man who lived and died in the days when lives were more frequently taken than written. In the case of Alexander Selkirk, the "other points" are fortunately more abundant than the dates and the inevitables of which the Opium-Eater makes so little. Let us look at some of them. The first thing we have to note is that Selkirk, like the man who made him famous, does not seem to have been quite satisfied with the family name. In his "True-Born Englishman" Defoe has a sneer at those who professed to have come over with "the Norman bastard"; but seeing that his father was known as plain Foe, he was apparently not above the vanity of inducing the belief that he himself was of Norman-French origin. Selkirk's people bore the name of Seleraig, and the name is so spelled in all the old local records. Worthy folks they appear to have been, of the good old Scotch type. The father conveniently combined the work of tanning hides and making shoes, and was well enough respected to have been made an elder of the kirk. When Alexander came into the world, in 1676, his father had already given his name to six sons in succession. Nor was this an insignificant matter. In Scotland there has always been a superstitious reverence for the seventh son. Many special qualities of character are assigned to him; and if any one is to have good luck, he is to have it. Male fortune-tellers generally accounted for their gift of second sight by saying they were seventh sons. In Selkirk's case the result of the foolish superstition was that he was thoroughly spoiled by his mother, who, we are told, had formed "most extravagant hopes of him." Her notion was that he should seek his good fortune

at sea; his father believed, on the contrary, that he would find it by making boots and shoes for the people of Largo. As a matter of fact, young Selkirk kept to his father's trade until the merest accident led him into what his mother had assumed to be the right way.

Apparently he had been from the first a wild, restless, troublesome youth. In 1689, when he was just thirteen, we hear of him as making one of "a great mob, armed with staves and bludgeons," drawn together to keep an unoffending clergyman out of his church. Episcopacy had just been abolished as "a great grievance to the nation," and Presbytery was about to be restored. Selkirk probably knew as little about the one as about the other; but he knew the use to which a bludgeon could be put, and no doubt he enjoyed the manœuver with the minister immensely. Nothing came of this indiscretion, but Presbytery was by and by to show a better way of dealing with offenders. In the books of the kirk session of Largo it is recorded to this day how, on August 25, 1695, the session met to hear what Alexander Selkirk had to say for his "indecent behaviour in the Church." No Alexander appeared to answer, and the church officer was ordered to cite him for next meeting. The next meeting was held two days later, but still no Alexander was there. The session, in short, were balked of their prey: Selkirk had "gone away to the seas," and his case had to be "continued till his return." It was a long time to keep a charge of indecent behavior hanging in the air, and one is not surprised to find that when Selkirk appeared in Largo, six years later, no notice was taken of his "case."

Where or in what capacity he had been en-

STATUE OF SELKIRK AT LARGO.

gaged all this time, there are no documents to show. It is, however, clear that his character had not improved, for he had not been many weeks at home when the kirk session were on his track for a new offense. The old records bristle with details of this crime and the procedure connected with it. It seems that Selkirk's brother Andrew, a youth of weak intellect, had dared to laugh at a little mistake made by Alexander in drinking from a canful of salt water. A regular domestic riot ensued, brothers and parents being all engaged in efforts to appease the infuriated Alexander, who was only restrained from going up-stairs for a pistol by his father sitting on the floor against the door to prevent him from opening it! In later days, if action were taken at all, this would have been a case for the civil courts; but then ministers usurped the functions of magistrates. The kirk, in fact, was nothing less than a tyranny. As Mr. Henley puts it, when speaking of the youth of Burns in Ayrshire, it constrained the spiritual and social liberties of its subjects, made life miserable, warped the characters of men and women, and turned the tempers and affections of many from the kindly natural way. It had sent Selkirk to sea already; it sent him to sea again, although—to his credit be it said—not until Largo kirk had seen him make public repentance of his "scandalous" conduct. It must have tried Selkirk pretty severely to stand a rebuke from the pulpit in the face of the great congregation; but one is glad to find that he promised amendment, "in the strength of the Lord." If he had remained in Largo, no doubt the records would have told us whether his penitence was permanent. But Largo had seen him disgraced; he would not run the risk again.

In connection with the famous wars of the Spanish Succession, several English merchants had entered into a scheme for a privateering expedition to the South Seas. One of the vessels, the *St. George*, was commanded by William Dampier, who had already distinguished himself in various naval enterprises of that lively, cutthroat age. Filled with magnificent designs of capturing gold-laden ships, Dampier sailed from the Downs in the April of 1703, and a few weeks later was joined, somewhere on the Irish coast, by a vessel called the *Cinque Ports*, of which Alexander Selkirk had somehow or other been appointed "sailing-master." An exciting story could be told of the fortunes—and misfortunes—of the bucaneering crews; but the only point worth noting here is that "honest Alexander Selkirk," as one old chronicler calls him, fell out with his captain, and an "irreconcilable difference" was the sequel. By this time the *Cinque Ports* had been well riddled with shot, the result of more than one "engagement" on the high seas; and Selkirk, putting the "difference" and the danger of getting drowned together, determined to leave the vessel on the first opportunity. The opportunity came, somewhere about the end of August or the beginning of September, 1704, when anchor was cast off Juan Fernandez. Apparently Selkirk made no secret of his intention to desert the ship, for his effects were landed just as if he had been a passenger bound for the island. In telling the story afterward, he remarked that he went ashore under the full conviction that the prospective change of life would be "more eligible than being exposed to further dangers" with a captain who had "used him so ill." But he had miscalculated the strength of his resolution. The moment he saw the vessel putting off, "his heart yearned within him and melted at parting with his comrades and all human society at once." In short, his courage utterly failed. He made signs of entreaty to be taken on board again; but the captain had construed his conduct as mutiny, and exile was to be the punishment of his defection. The *Cinque Ports* vanished from the sight of her old sailing-master, and in a few weeks her captain and crew, to avoid a watery grave, had surrendered themselves prisoners to the Spaniards. Meantime Selkirk was making the best of his solitude.

Such, in brief, is the incident to which the world owes the existence of "Robinson Crusoe." It is true, there had already been an exile on Juan Fernandez. Dampier had made a call at the island in 1681, when, by some unexplained accident, one of his seamen, a Mosquito Indian, was left behind. This predecessor of the real Crusoe remained in company with the goats until 1684, living pretty much the life that Selkirk afterward lived. But the Indian failed to find his Defoe, and his exile, in consequence, went for nothing. What Selkirk in reality did with and for himself during the four years and four months of his imprisonment may be taken for granted. The story, if he had himself written it out, could hardly have been prosaic; but Defoe having employed his "lively fancy" on it, there is no need to deal with the naked details, supposing these were available, which they are not. One or two points, however, may be noted, and for these

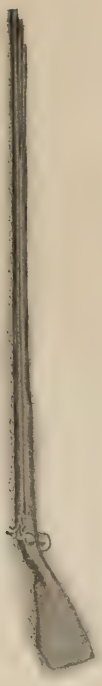
we must look to the account given by Crusoe's deliverer. It is a curious circumstance that, as Dampier was indirectly the cause of Selkirk's exile, so he was also the means of his rescue. Dampier had not been very successful in the exploits with which Selkirk was at first connected; but the succession wars still continued, and in 1708 he managed to prevail on some Bristol merchants to fit out a couple of vessels for the usual cruising business in the South Seas. The command of one of the vessels, the *Duke*, was given to a certain Woodes Rogers, and this "master mariner," fortunately, had the forethought to keep a journal of the voyage. It is the earliest account we have of Selkirk's exile, and is therefore worthy of special attention.

Under date of January, 1709, Rogers records how his men were greatly in need of "a harbour to refresh them, many being ill through want of clothes, and being often wet in the cold weather." Accordingly, on the first day of February the captain made the island of Juan Fernandez, being in part attracted thither by a fire which some one had apparently kindled to draw the attention of the vessel. A boat was sent ashore; and Rogers proceeds to tell that when it returned the sailors brought with them "a man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them." Here, it need hardly be said, was our old friend Selkirk, once more in contact with his fellows. Rogers gives no hint of the circumstance, but, according to another account of the rescue, Selkirk expressed his reluctance to leave the island when he heard that Dampier was connected with the expedition. If he had any such misgivings, it is clear that he wronged the notorious navigator, for Rogers says that he made Selkirk his mate on the express recommendation of Dampier, who spoke of him, in connection with the *Cinque Ports*, as "the best man in her." However, allowing that point to pass, let us look for a moment at the story which Selkirk told Rogers regarding his exile.

It seems that when he was left on the island he had only some clothes and bedding, a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could, but for the first eight months had "much ado to bear up against melancholy." He built two huts with trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats. In the smaller hut he cooked his food; in the larger he slept and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying, "so that he said he was a better Christian while in his solitude than ever he was before, or than he was afraid he should ever be again." At first he never ate till hunger compelled him, nor did he go to bed till he was quite tired out with watching. For his food he relied chiefly on the goats, of which he killed about five hundred, from first to last. He told Rogers that he caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and liberated; and it is interesting to note that Commodore Anson found several animals thus marked when he touched at the island some years later. After his powder gave out, Selkirk took his game by speed of foot. Rogers had a bulldog, which he sent with several of his nimblest runners to assist him in capturing the goats; but he "distanced and tired both the dog and men, catched the goats, and brought 'em to us on his back." His feet were so hard with this racing through the woods that for a long time after his rescue he could not wear boots. For clothing he made himself a coat and cap of goatskins, which he stitched together with a nail. He had his last shirt on his back when found. Rogers says that when he first came on board he had "so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves." Nay, more curious still, "we offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and 't was some time before he could relish our victuals." Upon these latter circumstances Rogers, most un-captain-like, proceeds to moralize. Selkirk's experience, says he, loftily, instructs us "how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor. For this man, when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility." Having said which, the captain cuts himself short by remarking that such reflections seem more proper for a philosopher and divine than for a mariner. Here he shows his good sense. Fancy a mariner, and a pirate too, moralizing on the grievous effects of grog and gormandizing!

Selkirk's experiences on the way back to civilization were very much what they had been on the way to solitude. He took a leading part in the undisguised robbery which was the object of Rogers's expedition; and when at length he landed in London, in 1711,

COTTAGE WHERE SELKIRK WAS BORN.



SELKIRK'S GUN.

Selkirk's Will. 673

If George, by the grace of God, King
y of Great Britain, France, and Ire-
o land, &c. fidei defensor, &c.

Alexr Selkirk

Signed, sealed, and delivered,
in the presence of

Alexander Bushaw,

Sarah Holman,

John Thomas, Junior, Notary Pub-
d lic in Wapping.

Will.

SELKIRK'S AUTOGRAPH AS APPENDED TO HIS WILL.

SELKIRK'S CUP.

SELKIRK'S CHEST.

he was able to boast of some eight hundred pounds as his share of the spoil. His story seems to have made the proverbial nine days' wonder. Steele, who met him and drew from him an account of his experiences, which he published in "The Englishman," speaks of him as being quite "familiar to men of curiosity." His aspect and gestures, according to Addison's friend, showed that he had been "much separated from company"; there was "a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought." Steele says he did not regard his return to company with unmixed delight, and quotes him as remarking that, though he was now worth eight hundred pounds, he would never be so happy as when he was not worth a farthing. Perhaps the "men of curiosity" were to blame in asking him to tell his story too frequently. Steele had found him very friendly and communicable; but some one else who tried him, not long after, reported him to be "an unsociable, odd kind of man," far from being so free as Steele would have led one to believe. Even the tar cannot always be telling the same yarn.

In course of time Selkirk, naturally enough, made his way to his native Largo. He seems to have given his people no warning of his arrival in England; at any rate, when he appeared in Largo kirk, one Sunday forenoon in 1712, nobody knew him. To be sure, he was clad in "gold-laced clothes," but that would only excite the greater attention. At length the mother's keen instincts detected her bairn, and with a cry of recognition she rushed to Sandy's arms! Then, it is said, the Selkirk pew was cleared out, and the family went home.

What happened to Selkirk after this is not very clear. Largo, sluggish and sleepy as it must then have been, could hardly be so dull as Juan Fernandez; yet there is some reason for believing that Selkirk found it too lively for his tastes. He erected a sort of cave dwelling in his father's back garden, and when he was not "meditating" there, he was in the woods or walking moodily by the shore. People evidently fought shy of him, as of some uncanny creature who had been in league with Satan's invisible world. The parish minister of the town, writing in 1798, refers to an old Largo man who remembered having, when a boy, slept with him for one night after his return. He could not be persuaded to do it a second time, being "terrified at the uncommon whiteness of his linen and the hairiness of his body." Imagination truly *does* go a long way! To the unmarried females of Largo, Selkirk had, however, a romantic side; and one fine day it was discovered that the eccentric exile had eloped with one Sophia Bruce, who had succumbed to the charm of the white linen and the interest of the island story. Why there should have been an elopement it would have been difficult to make out, had it not afterward appeared that the union was of that sailor type not likely to be sanctioned by the rigid rules of Largo kirk. The pair were traced to London, where Sophia was presently found alone, Selkirk having gone back to sea. Before he thus dared the "perrills" of the deep, he made a will in her favor,—this was in January, 1717,—in which he describes her as his "loving friend, Sophia Bruce, of the Pall Mall, London, spinster," and bequeaths her a house at Largo, which had come to him from his father. But the sailor's affections are notoriously unstable, and poor Sophia, being out of sight, was soon out of mind. Before 1720 Selkirk had yielded to the blandishments of a certain widow named Frances Candis, and the old will was revoked. At this time the worthy seaman, as we learn from the will, was "mate of His Majesty's ship *Weymouth*." That is practically the last we hear of him, for he died on board the vessel before December of the following year. On the strength of her connection with him, the Sophia of the elopement afterward applied for charity to a dissenting minister in Westminster; and the much-marrying widow—she took a third husband immediately after Selkirk's death—proved her right, in the Scotch courts, to the house at Largo.

Thus ends the authentic history of Alexander Selkirk. He left no children, but representatives of the family from which he sprang are still to be found in his native town. Mr. David Gillies, whose mother was a great-grandniece of Selkirk, has commemorated him in a statue which, since its unveiling by the Countess of Aberdeen in 1885, has made the leading feature of Largo for every visitor to the place. If you ask a native where any one lives, the position will almost certainly be indicated from a reference to "the statue." Nor is there any difficulty in identifying the statue, for the sculptor has dressed his Crusoe in the very garb with which necessity first and Defoe afterward adorned him. And there are other interesting memorials of Defoe's hero to be seen in Largo besides the statue. That elope-

ment of which we have heard led to a good many personal effects being left behind, and such of them as were associated with Selkirk's island existence have naturally been guarded as interesting heirlooms by all his descendants. There is the gun, there is the chest, and there is the drinking-cup. The chest, a clumsy-looking affair made of cedar-wood, bears the exile's initials on the lid, with certain other rude carvings—the practical result, no doubt, of hours of ennui on the island. The drinking-cup was made by Selkirk himself out of a cocoanut-shell. At one time it had a silver foot and stem, but these seem to have been disposed of by some distressed descendant. The present mountings have to be placed to the credit of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter heard of the relics at Largo, and one day he set off to see them, in company with Constable, the publisher. He took the cup back to Edinburgh with him, and had a silver rim and a new rosewood stem added to it; while Constable, not to be outdone in enthusiasm, carried away the old parish records containing the already-mentioned entries relating to Selkirk, and had them handsomely bound for preservation. Such are some of the Selkirk relics still to be seen in Scotland. And Juan Fernandez has its memorial, too. Two thousand feet above the sea-level, on the height which Selkirk called his "Lookout," a handsome tablet commemorates him in the following inscription:

In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke*, privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth*, A. D. 1723,[1] aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A. D. 1868.

Thus, while Defoe himself remains undistinguished by statue or mark of public favor of any kind, the humble hero whose fame he created is memorialized in two widely separated corners of the globe.

Whether Defoe ever met Selkirk is a question that has been much discussed. There is an absurd story to the effect that Selkirk put together a rough account of his adventures, and gave the manuscript to Defoe to "improve the style." According to this legend, Defoe, discovering the elements of a stirring tale in the sailor's notes, set his "lively fancy" to work, and when "Robinson Crusoe" was completed, "returned Selkirk his papers, telling him his history would not sell." Isaac James, in his rambling account of Selkirk's adventures, published at Bristol in 1800, professes to believe this very circumstantial tale, and quotes a Shrewsbury clergyman who in 1777 told him he had "heard upon good authority that when Defoe was on his death-bed nothing seemed to lie with such weight upon his mind as this unjust transaction with Selkirk." Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," felt perfectly certain that Defoe got his materials direct from Selkirk, but was willing to believe that Defoe shared the profits of his great romance with "the poor seaman." The whole thing is a myth. "Robinson Crusoe" was not published until 1719, at which time, as we have seen, Selkirk's story had been common property for seven years. Captain Rogers told it, in 1712, in his "Cruising Voyage round the World"; in the same year Captain Cook printed it in his "Voyage to the South Sea"; and Steele filled the entire number of his "Englishman" with an account of the exile's adventures. There was no need that Defoe should take advantage of Selkirk; and although, of course, it is possible enough that he had interviews with him (it is obvious that he refers to Selkirk, in the preface, when he speaks of "a man alive, and well known, too"), there is no reason why he should not have produced "Robinson Crusoe" as it stands without ever having once seen or communicated with the old bucaneer. Defoe knew how to turn the interests of the public to his own advantage; and the interests of the public at this time were centered mainly on the exploits of famous pirates, and the chances of adventurers in far-away islands on the American and African coasts. Defoe saw in Selkirk's story a ready means of satisfying the prevailing demand, and taking the story as he found it in print, aided, it might be, by additional details furnished by Selkirk himself, he built up that wonderful romance which has ever since been regarded as the best thing of its kind in all literature. It is a pleasing fancy, no doubt, which pictures Selkirk writing out his adventures to be edited by Daniel Defoe of unenviable notoriety, but, like many more fancies, it is without foundation in fact.

While the success of "Robinson Crusoe" with the public was immediate, there is some reason to think that as a manuscript its merits were not so readily recognized. One

[1] This date has since been proved to be wrong. The year, as we have seen, should be 1721.

of Defoe's earlier biographers says, indeed, that the story passed through the whole circle of the publishing trade before it found a purchaser. This is probably an exaggeration, for Defoe was too well known as a writer (he was now close on sixty) to have anything from his pen going a-begging at every bookseller's door. Be that as it may, it is certain that the man who did venture made a very fine thing out of the enterprise. His name was Taylor, and he published, appropriately enough in this case, "at the Ship" in Paternoster Row. What he paid to Defoe has never been ascertained, but the profits of "Crusoe" accruing to himself may be estimated from the fact that, while he was a comparatively poor man when he published the book, he was reported to be "worth between forty and fifty thousand" at his death, five years later. There is no ground for believing that he ever asked Defoe to share the spoil with him, though Beattie was simple-minded enough to give him credit for such an unnecessary piece of generosity.

The original edition of "Crusoe" was in two volumes, with a third volume, which nobody has ever read, for sequel. The first volume was published on April 25, 1719, and the second followed close upon its heels. The demand was so instantaneous that a second edition—and "editions" were genuine at that time—was published only seventeen days after the first, a third edition followed twenty-five days later, and a fourth on the 8th of August. The book, in short, was a unique success. Even Defoe's enemies—and being a political writer, he had more than his share—even his enemies were forced to admit that he had hit the public fancy as no other contemporary writer had done. One traducer declared, within a few months of its publication, that "Crusoe" was already "famed from Tuttle street to Limehouse hole"—in other words, from one end of London to the other. "There is not an old woman that can go to the price of it," declared he, "but buys it, and leaves it as a legacy with 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'" That was said nearly two centuries ago now; and to-day, with all our accumulations of books, there is still no work that is more generally read or more universally admired than this same "Robinson Crusoe." As Johnson remarked, nobody ever laid it down without wishing it longer.

THE HIDDEN BROOK.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

SO flows my love along your life, O friend,—
A whispered song, with neither break nor end,
Outbreathed wherever your dear footsteps tend.

Albeit you listen not, are not aware
Of any music throbbing on the air,
Still my full heart goes singing to you there,

Content, although the way be long to run
And closed forever from the moon and sun,
With emerald dusks and opal dawns all one,—

Content, content, if Heaven but grant this meed,
That you may drink in any hour of need.

ALEXANDER IN ANGER AND IN LOVE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: NINTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek, Cornell University.

IT was in July, 330, that Darius came to his end. Alexander's fearful race with treachery and death had carried him along the borders of the great salt desert of Khorasan in the scorching heat of an inland summer. The route which the fugitives followed had been the main highway from Media eastward into far Bactria.[1] It was the same which leads to-day from Teheran, by way of Semnan, Damaghan, Shahrud, and Meshed, out of Persia, into the land of the Turkomans and the border realms of the Czar. On the right lay the salt steppes; on the left rose the mountains which to-day mark Persia's frontier and offer a temporary check upon the inevitable advance of the Russian glacier. Close behind these mountains trails already the line of the Transcaspian Railway, and it cannot be long before a branch will find its way through the hills and strike across toward the Persian Gulf.

The place where the Shah was murdered was not far from the site of the modern Shahrud. Here join to-day, as they did of old, the eastern route and the road from Asterabad (ancient Zadracarta), fifty miles to the north, in the Caspian basin. An English officer[2] who visited the place in 1896 remarks upon its position: "An army stationed at Shahrud would at once command the approaches from the sea, and at the same time effectually prevent any junction between forces operating in Khorasan and the west. It is only fifty miles from Asterabad to Shahrud, and with a little skilful engineering the road could easily be made passable for artillery, or at any rate for light field-guns. No doubt the Russians realize its strategic importance. The whole place is dominated by Russian influence."

After allowing his soldiers a short rest at Hecatompylus (near the present Shahrud), Alexander moved to the north, through the Elburz Mountains, into the narrow strip of country called Hyrcania, which skirts the southern shores of the Caspian.

The sea, when it first came in sight, was evidently a surprise to him. He saw before him, as Plutarch says, the bay of an open sea not much smaller apparently than the Black Sea, but with somewhat sweeter water than in most seas. He was unable, however, to gain any certain information about it, and concluded it must be an arm of the Sea of Azov. Plutarch, with his superior geographical knowledge, implies that he might have known better, for before his time scientists had already located it as the northernmost of the four great gulfs descending into the continent from the outer ocean. In asserting this, however, Plutarch is almost certainly guilty of an anachronism, for the common opinion of Alexander's day connected the Caspian as an inland sea with the Euxine. Not until Patrocles, in the early part of the next century, explored the coasts of the Caspian, did the mistaken theory of its connection with the northern ocean make its appearance. Accepted then by Eratosthenes, it held its place in the vulgate geography until the time of Ptolemy (second century A. D.). Alexander's soldiers identified the Jaxartes with the Don (Tanaïs).

While in Hyrcania, he subjugated the various tribes of mountain and plain, and received the submission of the two satraps Phrataphernes, governor of Hyrcania and Parthia, and Autophradates, governor of Tapuria, both of whom, in accordance with his principle of respecting and utilizing existing institutions of government, he forthwith reinstated in their authority. Many others also, high officials and noblemen, came to offer their surrender, among them the fine old Artabazus, whom, in recognition of his rank and his loyalty to his sovereign, as well as for old acquaintance' sake, he treated with distinguished consideration, and attached to his personal staff of aides and advisers. This Artabazus, through long experience, as general, governor, and rebel, in the affairs of Asia Minor, as well as a seven

[1] For a map of Alexander's route, see THE CENTURY for June, page 243.—EDITOR.

[2] Clive Bigham, "A Ride through Western Asia," p. 193 ff. (London, 1897).

years' (352–345) residence as a political fugitive at Philip's court in Pella, had made himself familiar with Western ideas, and was a cosmopolitan far beyond the measure of the ordinary Persian grandee.

There came also to surrender themselves fifteen hundred Greek mercenaries, last vanishing remnant of the Greek contingent in Darius's army. In receiving their submission Alexander saw fit to make a distinction—and it is worthy of note that he did—between those who had enlisted in the service of the Shah before the Congress of Corinth (336) had proclaimed the Greek war against Persia, and those who, in quasi-disloyalty, had enlisted later. The former were discharged free, the latter compelled to reënlist. With the mercenaries were found a number of sadly stranded Greek ambassadors, who, for some reason or other, had been in attendance at Darius's court at this most untimely season. One who had come from Chalcedon and a delegation from Sinope were set free; they might be considered outside the pale of responsibility: but the five Spartan ambassadors, who furnished in their presence one last testimonial to the incorrigible stubbornness of their little state, were kept in duress.

From Asterabad, where, after the work was over, Alexander had given his army a fortnight's rest and the delectation of a fête with the usual games, he returned (early autumn of 330) into Parthia, and passed thence along the Bactrian road eastward until he came to Susia, a city of Aria, near the site of the modern Meshed, at the extreme northeastern frontier of modern Persia. Meshed, only fifty miles from the present line of the Transcaspian Railway, stands near the junction of the Persian, Afghan, and Russian frontiers, and hard by the gate which Russia must choose in entering Afghanistan as a vestibule to India. At Susia the satrap Satibarzanes submitted to him, and rejoiced to be confirmed in the government of his province. News of Bessus's activity in the East soon, however, caused the new convert to backslide, and Alexander, who was already on his way toward Bactra, Bessus's capital, turning sharply to the south, and in two days' marches pushing through the seventy miles that separated him from the rebel's stronghold at Herat (Artacoana), proceeded to cleanse the land of every vestige of opposition, and then to place a trustier man, Arsames the Persian, in the governorship of the land. Satibarzanes had meanwhile fled to join Bessus at Bactra (modern Balkh). At the foot of Artacoana's citadel arose later one of Alexander's famous Greek cities of the East, Alexandria-Areion, which survives today as Herat, for two centuries past the apple of discord between Persia and Afghanistan. It stands where the ways part, the great eastern road by the Heri-Rud valley across Afghanistan to the east, and the route which the caravan trade from the remotest antiquity to the present time has always followed from northern Persia and the Caspian, by way of Herat, Kandahar, Ghasni, and Kabul, on into India. This is the route that all the great conquerors have trod whose hosts have entered the gate of India—Mahmud the Great (1001 A. D.), Genghis Khan (thirteenth century) and Tamerlane (1398) the Mongols, Nadir Shah the Persian (1737), Alexander the Macedonian. It is the well-known "Key of India," and when Afghanistan passes under Russian control, it will be still better known.

The revolt of Satibarzanes had determined Alexander to secure this important route and the country adjacent to it, the present western and southern Afghanistan, before penetrating to Bessus's lair at Bactra (Balkh) in northern Afghanistan. So continuing his march southward from Herat, he entered the province of Drangiana, the district about the great Hamun swamps (Palus Aria).

Here, probably at its capital city, Phrada (Prophthasia), came to light an ominous conspiracy in the very heart of his own camp. No less a person was involved than Philotas, the commander of the famous companion cavalry, and son of Parmenion, the commander-in-chief; and the sudden emergence of the trouble just at this time seems to be connected with a change in Alexander's relation to his men and to his mission that was now beginning to be felt, and perhaps with a change in the bearing of Alexander himself. The occurrence has received much attention from modern [1] as well as ancient historians, and a fair and correct understanding of its significance is important for an estimate of the conqueror's whole mind and attitude at this determining period of his career.

Parmenion, now seventy years of age, had been from the start the most faithful reliance of the young conqueror. It was he who had assured him the loyalty of the army in Asia on his father's death, who had among all his generals favored most unreservedly the plan

[1] The most recent and the fullest discussion of the subject is found in an article by Friedrich Cauer, "Philotas, Kleitos, Kallisthenes," "Jahrbücher für Class. Philol.," Supplement-Band XX (1894), pp. 1–79.

of Asiatic conquest, and who, through all the hardships, difficulties, and triumphs of the four years past, had been his nearest adviser and most important military aide. His apparent lack of energy in the battle of Gaugamela, and his premature call for reinforcement which had so unfortunately diverted Alexander from the pursuit, had left an unpleasant impression upon the young king's mind. Perhaps it was through weariness of his conservatism or suspicion of his senility that he had been left behind now in command of the garrison at Ecbatana.

His influence had always been great among the Macedonian soldiery. He had originally had three sons in the army, two of whom had lost their lives in service. One of them, Nicanor, had held the important post of commander of the hypaspists; another was Philotas, in a like or even more important command. His son-in-law Cœnus and his brother Agathon were also in important commands. Many of his kinsfolk held minor positions in the army. This group formed an easy nucleus about which should shape itself into expression the rising discontent with the new order of things. There was uneasiness abroad in the Macedonian camp. The older men were beginning to feel that the Alexander with whom they had left Europe was gradually drifting away from them. He had begun to show a liking for Oriental manners that was not to their mind. The talk about his assumption of divinity had not been met with favor by them when it first cropped up nearly two years before in Egypt. Little had been heard of it since then, but since Darius's death there had been a growing tendency to assume the court manners of an Oriental despot. He had not yet, as he did a year or two later, gone so far as to exact of his Macedonians the Oriental etiquette of prostration in his presence, but even the acceptance of it constantly from the Orientals themselves was not a good omen for the future. Then, too, Persian noblemen, like Artabazus, were being admitted to his court and confidences in increasing numbers. Persian satraps were being restored to the control of rich provinces, and native officials of lower grade retained in authority. What wonder if the old Macedonians who had borne the toil of war saw in all this only the victor robbed of his spoils!

Alexander had also begun, at least on state occasions, to assume the Oriental dress, not in its extreme form, tiara and all, to be sure, but with a compromise between the Median and Macedonian styles. Plutarch speaks about it thus:[1] "From here [Hyrcania] he marched into Parthia, and, as he had not much to do here, first put on the Median dress, probably with a desire to accommodate himself to the usages of the country, in recognition of the influence which conformity to the usual dress and costume has in the work of civilizing a people; or perhaps it may have been a way of insinuating upon the Macedonians the usage of prostration through accustoming them to tolerate this change in the conduct of life. He did not, however, assume the ultra-Oriental style of dress, with all its odious barbarian features, the trousers, the sleeved jacket, or the tiara, but a compromise between the Persian and the Macedonian, more quiet than the former, but yet more imposing than the latter. At first he wore this only when meeting barbarians or with his friends at home, but later he appeared in it publicly, when he drove out, and at public audiences—a sight which caused the Macedonians much pain."

We should not, from what we know of national prejudices even in the present enlightened days, expect to find charitable judges of Alexander's growing cosmopolitanism among the hardy warriors of homely Macedonia. His great idea of a cosmopolitanism expressed in a world-empire, and created by the breaking down of barriers, so that each part might contribute of its own, was just beginning to intrench itself in his mind, at the expense of the old idea of exploiting the East for the good of the West, and must be his excuse to those who give him charitable judgment. All know, however, who have observed individual specimens of humanity undergoing the process of cosmopolitanizing, with how great risk to character it makes its way, and how frequently it is itself an evidence of loss of anchorage and of moral decay.

Parmenion and his kin were evidently patrons of the old school. Rumors had reached the ears of the king, two years before, of things Philotas, in unguarded moments, had said which involved criticism of the king. Through Philotas's mistress, a fair woman of Pydna who had been taken among the captives at Issus, word had come that one day in his cups Philotas had boasted that all the great deeds were really those of his father and himself, though the benefit of them, kingship and all, accrued to Alexander alone. The king had apparently forgotten it, but still he watched Philotas.

This was the state of things when in the

[1] Plutarch, "Alexander," xlv.

late autumn of 330, at Phrada, in Drangiana, word suddenly came of a plot. A young man named Nicomachus had been incited by a friend, one Dimnus, to join in a conspiracy planned against the life of the king. He, through his brother, had sent word of the danger to Philotas, who had failed to carry it to the king, though in constant communication with him. Two days elapsed, when the matter was by another route reported to the king. This brought Philotas under suspicion; and others, influenced to some extent by prejudice against him, now appeared with positive accusations. He was immediately put under arrest, and, in old-fashioned style, put on trial before the army, with the king as his accuser.

We have no way of estimating the evidence. The method of procedure was certainly not such as to guarantee the dispassionate hearing worthy of a court. Philotas had gained many private enemies by his overbearing manner and his tendency to indulge in luxury and ostentation. Even his father had once rebuked him: "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." Whatever the proofs were, the army-court declared him a would-be regicide, and clamored for his execution. In judging of the probable justice of this verdict, it is to be noted that another general, Amyntas, who was accused of complicity in the same conspiracy, was by the same tribunal acquitted. Arrian says Philotas was convicted by clear proofs. The presumption is that he was guilty. There is nothing inherently improbable in the belief. It was always the fate of autocrats to be conspired against by those nearest them.

Still Alexander was not absolutely satisfied. Philotas had insisted on his innocence, and excused his failure to report the alleged conspiracy by saying that he had discredited the report of its existence. He was therefore subjected to torture, in the hope of extorting a confession. The torture was administered in private by Hephæstion, Craterus, and Cœnus, the three most intimate associates of the king; and Alexander himself, in order to take personal cognizance of every detail, was close at hand, hidden by a curtain. When Philotas, under stress of torture, showed an unexpected lack of fortitude for a tried soldier, Alexander is reported to have said from his place of concealment: "What, Philotas, sensitive and craven as that, and yet engaged in a design like this?" He is said at last to have confessed and to have implicated his father—this, however, on the authority of Curtius Rufus only. He was then put to death, and trusty messengers were sent swiftly across to Ecbatana to order the assassination of his father also, which was forthwith accomplished by the hands of his officers. This was a high-handed and outrageous act. It seems impossible that Parmenion could have been guilty, but the mere fact that the king could have thought it necessary showed how sensitive he had become to the possibility of an opposition centering about the family of Parmenion.

The command of the companion cavalry, formerly held by Philotas, was now divided between Clitus, the son of Dropides, and Hephæstion, the latter of whom had of late advanced rapidly in the esteem of Alexander. It is remarked, for instance, that he among all the Macedonians showed most sympathy for the new ideas of the king. It was a period of transition in Alexander's life, and the friendship of Hephæstion marks the new period.

It is evident that Alexander could have spent but little time in Drangiana. Late[1] in October or early in November he advanced through the country of the peaceable and hospitable Ariaspians dwelling along the lower courses of the Hilmend, on the western frontiers of the modern Afghanistan, and thence turned his line of march toward distant Bactria, where Bessus was still maintaining the emblems of authority of the old Persian empire. The route chosen led up the valley of the Etymandrus (Hilmend) toward Ghasni, then down into the Kabul basin, and thence northward over the passes of Paropamisus (the modern Hindu Kush). Opposition faced him at every turn, but he fought his way rapidly through to the foot of the Paropamisus.

At two points at least on the route he founded colonies, probably marked by the modern sites of Kandahar and Ghasni, and near his halting-place at the foot of the mountains a third, not far from the modern Kabul. Once during the year word came of trouble in the outer world. An army from Bactria had invaded Aria and was seeking to detach the district from its allegiance. Not to be himself diverted from his projects, Alexander sent a strong force under Artabazus the Persian, which not without difficulty accomplished the defeat of the intruders. Alexander's way up the Etymandrus valley led at times through deep snow, and bitter

[1] Hogarth's attempt ("Philip and Alexander," Appendix B) to revise the chronology of this period fails of satisfying Arrian's account of later movements in Sogdiana.

privations were suffered. The winter was coming on, and when he reached the foot of the mountains by Kabul it must have been late in December (330).

With the opening of spring (329 B. C.) he crossed the passes of the Hindu Kush at an elevation of over thirteen thousand feet, and came to the city of Drapsaca in Bactria. After a little rest he pushed on in pursuit of Bessus, who gradually retired before him, and crossed the Oxus (Amu-Darja) into the territory of the modern Bokhara. The Oxus, which now flows into the Sea of Aral, was in Alexander's time, and even down to as recent a period as the sixteenth century, a tributary of the Caspian. If a plan recently proposed by Russian engineers of restoring it to its ancient course should be realized, it will provide a waterway from the Caspian into northeastern Afghanistan, direct toward the gate of India. When Alexander came to the Oxus he found it a mighty stream swollen with the melting snows; and in default of boats, or wood with which to build them, he sent his men across on "life-preservers" improvised out of their leather tent-coverings stuffed with straw. Five days were expended in the crossing. Hounding Bessus down, he finally found him with a few soldiers in a fortified village, forsaken and betrayed by his generals and his army. Now Darius could be avenged. Stripped naked, with his neck in a heavy wooden yoke, Bessus was made to stand by the roadside while the army marched by. When Alexander came up to where the wretched man was placed, he caused his chariot to halt, and asked him why he had betrayed his king, who was his kinsman and benefactor. He answered that he had not done it alone; others had planned it with him, and they had done it in hope of winning Alexander's favor. The king showed his appreciation of the answer by ordering him scourged and sending him in chains to Bactra (Balkh), his capital, whence, in the following winter, he was brought to Zariaspa (Charjui), and there, by a court of his peers, condemned in due and proper Median form to suffer the death of a regicide. They cut off his ears and nose, and sent him to Ecbatana to be put to death by the native authorities. So, though Greek and Macedonian shuddered at the horror of mutilation, the lord of the East was avenged by the East, and in genuine Eastern style.

Arrian,[1] in passing, cannot restrain his Hellenic instincts from volunteering the remark: "I do not approve of this harsh punishment of Bessus; nay, rather, I regard the mutilation of the body as a barbarian trick, and agree that Alexander was led into imitation of the ways of the rich Medo-Persians, and especially of the way, characteristic of their kings, of treating their subjects as inferior beings." But the larger significance of the event he does not note. Viewed as an act of political prudence, it left the East to bear the burden of the Shah's death, and cleansed the hands of Alexander. Viewed on still larger perspective, it presented a first glimmering of that idea of empire and law which was gaining hold upon the mind of Alexander, whereby peoples were to find the rule and order of life in the beaten track of their own usage and faith, and empire, wrought out from within rather than imposed from without, was to be more a thing of leveling the barriers of distrust and misunderstanding than of impressing a foreign will and sway.

The complete conquest of Bactria and its adjoining country, Sogdiana, Bokhara, and southern Turkestan, was to Alexander a necessary condition of assured peace. Here was the very center of the Persian religion, the scene of Zoroaster's teachings. The valleys of the Oxus and of the Jaxartes evidently formed then the seat of a strong, well-developed civilization that had been able to assert itself against the nomadic tribes of the western desert and against the Scythians of the north, and supported a population, we have reason to believe, considerably denser and more settled than that of to-day. Here Alexander found the sturdiest opposition he had met with since entering Asia. The people he was dealing with were of the Aryan stock pure and undefiled, and uncontaminated by the refinements which had their seat in the old settled life of Mesopotamia. Evidence enough of the difficulties encountered is found in the fact that over two years (April, 329, to May, 327) were occupied in reducing to complete submission a district three hundred and fifty miles square, while in a single year (July, 331, to July, 330) he had overrun Syria, Assyria, Persia, Media, and Parthia, a domain one thousand miles in width.

After the capture of Bessus he tarried in the rich plains of the Oxus long enough to rest his army and to replenish his supply of horses, which had suffered terribly in passing the mountains, and then pushed rapidly across Sogdiana to the northeast, and occupied its chief city, Maracanda (modern Samarkand). Since crossing the Oxus he

[1] Arrian, "Anabasis," iv, 7.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PUNISHMENT OF BESSUS.

had been upon soil which to-day is under Russian protection, or is Russian outright. Samarkand, the most important ancient city of the Transcaspian region, and the city where Tamerlane received his crown, is now an important station of the Transcaspian Railway, and represents in its schools of theology the strong fortress of Mohammedan orthodoxy. It is the "head of Islam, as Mecca is its heart." From here Alexander pushed on a hundred miles and more farther to the banks of the Jaxartes (modern Syr-Darja) at the modern Khojend. Suddenly the flame of revolt burst out in his rear. The whole frontier was ablaze with defiant opposition. The last remnants of the Persian power, under leadership of Spitamenes, joined with the frontier population, and the roaming tribes of the North arose as by concerted signal to sweep across the path by which he had come and to shut him off from the world. First he turned back against the seven frontier cities which, in close proximity to one another to the west of Khojend, formed the barrier against the northern steppes. These in quick succession he reduced to subjection. Then he turned back eastward to Khojend.

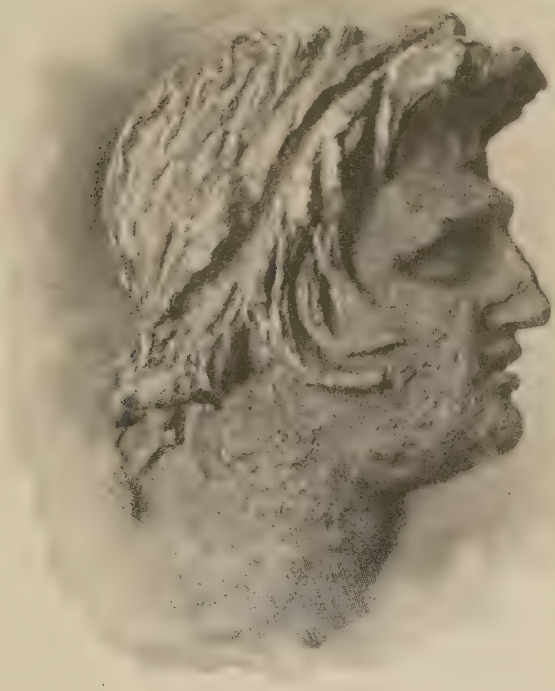
A great force of Scythians (Sakai) had now gathered on the opposite bank of the river, apparently awaiting their opportunity to invade the country. Their insulting challenges hurled across the river dared the Macedonians to cross and find out how different Scythians were from the effeminate peoples of Asia. Alexander had hitherto had no purpose to carry his arms farther, but this was too much for his sense of sportsmanship. In order to give them a sample of his mettle he did just what he had done six years before (335 B. C.) at the Danube: he made a sudden passage of the river, using the same means as at the Oxus, drove the Scythians before him, and penetrated a day's march into their land, until the bad water of the country, which in the excessive heat he had drunk too rashly, came to the rescue of the fugitives and demonstrated the great chieftain's bowels to be mortal.

On the borders of the stream he founded a city, the Alexandria-Eschata marked by the present site of Khojend. Within twenty days its walls were built, and it was settled with the Macedonians who had become unfit for service, some of the Greek mercenaries, and people from the neighborhood who volunteered for the new enterprise. During his two years' stay in the Northeast at least eight such colonies were founded,—according to Justin, twelve,—and these became afterward important factors, as outposts of Hellenism, in assuring the unity of the empire and in leavening the lump. In no wise was Greece so effective as in the city form. Her civilization was at the heart social and human, and urban life was its *sine qua non*.

The site of Alexandria-Eschata (Khojend) was given its importance not only by the bend which the Syr-Darja makes at this point toward the north, but preëminently by its command of the eastern route into far central Asia. Hence the beaten track leads on through the rich province of Ferghana by Osh, to the mountain-passes descending to Kashgar, the gate of China. All these regions are so deep in the heart of the continent, here at the "roof of the world," where to-day Russia, China, and India meet, that the rivers all weary of seeking the open sea, and die in the land.

The Jaxartes, which Alexander seems to have supposed was the Tanaïs (Don), had been the recognized boundary of the Persian empire, and Alexander regarded it as a proper limit of his own conquests. His geography, as we have already seen, regarded the Caspian as connected directly with the Sea of Azov or the Euxine. Strabo, three centuries later, held it, in accordance with the vulgate opinion since Patrocles and Eratosthenes (third century B. C.), to be a gulf of the great northern ocean. The region of the Rha (Volga) was entirely left out of calculation until the second century after Christ, when the river Volga duly appears in the map of Claudius Ptolemæus as a tributary of the Caspian, and the Caspian resumes its place as an inland sea, as it had been treated by Herodotus. The Jaxartes was regarded by Alexander as the boundary between Europe and Asia. A later expression of his suggests that it may have been his intention, after completing the subjugation of Asia, to return and effect the conquest of the Scythians by way of the Hellespont and the Black Sea; but this was no part of his initial purpose, which was certainly limited to a conquest of the Persian empire proper. The Hindu Kush range, which he had crossed on entering Bactria, he believed to be the Caucasus, and this an extension of the Taurus range, running east and west directly through the center of Asia. The southern half of this Asia he understood to be occupied by Assyria, Persia, Ariana, and India (Penjab), the latter bounded on the west by the Indus, and constituting on the east the southeastern limit of the continent. At the Jaxartes, therefore, his conquests found a natural halting-place.

Having seen the river, he retreated, but his name and memory he left to survive in the "tradition of the mouth" through the turnings and overturnings of more than twenty centuries. Nowhere in all the lands he conquered is the direct tradition of his greatness, strange to say, so vivid to-day as among the mountain tribes about the Ferghana. Their chiefs claim still direct descent from Alexander, and, as a recent explorer[1] testifies, "everything great and grand they still couple with the name of Alexander."



HEAD OF ALEXANDER.

From a cast lent by Mr. Edward R. Smith, Avery Library, Columbia University. The original terra-cotta is in the Munich Antiquarium, and is about a third larger than the above reproduction.

From the Jaxartes he turned back now to quell the insurrection that still prospered in his rear. At Samarkand his garrison had been beleaguered in the citadel. A detachment of his army sent on in advance had been sadly defeated. He came on, an avenging storm, drove Spitamenes, rebels, and raiders fugitive into the far steppes of the North, and then turned back to waste with fearful fury the whole pleasant valley of the Sogd. More than a hundred thousand lives were sacrificed in expiation of the revolt. Then there was quiet. This ended the year's work. It was already the depth of winter, and he returned to winter quarters in Zariaspa, the site of the modern Charjui, where the Transcaspian Railway now crosses the Oxus (Amu-Darja).

The year 328 was spent again in Bokhara, where persistent hostility still asserted itself at many points. The mountains were full of retreats where opposition found a refuge, and the sturdy, warlike character of the people gave Alexander the sorest trial he was called upon to face in all his military career. Bactria, too, was again in danger, and Craterus, who represented Alexander in his absence, was only after a sharp engagement successful in again relegating Spitamenes and his half-nomad following to the wilderness of the west. Not until later, when an attack led by Alexander was threatened, did these followers

[1] Franz von Schwarz, "Alexanders Feldzüge in Turkestan," p. 97.

bow the knee and pay their tribute to the great king in the form of Spitamenes's head. At the end of the season Alexander returned again toward the boundaries of Bactria. He spent the most of the winter at Nautaka (Shachrisabs-Shaar in central Bokhara).

During the campaign of 328 in Sogdiana occurred at Samarkand one of the most grievous misdeeds chargeable against Alexander's personal record—the murder of his friend Clitus. The incidents connected with it, stated and discussed fully as they are in all our sources, afford so clear a revelation of our hero's mood and inner life, and so complete a picture of the man off his guard, that they are worthy of fullest recital.

Clitus had been the captain of the cavalry agéma, but after the death of Philotas was promoted, along with the new favorite Hephæstion, to the command of half the chosen immortals, the hetairoi cavalry. Unlike Hephæstion, he had remained a stalwart Macedonian in tastes and sympathies, and had long regarded with apprehension and concealed vexation the Medo-mania of his king; and yet he was a loyal friend, and all might have gone well, but for the madness of wine. One night, on the occasion of a festival of Dionysus, the symposium had been protracted to abnormal length, and the potations had been deeper than was the wont even with these fervent devotees of Bacchus. In the depths of a Greek drinking-bout, small talk and banter were apt to find their common pabulum, not in politics and the weather, but in the finesse of the Greek mythology, about which everybody knew something, and the tantalizing variations of which offered themes as unlikely of final settlement as either the tariff or determinism. This night the conversation turned on the problem of the paternity of Castor and Pollux, and the unhappy impulse of some one, who was at once a modernizing realist and a vapid flatterer, brought it down to earth and turned it into a comparison of Alexander and the aforesaid demigods. Surely the conqueror of Asia had wrought greater deeds than these provisional worthies. It is the perversely narrow-minded people who see no good and great thing except in old times and in the Old Testament, and utterly ignore the great movements and great men of their own day.

There were many seconders. Courtier zeal strove to outbid itself. Alexander's deeds were extolled as greater than the labors of the wide-traveled Hercules. The old-fashioned Macedonians were shocked at the impiety, but held their peace; only the impulsive Clitus raised his voice in protest. As the conversation, however, developed into a comparison of the achievements of Philip and of Alexander, to the disparagement of the former, the issue between the new school and the old became still more sharply drawn, and when the revelers came to amuse themselves by singing the serio-comic verses of Pranichus, which chaffed the old Macedonian officers for their defeats in Sogdiana, the last straw was added to the burden. Clitus's indignant protest against exposing worthy veterans to ridicule as cowards was answered by Alexander, who had thus far quietly treated the whole discussion as bacchanalian nonsense,—and answered, it appears, with a jest: "Clitus seems to be pleading his own cause." But the jest carried a sting to the half-drunken advocate, and anger and wine drowned humor. "You ought to be the last one to name me a coward—you who at Granicus, fleeing from Spithridates's sword, owed your life to my hand. These Macedonians, whom your creatures ridicule, have bought with their blood your fame." Alexander had thus far preserved his composure, but now a sensitive point had been touched, and he rebuked Clitus. Such talk, he said, only served to stir up animosities and sedition. But Clitus was in no mood to heed the injunction of silence. "Why do you ask freemen to dine with you at all, if you are unwilling they should speak their minds? You 'd better associate altogether with your lickspittle Persians, who bend the knee to your white tunic, and say only what you want them to." Alexander's temper could tolerate an indefinite amount of mythological controversy, but this approached dangerously near to twitting on facts. Anger came quick and strong. He seized the first object that lay at his hand, hurled it at the offender, and reached to find his sword. A prudent guard had hidden it out of his sight. Friends gathered about seeking to soothe and restrain him, but he broke from them, and shouting loud to his guards in his native Macedonian idiom,—indication of return to first, savage principles,—he bade the trumpeter blow the call, and smote him with clenched fist when he hesitated to obey. Clitus's friends, in hope of preventing a collision, hurried him out of the room, and Ptolemy led him away out of the citadel and beyond the moat; but his fate and the folly of wine drew him back. In a moment he had entered at another side of the banqueting-hall, and raising the portière that hung before the door, stood defiantly there, chanting in tone of reckless challenge

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE MURDER OF CLITUS.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THESSALONICA.

The arch is popularly attributed to Alexander the Great, and by different learned authorities, in the absence of any decisive criteria, to Gallienus or Theodosius.

Euripides's verses of discontent from the "Andromache":

Alas, in Greece how ill things ordered are!
When trophies rise for victories in war,
Men count the praise not theirs who did the deed,
But give alone to him who led the meed.

A few words brought the import of the well-known passage. The apparition at the doorway was sudden as the challenge was insulting. Quick as a flash the impetuous king snatched a spear from the hands of a guard and hurled it at the figure by the raised curtain. The deed was done. The friend of his childhood, his life-companion and rescuer, lay gasping out his life.

Quick came the rebound from the fury of anger in a passion of remorse. Alexander bent by the side of the prostrate body, drew out the fatal spear, and would have turned it against himself, but his companions seized him and led him away by force to his chamber. There he lay through the night and through the day, writhing in the torment of remorse and self-reproach. Now he would call Clitus by name as if to awake him from death, now implore his forgiveness, now chide himself as murderer of his friends, now call the name of his nurse Lanice, Clitus's sister, and, as if she were present, abuse himself in self-accusation before her: "How ill have I repaid thee, kindly foster-mother, for all thy care in rearing me! Thy sons thou hast given to die fighting in my behalf; thy brother I have slain with mine own hand." When the first storm of grief had spent itself, he lay still upon his bed, neither eating nor drinking, nor uttering a word.

So for three days, until the fear spread through the camp that he might become demented. Men came to plead with him that he should face his work and put his grief behind him; but he listened to none of them, till finally "specious platitudes of kismet and predestination began to soothe, and a sophistic Greek infused a baleful balm, reminding the successor of Darius that emperors stand above obligation and above law."[1] Still the deed remained a burden upon his soul, and the memory of it seems to have embittered the remainder of his life. Perhaps it added something of the hardness we cannot fail to note creeping in upon his temper during the latter years. Continuous life in the hard experience of war, coupled with the unnatural excitements of risk and enormous success, might well have been expected to show their effects in his character; but this incident alone cannot be made, prominent as it has been in the accounts of his life, to carry the whole argument.

1 Hogarth, "Philip and Alexander."

A man who aspired to rule the whole world had shown himself unable to rule his own temper. His weakness stood out in the powerful light of one terrible demonstration. He saw it himself and despised himself. He hardened himself against his shame and grew harsh. So our ideals slip away from us, as we discover our weakness, and paint their substitutes over "to resemble iron." Yet we shall do Alexander injustice if we attribute his unhappy act to a radical decadence of character, or see in it an indication that his relations to his men and his attitude as a sovereign had suffered radical change. He was a human being, and the incident helps to show how very human he was; but still the Alexander who hurled the spear at Clitus and then bowed in instant repentance over the prostrate body is, on the whole, the same Alexander whose impulsive violence and impulsive generosity and love have all through the story of his life given an individual color to a character shaped in strong lines of sagacity, idealism, and force. The significant thing is that he could still repent. Arrian says well:[1] "Alexander is the only one I know of among the kings of olden time who from nobility of character repented of the errors he had committed. The majority of men, even when themselves convinced they have done wrong, make the mistake of thinking they can conceal their sin by defending their action as just. But, as I look at it, the only cure for sin is for the sinner to confess it and to be visibly repentant regarding it."

If the Clitus incident is to serve any didactic purpose beyond that of a temperance lecture, it can only be used as a further illustration of the Macedonian envy, which had two years before shown itself in the conspiracy of Philotas, and which still maintained a smoldering life behind the ashes. The old-fashioned Macedonians could not reconcile themselves to the sight of their king hobnobbing with Persian grandees and toying with Oriental fashions and manners. His reconstruction policy of reconciliation and amalgamation found no real favor in the hearts of these Stalwarts; they believed in robuster things. Warrior-like, they resented any curtailment of the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils.

The murder of Clitus occurred at Samarkand in the year 328. In the following spring (327) another thing occurred which furnishes further indication of the same unreconcilable spirit of stalwartism. In the train of Alexander had been since the beginning of his campaigns in Asia the Olynthian Callisthenes, nephew and pupil of Aristotle, a man of great personal dignity and scholarly refinement, and distinguished alike by his frankness of speech and by his skill as a writer and speaker. He was the literary man of the court, *par excellence*, and he had accompanied the army with the express purpose of recording and glorifying the great deeds of his sovereign. The rescued fragments of his "Persica," which covered the period down to Darius's death, betray him to have been more rhetorician than chronicler.

Intimate as his relations had been with Alexander, his brusqueness of speech, addressed not infrequently against the new cosmopolitanism, had of late brought him into some disfavor. His independence of manner, too, manifesting itself now in declining invitations to social entertainments that most men eagerly sought, now in a churlish and disgruntled air that seemed to speak disapproval of all he saw, and cast a gloom over the company of which he was a member, had served to brand him as a malcontent, so that Alexander is said once to have mildly expressed his disapproval of his conduct by quoting a verse of Euripides: "I hate the sophist who is not *sophos* [wise] for himself: physician, heal thyself." On one occasion, being called upon at the king's dinner-table to make an extempore speech in praise of the Macedonians, he did it with such fervor of eloquence that all rose from their seats to applaud, and cast their garlands upon him as a tribute. Thereupon Alexander, with the remark that so good a theme makes eloquence easy, bade him test his skill by turning the subject about and criticizing the Macedonians, to the end that they might know their faults as well as their virtues. Callisthenes accepted the challenge with all vigor, and proceeded to score them with a boldness and skill that well-nigh provoked an outburst of disorder. He spared not even Philip, who, he dared to say, had grown great out of the discord of the Greeks —"in civil strife e'en villains rise to fame." His effort may have been an artistic success, but as a contribution to the spread of peace and good will among men it was a failure. It certainly made the author thoroughly disliked, and Alexander expressed the opinion that he had "given a sample of his ill will rather than of his eloquence." Of his churlishness there seems to have been no moral ground for doubt.

It was Callisthenes, too, who at about this time provoked a "scene" at a state banquet

[1] Arrian, "Anabasis," vii, 28.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE WEDDING OF ALEXANDER AND ROXANE.

by ostentatiously declining to perform the act of *proskynesis* (prostration), which had been introduced as a form of etiquette from the Oriental usage. Stories were circulated, also, of the wild things he had said about resistance to tyrants, and defiance of arbitrary power, and rejection of foreign usages. Particularly among the young men of the court his bluntness and apparent fearlessness of speech had won him a certain admiration. He was suspected of having much influence with them. Hence when a conspiracy against the life of the king, originating in the personal grudge of one who had been severely punished, was one day discovered among the pages of the court, suspicion turned to him. Whether there was any real evidence against him we shall never know. The chief culprit, Hermolaus, was his intimate, and openly confessed sympathy with his views. Despite the express statements of Aristobulus and Ptolemy that the pages named him as their instigator, equally explicit statements of other authorities to the contrary are probably correct. He was put in chains, and died some months later, still a prisoner. This all happened at Balkh, in the spring of 327. The coldness which is supposed to have grown up between Aristotle and Alexander is commonly brought into some connection with this occurrence.

In the early spring of 327, Alexander had entered the mountain country at the extreme east of Sogdiana, to subdue the last relics of resistance which lingered still in the mountain fastnesses. The Bactrian chieftain Oxyartes, a former associate of Bessus, had withdrawn, with the families of several of the Bactrian nobility under his protection, into an extensive and well-nigh impregnable fortress located on the peak of a precipitous mountain-rock (Baisun-tau). There he sat in cool defiance and presumed immunity until three hundred Macedonian soldiers performed the impossible, climbed up the face of the almost perpendicular cliff commanding the citadel, and so forced a surrender.

Among the captives was Roxane, daughter of Oxyartes, who, Curtius Rufus says, possessed "surpassing beauty and a grace of bearing rarely seen among barbarians." Her beauty won a victory in the hour of her father's defeat—the first victory Asia had won over its conqueror. Thus far Alexander's breastplate had proved impervious to Cupid's arrows. Before the storied charms of Darius's wife and daughters he had stood unmoved. Except for his intimacy with Barsine, Memnon's widow, who was taken captive at Damascus, he had never been known to pay the slightest heed to the attractions of women. But now it was a case of love at first sight, and declining to use the right of conqueror, he proposed an honorable marriage. Oxyartes thus became his ally and friend, and through his mediation the remaining opposition of the country was rapidly conciliated.

This was a further decided step in the king's policy of conciliation and amalgamation, which, to the disappointment of the old-school Macedonians, had been steadily unfolding itself of late. They looked decidedly askance at the marriage, but no one ventured a protest. The situation was becoming too strong for them. The Oriental element, arrayed with the Greeks who sympathized with the new idea, was already powerful enough to set the tone, and behind him Alexander had the unflinching loyalty of the army.

For the next four years we hear, strange to say, nothing further about Roxane. Shortly after the king's death (323) she bore him a son, who became a disturbing factor for a while in the problems of the succession, until Cassander put him and his mother out of the way (311). She plays, therefore, small part in the story of Alexander, but the lonely record of the marriage stands to mark the progress of the new idea of fusing races and nations in a world-empire —the one idea which we are justified as associating with Alexander's conception of what his conquests might be made to mean.

Some have claimed it was his main purpose at the end, as at the beginning, to carry Greek sovereignty and Greek ideas over the East; others have chosen to view his career as shaped alone by a restless, insatiable greed of conquest that should bring the whole world beneath his arms. He surely loved conquest, because he loved to achieve; he was restlessly active, because he loved to create and shape and do; but the one dominant purpose toward which all his achievement looked, and in which all the facts of his life and all his expression and action find consistent explanation, is this ideal of establishing, in the organized form of empire, coöperation and a common understanding between those two great elements of the civilized life of men around which, as spiritual nuclei, had been shaped the dualistic history of mankind through all the time and within all the horizon that he and men of his day could explore and know—the life of the East and the life of the West, orientalism and occidentalism.

(To be continued.)

FRANKLIN'S RELATIONS WITH THE FAIR SEX.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,
Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

AT fourteen years of age, so Franklin relates, he engaged in a controversy with another boy on "the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study," his opponent maintaining "that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it," while Benjamin "took the contrary side, perhaps a little for disputes sake." Two years later, when composing the letters of Mrs. Dogood, he wrote one in defense of women, in reply to a request of "Ephraim Censorious" that the author of those essays should "Let the first Volley of your Resentment be directed against *Female* Vice; let Female Idleness, Ignorance and Folly . . . be the Subject of your satyrs, but more especially Female Pride, which I think is intollerable." "I find it a very difficult Matter," the embryo philosopher replied, "to reprove Women separate from the Men, for what vice is there in which the Men have not as great a share as Women?" Moreover, he argued, such faults as the sex have are chiefly due to men. Idleness: "if a man will be so fond and so foolish as to labour hard himself for a Livelihood, and suffer his Wife in the mean Time to sit in Ease and Idleness, let him not blame her if she does so, for it is in a great Measure his own Fault." Ignorance and folly: the fault is "wholly on the Men, for not allowing Women the Advantages of Education." Pride: "truly, if Women are proud, it is certainly owing to the Men still; for if they will be such *Simpletons* as to humble themselves at their Feet, and fill their credulous Ears with extravagant Praises of their Wit, Beauty, and other Accomplishments . . . what Wonder is it, if they carry themselves haughtily and live extravagantly?"

As befitted her pen-name, Mrs. Dogood devoted much space to the consideration of feminine affairs. One of her letters treats "of the lamentable Condition of Widows," and suggests for their benefit a mutual insurance that shall give to every married woman five hundred pounds on the death of her husband. Another discusses the sad lot of the maid who, "being puffed up in her younger Years with a numerous Train of Humble Servants, had the Vanity to think, that her extraordinary Wit and Beauty could continually recommend her to the Esteem of the Gallants," but has seen her rejected swains, to "all Appearance in a dying Condition," recover their health and marry, and who, "disappointed in and neglected by her former Adorers," and with "no new Offers appearing," begs the writer "to form a Project for the Relief of all those penitent Mortals of the Fair Sex, that are like to be punished with their Virginity, until old Age, for the Pride and Insolence of their Youth." Showing no favor to her own condition, the widow suggests a "Friendly Society" that shall pay to each member, when the age of thirty is attained, five hundred pounds, which sum she deems sufficient to fit each with a husband; but she adds that this premium shall be subject to the condition that "No woman, who after claiming and receiving, has had the good Fortune to marry, shall entertain any Company with Encomiums on her Husband, above the Space of one Hour at a Time." A third article, picturing Boston at night, describes still another class of feminine unfortunates, of whom the sixteen-year-old lad might better have been ignorant.

One has but to read Fielding or Smollett to know that the eighteenth century was a poor school for the learning of moral purity; and the runaway prentice, separated from home and parents, had fewer influences than most to save him from adopting the view of the times that human appetites were given to man for his enjoyment, and that their gratification was a venial fault at most. In the years of wandering which followed his leaving Boston, he himself frankly confesses that his "hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried" him "frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in" his "way"; and he probably had his own transgressions in mind when, a few years later, in a newspaper essay, he bespoke a charitable

judgment of such weakness, arguing in behalf of the abstract offender that "your Youth, your Inexperience, the Weakness of your Reason, and the Violence of your Passions all plead strongly for you." As he grew in years and wisdom, Franklin set himself to conquer his own nature in this failing, as in others; but struggle as he would, his physique was stronger than his will; through all his life he never succeeded in bringing himself to his own standard, and Poor Richard could speak wittingly when he asserted that "The proof of gold is fire: the proof of woman, gold: the proof of man, a woman." Yet, though this incontinence was a matter of common knowledge, and was recurrently used as a subject of attack in political campaigns, his own generation, both men and women, deemed him a moral man, whose friendship was an honor; and it is unfair to judge him by standards that did not exist at the time he lived, or to hold his other virtues in disrespect because he lacked this one.

The roving period of his journeyman life over, no sooner was he settled in Philadelphia than he looked about in search of a helpmeet; for, according to Poor Richard, "A man without a wife is but half a man"; a view enlarged upon by Franklin when he wrote a young friend: "It is the man and woman united that make the compleat human being. Separate, she wants his force of body and strength of reason; he, her softness, sensibility, and acute discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the world. A single man has not nearly the value he would have in the state of union. He is an incompleat animal. He resembles the odd half of a pair of scissors. If you get a prudent, healthy wife, your industry in your profession, with her good economy, will be a fortune sufficient." In the same vein and almost in the same words, even to his somewhat questionable comparison of matrimony to a pair of scissors, he told another:

> The married state is, after all our jokes, the happiest, because conformable to our natures. Man and woman have each of them qualities and tempers, in which the other is deficient, and which in union contribute to the common felicity. Single and separate, they are not the complete human being; they are like the odd halves of scissors: they cannot answer the end of their formation.

Favorably as the young printer thought of the institution of wedlock, he allowed little sentiment to enter into his own suits. He had leased the upper part of his printing-office to a family of the name of Godfrey, in turn boarding with them, and, in womanly fashion,

> Mrs. Godfrey projected a match for me with a relation's daughter, took opportunities of bringing us often together, till a serious courtship on my part ensu'd, the girl being in herself very deserving. The old folks encourag'd me by continual invitations to supper, and by leaving us together, till at length it was time to explain. Mrs. Godfrey manag'd our little treaty. I let her know that I expected as much money with their daughter as would pay off my remaining debt for the printing-house, which I believe was then above a hundred pounds. She brought me word they had no such sum to spare; I said they might mortgage their house in the loan-office. The answer to this, after some days, was, that they did not approve the match. . . . Whether this was a real change of sentiment or only artifice, on a supposition of our being too far engaged in affection to retract, and therefore that we should steal a marriage, which would leave them at liberty to give or withhold what they pleas'd, I know not; but I suspected the latter, resented it, and went no more. Mrs. Godfrey brought me afterward some more favorable accounts of their disposition, and would have drawn me on again; but I declared absolutely my resolution to have nothing more to do with that family. This was resented by the Godfreys; we differ'd, and they removed, leaving me the whole house, and I resolved to take no more inmates.

"This affair," Franklin calmly continues, "having turned my thoughts to marriage, I look'd round me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable." His empty rooms, too, no doubt were a persuasive; for though Poor Richard advised that one "Never take a wife till you have a house (and a fire) to put her in," he also maintained that "A house without a woman and firelight, is like a body without soul and spirit." Disappointed in his several courtships, he turned to one whom he had already wooed and won.

Over four years before these abortive attempts, on the day of his first arrival in Philadelphia, the runaway apprentice, unkempt and unwashed from the journey, and with "three great puffy rolls," one under each arm and eating a third, had walked "up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous ap-

pearance." Presently, after he had secured work with Keimer, he took lodgings at Mr. Read's, and propinquity thus favoring, he "made some courtship during this time to Miss Read."

I had [he states] a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me; but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

Once in London, Franklin says: "I forgot by degrees, my engagements with Miss Read, to whom I never wrote more than one letter, and that was to let her know I was not likely soon to return." This was, as he candidly owned when older, "another of the great errata of my life, which I would wish to correct if I were to live it over again." He acknowledged, too, that when, eighteen months later, he returned, and established himself in Philadelphia, "I should have been . . . asham'd at seeing Miss Read, had not her friends, despairing with reason of my return after the receipt of my letter, persuaded her to marry another, one Rogers, a potter, which was done in my absence. With him, however, she was never happy, and soon parted from him, refusing to cohabit with him or bear his name, it being now said that he had another wife. He was a worthless fellow, tho' an excellent workman, which was the temptation to her friends. He got into debt, ran away in 1727 or 1728, went to the West Indies, and died there."

Despite Franklin's ill treatment of them, there was no rupture, and "a friendly correspondence as neighbors and old acquaintances had continued between me and Mr. Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there and consulted in their affairs, wherein I sometimes was of service." Thus drawn into the family circle,

I piti'd poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not easily be prov'd, because of the distance; and, tho' there was a report of his death it was not certain. Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be call'd upon to pay.

An escape from these difficulties was found in a common-law marriage, and Franklin "took her to wife" September 1, 1730. "None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended; she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavor'd to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could." Long years after Mrs. Franklin's death, her husband bore testimony to the aid she had been to him, telling a young girl: "Frugality is an enriching virtue; a virtue I never could acquire myself; but I was once lucky enough to find it in a wife, who thereby became a fortune to me. Do you possess it? If you do, and I were twenty years younger, I would give your father one thousand guineas for you. I know you would be worth more to me as a *mênagère*, but I am covetous, and love good bargains." Win a prudent wife, the printer said, and "if she does not *bring* a fortune, she will help to *make* one. Industry, frugality and prudent economy in a wife are to the tradesman in their effect a fortune." When his daughter married a shopkeeper, the father advised her that she could be as serviceable to her husband in keeping shop "as your Mother was to me: for you are not deficient in capacity, and I hope are not too proud." Elsewhere he wrote:

We have an English proverb that says, "*He that would thrive, must ask his wife.*" It was lucky for me that I had one as much dispos'd to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being call'd one morning to breakfast, I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had

no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her* husband deserv'd a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and China in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increas'd, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

In Stamp Act times the husband took comfort in the recollection "that I had once been clothed from head to foot in woolen and linen of my wife's manufacture, that I never was prouder of my dress in my life, and that she and her daughter might do it again if it was necessary."

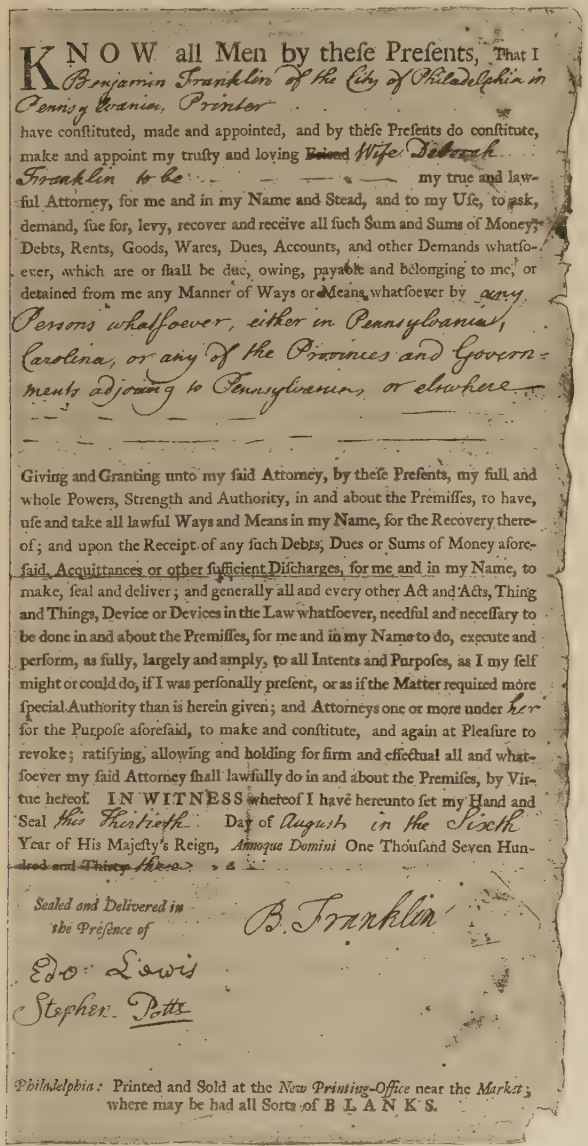
There can be no question that Deborah Franklin was far more to her husband than a good helpmeet, for a very great affection developed between the two. In an absence Franklin declared that "I began to think of and wish for home; and as I drew nearer, I found the attraction stronger and stronger. My diligence and speed increased with my inclination. I drove on violently, and made such long stretches, that a very few days brought me to my own house and to the arms of my good old wife." When in England he told her:

> You may think, perhaps, that I can find many amusements here to pass the time agreeably. It is true, the regard and friendship I meet with from persons of worth, and the conversation of ingenious men, give me no small pleasure; but, at this time of life, domestic comforts afford the most solid satisfaction, and my uneasiness at being absent from my family, and longing desire to be with them, make me often sigh in the midst of cheerful company.

Again he wrote: "My Dear Love:—I hoped to have been on the sea in my return by this time; but find I must stay a few weeks longer, perhaps for the summer ships. Thanks to God, I continue well and hearty; and I hope to find you so, when I have the happiness once more of seeing you."

One form in which this love expressed itself was in the gifts they made each other during the years they were separated. How Mrs. Franklin sent her husband apples, buckwheat, and other American goodies has already been recorded, and he made ample return for them. Busy as the colony agent was in his sojourns in London, he found time to ship remembrances of many kinds to his wife. Thus he notified her that "I sent my dear a newest fashioned white hat and cloak, and sundry little things, which I hope will get safe to hand. I now send her a pair of buckles, made of French paste stones, which are next in lustre to diamonds." Again he informed her:

> I have ordered two large print Common Prayer books to be bound, on purpose for you and Goody Smith; and, that the largeness of the print may



KNOW all Men by these Presents, That I *Benjamin Franklin of the City of Philadelphia in Pennsylvania, Printer* have constituted, made and appointed, and by these Presents do constitute, make and appoint my trusty and loving ~~Friend~~ *Wife Deborah Franklin to be* my true and lawful Attorney, for me and in my Name and Stead, and to my Use, to ask, demand, sue for, levy, recover and receive all such Sum and Sums of Money, Debts, Rents, Goods, Wares, Dues, Accounts, and other Demands whatsoever, which are or shall be due, owing, payable and belonging to me, or detained from me any Manner of Ways or Means whatsoever by *any Persons whatsoever, either in Pennsylvania, Carolina, or any of the Provinces and Governments adjoining to Pennsylvania, or elsewhere*

Giving and Granting unto my said Attorney, by these Presents, my full and whole Powers, Strength and Authority, in and about the Premisses, to have, use and take all lawful Ways and Means in my Name, for the Recovery thereof; and upon the Receipt of any such Debts, Dues or Sums of Money aforesaid, Acquittances or other sufficient Discharges, for me and in my Name, to make, seal and deliver; and generally all and every other Act and Acts, Thing and Things, Device or Devices in the Law whatsoever, needful and necessary to be done in and about the Premisses, for me and in my Name to do, execute and perform, as fully, largely and amply, to all Intents and Purposes, as I my self might or could do, if I was personally present, or as if the Matter required more special Authority than is herein given; and Attorneys one or more under *her* for the Purpose aforesaid, to make and constitute, and again at Pleasure to revoke; ratifying, allowing and holding for firm and effectual all and whatsoever my said Attorney shall lawfully do in and about the Premisses, by Virtue hereof. IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal *this Thirtieth* Day of *August, in the Sixth* Year of His Majesty's Reign, *Annoque Domini* One Thousand Seven Hundred and ~~Thirty three~~

Sealed and Delivered in the Presence of

B. Franklin

Edo. Lewis

Stephen. Potts

Philadelphia: Printed and Sold at the *New Printing-Office* near the *Market*; where may be had all Sorts of BLANKS.

POWER OF ATTORNEY TO DEBORAH FRANKLIN. IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

not make them too bulky, the christenings, matrimonies, and every thing else that you and she have not immediate and constant occasion for, are to be omitted. So you will both of you be reprieved from the use of spectacles in church a little longer.

Of another gift he wrote: "My poor cousin Walker, in Buckinghamshire, is a lacemaker. She was ambitious of presenting you and Sally with some netting of her work, but as I knew she could not afford it, I chose to pay for it at her usual price, 3/6 per yard. It goes also in the box." He even noted the fashions, and to help her to be in style, "sent a striped cotton and silk gown for you, of a manufacture now much the mode here. There is another for Sally. People line them with some old silk gown, and they look very handsome." Of one present he said: "I also forgot among the china, to mention a large fine jug for beer, to stand in the cooler. I fell in love with it at first sight; for I thought it looked like a fat jolly dame, clean and tidy, with a neat blue and white calico gown on, good natured and lovely, and put me in mind of somebody."

As they sent each other numerous gifts, so, too, they wrote each other frequently, and Franklin boasted that "I think nobody ever had more faithful correspondents than I have in Mr. Hughes and you. It is impossible to get or keep out of your debts." Nor was he himself neglectful, for he told her once: "I know you love to have a line from me by every packet, so I write, though I have little to say." Despite this care, the irregularities of the mails produced chidings that bespoke her eagerness for news of him. "Aprill 7 this day is Cumpleet 5 munthes senes you lefte your one House I did reseve a letter from the Capes senes that not one line I due supose that you did write by the packit but that is not arived yit." And again she complained: "I have bin verey much distrest a boute you as I did not [get] aney letter nor one word from you nor did I hear one word from oney bodey that you wrote to so I muste submit and inde[ed] do submit to what I am to bair." Their correspondence, too, never failed to express strong affection. Franklin usually began his, "My Dear Child," or "My Dear Love," and concluded, "I am ever, my dear Debby, your affectionate husband," varied at times by "I am, dear girl, your loving husband," a formula which was so customary that he ended thus one letter which had taken her to task for not writing, and then, in a postscript, he added: "I have scratched out the *loving words*, being writ in haste by mistake when I *forgot I was angry.*" In return her letters opened, "My dear child," and even "My Dearest Dear Child," and were signed, "I am, my dear child, your ffeckshonot wife," which was occasionally modified in orthography to "I am your afeckshonet wife." "I set down to confab a little with my dear child," she began one missive; and she ended another, "Adue my dear child and take care of your selef for mameys sake as well as your one." Yet a third begged he "wold tell me hough your poor armes was and hough you was on your voiag and hough you air and everey thing is with you wich I want everey much to know"; and she told him that she joined with him "in senser thanks to god for your presevevoashon and Safe a rivel o what reson have you and I to be thankful for maney mercy we have reseved."

Franklin has been criticized for leaving his wife in America during his two long agencies in Great Britain; but if blame there is, Mrs. Franklin should bear it, her dread of the passage being the real bar. In his first visit to London, his friend William Strahan "was very urgent with me to stay in England, and prevail with you to remove hither with Sally. He proposed several advantageous schemes to me, which appeared reasonably founded. . . . I gave him, however, two reasons why I could not think of removing hither: one my affection to Pennsylvania, and long established friendships and other connexions there; the other, your invincible aversion to crossing the seas."

Strahan was not discouraged, but wrote to Mrs. Franklin himself, urging that the removal would open up a far greater career to her husband.

For my own part [he went on], I never saw a man who was, in every respect, so perfectly agreeable to me. Some are amiable in one view, some in another, he in all. Now, Madam, as I know the ladies here consider him in exactly the same light I do, upon my word I think you should come over, with all convenient speed, to look after your interest; not but that I think him as faithful to his Joan as any man breathing; but who knows what repeated and strong temptation may in time, and while he is at so great a distance from you, accomplish? . . . I know you will object to the length of the voyage and the danger of the seas; but truly this is more terrible in apprehension than in reality. Of all the ways of travelling, it is the easiest and most expeditious; and, as for the danger, there has not a soul been lost between Philadelphia and this, in my memory; and I believe not one ship taken by the enemy.

But Mrs. Franklin was not to be induced, and her spouse understood this so well that he told her that Strahan "offered to lay me a considerable wager, that a letter he has wrote to you will bring you immediately over hither; but I tell him I will not pick his pocket; for I am sure there is no inducement strong enough to prevail with you to cross the seas." After his second visit to England he assured his friend that nothing would prevent his return "if I can as I hope I can, prevail with Mrs. F. to accompany me."

It is perhaps fortunate that this dread on his wife's part existed, not merely because it anchored Franklin to American soil, but also because Mrs. Franklin would have been more of a drag on her husband's public and social life in Great Britain than she was in Philadelphia, and would have but furnished one more example of the American diplomat united to a helpmeet wholly unfit for the duties of the station. Her pet name for her husband, "Pappy," was so universally known that it was a favorite political joke of his antagonists. As her spelling bespoke, she was a woman wholly lacking in cultivation, and, worse still, an eye-witness reports her as uttering "invectives in the foulest terms I ever heard from a gentlewoman," and speaks of "her turbulent temper." Even in Philadelphia she was not received socially, and this seems to have made her jealous of Franklin's public career, one instance of which is related by a Mr. Fisher, who had appealed to Franklin for aid.

> As I was coming down from my chamber this afternoon a Gentlewoman was sitting on one of the lowest stairs, which were but narrow, and there not being room enough to pass, she arose up and threw herself upon the floor and sat there. Mr. Soumien and his Wife greatly entreated her to arise and take a chair, but in vain; she would keep her seat, and kept it, I think, the longer for their entreaty. This Gentlewoman, whom, though I had seen before, I did not know, appeared to be Mrs. Franklin. She assumed the airs of extraordinary Freedom and great Humility, Lamented heavily the misfortunes of those who are unhappily infected with a too tender or benevolent disposition, said she believed all the world claimed a privilege of troubling her Pappy (so she usually calls Mr. Franklin) with their calamities and distress, giving us a general history of many such wretches and their impertinent applications to him. Mr. Franklin's moral character is good, and he and Mrs. Franklin live irreproachably as man and wife.

Yet none of these defects seem really to have troubled Franklin. "You can bear with your own Faults, and why not a fault in your Wife?" he asked on one occasion, and he seems himself to have taken his own advice to "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards." Some years after his marriage he wrote a song which gives a pleasant glimpse of his feeling for his wife.

MY PLAIN COUNTRY JOAN; A SONG.

Of their Chloes and Phyllises poets may prate,
  I sing my plain country Joan,
These twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,
  Blest day that I made her my own.

Not a word of her face, of her shape, of her air,
  Or of flames, or of darts, you shall hear;
I beauty admire, but virtue I prize,
  That fades not in seventy year.

. . . . . .

Some faults have we all, and so has my Joan,
  But then they 're exceedingly small,
And, now I 'm grown used to them, so like my own
  I scarcely can see them at all.

Were the finest young princess, with millions in purse,
  To be had in exchange for my Joan,
I could not get better wife, might get a worse,
  So I 'll stick to my dearest old Joan.

To a girl he wrote in the same vein: "Mrs. Franklin was very proud, that a young lady should have so much regard for her old husband, as to send him such a present. We talk of you every time it comes to table. She is sure you are a sensible girl, and a notable housewife, and talks of bequeathing me to you as a legacy; but I ought to wish you a better, and hope she will live these hundred years; for we are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to them that I don't perceive them."

After Franklin's departure from Philadelphia on his second agency to England, his wife had a paralytic stroke which "greatly affected her memory and understanding," so that William Franklin advised that "she have some clever body to take care of her," for she "becomes every day more and more unfit to be left alone"; and, as already noted, Franklin arranged that his daughter and her husband should live with her. In the letter announcing her death, his son gives a pathetic glimpse of her last months:

> She told me when I took leave of her on my removal to Amboy, that she never expected to see you unless you returned this winter, for that she was sure she should not live till next summer. I heartily wish you had happened to have come over in the fall, as I think her disappointment in that respect preyed a good deal on her spirits.

"There are three faithful friends; an old wife, an old dog, and ready money," said Poor Richard, and he declared that "A good wife lost is God's gift lost."

The young girl to whom Deborah Franklin bequeathed her husband was Catherine Ray, whose acquaintance he made in one of his visits to New England, and with whom a regular correspondence was henceforth maintained. Nor was this merely a compliment paid by the philosopher, for it gave him genuine pleasure. "Begone, business, for an hour, at least, and let me chat a little with my Katy," he began one of his letters, and then continued:

> Now it is near four months since I have been favored with a single line from you; but I will not be angry with you, because it is my fault. I ran in debt to you three or four letters, and, as I did not pay, you would not trust me any more, and you had some reason. But, believe me, I am honest, and, though I should never make equal returns, you shall see I will keep fair accounts. Equal returns I can never make, though I should write to you by every post; for the pleasure I receive from one of yours is more than you can have from two of mine. The small news, the domestic occurrences among our friends, the natural pictures you draw of persons, the sensible observations and reflections you make, and the easy, chatty manner in which you express every thing, all contribute to heighten the pleasure; and the more as they remind me of those hours and miles that we talked away so agreeably, even in a winter journey, a wrong road, and a soaking shower.

In time Miss Ray married William Greene of Rhode Island, who later was governor of the State, and in Franklin's journey to New England, in 1763, he visited the couple at their home in Warwick. "You have spun a long thread, five thousand and twenty-two yards," he once told her. "It will reach almost from Rhode Island hither. I wish I had hold of one end of it, to pull you to me. But you would break it rather than come." Even in the years in Paris, so full of work and diversion, he found time to think of her, writing on one occasion: "My Dear Old Friend—Don't be offended at the word *old*. I don't mean to call you an *old woman;* it relates only to the age of our friendship, which on my part has always been a sincerely affectionate one, and, I flatter myself, the same on yours."

Friendships of the same type were those with the daughters of the Bishop of St. Asaph, Georgiana being the favorite. On the outbreak of the Revolution the intercourse was for a time suspended, but as soon as Franklin was settled in Paris he found means to steal a letter to her, which met with the most eager of responses:

> After near two years had passed without my hearing any thing from you [she replied] and while I looked upon the renewal of our correspondence as a very unlikely event, it is easier to conceive than express the joy I felt at receiving your last kind letter. . . . How good you were to send me your direction, but I fear I must not make use of it as often as I could wish, since my father says that it will be prudent not to write in the present situation of affairs. I am not of an age to be so very prudent, and the only thought that occurred to me was your suspecting that my silence proceeded from other motives. I could not support the idea of your believing that I love and esteem you less than I did some few years ago. I therefore write this once without my father's knowledge. You are the first man that ever received a private letter from me, and in this instance I feel that my intentions justify my conduct; but I must entreat that you will take no notice of my writing, when next I have the happiness of hearing from you. . . . I must once more repeat nobody knows of this scroll; "a word to the wise,"—as Poor Richard says.

Franklin grieved that the war should prevent their seeing each other, and begged that, since he was denied the enjoyment of that "felicity," to "let me have at least that of hearing from you a little oftener," and he complained that "it is long, very long, my dear friend, since I had the great pleasure of hearing from you, and receiving any of your pleasing letters." This was due, Georgiana informed him, to the great "difficulty" in "conveying my letters safe"; yet, despite parents and British frigates, she succeeded in sending him an occasional missive, in one of which the girl asserted: "Did my family know of my writing, my letter would scarce contain the very many things they would desire me to say for them. They continue to admire and love you as much as they did formerly, nor can any time or event in the least change their sentiments." "Strange," she exclaimed, "that I should be under the necessity of concealing from the world a correspondence which it is the pride and glory of my heart to maintain."

Still another young girl friendship was that with Mary Stevenson, with whose mother Franklin lodged during his many years in London. As already recorded, he endeavored to bring about a match between her and his son, and though the attempt failed, he styled her "my dearest child," asking, "Why should I not call you so since I love you with all the tenderness of a father?" Merely to afford her a few hours of pleasure

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF REV. F. B. HODGE, D.D., WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

MRS. DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

he wrote his charming "Craven Street Gazette," a jocose court circular intended to inform the girl, who is styled "Her Majesty," of the doings of the household while she was away on a visit. In graver vein he wrote her long letters, in which she was treated with absolute intellectual equality; yet, write as he would of scientific subjects, as was inevitable, the little sense of sex was present, for he ended one: "After writing six folio pages of philosophy to a young girl, is it necessary to finish such a letter with a compliment? Is not such a letter of itself a compliment?" Miss Stevenson in time married Dr. Hewson, but this brought no change in the friendship; and in 1782 Franklin noted that:

In looking forward, twenty-five years seem a long period, but, in looking back, how short! Could you imagine that it is now full a quarter of a century since we were first acquainted? It was in 1757. During the greatest part of the time, I lived in the same house with my dear deceased friend, your mother; of course you and I conversed with each other much and often. It is to all our honors that in all that time we never had among us the smallest misunderstanding. Our friendship has been all clear sunshine, without the least cloud in its hemisphere. Let me conclude by saying to you, what I have had too frequent occa-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

GREENE HOMESTEAD, AT WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND.

sions to say to my other remaining old friends: "The fewer we become, the more let us love one another."

After the peace was concluded with England, Mrs. Hewson and her children, at Franklin's urging, came to France and stayed several months with him at Passy as his guests, and after their departure he complained: "I have found it very *triste* breakfasting alone, and sitting alone, and without any tea in the evening." Again at his urging, they removed to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Hewson was much with him in the last years of his life, and even in his final sickness and death, which she described in a long letter to an English friend, speaking of him as that "Venerable, kind friend, whose knowledge enlightened our minds, and whose philanthropy warmed our hearts."

In France social custom prevented his knowing young girls, and so his feminine friendships in that country were of a very different type. "I now and then hear of your life and glorious achievements in the political way," his sister informed him, "as well as in the favour of the ladies ('since you have rubbed off the mechanic rust and commenced complete courtier') who, Jonathan Williams writes me, claim from you the tribute of an embrace, and it seems you do not complain of the tax as a very great penance." "The account you have had of the vogue I am in here has some truth in it," Franklin answered. "Perhaps few strangers in France have had the good fortune to be so universally popular; but the story you allude to, mentioning 'mechanic rust,' is totally without foundation. But one is not to expect being always in fashion. I hope, however, to preserve, while I stay, the regard you mention of the French ladies; for their society and conversation, when I have time to enjoy them, are extremely agreeable." And he gives us another glimpse of this favor by jokingly writing to an Englishwoman:

> You are too early, *hussy*, as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel;* you should wait for the event, which will determine whether it is a *rebellion* or only a *revolution*. Here the ladies are more civil; they call us *les insurgens*, a character that usually pleases them; and methinks all other women who smart, or have smarted, under the tyranny of a bad husband, ought to be fixed in *revolution* principles, and act accordingly.

One of the most admiring of these French ladies was the Countess d'Houdetot, better

known to history through the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Her salon was one of the most famous of Paris, and when his health permitted, Franklin was a fairly regular attendant. In addition, he visited her at least twice in her country home at Sanois, the first visit being made the occasion of a fête, of which a description has been preserved. Upon his arrival, he was handed from his carriage by the countess and welcomed with a verse of her own composition, beginning, "Âme du héros, et du sage." At dinner, with each glass of wine, other verses in his honor were recited or sung by each of the guests, and the meal being over, the company went to the garden, where Franklin, at the request of his hostess, planted a Virginia locust-tree, and the countess repeated another verse of her own writing, which was afterward cut in a marble pillar that was placed near the tree. When the hour of departure came, Franklin was reconducted by the whole company to his carriage, and before the door was shut, the countess pronounced the following complimentary verses composed by herself:

Législateur d'un monde, et bienfaiteur des deux,
L'homme dans tous les temps te devra ses hommages;
Et je m'acquitte dans ces lieux
De la dette de tous les ages.

After his return to America, she begged "My dear Doctor" to "think of me sometimes, of Sanois, the revered tree planted by your hands and which grows on the spot of soil which belongs to me," "where it is so sweet to me to think of you, and to render homage to your virtues and enlightenment, and whatsoever makes you respected by and dear to humanity. This is, as you know, my kind of religion, and you are one of my saints." For herself, she declared that "I preserve the memory of those moments you have so kindly passed there, and with a tender interest I cultivate the memorial you have left there of your transit."

FROM A PRINT.

ELIZABETH FRANÇOISE, COUNTESS D'HOUDETOT.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY FRANK FRENCH, FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF M. ALFRED DUTENS.

MME. HELVÉTIUS.

Another well-known salon of which Franklin was a frequenter was that of Mme. Helvétius, by her friends styled "Our Lady of Auteuil." She was the widow of the well-known French scientist, who had left her a large property, which enabled her to give a comfortable home to a French priest and to several cats. "Madame H. appears to have been a very beautiful woman, when young," Miss Adams records; but at the time Franklin knew her "a French lady compared her to the ruins of Palmyra." This may have been the eyesight of her own sex, for she does not seem to have found favor with them, if we may judge from a description written by Mrs. John Adams:

She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, "Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?" You must suppose her speaking all this in French. "How I look!" said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lute-string, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze than ever my maids wore was bowed on behind.

She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Hélas! Franklin"; then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hands into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite. This she kissed . . . This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbor; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS, AFTER THE MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

GEORGIANA SHIPLEY HARE-NAYLOR.

Of this description we get an amusing echo from little Miss Adams, for she confided to her journal: "Dined at Mr. Franklin's by invitation; a number of gentlemen, and Madame Helvétius, a French lady sixty years of age. Odious indeed do our sex appear when divested of those ornaments, with which modesty and delicacy adorn us."

In however much disfavor Mme. Helvétius may have been with women, Franklin was undoubtedly sincere in his admiration, for he speaks of her as his "fair friend at Auteuil," who still possesses "health and personal charms," and he complimented her by asserting that "statesmen, philosophers, historians, poets, and men of learning of all sorts are drawn round you, and seem as willing to attach themselves to you as straws about a fine piece of amber." As for himself, he declared:

Mr. Franklin never forgets any party at which Madame Helvétius is expected. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would pray for permission to remain on earth until half-past one, to receive the embrace promised him at the Turgots'.

"I have often remarked," he wrote her spiritual confessor, "in reading the works of M. Helvétius, that, although we were born and educated in two countries so remote from each other, we have often been inspired with the same thoughts; and it is a reflection very flattering to me, that we have not only loved the same studies, but, as far as we have mutually known them, the same friends, and *the same woman*." Although the fact that the widow kept in her bedroom "upon a table, under a glass," "a monument erected to the memory of her husband, over which hung his picture, which was very handsome," should have warned the philosopher, he none the less sought her in marriage, and his letter pleading a reversal of her negative is one of the most amusing he ever penned:

Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening, that you would remain single the rest of your life as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon

my bed, I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian Fields.

I was asked whether I wished to see any persons in particular; to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers. "There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbors, and very friendly towards one another."—"Who are they?"—"Socrates and Helvétius."—"I esteem them both highly; but let me see Helvétius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him; he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government in France. "You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Madame Helvétius; yet she loves you exceedingly. I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not indeed altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense, and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me; stay here awhile and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are to her; she has had several good offers, but has refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely; but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable." . . . As he finished these words the new Madame Helvétius entered with the nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend, Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly: "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades, and return to this good world again, to behold the sun and you! Here I am; let us *avenge ourselves!*

The lady was, however, unpersuadable; yet the friendship suffered no diminution, and after Franklin returned to America she welcomed increase of years, because "we shall meet the sooner and the sooner shall we find one another with all we have loved, I a husband and you a wife, but I believe that you, who have been a rogue [*coquin*], will find more than one!"

Another Frenchwoman to whom Franklin offered more than his friendship was a Mme. Brillon; and it is easy to believe him as genuinely attracted, for she was not merely young, but Miss Adams reports her as "one of the handsomest women in France." Moreover, Mme. Brillon was married to a man far older than herself, who yet was not faithful to her; and she was perfectly open to Franklin about her marital unhappiness.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, AFTER THE PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF C. S. BRADFORD, PHILADELPHIA.

MRS. MARY (STEVENSON) HEWSON.

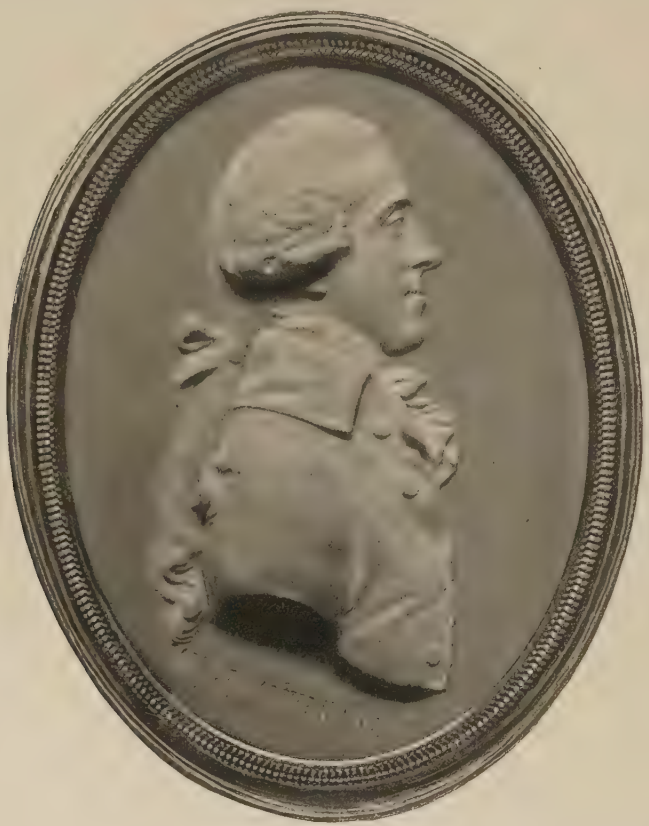
My father [she confided to him], marriage in this country is made by weight of gold, on one end of the scale is placed the fortune of a boy, on the other that of a girl; when equality is found the affair is ended to the satisfaction of the relatives; one does not dream of consulting taste, age, congeniality of character; one marries a young girl whose heart is full of youth's fire and its cravings, to a man who has used them up; then one exacts that this woman be virtuous—my friend, this story is mine, and of how many others! I shall do my best that it may not be that of my daughters, but alas, shall I be mistress of their fate?

Indeed, had not Franklin been a man of over seventy, the conditions were all in favor of one of the so-called romances so common in France; and there is no doubt that, despite his years, he would have been willing to have

had it so. But, though Mme. Brillon gave him "my word of honor that I will be your wife in Paradise, on condition that you do not ogle the maidens too much while waiting for me," she assured him that in this world "I shall always be a gentle and virtuous woman, try to make me a strong one: perhaps this miracle is reserved for you."

good he will love me, and I began to love you much so that you might do the same to me.

In good faith Franklin accepted the friendship she was willing to give, and the two saw much of each other, it becoming his regular custom to spend two evenings in the week with her, when she entertained him



WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN, FROM A MEDALLION BY FLAXMAN. IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

I had a father [she told him], the kindest of men, he was my first, and my best friend; I lost him untimely! you have often said to me; *could I not take the place of those whom you regret;* and you told me the custom of certain savages who adopt the prisoners that they capture in war, and make them take the place of the relatives whom they lose; you took in my heart the place of the father whom I so loved, and respected; the cruel grief I felt in his loss, is changed to a gentle melancholy which is dear to me and which I owe to you; in me you have gained another child, another friend; I commenced by having for you the worship that all the world owes to a great man; and I had a curiosity to see you, my pride was flattered to receive you in my own house; next I only saw in you your soul responsive to affection, your goodness, your simplicity; and I said, this man is so

"with little concerts, a cup of tea, and a game of chess." Very frequently her ill health compelled a suspension of these, and then they corresponded, Franklin writing a number of his most charming bagatelles solely for the invalid's amusement. One amusing glimpse of the manners of the times is to be found in an apology he made her. Having received news that she was confined by her ailment, though he himself was suffering from the gout, he sent her word that: "I shall betake myself to your house, my dear girl, to-morrow morning with great pleasure; and if you cannot come down without difficulty, perhaps I shall be strong enough to climb your stairway; the wish to

see you will give me more strength." Interest in chess, however, made him forget that he was calling upon a weak woman, and so, "On reaching home I was surprised to find that it was almost eleven o'clock. I fear that

room. Can you forgive me this indiscretion?" In reply, Mme. Brillon assured him:

My good papa, your visits never caused me any inconvenience, all those around me respect you, love you, and think themselves honored in the

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

PLANTING THE LOCUST-TREE AT SANOIS. (SEE PAGE 419.)

by forgetting all else in our too great absorption in the game of chess, we have greatly incommoded you by detaining you so long in the bath. Tell me, my dear friend, how you are this morning. Never hereafter shall I consent to begin a game in your bath-

friendship you have granted us; I told you that the world criticized the sort of familiarity which existed among us, because I was warned of it; I despise slanderers and am at peace with myself, but that is not enough, one must submit to what is called *propriety:* (that word varies in each century, in each country!) to sit less often on your

knees. I shall certainly love you none the less, nor will our hearts be more or less pure, but we shall close the mouth of the malicious, and it is no slight thing even for the sage, to make them silent.

Then, as if feeling that she must hold out a pleasanter prospect, she further wrote: "I think about our arrangements in paradise, perhaps you will be allowed a little more freedom towards me, if by good luck the angels are not corrupted by the spinsters as I fear greatly; everywhere morals are so bad—do you know, my dear papa, that people have criticized my pleasant habit of sitting on your lap, and yours of asking me for what I always refuse: one sees harm in everything in this miserable country." It is pleasant to record that among these malicious people M. Brillon was not included, for he maintained an intimate friendship with Franklin, and on one occasion wrote him: "You have surely just kissed my wife, my dear Doctor; permit me to return it to you."

However platonic the relation might be in the eyes of Mme. Brillon, Franklin was now and then called upon to apologize for or extenuate what she styled "that gaiety, that gallantry which makes all women love you."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. HAY CAMERON, OF PORTRAIT BY PETER VAN DYKE, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY.

THOMAS PENN.

What a difference, my dear friend, between you and me! [he said]. You find in me innumerable faults while in you I only see one; (but this perhaps is the fault of my spectacles) I mean that kind of avarice which makes you monopolize all my affection; and not to permit me any towards the charming ladies of your country. You imagine that my affection can not be divided without being diminished? You are mistaken; and you forget the playful way with which you check me; you

disclaim and totally exclude all that our love might have of fleshly in permitting me only some courteous and virtuous salutes, such as you might give to some little cousins; how much do I benefit from it then that I may not do as much to others without lessening what belongs to you?

"You have taught me to know and to practise a wicked sin which we call jealousy," she replied; but that this was a playful assertion is shown by her telling him on one occasion to "Give this evening to my amiable rival, M^de^ Helvétius, kiss her for yourself and for me"; and, upon another, by granting him a "power of attorney to kiss for me until my return, whenever you see them, my two neighbors Le Veillard and my pretty neighbor Caiollot." Yet she eagerly craved his companionship. "Come to-morrow to take tea, come every Wednesday and Saturday, come as often as you wish, my heart calls you, expects you, is attached to you for life," she besought him; and again she took him to task because "You pass a Wednesday then without me actually? and you will say after that, *I love you furiously in excess;* and I, my good papa, who do not love you *furiously*—but very *tenderly*, not, *in excess;* I love you enough to be sorry not to see you every time it is possible to me or to you; which loves the more, and the better of us twain?" Yet a third time she wrote: "To-morrow I expect my good papa, the pleasure of seeing him increases my well-being; and makes me forget my ills when I am sick: if papa sometimes sees me melancholy, he knows that that is the habit, the tendency, of tender hearts; he may say, she amuses me less than another woman; but I

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. HAY CAMERON, OF PORTRAIT BY PETER VAN DYKE, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY.

LADY JULIANA PENN.

flatter myself that my papa will add, she loves me better, she alone, than all the other women put together; farewell to you whom my heart loved from the first instant of our acquaintance; until to-morrow; and any day that your friendship will spare to your daughter." When at last the time came for Franklin to return to America, she made him a really touching farewell:

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

DR. FRANKLIN.

From the miniature given by Dr. Franklin to his dear friend, Bishop Jonathan Shipley, on parting, on his return from England to America. In the collection of Augustus J. C. Hare.

I had so full a heart yesterday in leaving you that I feared for you and myself a grief stricken moment which could only add to the pain which our separation causes me, without proving to you further the tender and unalterable affection that I have vowed to you for always: every day of my life I shall recall that a great man, a sage, was willing to be my friend, my wishes will follow him everywhere, my heart will regret him incessantly, incessantly I shall say, I passed eight years with doctor Franklin, they have flown and I shall see him no more! nothing in the world could console me for this loss, except the thought of the peace and happiness that you are about to find in the bosom of your family.

As Franklin had tried to arrange matches for both his son and daughter, so he endeavored in these years in France to make a match between his grandson, William Temple, and a daughter of Mme. Brillon; but the parents, "though it would be dear to my heart and very agreeable to M. Brillon to have been able to form a union which would make us but one family," and though "we love your son and believe he has everything required to make a distinguished man, and to make a woman happy," refused their consent, because "we must have a son-in-law who can be in a condition to fill my husband's place," and "a man of our religion." "Let us love one another," she advised, "and try to forget a plan which to remember would only cause regrets, or never to recall it save to be still more sure, if it be possible, of the esteem and friendship we all have for each other." Apparently Franklin, the philosopher, was doomed to failure as a match-maker, though his advocacy of marriage was so well known that his own daughter wrote him: "As I know my dear Papa likes to hear of weddings, I will give him a list of my acquaintance that has entered the matrimonial state since his departure."

Turning from these half-romances, it is pleasant to find him doing what he could for women for whom there could be neither

sentiment nor friendship. To Sarah Randolph, widow of the loyalist, who wrote to him from the Deptford poorhouse, he sent money to relieve her from the worst of her distress. A more striking service still was for the widow of an old personal enemy. In his political career in Pennsylvania he had no bitterer antagonists than Thomas and Richard Penn, the proprietors of Pennsylvania, who had fought him with every known weapon; but after the Revolution, when Lady Juliana Penn appealed to him, begging "his assistance and protection in the recovery of the rights and possessions of an unfortunate family who have so heavily felt the misfortunes of this war, and who are likely still to be dreadful sufferers . . . And in confidence of your well known wisdom & generosity I adopt you for the guardian of William Penn's grandchild," he did not fail her, but did what he could to obtain a restoration of the Penn lands to that family.

A glance in closing at Franklin's views on women in general is worth taking. How he advised that they be taught accounts has been already noted; and he had his own daughter instructed in French and music, though he grieved that she should not be "a little more careful of her spelling." To an Englishman he boasted that American women could converse upon most subjects, even while he told his wife that "You are very prudent not to engage in party disputes. Women never should meddle with them, except in endeavours to reconcile their husbands, brothers, and friends, who happen to be of contrary sides. If your sex keep cool, you may be a means of cooling ours the sooner, and restoring more speedily that social harmony among fellow-citizens that is so desirable after long and bitter dissensions." Furthermore, Poor Richard remarked:

Ist not enough plagues, wars and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

THE COTTAGE.

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

SUCH an house I 'll build and own,
When into old contentment grown
With reaping what my youth has sown.

The drooping roof be low and wide,
Curved like a sea-shell's inner side;
Let vines the patient pillars hide

Of that deep porch and welcome shade.
There let no hurrying feet invade,
Nor anxious brow, nor eye afraid.

I pray that birches, very white,
May stand athwart the woods at night,
Sweet and slim by late moonlight;

And I desire a beech may be
Not far away from mine and me,
Strong, pure, serene, and matronly;

An oak outspread in ample space,
Freedom of storms met face to face
In its male girth and wide embrace.

Lest all their years go by in vain,
Let the wind only and the rain
Paint my four walls with weather-stain.

A brook before shall glide along,
And where its narrow waters throng
Make bubble music and low song;

A garden on the rearward side,
With some tall flowers of civil pride,
And some in meekness dignified.

Within who enters, he shall see
How goodly foursquare beams may be,
How unashamed in honesty.

There shall my years move slow and deep:
Though downward, yet as rivers creep
By winding ways to the sea's sleep.

VICTOR HUGO,

DRAFTSMAN AND DECORATOR.

BY LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

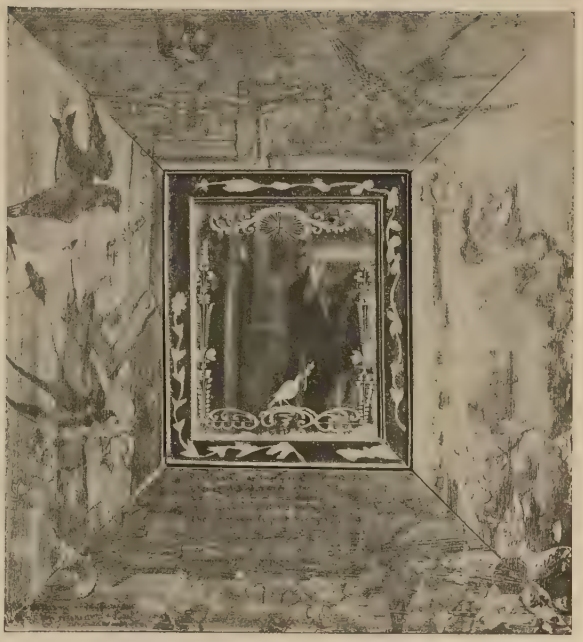
WITH DESIGNS BY VICTOR HUGO.

SEA-PIECE. COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

UNLIKE some other great masters of the pen who ambitioned an artistic career before they turned to letters, Victor Hugo was already known as a writer when he made his first sketch. This was done during a journey. The stage-coach had stopped in a village, and while the horses were being changed the poet entered the church that was close at hand. The beauty of the transept so pleased him that he endeavored to draw it on a scrap of paper, using his hat as a pad; and although he had scarcely more than ten minutes to dispose of during the relay, he succeeded sufficiently well to carry away with him a pretty fair idea of what had impressed him. For the first time he realized what help sketching from nature could be to his literary work, since,—as he has written somewhere,—he loved to note with pencil the originalities of local architecture, when not tampered with by clumsy architects under pretense of restoration.

This partiality for representing and interpreting the architecture of the past prevailed in his tendencies as a draftsman. Among the hundreds of sketches left by him are to be found sea-pieces, caricatures, ornamental devices, and a few animals; but these drawings scarcely go for one third against another two thirds that represent churches and castles of epochs long past. A certain castle occurs continually in that collection of drawings—a dramatic, forbidding structure, perched on an inaccessible spot; in short, a castle thoroughly entitled to the denomination of romantic, and in which a souvenir of the ruined burgs that dot both sides of the Rhine between Biebrich and Coblenz is plainly visible. The truth is, the impressions he brought back from his visit

to the Rhine, a journey accomplished in early life, haunted him to the end. As for Victor Hugo's romantic castle, it was not always constructed with that regard for archæology which its author wished to find in professional architects; it was often an architectural improbability, by the side of which Gustave Doré's fairy palaces would appear almost classic. But we must bear in mind that drawing a medieval castle was much less for Victor Hugo the occasion of making a drawing than of expressing in black and white the legend of that castle; or, to put it more properly, we must look upon sketches of that kind as outlets of the romanticism that bubbled in him. Undoubtedly these sketches were inspired by recollection, but the visionary mind of the draftsman soon ran away with memories of things once seen. The past presented itself to him with such force, with such wealth of details, no wonder that the hand embroidered indiscriminately. Yet, however large was the share of fancy in the making of these sketches, at first glance, before we think of analyzing, they impress us with a sentiment of reality.



FRAMED AND DECORATED VENETIAN MIRROR WITH THE FOLLOWING LINES (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED), GIVEN BY VICTOR HUGO TO MLLE. GIULETTE DROUET, WHO GAVE IT AS A LEGACY TO PROFESSOR LOUIS KOCH.

Passereaux et Rouge-Gorges,
Venez des airs et des eaux,
Venez tous faire vos orges,
Messieurs les petits oiseaux,
Chez monsieur le petit Georges.

The most important of the drawings left by Victor Hugo measures over four feet in width. This also represents a castle, half fortress, half monastery, such as Gothic artists would never have quite dreamed of, but which, as stage scenery, would have been most effective, were it only for the large ornamental calvary that figures on the right-hand side of the drawing. Viewing this composition, we feel again the power impressions had upon him; and it is evident that he must have passed over the bridge of Charles IV, at Prague, before he was haunted with the vision of his "Burg à la Croix." Such is the name by which the drawing in question is known. "Haunted" is not an exaggerated term to apply to the moods that prompted the graphic presentation of such an idea. When we look at some of the more important specimens of his draftsmanship, we feel that he must, for the while, have put all his soul in them, and that they were a preoccupation as absorbing as his work is to a real artist. Over this same

A SKETCH IN THE COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR KOCH.

drawing Victor Hugo passed three months. It shows a rare skill of technic. So successfully has the draftsman given to walls and turrets the appearance of stone that we are put in mind of the crafty process used by Célestin Nanteuil, who, when he had a stone wall to treat in some of his drawings, applied a piece of muslin to his paper, and rubbed with a stump pulverized bister through the meshes of the muslin, thus obtaining a roughness of grain that could rival the most crusty stone walls ever painted by Decamps. Victor Hugo, however, did not resort to such finicky methods. "Le Burg à la Croix" dates of the years before exile, when the poet lived in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, Paris; and it was executed in a small room on the sixth floor of the house, which he had fitted for himself, and where he passed as much of his time as he could, to allow his servants truthfully to pronounce him "not at home" to importunate callers who rang at his door-bell from morning till night.

In the first years of exile, during his stay at Jersey, Victor Hugo had no time or thought for drawing. "I must set to work and make some money," had been his first words on landing. The royalties accruing from his dramatic works, which previously went up to some sixty thousand francs a year, had stopped,—his dramas not being played under the new régime,—and his modest income of seventy-five hundred francs was not much for the needs of a family, even in a land where life is as proverbially cheap as it is at Jersey. Accordingly, he resumed

CHIMNEYPIECE IN POSSESSION OF PROFESSOR LOUIS KOCH, PRESERVED BY HIM IN A GALLERY WHICH CONTAINS ONLY PANELS DESIGNED BY VICTOR HUGO, AND FURNITURE WHICH BELONGED TO HIM.

his literary work, which, on account of politics during the years 1848–51, had been greatly neglected. The poem "Les Châtiments" was written—the work that inaugurated a new manifestation of the writer's mind, and a freer form of expression that allowed him to produce as he had not done before, and perhaps never would have done but for the circumstances. It may be added that the publication of that work did not fill his coffers, although more than one hundred thousand copies of that ubiquitous 32mo volume found their way everywhere, even penetrating into France, smuggled in plaster busts of Napoleon III.

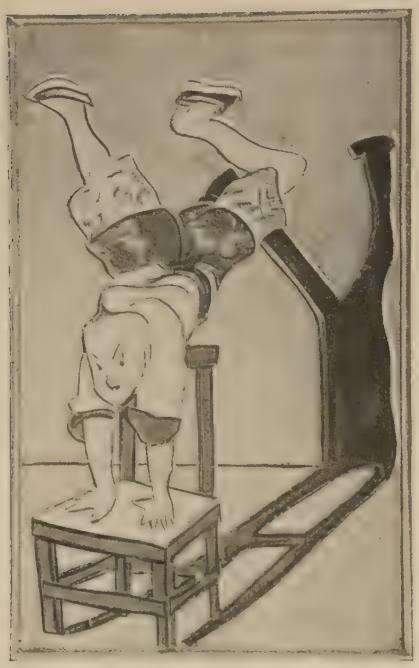
Yet during this period of incessant labor, once a year, toward the close of December, he took up his pen to draw for absent friends what he called his New Year's visiting-cards. The principal recipients of these keepsakes were Jules Janin and MM. Saint-Victor, Burty, Vaquerie, and Paul Meurice. These cards show some fancy landscape, a ruin, or a medallion with a woman's head, the date, and the signature of the sender. On all of these cards the signature is invariably large, ornamental, devouring, so to speak, the best part of the sketch. Sometimes the letters are tinted in red, which gives to the card the appearance of those title-pages for books so in fashion during the romantic era. For that matter, Victor Hugo has not disdained to compose title-pages, with his name thus inscribed, for such popular works of his as "Le Rhin." Seldom, if ever, any poetry was written on these cards, which seems curious, for he must have known how much more valuable these souvenirs would have been to his friends by a brace of verses composed specially for them. The date was generally written in diminished figures, as if with the intention of putting aside the character of the anniversary. Yet on one of them we read a frank proclamation of the flight of time: "The thirteenth year of absence," says the

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE AT PASSY.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

carte-de-visite sent in 1864 to his old friend Paul Meurice. The illusion that every one proscribed entertains at first, believing that exile is not to last, had waned; nothing seemed to call him back to France, and, as he often said to his friends, he had made up his mind to die at Guernsey.

At the time this carte-de-visite was sent, he had resumed his every-day practice of sketching. This particular design shows well with what ease it has been blocked in. Indeed, what was said above relative to Victor Hugo's bolder and freer form of expression in literature, dating from the first years of his exile, can also be said about his artistic endeavors. The state of his mind exerted its influence over every manifestation of his thought. All there was of timidity in his early drawings had entirely disappeared. We cannot quite say that there was in these drawings the sureness of a professional artist; that would be saying too much, for Victor Hugo drew very much after the fashion of children, who smear a tree, when dissatisfied with it, into a cloud. He made a copious use of tinted water—in fact, of anything that was at hand, were it a remnant of coffee left in his cup; so his drawings



CHINESE ACROBAT. CARVED AND COLORED PANEL SHOWING THE INITIALS V. H. COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR KOCH.

often culminated in something quite different from what he intended at first. But for all that, he proceeded with the splendid carelessness of a man more practised than he was in reality, and his amateurship was characterized by such dash that it frequently gives us the illusion of mastery.

The contrast between earlier productions and those that date from the years of exile would strike the most careless judge. The Englishman who cries, "Vive l'Empereur!" might have been done by Cham; and who knows if the influence of that genial satirist has not had something to do with Victor Hugo's technic?

At that time he was writing his great novels: "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," and "The Man who Laughs." The second named of these works is the one that inspired him most in the way of drawing. The reason of this is obvious: while he was writing "The Toilers of the Sea," he had the great element to look at daily. The original manuscript, now to be seen at the French National Library, is full of marginal sketches. Several of these have been reproduced in popular editions of that novel, but they are seldom of a character, when doing duty as illustrations, to be fully understood by the public. In some of these jottings, though, there is material that, had their author only taken the time or had the disposition to push them further, might have been made into brilliant illustrations. All that is weird in the subject of that novel was graphically paraphrased by him.

"Les Misérables," strange to say, incited very little of Victor Hugo's mood for drawing. We find in the collection of M. Paul Meurice only several interpretations of Gavroche and of a companion of that famed street Arab by the name of Navet.

While he was writing "The Man who Laughs," Victor Hugo drew the three lighthouses, his three drawings that rank next to the "Burg à la Croix." These three drawings are in fact very little smaller than the larger one. The four decorate a whole panel of the study of M. Paul Meurice. The lighthouses are also worked with tinted water, and show a particular boldness in the technic, which marks the drawings with originality. Certainly in years to come, when these four pieces will have passed to some national institution by bequest of their present owner, who considers their possession only in the light of a deposit, people looking at them will be puzzled to find an artist's name with whom to associate the kind of talent Victor Hugo showed in his representation of things purely imaginative.

One of the lighthouses goes under the

BIRTHDAY-CARD. COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

"ENGLISHMAN CRYING 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR,' BUT LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN KEEPING HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD." COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

name of "Le Phare à la Cloche," owing to the bell placed in the tower. It is purely fanciful, drawn without any intention whatever. Different are the two others: they refer to "The Man who Laughs." All readers familiar with that novel will remember the description of the Phare des Casquets, "the plain barbaric beacon which was but a flame in a cradle of iron on the summit of a cliff"; likewise that of the Eddystone lighthouse—"the lighthouse of the seventeenth century, the architecture of which was magnificent and extravagant." So Victor Hugo has made it, if not positively magnificent, at least extravagant; and not through pure invention, either, for it seems that in reconstituting the Eddystone lighthouse he was helped by an old print, which, from its rarity, will soon be as much a curiosity as the drawing that it inspired. Victor Hugo inscribed on this lighthouse what he thought to be an English motto: "To God," equivalent in his mind to the French *À la grâce de Dieu.*

COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

How much Victor Hugo contributed to the decoration of Hauteville House, his residence at Guernsey, is not commonly known. After he had decided on the purchase of that house, and his furniture had come from Paris, he gave almost a whole year to carpentering, sculpturing, and painting, to render more homelike his house in the land of exile. He had to a great degree the love of home, and never grew tired of fashioning according to his tastes the rooms in which he lived. He could not have been the romanticist he was, without reveling in old oak, one of the forms of decoration that give the atmosphere of olden times. He realized this in the oak gallery at Hauteville House, which is not so much a gallery as the throwing into one of the several rooms on the first floor. All these are paneled and wainscoted with old oak carvings found at Guernsey. The island was full of old sideboards and old presses that two centuries of conservative housekeeping had saved from ruin. Let us add that we speak of a time when curios were not hunted down as they are now. At Guernsey Victor Hugo had but to help himself at reasonable rates, and he did so after the manner of Aladdin. New sideboards, new wardrobes, that he bought for that purpose, were exchanged for old ones, while the country folks smiled at the whim of the Parisian. No matter; with such exchange he soon had a stock of genuine old oak. To fit it in the gallery and execute such pieces of sculpture as might be needed to fill spaces where continuity required it, he enlisted the services of a simple carpenter, to whom, through sheer encouragement, he taught the noble art of wood-carving. In a few months, owing to his teachings, Victor Hugo had made of this plain mechanic, if not an artist with individuality, at least a very capable assistant.

These severe fittings, however, did not prevail throughout the house. Victor Hugo had originated simultaneously a very effective and bright kind of decoration, which consisted in painting flowers in endless variety over every available surface, such as friezes, folding shutters, etc. Frames made out of pine wood for looking-glasses and for his sketches were thus decorated with flowers, birds, or butterflies lightly painted in oils, and the grain of the wood left as background. This kind of work, improvised for the decoration of a country house, long interested Victor Hugo. Later, when back in Paris, he followed it up. Thus, during the siege of Paris he made a frame in that style for "Le Burg à la Croix," drawn twenty years before. Flowers and butterflies entwine around three sides of the frame; and in a corner, below a huge sunflower, is written the word "Spes," in allusion to the trials

"SHIPWRECKED BOURGEOIS MADE KING OF THE SAVAGES." COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

"MON CHER, WHY ALWAYS CRITICIZE THE GOVERNMENT?" COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

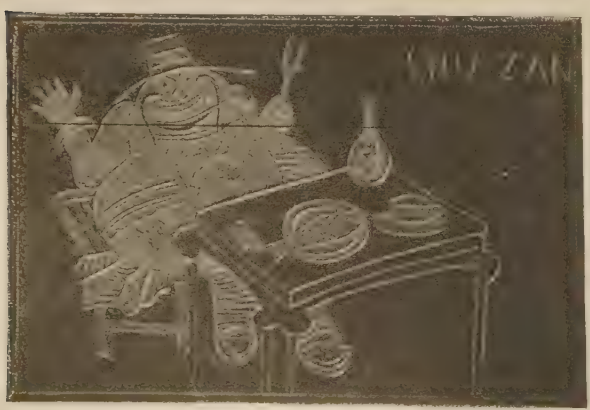
his country was then undergoing.

For a while Victor Hugo drew his themes of decoration from Chinese inspiration. So thoroughly was his work in the Chinese character that it almost seemed as if the esthetic conceptions of that people had passed into his brain and eyes. Dragons, pagodas, figures, flowers,—more than that, the compositions based on the emblematic devices proper to European decorative arts of the eighteenth century,—were so Chinese in character that they might have been dictated by Chinese patterns. But he had no models. The friends of those days recall with what ease he originated his designs, never studying them beforehand, but improvising them with ink on the board he wished to paint. To treat with more effect and enhance the relief of these *Chinoiseries*, he had the outline scooped out with a chisel (the carpenter above mentioned was his collaborator in this work); he himself filled in the subjects and background in flat tones, with occasional additions of gold.

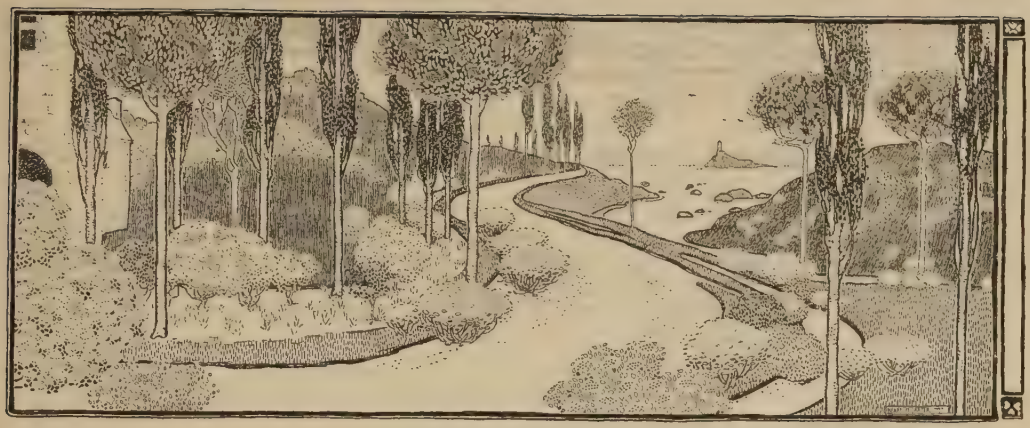
The chimney reproduced here was composed in that offhand manner—not designed on paper, but on pieces of wood which were passed one after the other from his hands to the carpenter until the ensemble was reached. It had as pretext and starting-point the three handsome plates which can be seen incased in the mantel. Although the letters "V. H." figure on each side of the old Venetian looking-glass, Victor Hugo did not design that mantel for his own home. It was made for Mme. Drouas's, his neighbor at Guernsey. But he liked to stamp his work with his *griffe*, and that griffe well in sight. We may say more: his name, fully written in large or ornamental letters, must have presented a particularly pleasing effect to his eye, judging from the numerous scraps of paper preserved on which he drew it, rather than wrote it. The letters "V. H." had an attraction for him. We find them often indicated in the curves of some of his decorative designs; as an instance, they are easily discernible in the shadows of the Chinese acrobat performing over a chair.

Victor Hugo made a quantity of this kind of work. Not only did he apply it in every nook and corner where it would go well in a country house, but even resorted to it, as he would have done to pen and paper, to convey a joke. The panel representing a caricatured Chinese making ready to carve a fish was made specially for the cook, as a mark of appreciation of a certain dish of fish prepared by her; "Shu-Zan," inscribed in the corner, standing for "Suzan," the name of that *cordon bleu*. Most of these panels are now the property of Professor D. Louis Koch, who has very tastefully disposed in his gallery these fittings torn from other walls.

Before closing these notes on the pastimes of Victor Hugo we must not omit to say a word about another chimney, that of Hauteville House, where it has remained. It is much more a monument than the rococo mantel of which we have spoken above. Built to utilize a set of old Delft tiles, this chimney, in other hands, might easily have assumed the aspect of an old Nuremberg stove. Victor Hugo gave it a character of its own. His sketch does not quite show it to us as it is, yet, with the exception of a few details, it conveys fairly the idea of that fireplace, intentionally stately, and not unlike—with its antique statue of the Virgin as crowning motive—some rude altar of old. Undoubtedly the drawing Victor Hugo made of it surpasses, in mysteriousness, the character of the original. He could never copy nature exactly as it was, for the mere lines he traced on paper caused in his brain what the sound of some words brings to that of some writers—a stirring of the imagination, and a wild flight toward the unknown, the unattainable.



SHU-ZAN. CARVED AND COLORED PANEL BY VICTOR HUGO. COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR KOCH.



MELANIE À MELANÇON.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

OH, Melanie à Melançon,
You used to love the free hillside
Where purple-skirted shadows glide,

The billowing of the green marsh-grass
When winds a-vagabonding pass.

You used to love the tinging, cool
Plash of the heron in the pool

Of the wide roslands by Bel' Île,
Taking his lonely evening meal.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
How well, how well you used to know
Fleet things that fly, sweet things that blow!

The roving warbler joyed to fare
With you along the river-stair,

The rippling, rushing amber stream
In cedar gloom, afoam, agleam.

The tented trees in nightly camp,
The firefly's wandering faery lamp,

The long moan of the houseless tide,
The golden eagle's cliff-born pride,

The saintly hours of the night,
With star-girt brow, that walk in white,—
All these you cherished when I knew
Springtide, the northland, love, and you.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
Where the blue juniper stands tall,
Your house is very dark and small.

The loyal children of the field
Linger about your quiet bield,

Brave yarrow and remembering rue
And meadow-sweet, for love of you.

When April's tremulous twilights fill
The piping swamps, your mouth is still.

The troops of sunrise, bannered red,
Unminded march above your head.

Your folded glance will never swerve
To watch the sea-gull's splendid curve,

Nor heed you any more at all
The hill-bird's cry, the yorlin's call.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
Have you found life so passing sweet
Within that chamber's dumb retreat?

If God should point you to the key
Would you return to spring and me,
Melanie à Melançon?

A ROMANCE INVADED.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

IT had begun as a literary correspondence—a contest of epigrams and gossip of the trade; but it had gradually taken on the color of personality, so that now, after two years of breakneck letter-racing, and mad tropical storms of billets following calms of introspective analysis, Griflet and Ola Prince considered themselves very well acquainted, indeed. The distance that had separated them had emboldened their confidences, and it had pleased them to regard the relation as unique. Many things had happened, no doubt, that would probably never have occurred had they met conventionally, especially those of Ola's initiative; for she was the more sensitive to the feeling of freedom that the opportunity gave her, and she had surrendered herself to the frank intercourse with Griflet with an abandon that would have surprised her chafing-dish and whist-playing friends.

She, first, had taken up the personal side of the friendship, and insisted upon that aspect with all her femininity. Griflet had given way more and more, telling her much of his life, his friends, and his work; but he had made it his last condition that they should not exchange photographs. He had kept the mastery of the situation so far, and, in fact, he owed his success with her to his power to enforce his arrogated authority; for Ola Prince was one used to say to one, "Go," and he goeth, and to another "Come," and he cometh. He had descended, step by step, in the strictness of his privilege, as the time seemed ready for a modification of his policy. Not that he did not ride at a hand-gallop when he chose. He would never have won her admiration else, and Ola certainly did admire his spirit and his talents. He often took her breath away with the pace he set for her; but she was as often surprised at his courtesies and his compliments. It was his plan to keep her on the defense; and though he did not generalize about women, —at least, not verbally,—he had made tactful use of several original theories drawn from his observation of exceptional examples, and these he used experimentally and tentatively, awaiting cumulative proof. One of these half-baked theories was that, in a correspondence with an unknown, the most interesting results could be obtained only while there was some mystery preserved as to the personal appearance and habits of the partners. He therefore refused all Ola's proposals to exchange portraits, and obtained her consent to the agreement that while the romance lasted they should never meet face to face.

This was simple enough while he remained several thousands of miles away from New York; but now that he had come East, they were confronted with different conditions. It is easy enough to hide one's self in a great city, but one can never tell when the unexpected will happen. The very circumstances that had brought them together on paper would be likely to involve them in person. Ola Prince's book had been published by the same firm that was now preparing Griflet's, and they each had business to transact with the Barr-Churchill Company. The necessity for a definite plan of campaign filled their letters for several weeks, and they at last decided that neither should visit the places where they had common interests without warning the other.

There were, of course, paths in the city where their ways might meet fortuitously; but they were forced to trust to luck, and the ignorance of each other's appearance, to defeat any chance encounter. Ola felt confident that her intuition would prompt her in case this happened, but held her peace, not being at all unwilling to carry this concealed weapon with her, in case of need.

So, as soon as he arrived in town, Griflet had despatched a mad telegram to Ola, who lived a little way out of the city, forbidding her presence at the Barr-Churchills' and at several editorial rooms that week. It was, therefore, with no little surprise and excitement that he heard Mr. Churchill say, after the first chapters of their business had been transacted:

"There was a friend of yours just in, Mr. Griflet; you must have passed her on the stairs. Did n't you meet Miss Prince as you came in?"

It was no part of their policy to exploit

the fact of their compact among their common friends, and Griflet denied the fact of the encounter, not a little distrait in his endeavor to remember whether he had met any one or not. His telegram had evidently miscarried, or had arrived too late. It was a narrow escape. Yet it worried him a good deal to think that Ola might have recognized him, in some way, while he was unaware of her presence.

"Miss Prince is a very bright girl, is n't she?" Mr. Churchill went on. "My wife is very anxious to meet you both, and we 're going to set some evening for you both to come out. I 'd like to get another book as clever as 'Rondeaux of Joyous Gard.' I wish you had been able to illustrate it. Say, you two ought to collaborate! Why don't you try it?"

"We have thought of it some," said Griflet. "You know she says 'collaboration is the thief of time,' though."

"I suppose it might be with you two," said Mr. Churchill, with a chuckle. "Have you known her long?"

"Oh, about two years," said Griflet. "How is 'Joyous Gard' going?"

"Very well; I did n't know you had been on so lately." Mr. Churchill smiled a little wickedly. "Now you must set an evening, and I 'll write to Miss Prince."

"Oh, any day will suit me," Griflet replied with as much cordiality as he could affect. There was nothing else to do, in fact, and he trusted his being able to arrange it with Ola by letter.

"Suppose we make it next Wednesday, then," said Mr. Churchill; and as Griflet left him he reminded him of the appointment. "This is a definite engagement," he said; "don't disappoint me!"

Griflet wrote that night to Ola to arrange for this threatened invasion of their conspiracy, offering to stay away if she wished to go, and asking her about her visit to the office. She insisted upon his keeping the appointment he had made, however, as it would be very easy for her to plead a previous engagement. She had, as he had suspected, left home before his message had been received; but she had left Mr. Churchill's office long before Griflet could have arrived there. There was no doubt, then, that Mr. Churchill had smelled a mouse, and was very anxious to bring the two together, willy-nilly.

When Griflet had first insisted that they should not meet, she had insisted elaborately that it would not do *at all* for them to see each other! She was not willing to exchange the poetry of their romance for the prose of a commonplace relationship. Never! Her endeavors to capture the credit of this bold resolve amused Griflet tremendously; for it showed him plainly not only that she was resolved to like what she had, if she could not have what she liked, but that he still held the whip-hand of her, and that whenever the time came that there should be more amusement in a changed relation, he could probably enforce it. Yet he doubted if he would ever be able to command a personal situation; that was a quite different case, and he knew what advantage a clever girl had in a tête-à-tête, especially if she were beautiful. Somehow, he could hardly believe that Ola was beautiful. Perhaps she was too talented for that, for he held by the old tradition that a woman may not possess both charms; yet he feared it a little, knowing that he was ill armed against that dangerous weapon.—It was all he could do now to hold his control of the situation against her cleverness, and he suspected very acutely that one reason he did so was because of the inferior powers of his rivals, and because it had pleased Ola to use his individuality from which to manufacture a hero that might satisfy her longings. Griflet was a modest young man at heart, and his impetuosity was but a mask for a very real humility in the estimation of his own capacity. What he had found in his short experience was this, however: that, by all indirect and direct testimony, he had a certain originality that, where it was liked at all, was a very welcome change from his more conventional associates, and he had learned the lesson that whatever would make him worth while to his friends was the development of the best side of this uniqueness of character, and that he must never risk an endeavor to rival the attributes of others foreign to his own moods, no matter how successfully those charms seemed to work with the woman in the case.

The next day after his meeting with Mr. Churchill, Griflet received a note modifying the invitation. "I must apologize for this change in our plan," Mr. Churchill wrote, "but I find that my wife has already sent out cards for an informal little affair on Wednesday. There will be several persons here whom I want you to meet, and whom I am quite sure it will be worth your while to know. I have asked Mrs. C. to invite Miss Prince, as there are several of her friends coming, in case you cannot come with her, so we all hope, and in fact demand, to see you."

It happened that this letter came with

another, which required Griflet to be out of town on Wednesday evening, on business imperative to his interests. This was on the Monday previous to Mrs. Churchill's reception, and that night Griflet wrote again to Ola, telling her of his unavoidable absence, and asking her to accept the invitation, which she might now do with no fear of meeting him. But Ola, though quite in the mood to accept, had already refused, and sent word that it was now too late for her to post another note. As matters stood, neither would attend the affair, and replies from Mrs. Churchill to each bewailed the fact.

So far all had been high comedy; but when, in spite of heroic efforts, Griflet missed the six-o'clock Boston train, he smiled at the farce that had set in. He did wish very particularly to see the persons, known to him very well by name, that he knew were to be present; and finding himself with six hours to wait in town, the temptation to dress and drop in for a few minutes grew too strong to be resisted. Ola had said definitely that she should not be there, so the risk seemed slight. He did not realize that the opportunity tempted her even more than it did him, and he did not suspect the persuasive power of her escorts, added to her conviction that Griflet was out of town.

Griflet was very glad, once at the Churchills', that he had come, and when he was turned over to the lions of the evening, the time passed more rapidly than he was aware of. He was, in fact, full of the excitement of his new-found friends, when his hostess came up to him with a smile full of meaning.

"What a delightful practical joke you two children have played!" she laughed. "I knew you meant to come, all the time! Where *is* Miss Prince? She was right here in this room a few minutes ago. Come along, Mr. Griflet; I want to have you and her alone to myself for a little while, at least."

Griflet came down from his mood of gaiety with a sickening sensation of having been betrayed. But surely Ola would not have done this on purpose. She would never have come if she had thought he was to be there. Indeed, she had promised "never to jump out from behind a door at him."

He looked at his watch, with an apology. "Oh, yes," he said faintly; "she *was* here a moment ago—she must have gone in to supper. You know, I only just dropped in till train time. But really, I had no idea it was so late. I 'm afraid I can only barely catch it. Will you excuse me if I leave so abruptly? And, Mrs. Churchill," he added, smiling now, in spite of the imminence of his danger, "please tell Miss Prince how sorry I am not to be able to say good night to her. I hope she 'll understand."

He could not forbear a pretty sharp glance about as he hurried away. His eyes had been unobservant all the evening, and now in his flight he tried to commit every face to memory, and to select especially the most possible of the ladies there. He found himself at last in his car, with a misty group of faces surrounding him. The ladies he had noticed seemed all possible Olas, but not one of them bore the outward and visible sign that should convince him. His thoughts were busy during most of the night with surmises and speculations. Had he seen Ola, or had he not? Surely there should some psychical sense respond to her presence and warn him of her propinquity. He could admit that there were provinces of nature yet unexplored, and he was especially disposed to admit that women ventured here oftener than men. The thought that in some such subtle way Ola had recognized him was a suggestive one, and it led him on many an interesting tour of the imagination.

This suspicion was, in fact, confirmed by Ola in the letter he received a day or so afterward, although the recognition had come about more simply than he had thought. She referred with some glee to Griflet's portrait, that had just appeared in the November "Depicter," and took the opportunity to twit him with his modesty. She had, however, caught sight of his face quite by accident, and asserted her innocence of any desire to take advantage of him by "peeking." Her impressions of his looks gave her the chance for precisely the personalities it had been his policy to avoid, and he felt that she had taken a trick from him by mere chance. He sent immediately for a copy of the "Depicter," and there, indeed, was his unconscious face, whose presence seemed like a rival caught poaching on Griflet's preserves. There was only one of these photographs in New York, and Griflet saw immediately that it must have been furnished by Churchill to advertise the forthcoming book.

There was no use now in crying over spilled milk. Ola would, consciously or unconsciously, be on the watch for him whenever she came to town, and they must make new rules for the game, and lay sharp plans to outwit Mr. Churchill, who was undoubtedly set on breaking up the situation, and

would try other embarrassing experiments. Their correspondence was brisk, and voluminous with conditions and proposals. Griflet held out as if he were treating for the capitulation of a fortress, but at heart he had begun to believe that their romance was doomed, and he felt that he would rather surrender voluntarily than be forced into any such situation as Churchill's practical joking might involve him in. He had to confess to himself, also, a growing desire to see Ola, or her portrait at least, since there she had the better of him; and yet he could not bring himself to ask her for her picture, as she did not offer one, mischievously exulting at her advantage.

Griflet appeared at Mr. Churchill's office soon after his return, and took his publisher to task in mock anger for the unauthorized appearance of the portrait, adding: "Why did n't you use a portrait of Miss Prince when her book came out if it was such good advertising?"

"The fact is," said Mr. Churchill, "I was very anxious to do it; but I could n't get her to sit for a new photograph, and the only one I had would n't have reproduced at all well. Here it is, now; you can see for yourself!" and he handed Griflet a photograph.

It was, after all, not so different from what he had expected, but the first sight meant so many things to him that he could hardly manage his mouth's expression in a way that should throw Churchill off his guard. He felt that he was watched, but he was unable to lay the portrait down.

It was the hair that he looked at first, and he wondered what the color might be. There was the curve of humor in the eyebrows that he had anticipated. The nose, shown in profile, he suspected of having been retouched, for Ola had often complained of it; but the chin pleased him into an undisguised smile. He regretted that the picture was a profile, for he was a little anxious as to the shape of the head and the oval of the face. He put it down at last, with a sense of immense relief. Ola's photograph did not show her a pretty girl, but it proved she was an interesting woman.

Mr. Churchill had given him all the time he needed, but now he said: "I was going to ask you if you did n't happen to have a better photograph, for I 'd like to run a good one in my catalogue."

"Did you think I would send it to you, if I had?" said Griflet, with no attempt to conceal his annoyance at the teasing.

The luck was all to be with Mr. Churchill that day, for in the midst of their conversation the telephone-bell rang. While he answered the call, Griflet took up the picture again and studied it at his leisure. He was interrupted, however, almost immediately by the return of Mr. Churchill, who was attempting to hide the grin that had assumed possession of his face.

"Somebody for you, Griflet," he said. "Dunno who it is; would n't give his name."

Griflet was too much disconcerted at his being discovered with the photograph to wonder much at the summons, and walked mechanically to the telephone, and answered interrogatively: "Hello?"

"Why, who is this? Is this Mr. Churchill?" said the voice—a woman's.

"No; this is Mr. Griflet."

"*Mr. Griflet!*" cried the voice, in a very surprised tone.

"Why, yes; did n't you want Mr. Griflet? Who are you, please?"

"Heavens! Don't you know? Who in the world *would* that rascal of a Churchill try hardest to hear you talk to?" answered the voice, almost unintelligible with laughter.

"Yes; Mr. Churchill is here, right in this room," answered Griflet, a little inconsequently; but Ola, at the other end of the wire, understood, and did the remainder of the talking herself, and spared him from making any but monosyllabic replies. When he had at last hung up the receiver, Griflet turned to Mr. Churchill, who was at his desk, convulsed with laughter, and made several remarks through his teeth to that conspirator. But the words were not monosyllabic this time. But it was really so absurd that he added:

"Oh, Mr. Churchill, Miss Prince and I have decided to collaborate, after all, and I 'm much obliged for the suggestion. I suppose you 'll promise to bring out the book?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "That is, if you 're not too long about it. Takes a good while to settle things by letter—or even by telephone! Don't try to do that. You really must come in and see me personally. What are you going to call it, though? 'Man Proposes'?"

"Oh, no; 'Three is a Crowd,'" said Griflet.

They did, indeed, begin their work of collaboration the very next day, and worked a good deal harder and more economically than Mr. Churchill suspected. He was unceasing in his attempts to bring Ola and Griflet together, and his next plot missed only by a chance. He offered Griflet two theater

tickets, one afternoon, on the pretense of not being able to use them himself; and Griflet accepted them without hesitation. He had entered the theater, and had handed the usher the checks, before a suspicion of Churchill's disinterestedness came to him; then he stopped just in time, and had the location of the seats pointed out to him. There was Mrs. Churchill, his next neighbor, and beside her, who but Miss Prince! He stepped around and bribed the usher to give him a place where he could get a safe and commanding view of the two, and studied Ola's profile at his leisure, quite unscrupulously.

The result of this espionage was to impress him vividly with the folly of their so-called romance. It needed only the sight of Ola's face, quickened by the stimulus of the life around her, fired with enthusiasm and flashing with wit, to make him curse the idiocy of his voluntary renunciation of all the pleasures with which her company might have inspired him. He had made a fetish of their impersonality; but now the sight of her brought almost for the first time the thought that she was a living woman, young, fitted for his companionship, talented, witty, and withal his proven friend; and he had calmly said to himself and to her that it would be far more interesting not to meet! He knew that she had other friends with whom she was intimate, and the suggestion that they knew so many things about her daily life of which he had no idea aroused a new jealousy in him. Yet surely, if he had kept the supremacy by his letters alone, what had he to fear from being face to face with her? To be sure, he had no doubt that such a girl might easily allow herself to say things on paper that she would hesitate to say aloud; but he had gained all there was to gain in that way now, and with the added excitement of working together, the loss of a pleasant mystery was more than compensated for. He remembered, too, the charm of the first days of their correspondence, and he foresaw the possibility of repeating that delight in another way. It would be like getting acquainted all over again. It would be still more, he thought humorously, like his old fancy of being again a child, and growing up with all the knowledge of maturity with which to enjoy the old sensations. He began to wonder now, with a new distrust at his mastery of the situation, whether Ola, after all, would agree to a change in their relations. It would not be unlike her to refuse, if he showed a too sudden willingness to meet her. Perhaps there was something to prevent that he did not know about. This might be only one of her affairs, and he should find himself too late, and too languid a friend. He had half a mind to go down and sit with her now, and talk to her as if he had always known her. But Mrs. Churchill's anticipation of the encounter was too offensive for him to humor, and just before the end of the last act he left the theater.

It was when the first proofs of the new book were ready that Mr. Churchill telegraphed Griflet to come to the office as soon as possible. He arrived without delay, and found his publisher busy with the papers. Griflet drew off his gloves, and took up the sheets lovingly. "Where 's No. 2?" he asked, in a few minutes.

"Why, is n't it there?" said Mr. Churchill, looking up. "Must be in the next room, I guess. Come on in here, where we won't be disturbed."

They rose and passed into the hall. Mr. Churchill opened a door, and pushed Griflet in. "Here you are," he said.

Miss Ola Prince was sitting at a table, with a bunch of proofs. She looked up at Griflet with a smile and a cough.

"Say, Ola, have you No. 2 page?" said Griflet.

"Yes; I believe it 's here somewhere; and oh, don't you think that third chapter ought to be divided? Come, sit down a minute, please; there 's an awfully funny mistake here!"

Mr. Churchill looked from one to the other with a blank expression, and then at both at once; for by this time Griflet's arm was perilously near Miss Prince's shoulder.

"Well, you children *are* cool!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Mr. Churchill, you did n't really think we could finish a book like this without meeting, did you? We really *had* to talk it over, you know," Griflet remarked, without looking up.

"And you did n't think I 'd be foolish enough to become engaged to a man I had never seen, did you?" said Miss Prince.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"SHE LOOKED UP AT GRIFLET WITH A SMILE."

GEORGE ELIOT.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

EIGHTY years ago, on the twenty-second day of November, 1819, the same day of the month on which these lines happen to be traced, was born the very extraordinary and interesting woman known to the world as George Eliot. Her portrait, shown with this article, is not the picture of a beautiful woman, and yet when we remember how the sunshine of affection—deep affection—can glorify any face, the world must believe, as they felt who knew her truly, that the light of her great nature irradiated the heavy lines of her strong countenance and made it beautiful to those who loved her. "Effective magic is transcendent nature," these are her words; and such nature was her own.

A very large measure of love and devotion came into her life. In spite of the solitude of the position she had chosen to accept during a great portion of her existence, she breathed an atmosphere of devotion, and she lived upon it. "She was affectionate, proud, and sensitive in the highest degree," is the résumé of her character written by Mr. Cross, who knew her perfectly and loved her as he knew her.

The volumes of her letters, in which her husband, with great reticence and consideration, allows her to write her own life, with slight additions and explanations on his own part, contain an almost unrivaled record of mental activity and energy in the pursuit of knowledge.

Her early days were passed, except for absences at school, at a retired grange called "Griff," in Warwickshire—"the warm little nest where her affections were fledged," as she says somewhere, and where in the early days before railroads, with the mail-coach passing twice a day,—the only external event,—she grew up in her own world of thought and of books. She prospered in her silent life as quietly and continuously as a plant put into fit soil grows to the perfected flower. She was surrounded by the proud and loving care of her father and mother and the companionship of her brother and sister; nor until this home circle was gradually dissolved by death did she understand what it was to a nature like her own to be left alone. She went to London, where, at the house of Mr. Chapman, the publisher, in the Strand, she became one of the editors of the "Westminster Review," and found herself the center of many eminent men and women,—Herbert Spencer and others,—standing among the most prominent thinkers and writers of England.

Here, also, while she was suffering from overwork and solitude of the heart, she met Mr. George H. Lewes. They were both poor, but they succeeded by the incessant drudgery of the pen in maintaining the five members of Mr. Lewes's family who were dependent upon him. No duty was shirked by her, no responsibility avoided. At one time the expenses were so heavy that they limited themselves to one parlor, in which they both did their writing. The constant scratching of another pen seriously affected her nerves, but she kept bravely on until such time as they could afford something better.

She was blessed in the devotion of friends who through life kept up their affectionate relations with her. Among the most interesting of her friendships with women were those with Miss Sara Hennell, Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mrs. (now Lady) Burne-Jones, and Miss Barbara Leigh Smith (afterward Mme. Bodichon). Some of her finest letters are addressed to Mrs. William Smith, whose husband (the author of "Thorndale" and other books of the same character) died comparatively early in life, after a lingering illness. The correspondence between George Eliot and Harriet Beecher Stowe is also of peculiar interest.

Among the very few letters addressed to Americans are the little group now printed for the first time in this sketch. They are not important letters, but they emphasize the qualities of affectionateness, of reverence, and of the spirit of kindliness which were a moving spring in all her greatness. In the first she writes to Mr. Fields as follows:

THE PRIORY, 21 NORTH BANK,
REGENT'S PARK, April 16, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: The well-grounded good will and gratitude which I feel toward my American friends make it difficult to me to refuse the request which you proffer to me as editor of "The Fairing." But it is not the first time that I have

received a request of the kind, and the grave obstacles to compliance are permanent.

There can hardly be an author whose mental habits are less favorable than mine to the production of "occasional" literature. I should not choose to publish anything which was slight to my own mind, and any contribution from me would represent a serious diversion of my time and energy from the work actually engaging them, since I have nothing completed which I should consider suitable to the purposes and character of "The Fairing." If your wish had been one which I could meet, my answer would have been written with happier feelings, not only because of my interest in Boston, but also because you personally are one of my pleasantest associations with the classic place. Always, my dear Mr. Fields, sincerely yours,

M. E. Lewes.

There are distinguishing qualities even in her smallest letters which are worthy of observation. The accuracy and refinement of expression are fitly matched by the delicate and distinct handwriting and a careful method of spacing and folding which might rather be expected from a hand finding no more serious work in life than to excel in note-writing. One of the happy surprises of existence seems to be that of discovering, in the power of doing a difficult thing well, a developed grace for doing lesser things better.

The following letter was written in the summer of 1874, when Mr. and Mrs. Lewes had taken a cottage in Surrey for the summer. They had chosen a beautiful spot, but high and windy, where, in spite of the great heat of London, they found themselves only too cold. She speaks in one of her letters of "envying the golfians [golf-players]"; in truth, the sedentary and secluded life which was theirs, and their intense and prolonged labor at the desk, had already enfeebled their constitutions.

Nevertheless, the quiet of the place, which not only gave her time to get "deep shafts sunk in" her next prose book, but also to write letters to some of her dear friends,—Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mrs. William Smith, and others,—must have made the six months spent in that retired abode one of the happiest periods of her life. She writes:

The Cottage, Earlswood Common,
Surrey, June 5, 1874.

. . . Such proofs of the far-off spiritual contact between us are a great help to me, and are often needed to counterbalance depressing influences which arise within, from perturbed health, and without, from the mixed conditions of our social life, in which it often seems that the noise and hurry,—the "too much" of everything,—which seems continually on the increase, must almost nullify one's small individual efforts. It is not for want of hope and belief in America as the scene of a great future, nor for want of real delight in the graceful kindliness which I have felt in all the distinguished natures from the United States with whom I have had any intercourse, that I give up the sight of the great New World.

And will you, please, tell dear Mrs. Stowe, when you see her, that I am not failing in memory of her and her husband, although as a correspondent I am dumb? My nervous energy has been much drawn upon by neuralgic pain, from unavoidable colds which beset me in this climate, and I have little margin for any letter-writing save such as business or rigorous courtesy demand.

I received the splendid photograph of her "Rabbi" and am proud to possess it. . . .

You see, we are *en retraite*, and have escaped the turmoil of London. We came here three days ago. . . .

The sympathetic side of her nature appears at that period to have fully ripened. Her affections always swayed and governed her, but they found a free and beautiful expression at this season. Her health, which had been "a wretched drag" upon her spirits for the previous half-year, was already improved by "the secure peace of the country, and the good we always experience in soul and body from the sweet breezes over hill and common, the delicious silence, and the unbroken spaces of the day." Here she found leisure to think of and appreciate the labors of her friends. To Mrs. Taylor she wrote: "I am so glad to know from your kind letter that you are interesting yourself with Madame Belloc [formerly Miss Parkes] in the poor workhouse girls. You see, my only social work is to rejoice in the labors of others, while I live in luxurious remoteness from all turmoil. Of course you have seen Mrs. Senior's report. . . ."

It was my good fortune to pass a month or more during the early summer of 1869 in London, at a hotel opposite St. George's Church, Hanover Square. It was a small, old-fashioned hotel kept by two ladies, and our parlor wore the air, as Dickens used to say when he came into it, "of a stage drawing-room." The vases and artificial flowers and small mirrors and unnecessary tables were all there, and were often in strange contrast to the simple tastes of its temporary occupants and their guests; although it could not be denied that the lightness and cheer and fancifulness had a real charm for us in the somewhat dark world of London. It was here that Mr. Lewes found us one afternoon (by great good fortune we had just returned

from rambling about, sight-seeing), and while he explained that Mrs. Lewes was never able to make visits, stayed himself, and talked freely about George Eliot and literary affairs. He was not a very prepossessing person in his appearance, but his mercurial temperament and his large intelligence made him gay and interesting in conversation. He lingered, full of agreeable subjects of talk, until we knew something of each other, and he had obtained a promise that we would go on the following Sunday, in the afternoon, to see his wife.

We found them at the time appointed in a pleasant house somewhat retired from the road, with trees and shrubbery outside, and plenty of books inside. A small company of ladies and gentlemen were already assembled, and there was much conversation. Presently, however, George Eliot disengaged herself from the general talk, and, allowing the company to break up into groups, came and seated herself by my side for a more intimate acquaintance. I recall the glow which overspread her face when she discovered that we had a common friend in Harriet Beecher Stowe. The affectionate generosity with which she poured out her unbounded admiration for Mrs. Stowe, and her love for her work, is never to be forgotten. She seemed to understand the rapt intensity of Mrs. Stowe's nature as few of her contemporaries have done, and to rejoice in the inspiration which prompted her great book. Nor did she stop there. She had read and appreciated her later books as well, and she loved and reverenced the woman.

After this first visit to "The Priory," the doors were kindly open to us on Sundays during our stay in London. Unhappily, I have no notes of those visits, nor of George Eliot's conversation, but I must always remember how the beauty of her voice impressed me. I also remarked the same quality I have mentioned in speaking of her letters—a sense of perfectness in her presentation of any scene or subject. I recall this impression especially in connection with a description she gave one afternoon of a late visit to Germany, portraying the charm of living in one of the places (was it Ilmenau?) made classic to us by association with Goethe. The whole was so clearly yet simply and vigorously said, that any listener, ignorant of her fame, must have felt her unusual qualities both of mind and heart. On another occasion, in speaking of music, the name of Pauline Viardot was mentioned, and her last appearance in Paris; also Charles Dickens's appreciation of Viardot, who was accustomed to say that she did him the honor to journey from Geneva to Paris when it was known he was to read there. "And she was audience enough!" he would add gaily.

George Eliot was a great admirer of the genius of Viardot. "Think of it!" she said, with a sense of irreparable loss. "We lived for six weeks under the same roof once in Germany, and never found each other out. We were both in search of rest and retirement; but what a lifelong pleasure if we could have passed some of our quiet hours in each other's society!"

Before we left the house Mr. Lewes invited us into his private room on the lower floor, where his wife's portrait by Sir Frederic Burton, which he preferred at that time to any other, hung over the fireplace.[1] In one corner of this room were shelves, carefully covered by a curtain, where the bound manuscripts of her books stood—the volumes containing the touching dedications to himself which have since their death been published. She was his chief topic of conversation, the pride and joy of his life, and it was quite evident that she returned his ardent devotion with a true love.

I never saw Mr. and Mrs. Lewes again. In the year 1879, when she was struggling under the heavy sadness of Mr. Lewes's death, she wrote as follows. The letter opens, after some personal remarks, with a message to Lydia Maria Child.

THE PRIORY, 21 NORTH BANK,
REGENT'S PARK, Feb. 19, '79.

MY DEAR MRS. FIELDS: . . . The book by Mrs. Child is not yet come. When it arrives I will write to her. But since I dare not count on my health just now, will you in the meantime express to the venerable lady my deep and reverent sense of her goodness in writing words so full of spiritual encouragement to me? If I could have joy in anything now, such letters as hers would be one source of it.

Thank you, dear Mrs. Fields, for your tender sympathy. I trust you and your husband are well and happy. That is the best that is left to me—to know that others are leading a life of loving union.

You would help me very much if you happen to be writing to our friend Mrs. Stowe, and would tell her, with my love, that her goodness has not been thrown away upon me, and that I hope to write to her sometime. But I am very far from well in body, and therefore doubly anxious lest I should not be able to do what I have before me as an immediate duty. I feel affectionately grate-

[1] An etching by Rájon of this portrait was published in THE CENTURY for November, 1881.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON, FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN ROME BY M. D'ALBERT DURADE, AND NOW IN GENEVA.

GEORGE ELIOT.

For the opportunity of using this portrait we are indebted to Mrs. Minerva B. Norton, author of "In and Around Berlin," who wrote to the late Frances E. Willard as follows concerning it:

"It was in the Hall of the Reformers, so called, in a museum in Geneva (attached, I think, to the university), that I found among the portraits of Huss and Savonarola, Wyclif and Latimer, Zwingli, Calvin, Luther, Melanchthon, and their historian Merle d'Aubigné, one of a lady, serious, sweet, thoughtful, fine. To my astonishment at such a subject in such a place, otherwise given up to memorials of the Reformation, I discovered that it was George Eliot! She was carefully dressed, and the portrait revealed a fresh young complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair. I had no one to give me information, but I recalled to my memory the intimate friendship she had formed in Geneva with an artist, M. d'Albert Durade, and his excellent wife, who took her as a boarder when, after the wearing care incident to her father's last illness, and the desolation of that bereavement, she had accompanied her English friends on a brief tour in the south of Europe, settling down for a winter in Geneva.

"You will find in her memoir edited by her husband, Mr. Cross, her full account of her happy appreciation of this remarkable man and his family and her happy winter, and of his painting her portrait, not at her request, but his."

An engraving on steel, evidently based on the same portrait, appears as the frontispiece of the second volume of "George Eliot's Life" (Harper & Brothers, 1885). EDITOR.

ful to her—to Mrs. Stowe and her husband, for their generous, warm-hearted sympathy, a gift now of many years from them. Yours affectionately,

M. E. Lewes.

This was the last letter that George Eliot wrote to me, but there is a curious little story in regard to the last letter which I received, and which seemed almost to come back from another world.

The next book which appeared after the pleasant hours we passed together was "Middlemarch," the story upon which she entered, as she said, "a young woman and came out an old one." Hearing something of the fatigue consequent upon the ending of this great labor, I wrote to George Eliot, urging her to change the scene, and come to us in America. In reply she despatched the letter now published below. Nevertheless, no answer came to my hands. Some months later I heard that she was already absorbed in a new book, which was to be called "Daniel Deronda," and it appeared to me quite natural that her preoccupation in this labor should prevent her from sending me a reply. Years passed, and she, having finished her work, died, as it seemed to us, suddenly; but in the year 1886 this letter, six years after her death, was brought to my door. It had gone astray in the post-office, and had been thrown aside in a box of uncalled-for letters until somebody, turning them over one day in a careless fashion, knew the name, and advised the ex-clerk into whose hands it had fallen to bring it to me. It was difficult to believe that these friendly words had been holding their kindness in store, as it were, all the long years, but it was even so. Fourteen years was a great while for this little missive to remain in hiding and then suddenly reappear to bring its message; but the circumstance invests it with an added interest. It reads substantially as follows, and in its beautiful friendliness reminds us of the choir invisible "whose music is the gladness of the world."

The Priory, 21 North Bank,
Regent's Park, May 16, '72.

Dear Mrs. Fields: . . . Your note makes me wish that it were a very easy thing to get to America and see the best of it, instead of the difficult, too exciting effort which it would really be to me. Unhappily, I have been in a state of unusual feebleness for the last year, and the feebleness has often turned into positive illness. I do need a holiday, but my pleasure must be all of a kind as far as possible from laborious. Boston I always imagine a delightful place to go straight to and come straight back from; but the Atlantic is too wide for that.

I confess that such invitations are very pleasant to have, though one may be obliged to do without accepting them; but both Mr. Lewes and I value the assurance that you would be glad to see us.

I trust that the papers gave a too painful account of dear Mrs. Stowe's accident, which, since you do not mention it, I shall take the comfort of thinking is quite an affair of the past with her.

Miss Lowell's marriage is an interesting bit of news to me—I remember her bright face so well.

We read with much enjoyment the store of letters and recollections which Mr. Fields gave us apropos of Dickens. They helped to confirm the sense I have of great kindness in your nation. You seem to me much more readily affectionate and expansive than we are.

I value my public among you more and more. Of course there is the select public and the echoing, hurrying public in all countries, and the one fills the side of discouragement as the other fills the side of encouragement in the scale when one asks, What is the good of writing?

But when you say that —— likes my book I am feeling the scale dip a little on the side of encouragement.

We are going into the country immediately to escape from the socialities which our London season brings, and which I am not just now equal to. . . .

Yours with unfailing remembrance,

M. E. Lewes.

There would be small excuse for allowing these letters, expressive of hardly more than simple kindliness, to see the light, if they were not written by one whose books commanded the attention of the reading world during her life, and since her death have placed her among the English classics.

There is a kind of righteousness, after all, in the common desire to learn something of the every-day life and emotions of men and women who have attained greatness. However small the contribution, the public receives with equanimity the little runnels of information about every-day things which appear to link the lives of those who have attained supremacy with those of ordinary mortals.

Perhaps a reason for the desire lies in the hope of discovering how great spirits deal with difficulties which even they cannot avoid, and a hope also that a certain guidance may be thus obtained. However it may be, the universal wish to know all there is to know about prominent persons has at times degenerated into low curiosity; but, surely, since the desire is general, though on different planes, we must believe it has sprung from some common need of our common humanity.

BRET HARTE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

MY impression is that although he was known as Bret Harte when I first made his acquaintance thirty-odd years ago, in San Francisco, his second name was originally spelled "Brett." At the time I mention, however, he usually signed his name "F. Bret Harte"; but in the table of contents of his own magazine, the "Overland Monthly," the name is printed in full, Francis Bret Harte. In his own family he was called by his first name, Frank. After he became famous, a lady confidentially said to Mrs. Harte, "Tell me, now, what is your husband's real name?" She had a notion that the whole name was merely a pseudonym for a popular author.

Harte's first literary work was done in San Francisco, after he had tried his hand at school-teaching in the interior of the State, and had ventured tentatively in other casual pursuits, as was the manner of all the Argonauts of those days. In 1863, while he was setting type in the office of the "Golden Era," a literary weekly paper of some local renown, he offered to the editors, with much diffidence, occasional contributions, which he had already set up in his composing-stick. They were short and unambitious, but they were so highly approved by the managers of the paper that the young author was encouraged to offer more of the same sort. A year later, Harte accepted a writing engagement on the staff of the "Californian," another literary weekly, then edited by Charles Henry Webb, better known to old Californians by his pen-name of "John Paul." Harte became editor of this newspaper in 1865, when Mr. Webb relinquished its management. Another contributor to the columns of the "Californian" was Samuel L. Clemens, who was then making his first essays in composition under the since famous sobriquet of "Mark Twain." Like Goldsmith's parson, who was counted "passing rich with forty pounds a year," these two young writers were well content with a compensation that would now be regarded by either of them with amused contempt. In the "Californian" Harte printed nothing more ambitious than bits of verse and slight local sketches in prose. The titles of some of these were "Side-Walkings," "On a Balcony," and "A Boy's Dog." Nearly all of them, I think, were hunted up and reprinted in more enduring form when Harte had become a celebrated author. His celebrity gave these trifles an importance which he never dreamed they would acquire.

Harte always manifested in his work that fastidiousness in choice of words which has characterized him ever since. It was humorously complained of him that he filled the newspaper-office waste-baskets with his rejected manuscripts and produced next to nothing for the printer. Once, assigned to the task of writing an obituary article that was not to exceed "two stickfuls" in length, he actually filled a waste-basket with fragments of "copy" which he tore up before he produced the requisite amount of matter. Going into my own editorial room, early one forenoon, I found Harte at my desk, writing a little note to make an appointment with me to dine together later in the day. Seeing me, he started up with the remark that my early arrival at the office would obviate the necessity of his finishing the note which he was writing, and which he tore up as he spoke. When, this little matter settled, Harte had gone out, crumbling in his hand the fragments of his unfinished note, I chanced to look into my waste-basket, and saw a litter of paper carrying Harte's familiar handwriting; and turning over the basket with quiet amusement, I discovered that he had left there the rejected manuscript of no less than three summons, which any other man would have disposed of in something like this order: "DEAR BROOKS: We will dine together at Louis Dingeon's at 6:30 P. M. to-night."

When I changed my editorial engagement from the San Francisco "Times" to the "Alta California," in 1867, Harte was writing occasional editorial articles for the journal of which I then took charge. His contributions were chiefly on literary topics of his own choosing, and some of them were pure fun, trifles written for the amusement of the reader. One of these, I remember, was entitled "The Flying Cow," and excited a great deal of mirth, although one of the unappreciative, matter-of-fact proprietors of our paper stigmatized it as "blanked rot." The flying cow of Harte's fancy was taken

as a type of journalistic exaggeration in Kansas, Iowa, and other cyclonic States where one of the phenomena incidental to the season was the cow that rode the cyclone or tornado for many miles and alighted unhurt. Harte's "Flying Cow" had a great run through our local exchanges.

Let me say, in passing, that when Mark Twain went abroad on his trip through the Mediterranean, a little later than this, he wrote for the "Alta California" a series of letters from abroad. I printed one of these each week, and when he returned they were collected and printed by him with the title of "The Innocents Abroad."

In 1864 Harte had received the comfortable appointment of secretary to the United States Branch Mint, San Francisco. The duties of the post were light, and the salary was enough to support the incumbent in his modest way of life. Harte had then addressed himself to more elaborate work in prose and verse than any he had formerly attempted. One of his best-known productions, written about that time and printed in a daily newspaper, was descriptive of the scrimmage that broke up the geological society upon the Stanislaus.

When Mr. Anton Roman, a public-spirited and enterprising San Francisco publisher, projected the publication of a literary magazine, in 1868, no name but Bret Harte's was considered in the matter of choice of an editor. All the literary men in San Francisco—and their number was by no means small,—hailed Mr. Roman's project with enthusiasm, and they agreed to assist at the launching of the enterprise. Harte accepted the responsibility of editor-in-chief of the "Overland" with due modesty, and only on

PHOTOGRAPH BY B. S. RULOFROW. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

BRET HARTE.

the promise of those of us who were writers to "turn in and help" him. There were not many writers of fiction in our ranks, and Harte and I confidently agreed that we would each write a short story for the first number of the new magazine. We had four months to prepare for the great event, but the first issue of the "Overland" (July, 1868) had only one story in its contents, and that was mine. Harte, with many sighs and groans, confessed that he had been unable to finish the first short story that he had ever undertaken in his life. But he had composed a charming little poem for the first number. It was entitled "San Francisco, from the Sea." His own short story, when it did appear, in the second number of the magazine (August, 1868), was well worth waiting for. It was "The Luck of Roaring Camp." His second story did not appear until January, 1869; and that too was worth waiting for. It was the immortal "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Perhaps I may be pardoned for a brief reference to an odd complication that arose while "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was being put into type in the printing-office where the "Overland Monthly" was prepared for publication. A young lady who served as proof-reader in the establishment had been somewhat shocked by the scant morals of the mother of Luck, and when she came to the scene where Kentuck, after reverently fondling the infant, said, "He wrastled with my finger, the d—d little cuss," the indignant proof-reader was ready to throw up her engagement rather than go any further with a story so wicked and immoral. There was consternation throughout the establishment, and the head of the concern went to the office of the publisher with the virginal proof-reader's protest. Unluckily, Mr. Roman was absent from the city. Harte, when notified of the obstacle raised in the way of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," manfully insisted that the story must be printed as he wrote it, or not at all. Mr. Roman's locum-tenens, in despair, brought the objectionable manuscript around to my office and asked my advice. When I had read the sentence that had caused all this turmoil, having first listened to the tale of the much-bothered temporary publisher, I surprised him by a burst of laughter. It seemed to me incredible that such a tempest in a tea-cup could have been raised by Harte's bit of character-sketching. But, recovering my gravity, I advised that the whole question should be left until Mr. Roman's return. I was sure that he would never consent to any "editing" of Harte's story. This was agreed to, and when the publisher came back, a few days later, the embargo was removed. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was printed as it was written, and printing-office and vestal proof-reader survived the shock.

In his management of the "Overland Monthly" Harte manifested the same fastidiousness that characterized his own work. The magazine speedily made itself known all over the United States by its high literary quality, strong local color, and absolutely unique flavor. Of course, when the famous short stories of the editor had heightened this effect, the fact that Bret Harte was an accomplished master of the art of fiction-writing gave the periodical a fame that could not have been achieved without him. The grizzly bear, in the early days of California, had been adopted as the pictorial emblem of the nascent commonwealth, and the projectors of the new magazine decided to use Bruin as the totem on the first page of the cover. A spirited design was submitted to Mr. Roman, and while we were examining it with critical care, somebody asked, "What is the grizzly growling at with his head turned to one side in that aggressive manner?" For reply, Harte drew with his pencil two parallel lines under the animal's feet, indicating the rails of an iron road on which he was ready to dispute the oncoming of the locomotive, destined soon to revolutionize the commerce of the Pacific States; and there the grizzly monster stands to this day on the cover of the "Overland," given his excuse for being by the touch of Harte's genius.

The editorial departments of the magazine were the book reviews and the paragraphs under the head of "Etc." at the back of each number. Harte and I wrote the notices of new books, he writing by far the greater part; and we used to strive good-naturedly for the privilege of reviewing books that were destined to be "scalped." With the confidence of youth, it was easier for us to scalp a poor book than to do full justice to a worthy one. As a book-scalper, Harte greatly excelled. His satire was fine and keen. In the department of "Etc." he required no assistance. His comments on passing events were trenchant, witty, and clever. But his cleverness on one occasion cost him rather dearly. A disastrous and appalling earthquake visited San Francisco and its immediate vicinity in October, 1868. Five persons were killed by falling cornices and chimneys, and much destruction was wrought

in many parts of the city. As soon as the first panic at this disturbance had subsided, and while lesser shocks were still quaking the earth, some of the leading business men of San Francisco organized themselves into a sort of vigilance committee, and visiting all the newspaper offices, strictly enjoined that the story of the earthquake be treated with conservatism and understatement,—it would injure California if Eastern people were frightened away by exaggerated reports of *el temblor*,—and a similar censorship was exercised over the press despatches sent out from San Francisco at that time. In short, the earthquake and its consequences were, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Portrait of a Gentleman," to be "hushed up among one's friends." The newspaper result was well described by Bret Harte, who had been overlooked in this supervision of local intelligence. In his "Etc." in the November number of the "Overland" he treated the topic jocularly, saying that, according to the daily papers, the earthquake would have suffered serious damage if the people had only known when it was coming. Harte's lightsome pleasantry excited the wrath of some of the solid men of San Francisco, and when, not long after that, it was proposed to establish a chair of recent literature in the University of California, and invite Bret Harte to occupy it, one of the board of regents, whose word was a power in the land, temporarily defeated the scheme by swearing roundly that a man who had derided the dispute between the earthquake and the newspapers should never have his support for a professorship. Subsequently, however, this difficulty was overcome, and Harte received his appointment.

When we began to hear in California the first faint echoes of the world-wide fame that was drawing nearer and nearer to Bret Harte, the mass of his San Francisco readers were incredulous. They would not believe that they had so long harbored among them a genius whose work was now eagerly sought for all over the English-speaking world. He had created new types in literature, a set of characters that were absolutely unique, and while Californians acknowledged the accuracy of his limning, they failed to see in these wonderful pictures anything that should move the admiration of the world. As for Harte, he took his sudden rise to fame with complete equanimity. I used to save from my Eastern newspaper exchanges all the notices of his tales that appeared. Many of these, especially those written by English critics, surprised us all by their elaborate analysis of Harte's literary work. Reading one of these reviews, which was unusually analytic and discriminating, Harte said, with a quiet chuckle: "These fellows see in my stories a heap of things that I never put there—to the best of my knowledge and belief."

It is indisputable that Bret Harte's best work was done during those days when he was only slowly becoming aware that he had introduced into English literature a new force, that a new, bright star of genius had with him arisen in the Western Hemisphere. Nothing can ever mar or take away the charm of Harte's delicious style; it will be always his: but the stories written in California impress one with the sense of their having come from a full reservoir. They were the work of a man unaware of any pose of his own. As long as he was in California he maintained his painstaking elaboration of his work. He neglected no detail, overlooked no trifling incident, that gave color and semblance of life to his tales. Writing and rewriting, filing and polishing, he was never satisfied with his work; yet when it left his hands it appeared to the rest of us to be absolutely flawless in its graceful, pellucid, and yet compact literary style.

What has been said here of Harte's early experience and practice is necessary to a just understanding of the process of his later literary development. When he began to write, it became at once evident that the sureness and delicacy of his touch was a natural gift, not an acquirement; and nobody was more surprised than he by the ready acclaim with which the originality of his work was received. In later years, I dare say, he has found the exercise of these peculiar gifts more facile, if not quite as spontaneous as in the old days in California. Notwithstanding his long absence from the original source of his inspiration, he not only retains his primacy of American short-story writers, but his skill in limning the far-Western types of character which first engaged his pencil still remains to charm. His story of "The Passing of Enriquez," printed in THE CENTURY for June, 1898, and the first number of this series of two, "The Devotion of Enriquez," printed in this magazine for November, 1895, have the dramatic crispness and the fluent humor that delighted us when "The Luck of Roaring Camp" made the name of Bret Harte famous in English literature.

He came to me, one day, with a request for help in a small mathematical problem. How many pounds of flour were there in a sack, and how long could a certain number of persons subsist on a specified quantity of food? While we were figuring out this novel proposition, he explained that he had beguiled a party of refugees into the wilds of the Sierra Nevada, where, overtaken by a snow-storm, they were slowly starving to death. How much longer could any one of them hold out? The puzzle was solved to his satisfaction, but months passed before we were permitted to read the tragic tale of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Except in some such reserved way as this, Harte never talked of a story that was forming in his mind.

In those days there was in San Francisco a knot of coarse pretenders, the least worthy of the Argonauts, who assumed superior airs because they had arrived in California "in the fall of forty-nine or the spring of fifty," that being the date of the earliest emigration to the Land of Gold. They were fond of spinning yarns that illustrated their familiarity with the region when it was first made known to the gold-seeker. Montgomery street, one of the principal thoroughfares of San Francisco, was on the shore of the bay when the Argonauts first arrived there. The street is now in the heart of the city, the water-front having been pushed out by the successive processes of filling in the shore lots. One of these conceited yarn-spinners, whose chief occupation was lamenting the flight of the "good old days" when gold and ducats fell in showers, and whose pride and glory was that he landed from a ship's boat on Montgomery street, provoked Harte's ire by referring to an eminent citizen who arrived there in 1855 as "one of those new fellers." Whereupon Harte pungently but good-humoredly rebuked the self-importance of the Argonaut by asking: "Are you one of those blanked fools who landed here when the water came up to Montgomery street?" The gibe passed into current use, and up to a very recent period was used to designate a class of men who somehow imbibed the notion that they had prescriptive rights in California as its discoverers.

In conversation among his fellows, Bret Harte was always one of the most delightful of talkers. I use here the past tense, for I do not know what a long residence in foreign parts may have done for our old friend. But with us in California he was a charming companion, with a perpetual flow of gentle humor and good spirits that fascinated his associates. Conversation in which he had part was never dull, and many a sparkling "feast of reason and flow of soul" can they recall who were comrades of the poet and story-teller in those far-off days. One of the most notable of these was the farewell dinner given to Harte by his old friends and companions in literary work, just before he left San Francisco for New York, early in 1871. We were all literary workers, and the only guest at the table who was not a Californian was Samuel Bowles of the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican," whose enthusiastic affection for California made him one with us in all festive gatherings. For once, we all "talked shop" unreservedly, and with numberless personal allusions and illustrations that were interesting—to us at least. There were twelve at the table, and the talk was general or in detached dialogues as the night wore on and the tide of conversation rose and fell. I had noticed with some surprise that the servants in the room had been changed from time to time, as though relays were coming to take the place of others. We were dining in one of the private rooms of a famed restaurant, and I reflected, "This is not usually Louis Dingeon's way." Presently, while the night seemed yet young, I saw Bowles furtively slip out his watch and look at the hour. The involuntary wave of surprise that swept over his face as he pocketed his timepiece without a word induced me to look at my watch also. It was twenty minutes to four o'clock in the morning. There was a general burst of astonishment when, an hour later, another inquisitive diner thoughtlessly exclaimed, "Boys, it is almost five o'clock to-morrow!" The party dissolved when all knew the lateness of the hour. The spell was broken.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

PART V.

Including Mr. Crowder's acquaintance with Napoleon Bonaparte, Miss Edgeworth, and Nebuchadnezzar, and some account of his experience as the ruler of all the Russias.

"NOW, my dear," said Mrs. Crowder, the moment we had finished dinner on the next evening, "I want thee to tell us immediately what thee did with the jewels. I have been thinking about that all day; and I believe, if I had been with thee, I could have given thee some good advice, so that the money thee received for these treasures would have lasted thee a long time."

"I have thought on that subject many times," said Mr. Crowder, "not only in regard to this case, but others, and have formed hundreds of plans for carrying my possessions into another set of social conditions; but the fact of being obliged to change my identity always made it impossible for me to avail myself of the advantages of commercial paper, legal deeds, and all titles to property."

"Thee might have put thy wealth into solid gold—great bars and lumps. Those would be available in any country and in any age, and they would n't have had anything to do with thy identity," said his wife.

"It would have been difficult for me to carry about or even conceal such golden treasures; but I have sometimes done that. However, you are in such a hurry to hear about the jewels, I will let all other subjects drop. When I reached my lodgings in Rome, I opened the box, and found everything perfect; the writing on the sheets of parchment was still black and perfectly legible, and the jewels looked just as they did when I put them into the box."

"I cannot imagine," interrupted Mrs. Crowder, "how thee remembered what they looked like after the lapse of three hundred years."

Mr. Crowder smiled. "You forget," he said, "that since I first reached the age of fifty-three there has been no radical change in me, physical or mental. My memory is just as good now as it was when I reached my fifty-third birthday, in the days of Abraham. It is impossible for me to forget anything of importance, and I remembered perfectly the appearance of those gems. But my knowledge of such things had been greatly improved by time and experience, and after I had spent an hour or two looking over my treasures, I felt sure that they were far more valuable than they were when they came into my possession. In fact, it was a remarkable collection of precious stones, considering it in regard to its historic as well as its intrinsic value.

"I shall not attempt to describe my various plans for disposing of my treasures; but I soon found that it would not be wise for me to try to sell them in Rome. I had picked out one of the least valuable engraved stones, and had taken it to a lapidary, who readily bought it at his own valuation, and paid me with great promptness; but after he had secured it he asked me so many questions about it, particularly how I had come into possession of it, that I was very sure that he had made a wonderful bargain, and was also convinced that it would not do for me to take any more of my gems to him. These Roman experts knew too much about antique jewels.

"I went to Naples, where I had a similar experience. Then I found it would be well for me, if I did not wish to be arrested as a thief who had robbed a museum, to endeavor to sell my collection as a whole in some other country. As a professional dealer in gems from a foreign land I would be less liable to suspicion than if I endeavored to peddle my jewels one at a time. So I determined to go to Madrid and try to sell my collection there.

"When I reached Spain I found the country in a great turmoil. This was in 1808, when Napoleon was on the point of invading Spain; but as politicians, statesmen, and military men were not in the habit of buy-

ing ancient gems, I still hoped that I might be able to transact the business which had brought me to the country. My collection would be as valuable to a museum then as at any time; for it was not supposed that the French were coming into the country to ravage and destroy the great institutions of learning and art. I made acquaintances in Madrid, and before long I had an opportunity of exhibiting my collection to a well-known dealer and connoisseur, who was well acquainted with the officers of the Royal Museum. I thought it would be well to sell them through his agency, even though I paid him a high commission.

If I should say that this man was astounded as well as delighted when he saw my collection, I should be using very feeble expressions; for, carried away by his enthusiasm, he did not hesitate to say to me that it was the most valuable collection he had ever seen. Even if the stones had been worthless in themselves, their historic value was very great. Of course he wanted to know where I had obtained these treasures, and I informed him truthfully that I had traveled far and wide in order to gather them together. I told him the history of many of them, but entirely omitted mentioning anything which would give a clue to the times and periods when I had come into possession of them.

"This dealer undertook the sale of my jewels. We arranged them in a handsome box lined with velvet and divided into compartments, and I made a catalogue of them, copied from my ancient parchments—which would have ruined me had I inadvertently allowed them to be seen. He put himself into communication with the officers of the museum, and I left the matter entirely in his hands.

"In less than a week I became aware that I was an object of suspicion. I called on the dealer, but he was not to be seen. I found that I was shadowed by officers of the law. I wrote to the dealer, but received no answer. One evening, when I returned to my lodgings, I found that they had been thoroughly searched. I became alarmed, and the conviction forced itself upon me that the sooner I should escape from Madrid, the better for me."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, "and leave thy jewels behind? Thee certainly did not do that!"

"Ah, my dear," replied her husband, "you do not comprehend the situation. It was very plain that the authorities of the museum did not believe that a private individual, a stranger, was likely to be the legitimate owner of these treasures. Had my case been an ordinary one I should have courted investigation; but how could I prove that I had been an honest man three hundred years before?

"A legal examination, not so much on account of the jewels, but because of the necessary assertion of my age, would have been a terrible ordeal.

"I hurried to the dealer's shop, but found it closed. Inquiring of a woman on a neighboring door-step, I was informed that the dealer had been arrested. I asked no more. I did not return to my lodgings, and that night I left Madrid."

I could not repress an exclamation of distress, and Mrs. Crowder cried: "What! did thee go away and leave thy jewels? Such a thing is too dreadful to think of. But perhaps thee got them again?"

"No," said Mr. Crowder; "I never saw them again, nor ever heard of them. But now that it is impossible for any one to be living who might recognize me, I hope to go to Madrid and see those gems. I have no doubt that they are in the museum."

"And I," exclaimed Mrs. Crowder—"I shall go with thee; I shall see them."

"Indeed you shall," said her husband, taking her affectionately by the hand. And then he turned to me. "You may think," said he, "that I was too timid, that I was too ready to run away from danger; but it is hard for any one but myself readily to appreciate my horror of a sentence to imprisonment or convict labor for life."

"Oh, horrible!" said his wife, with tears in her eyes. "Then thee would have despaired indeed."

"No," said he; "I should not even have had that consolation. Despair is a welcome to death. A man who cannot die cannot truly despair. But do not let us talk upon such a melancholy subject."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Crowder; "I am glad thee left those wretched jewels behind thee. And thee got away safely?"

"Oh, yes; I had some money left. I traveled by night and concealed myself by day, and so got out of Spain. Soon after I crossed the Pyrenees I found myself penniless, and was obliged to work my way."

"Poverty again!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder. "It is dreadful to hear so much of it. If thee could only have carried away with thee one of thy diamonds, thee might have cracked it up into little pieces, and thee

might have sold these, one at a time, without suspicion."

"I never thought of being a vender of broken diamonds, and there is nothing suspicious about honest labor. The object of my present endeavors was to reach England, and I journeyed northward. It was nearly a month after I had entered France that I was at a little village on the Garonne, repairing a stone wall which divided a field from the road, and I assure you I was very glad to get this job.

"It was here that I heard of the near approach of Napoleon's army on its march into Spain; and that the news was true was quickly proved, for very soon after I had begun my work on the wall the country to the north seemed to be filled with cavalry, infantry, artillery, baggage-wagons, and everything that pertained to an army. About noon there was a general halt, and in the field the wall of which I was repairing a body of officers made a temporary encampment.

"I paid as little apparent attention as possible to what was going on around me, but proceeded steadily with my work, although I assure you I had my eyes wide open all the time. I was thinking of stopping work in order to eat my dinner, which I had with me, when a party of officers approached me on their way to a little hill in the field. One of them stopped and spoke to me, and as he did so the others halted and stood together a little way off. The moment I looked at the person who addressed me I knew him. It was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Then thee has seen the great Napoleon," almost whispered Mrs. Crowder.

"And very much disappointed I was when I beheld him," remarked her husband. "I had seen portraits of him, I had read and heard of his great achievements, and I had pictured to myself a hero. Perhaps my experience should have taught me that heroes seldom look like heroes, but for all that I had had my ideal, and in appearance this man fell below it. His face was of an olive color which was unequally distributed over his features; he was inclined to be pudgy, and his clothes did not appear to fit him; but for all that he had the air of a man who with piercing eyes saw his way before him and did not flinch from taking it, rough as it might be. 'You seem an old man for such work,' said he, 'but if you are strong enough to lift those stones why are you not in the army?' As he spoke I noticed that he had not the intonation of a true Frenchman. He had the accent of the foreigner that he was.

"'Sire,' said I, 'I am too old for the army, but in spite of my age I must earn my bread.'

"I may state here that my hair and beard had been growing since I left Madrid.

"For a moment the emperor regarded me in silence. 'Are you a Frenchman?' said he. 'You speak too well for a stone-mason, and, moreover, your speech is that of a foreigner who has studied French.'

"It was odd that each of us should have remarked the accent of the other, but I was not amused at this; I was becoming very nervous.

"'Sire,' said I, 'I come from Italy.'

"'Were you born there?' asked he.

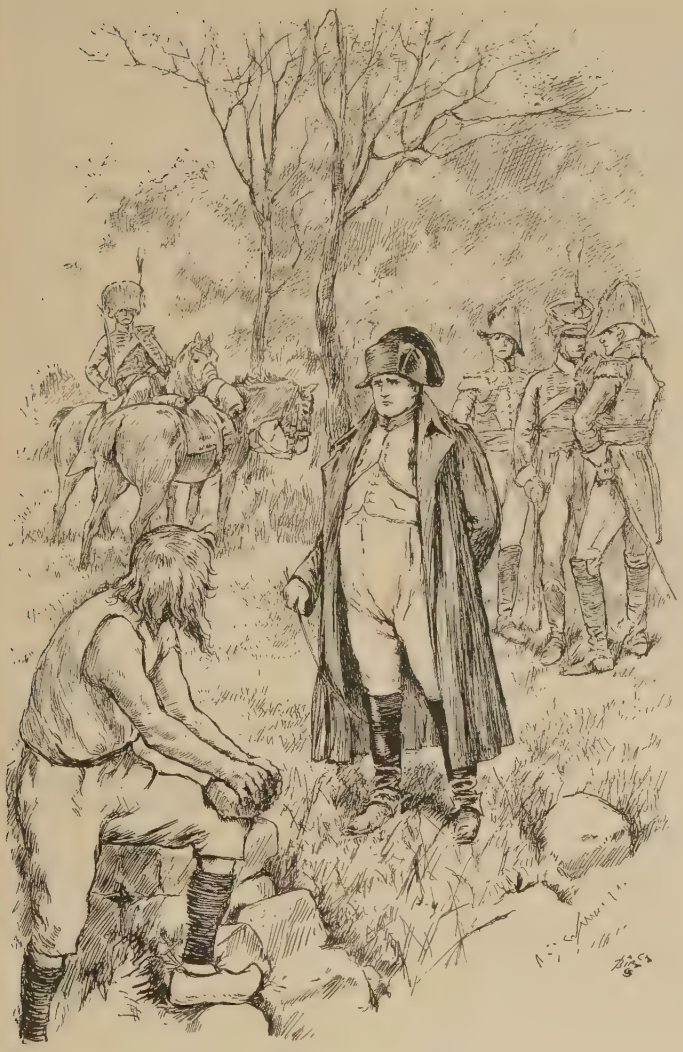
"My nervousness increased. This man was too keen a questioner.

"'Sire,' I replied, 'I was born in the country southeast of Rome.' This was true enough, but it was a long way southeast.

"'Do you speak Spanish?' he abruptly asked.

"At this question my blood ran cold. I had had enough of speaking Spanish. I was trying to get away from Spain and everything that belonged to that country; but I thought it safest to speak the truth, and I answered that I understood the language. The emperor now beckoned to one of his officers, and ordered him to talk with me in Spanish. I had been in Spain in the early part of the preceding century, and I had there learned to speak the pure Castilian tongue, so that when the officer talked with me I could see that he was surprised, and presently he told the emperor that he had never heard any one who spoke such excellent Spanish. The emperor fixed his eyes upon me. 'You must have traveled a great deal,' he said. 'You should not be wasting your time with stones and mortar.' Then, turning to the officer who had spoken to me, he said, 'He understands Spanish so well that we may make him useful.' He was about to address me again, but was interrupted by the arrival of an orderly with a despatch. This he read hastily, and walked toward the officers who were waiting for him; but before he left me he ordered me to report myself at his tent, which was not far off in the field. He then walked away, evidently discussing the despatch, which he still held open in his hand.

"Now I was again plunged into the deepest apprehension and fear. I did not want to go back to Spain, not knowing what might happen to me there. Every evil thing was possible. I might be recognized, and the emperor might not care to shield any one claimed by the law as an escaped thief. In



"'WHY ARE YOU NOT IN THE ARMY?'"

an instant I saw all sorts of dreadful possibilities. I determined to take no chances. The moment the emperor's back was turned upon me I got over the broken part of the wall and, interfered with by no one, passed quietly along the road to the house of the man who had employed me to do his masonwork, and seeing no one there,—for every window and door was tightly closed,—I walked into the yard and went to the well, which was concealed from the road by some shrubbery. I looked quickly about, and perceiving that I was not in sight of any one, I got into the well and went down to the bottom, assisting my descent by the well-rope. The water was about five feet deep, and when I first entered it, it chilled me; but nothing could chill me so much as the thought that I might be taken back into Spain, no matter by whom or for what. I must admit that I was doing then, and often had done, that which seemed very much like cowardice; but people who can die cannot understand the fear which may come upon a person who has not that refuge from misfortune.

"For the rest of the day I remained in the well, and when people came to draw water—and this happened many times in the course of the afternoon—I crouched down as much as I could; but at such times I would have been concealed by the descending bucket, even if any one had chosen to look down the well. This bucket was a heavy one with iron hoops, and I had a great deal of trouble sometimes to shield my head from it."

"I should think thee would have taken thy death of cold," said Mrs. Crowder, "staying in that cold well the whole afternoon."

"No," said her husband, with a smile; "I was not afraid of that. If I should have taken cold I knew it would not be fatal, and although the water chilled me at first, I became used to it. An hour or two after nightfall I clambered up the well-rope,—and it was not an easy thing, for although not stout, I am a heavy man,—and I got away over the fields with all the rapidity possible. I did not look back to see if the army were still on the road, nor did I ever know whether I had been searched for or had been forgotten.

"I shall not describe the rest of my journey. There is nothing remarkable about it except that it was beset with many hardships. I made my way into Switzerland and so on down the Rhine, and it was nearly seven months after I left Madrid before I reached England.

"I remained many years in Great Britain, living here and there, and was greatly in-

terested in the changes and improvements I saw around me. You can easily understand that when I tell you that it was in 1512, twenty years after the discovery of America, that I had last been in England. I do not believe that in any other part of the world the changes in three hundred years could have been more marked and impressive.

"I had never visited Ireland, and as I had a great desire to see that country, I made my way there as soon as possible, and after visiting the most noted spots of the island I settled down to work as a gardener."

"Always poor," ejaculated Mrs. Crowder, with a sigh.

"No, not always," answered her husband. "But wandering sight-seers cannot be expected to make much money. At this time I was very glad indeed to cease from roving and enjoy the comforts of a home, even though it were a humble one. The family with whom I took service was that of Maria Edgeworth, who lived with her father in Edgeworthstown."

"What!" cried Mrs. Crowder, "'Lazy Lawrence,' 'Simple Susan,' and all the rest of them? Was it that Miss Edgeworth?"

"Certainly," said he; "there never was but one Maria Edgeworth; I don't think there ever will be another. I soon became very well acquainted with Miss Edgeworth. Her father was a studious man and a magistrate. He paid very little attention to the house and garden, the latter of which was almost entirely under the charge of his daughter Maria. She used to come out among the flower-beds and talk to me, and as my varied experience enabled me to tell her a great deal about fruits, flowers, and vegetables, she became more and more interested in what I had to tell her. She was a plain, sensible woman, anxious for information, and she lived in a very quiet neighborhood where she did not often have opportunities of meeting persons of intelligence and information. But when she found out that I could tell her so many things, not only about plants but about the countries where I had known them, she would sometimes spend an hour or two with me, taking notes of what I said.

"During the time that I was her gardener she wrote the story of 'The Little Merchants,' and as she did not know very much about Italy and Naples, I gave her most of the points for that highly moral story. She told me, in fact, that she did not believe she could have written it had it not been for my assistance. She thought well to begin the story by giving some explanatory 'Extracts from a Traveler's Journal' relative to Italian customs, but afterward she depended entirely on me for all points concerning distinctive national characteristics and the general Italian atmosphere. As she became aware that I was an educated man and had traveled in many countries, she was curious about my antecedents, but of course my remarks in that direction were very guarded.

"One day, as she was standing looking at me as I was pruning a rose-bush, she made a remark which startled me. I perfectly remember her words. 'It seems to me,' she said, 'that one who is so constantly engaged in observing and encouraging the growth and development of plants should himself grow and develop. Roses of one year are generally better than those of the year before. Then why is not the gardener better?' To these words she immediately added, being a woman of kind impulses, 'But in the case of a good gardener, such as you are, I 've no doubt he does grow better, year by year.'"

"What was there startling in that little speech?" asked Mrs. Crowder. "I don't think she could have said anything less."

"I will tell you why I was startled," said her husband. "Almost those very words—mark me, almost those very words—had been said to me when I was working in the wonderful gardens of Nebuchadnezzar, and he was standing by me watching me prune a rose-bush. That Maria Edgeworth and the great Nebuchadnezzar should have said the same thing to me was enough to startle me."

To this astounding statement Mrs. Crowder and I listened with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. Crowder; "you may think it amazing that a very ordinary remark should connect 'The Parents' Assistant' with the city of Babylon, but so it was. In the course of my life I have noticed coincidences quite as strange.

"I spent many years in the city of Babylon, but the wonderful Hanging Gardens interested me more than anything else the great city contained. At the time of which I have just spoken I was one of Nebuchadnezzar's gardeners, but not in the humble position which I afterward filled in Ireland. I had under my orders fifteen slaves, and my principal duty was to direct the labors of these poor men. These charming gardens, resting upon arches high above the surface of the ground, watered by means of pipes from the river Euphrates, and filled with the choicest flowers, shrubs, and plants

known to the civilization of the time, were a ceaseless source of delight to me. Often, when I had finished the daily work assigned to me and my men, I would wander over other parts of the garden and enjoy its rare beauties. I frequently met Nebuchadnezzar, who for the time enjoyed his gardens almost as much as I did. When relieved from the cares of state and his ambitious plans, and while walking in the winding paths among sparkling fountains and the fragrant flower-beds, he seemed like a very ordinary man, quiet and reflective, with very good ideas concerning nature and architecture. The latter I learned from his frequent remarks to me. I suppose it was because I appeared to be so much older and more experienced than most of those who composed his little army of gardeners that he often addressed me, asking questions and making suggestions; and it was one afternoon, standing by me as I was at work in a rose-bed, that he said the words which were spoken to me about twenty-four centuries afterward by Maria Edgeworth. Now, was n't that enough to startle a man?"

"Startle!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, "I should have screamed. I should have thought that some one had come from the dead to speak to me. But I suppose there was nothing about Maria Edgeworth which reminded thee of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon."

"Yes, there was," replied her husband: "there was the same meditative expression of the eyes; the same reflective mood as each one began to speak, as if he and she were merely thinking aloud; the same quick, kind reference to me, as if the speaker feared that my feelings might have been hurt by a presumption that I myself had not developed and improved.

"I had good reason to remember those words of Nebuchadnezzar, for they were the last I ever heard him speak. A few days afterward I was informed by the chief gardener that the king was about to make a journey across the mountains into Media, and that he intended to establish there what would now be called an experimental garden of horticulture, which was to be devoted to growing and improving certain ornamental trees which did not flourish in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. His expedition was not to be undertaken entirely for this purpose, but he was a man that did a great many things at once, and the establishment of these experimental grounds was only one of the objects of his journey.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND THE GARDENER.

"The chief gardener then went on to say that the king had spoken to him about me and had said that he would take me with him and perhaps put me in charge of the new gardens.

"This mark of royal favor did not please me at all. I had hoped that I might ultimately become the chief of the Babylonian gardens, and this would have suited me admirably. It was a position of profit and

some honor, and when I thought that I had lived long enough in that part of the world it would have been easy for me to make a journey into the surrounding country on some errand connected with the business of the gardens, and then quietly to disappear. But if I were to be taken into Media it might not be easy for me to get away. Therefore I did not wait to see Nebuchadnezzar again and receive embarrassing royal commands, but I went to my home that night, and returned no more to the wonderful Hanging Gardens of Babylon."

"I think thee was a great deal better off in the gardens of Maria Edgeworth," said Mrs. Crowder, "for there thee could come and go as thee pleased, and it almost makes my flesh creep when I think of thee living in company with the bloody tyrants of the past. And always in poverty and suffering, as if thee had been one of the common people, and not the superior of every man around thee! I don't want to hear anything more about the wicked Nebuchadnezzar. How long did thee stay with Maria Edgeworth?"

"About four years," he replied; "and I might have remained much longer, for in that quiet life the advance of one's years was not likely to be noticed. I am sure Miss Edgeworth looked no older to me when I left her than when I first saw her. But she was obliged to go into England to nurse her sick stepmother, and after her departure the place had no attractions for me, and I left Ireland."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Crowder, a little maliciously, "that thee did not marry her."

Her husband laughed.

"Englishwomen of her rank in society do not marry their gardeners, and, besides, in any case, she would not have suited me for a wife. For one reason, she was too homely."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, and she might have said more, but her husband did not give her a chance.

"I know I have talked a great deal about my days of poverty and misery, and now I will tell you something different. For a time I was the ruler of all the Russias."

"Ruler!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder and I, almost in the same breath.

"Yes," said he, "absolute ruler. And this was the way of it:

"I was in Russia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, at a time when there was great excitement in royal and political circles. The young czar Feodor had recently died, and he had named as his successor his half-brother Peter, a boy ten years of age, who afterward became Peter the Great. The late czar's young brother Ivan should have succeeded him, but he was almost an idiot. In this complicated state of things, the half-sister of Peter, the Princess Sophia, a young woman of wonderful ambition and really great abilities, rose to the occasion. She fomented a revolution; there was fighting with all sorts of cruelties and horrors, and when affairs had quieted down she was princess regent, while the two boys, Ivan and Peter, were waiting to see what would happen next.

"She was really a woman admirably adapted to her position. She was well educated, wrote poetry, and knew how to play her part in public affairs. She presided in the councils, and her authority was without control; but she was just as bloody-minded and cruel as anybody else in Russia.

"Now, it so happened when the Princess Sophia was at the height of her power, that I was her secretary. For five or six years I had been a teacher of languages in Moscow, and at one time I had given lessons to the princess. In this way she had become well acquainted with me, and having frequently called upon me for information of one sort or another, she concluded to make me her secretary. Thus I was established at the court of Russia. I had charge of all Sophia's public papers, and I often had a good deal to do with her private correspondence, but she signed and sealed all papers of importance.

"The Prince Galitzin, who had been her father's minister and was now Sophia's main supporter in all her autocratic designs and actions, found himself obliged to leave Moscow to attend to his private affairs on his great estates, and was absent for more than a month, and after his departure the princess depended on me more than ever. Like many women in high positions, it was absolutely necessary for her to have a man on whom she could lean with one hand while she directed her affairs with the other."

"I do not think that is always necessary," said Mrs. Crowder, "at least, in these days."

"Perhaps not," said her husband, with a smile, "but it was then. But I must get on with my story. One morning soon after Galitzin's departure, the horses attached to the royal sledge ran away just outside of Moscow. The princess was thrown out upon the hard ground, and badly dislocated her right wrist. By the time she had been taken back to the palace her arm and hand were dreadfully swollen, and it was difficult for her surgeons to do anything for her.

"I was called into the princess's room just after the three surgeons had been sent to prison. I found her in great trouble, mental as well as physical, and her principal anxiety was that she was afraid it would be a long time before she would be able to use her hand and sign and seal the royal acts and decrees. She had a certain superstition about this which greatly agitated her. If she could not sign and seal, she did not believe she would be able to rule. Any one who understood the nature of the political factions in Russia well knew that an uprising among the nobles might occur upon any pretext, and no pretext could be so powerful as the suspicion of incompetency in the sovereign. The seat of a ruler who did not rule was extremely uncertain.

"At that moment a paper of no great importance, which had been sent in to her before she went out in her sledge that morning, was lying on the table near her couch, and she was greatly worried because she could not sign it. I assured her she need not trouble herself about it, for I could attend to it. I had often affixed her initials and seal to unimportant papers.

"The princess did not object to my proposition, but this was not enough for her. She had a deep mind, and she quickly concocted a scheme by which her public business should be attended to, while at the same time it should not be known that she did not attend to it. She caused it to be given out that it was her ankle which had been injured, and not her wrist. She sent for another surgeon, and had him locked up in the palace when he was not attending to her, so that he should tell no tales. Her ladies were informed that it would be very well for them to keep silent, and they understood her. Then she arranged with me that all public business should be brought to her; that I should sign and seal in her place, and should be her agent of communication with the court.

"When this plan had been settled upon, the princess regained something of her usual good spirits. 'As I never sign my name with my toes,' she said to me, 'there is no reason why a sprained ankle should interfere with my royal functions, and for the present you can be my right hand.'

"This was a very fine plan, but it did not work as she expected it would. Her wrist became more and more painful, and fever set in, and on the second day, when I called upon her, I found she was in no condition to attend to business. She was irritable and drowsy. 'Don't annoy me with that paper,' she said. 'If the wool-dealers ought to have their taxes increased, increase them. You should not bring these trifles to me; but'— and now she regained for a moment her old acuteness—'remember this: don't let my administration stop.'

"I understood her very well, and when I left her I saw my course plain before me. It was absolutely necessary that the exercise of royal functions by the Princess Sophia should appear to go on in its usual way; any stoppage would be a signal for a revolution. In order that this plan should be carried out, I must act for the princess regent; I must do what I thought right, and it must be done in her name, exactly as if she had ordered it. I assumed the responsibilities without hesitation. While it was supposed I was merely the private secretary of the princess, acting as her agent and mouthpiece, I was in fact the ruler of all the Russias."

Mrs. Crowder opened her mouth as if she would gasp for breath, but she did not say anything.

"You can scarcely imagine, my dear," said he, "the delight with which I assumed the powers so suddenly thrust upon me. I set myself to work without delay, and, as I knew all about the wool-dealers' business, I issued a royal decree decreasing their taxes. Poor creatures! they were suffering enough already."

"Good for thee!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder.

"I cannot tell you of all the reforms I devised, or even those which I carried out. I knew that the fever of the princess, aggravated by the pain of the dislocation not yet properly reduced, would continue for some time, and I bent all my energies to the work of doing as much good as I could in the vast empire under my control while I had the opportunity. And it was a great opportunity, indeed! I did not want to do anything so radical as to arouse the opposition of the court, and therefore I directed my principal efforts to the amelioration of the condition of the people in the provinces. It would be a long time before word could get back to the capital of what I had done in those distant regions. By night and by day my couriers were galloping in every direction, carrying good news to the peasants of Russia. It was remarked by some of the councilors, when they spoke of the municipal reforms I instituted, that the princess seemed to be in a very humane state of mind; but none of them cared to interfere with what they supposed to be the

sick-bed workings of her conscience. So I ruled with a high hand, astonishing the provincial officials, and causing thousands of downtrodden subjects to begin to believe that perhaps they were really human beings, with some claim on royal justice and kindness.

"I fairly reveled in my imperial power, but I never forgot to be prudent. I lessened the duties and slightly increased the pay of the military regiments stationed in and about Moscow, and thus the Princess Sophia became very popular with the army, and I felt safe. I went in to see the princess every day, and several times when she was in her right mind she asked me if everything was going on well, and once when I assured her that all was progressing quietly and satisfactorily, she actually thanked me. This was a good deal for a Russian princess. If she had known how the people were thanking *her*, I do not know what would have happened.

"For twenty-one days I reigned over Russia. If I had been able to do it, I should have made each day a year; I felt that I was in my proper place."

"And thee was right," said Mrs. Crowder, her eyes sparkling. "I believe that at that time thee was the only monarch in the world who was worthy to reign." And with a loyal pride, as if he had just stepped from a throne, she put her hand upon his arm.

"Yes," said Mr. Crowder, "I honestly believe that I was a good monarch, and I will admit that in those days such personages were extremely scarce. So my imperial sway proceeded with no obstruction until I was informed that Prince Galitzin was hastening to Moscow, on his return from his estates, and was then within three days' journey of the capital. Now I prepared to lay down the tremendous power which I had wielded with such immense satisfaction to myself, and with such benefit, I do not hesitate to say, to the people of Russia. The effects of my rule are still to be perceived in some of the provinces of Russia, and decrees I made more than two hundred years ago are in force in many villages along the eastern side of the Volga.

"The day before Prince Galitzin was expected, I visited Sophia for the last time. She was a great deal better, and much pleased by the expected arrival of her minister. She actually gave me some orders, but when I left her I did not execute them. I would not have my reign sullied by any of her mandates. That afternoon, in a royal sledge, with a royal passport and permission to travel where and how I pleased, I left Moscow. Frequent relays of horses carried me rapidly beyond danger of pursuit, and so, in course of time, I passed the boundaries of the empire of Russia, over which for three weeks I had ruled, an absolute autocrat."

"Does thee know," said Mrs. Crowder, "that two or three times I expected thee to say that thee married Sophia?"

Mr. Crowder laughed. "That is truly a wild notion," said he.

"I don't think it is wild at all," she replied. "In the course of thy life thee has married a great many plain persons. In some ways that princess would have suited thee as a wife, and if thee had really married her and had become her royal consort, like Prince Albert, thee might have made a great change in her. But, after all, it would have been a pity to interfere with the reign of Peter the Great."

(To be continued.)

CAMPS.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

ACROSS the world the ceaseless march of man
Has been through smoldering fires, left by the bold,
Who first beyond the guarded outposts ran
And saw with wondering eyes new lands unrolled—
Who built the hut in which a home began,
And round a camp-fire's ashes broke the mold.

THE MONKEY THAT NEVER WAS.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,
Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," "The Yellow Burgee," etc.

THE learned Doctor reclined and cooked a little mass of poppy-paste upon a slender wire. When the paste had resolved to the size of a pea, and he had held it on a broad-bowled pipe and burned it in the flame of a tiny lamp, a single volume of acrid smoke at length poured out of his nostrils. The long process of preparation and the short process of inhalation went on until the Doctor lay as one dead, and the lamp died out against the dawn.

The smoke drifted from the dormer-window and into the next room to the prisoner girl, who sat with her head on her arms, and who, had she not been so young and so beautiful, might still have been happy in the old Cathay she wept for. From day to day, when he of the over-lengthy arms and swollen paunch, whom she called the Spider, brought her food, and threatened her because she did not eat and recover her bloom, the doom awaiting her grew clearer; and she was a mandarin's daughter, and not of the horde who know before they leave Hong-Kong. With the smell of the opium fumes that once she would have loathed, she ran to her window. A little vial of black, nauseating paste must lie at his side in the other room—a little vial of forgetfulness, an end to everything forever. Stealthily she thrust her trousered leg over the sill, to brave the passage along the slanting roof. But the rotten wood and tin of the narrow gutter split beneath her little weight, and she gasped, and seized her casement. No; she could not die that way—to crash an ugly, broken heap in the dirty street. The poppy-paste would leave her asleep and beautiful, safe from the earthly fiends who shadowed her. Would not Kwanyin have mercy, and send her the means? Kwanyin! Kwanyin! She traced a little outline of the goddess on the wall with the soot from the fallen stove-pipe; and she set untasted food before it. She had no light to burn; but she stood for a long time with her palms together, kotowing, and uttering the substance of her woes. And One-Two watched from his sill, whither he had come and jumped on soft paws when her cry had startled him from what a cat calls sleep. Seeing him, she made such love with ardent eyes and joyous smiling graces that he came and murmured to her, and she hugged him and stroked him with little hands. They purred to each other, and talked until they fell asleep with the rising of the sun.

In the morning, the Doctor gave Hoo Chee his writing task—to copy, as he had for weeks of mornings past, the character which means old age; and the Doctor went off to see a certain Chin Poo, to whom he had inadvertently administered an overdose of sleeping-draft. The Infant did not set to work at once; he wanted, first, to play Bad Old Man awhile; and he climbed to a chair and looked out on the roof in search of his needful partner One-Two, who had not arrived for his breakfast. The sight of One-Two on another window-sill, rubbing back and forth against the shiny silk of a strange young woman's sleeve, caused Hoo Chee to say:

"That is n't your cat; he 's my cat!"

"Oh!" said the girl, meekly. "But you don't want him right away, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Hoo Chee.

The girl gave a feeble smile, and gently pushed One-Two away. She leaned her head against the casement, and burst into tears.

"What 's the matter?" said Hoo Chee. "Did you bump your head?"

He was about to draw into his room; the sight unmanned him; but she bravely stopped the tears.

"I was only thinking about a girl who —did n't have any one in the world to talk to," she said; "and she was a mandarin's daughter!"

"Is it a story?" cried Hoo Chee, wriggling far out of his window. "And she lived in the bamboo forest, and the big blue ostrich came and picked all the little brothers off the loquat-tree?"

"I wish it was," she said; "but this story no one knows but me."

"Well, perhaps I 'll let you like my cat," said Hoo Chee, invitingly.

"Will you hear the story?" said the girl,

eagerly. "I might die, and no one ever know about it. It would be as if I had been swallowed in sand. You see, her name was Loi Luey."

"Was she the prettiest there ever was?" suggested Hoo Chee.

"They used to say so; but now she has n't had any one to talk to—any one she cared for—for weeks."

"I wish you would n't cry!" said Hoo Chee, with a frown, and some fear.

"I won't—I won't," said the girl, desperately. "You see, Loi Luey lived on the Canton River; and—"

"That 's where I live when I 'm at home," said Hoo Chee. "But I 've never been there yet. Was there a magpie, and two little baby magpies, and they were twins?"

"There were thousands of magpies. She lived far up the river; and she did n't know how to talk to the people that lived in the city. Her father said she must learn the Cantonese, because there was a rich magistrate that had seen her portrait and wanted to marry her. So there came a young man with goggles to teach her; and she sat with her mother, and he looked at Loi Luey and talked with them; and Loi Luey learned so fast that one day the young man laughed a little with his eyes, and said very gravely, 'Your mother does not know what I am saying, beautiful friend!' And Loi Luey was so confused—it was just as if she had been alone with him—that she stammered, and her mother boxed her ears. Then the teacher spoke in their own dialect, and said he had said that Loi Luey's mother was a very young woman. And her mother said, 'Of course! I understood every word; and I am sorry my daughter is so stupid!' Loi Luey wanted to laugh at this, and she went out into the garden as soon as she could, and she did laugh. Oh, how she could laugh—then!"

Hoo Chee had listened patiently; but he wished the story would begin. Stories were about animals and little boys.

"For, you see, the teacher—his name—his name," said the girl, in an uncertain voice, "was Han Kim. The teacher was very kind and dignified, and he knew a wonderful lot of things. They had often caught each other looking at each other; and she might have known there would never be anybody she—cared so much about. So she picked some persimmons. She did n't want the persimmons, but she knew he was somewhere near the garden. Then she sang a little song; and when she had finished she heard a voice in Cantonese, from the other side of the wall, and it sang: 'How lovely is Loi Luey! Han Kim made her portrait, and showed it to his friend. His friend is rich, and his friend will make them happy! How lovely is Loi Luey!' And Loi Luey giggled, because she was only fourteen years old, and she did n't want to be married yet—not for two years; but it was nice to have somebody care, and she giggled and laughed. How she could laugh!"

She leaned against the casement, and sighed heavily.

"A monkey would eat persimmons if you did n't look out, would n't he?" insinuated Hoo Chee.

"There are n't any persimmons now!" said the girl, looking hard across the dingy roofs. "You see, Loi Luey's father came and asked her why she laughed so; and she said she had swallowed a feather. Then he said she was most fortunate, because in a month she would be married to the rich magistrate that tried the murderers at Canton; and she would have nothing to do but play games, and eat ginger, and mind her mother-in-law. Loi Luey did not like that; for she had once seen the magistrate, and he was very old. He tottered when he walked, and his hand shook with palsy, and he had but one tooth!"

Hoo Chee began to dig with a grimy stick in the silt in the gutter; there was a bit of blue porcelain, which he would make into a pagoda, on the banks of a stream where a sea-horse lived.

"I wish the teacher had gone away then, and never come back, because Luey did n't really care so much then. She was only a child. But the old women had told her stories of love before marriage, and about young men who stole young girls away and made them happy ever afterward. They are lies. If you disobey your father the gods will send misery and death. They are lies, and women are fools!"

"Yes," said Hoo Chee, bobbing in his chair. "Do you know any stories about the gods and the animals up in the sky?"

"Yes. But this one I have not told to any one but you. It 's a secret. You see, Loi Luey walked away, and frowned, and pouted, and then cried a little. In the midst of it she heard his voice—the teacher's voice; and he sang: 'She shall not marry the magistrate! For Han Kim has a powerful friend, and the little sampan steals her!' Then Loi Luey laughed, and sang back: 'I must marry the magistrate, because he loves me!' And the teacher sang: 'Luey lovely, Luey lovely! A third the years and thrice the love! A third

the years and thrice the love!' And Loi Luey did not know what to say, and so she only laughed; and she thought about it for days and days; and often she would hear Han Kim singing in Cantonese: 'A third the years and thrice the love!' until she hated the magistrate more and more. If Han Kim had only gone away! The magistrate would have died some day, and then—"

Very gradually, while he stared with apparent abstraction across the roofs, Hoo Chee's head was retiring within the window. In a moment he would disappear, with One-Two in his arms. There would be no one to tell the rest of her story to!

"And what do you think the magistrate sent her father the very next day?" she exclaimed quickly. "It was a real, live monkey!"

"A monkey?" said Hoo Chee, popping out. "A Real Monkey, and woolly, and had a tail like hands?"

"Oh, yes! And he said lots of things. You 'd like to know! You see, Loi Luey and all her family started for Canton, one day; for her father had been made assistant to the magistrate because he had such a—a pretty daughter; and Loi Luey was told that she must marry the magistrate as soon as they got to Canton. So the teacher was dismissed, and Loi Luey cried a long time, and made up her mind to marry the magistrate. And so they all got on a great river-junk, with all their bundles—"

"Did the Real Monkey have his comb and chop-sticks in a little bag, on a bamboo?"

"Yes, over his shoulder. And he said he would bring lots of nice monkeys to have tea with us in Canton. The big junk was pushed by a wheel by as many as thirty men, who just jumped up and down and made the wheel go around. So Loi Luey and her father and mother and three sisters all went down the river; and she saw so many things that she forgot she must marry the old magistrate; and she was glad that she never expected to see Han Kim any more, because she knew she liked him so. The next day, just at dusk, they saw Canton, with all its lights and the million little sampans, and the pawn-shops towering in the sky, and the strange white junks sent by the foreign devils to show their fear of the Son of Heaven. And just as they had all their bundles ready to go ashore, there came Han Kim, who had been on the boat all the time! He did not look at Luey, whose heart beat so fast. He told her father that a rich friend had sent his sampan for him to go ashore in; and though it was too stately for a poor teacher, it was quite befitting a mandarin, and would Luey's father honor him by riding in it? And so they all got into the teacher's sampan."

"Did the Real Monkey get in, too?" said Hoo Chee, who had expected that the story would soon begin.

"Oh, yes. He explained to the teacher that he had been appointed head monkey at the yamun. Don't you wish you had a Real Monkey, little boy?" she asked, with a flash of purpose.

Hoo Chee nodded; but the notion would have been too appallingly delightful. Such a thing could never happen to a little boy so far from where he lived when he was at home.

"When they got to the shore, and Loi Luey sat in the back of the sampan and gazed at Han Kim, who would not look at her, she wondered if he did n't care for her any more; and she was angry, because she knew she was prettier than any one else. But he did n't look. He and his coolie got out among the chairmen and a thousand others that crowded around, and he told them to stand aside, because it was a mandarin; and so Loi Luey's father, and then the monkey, and then her mother and her three sisters all walked out in single file, and held their heads in the air, and would not have looked behind them for anything. Then Loi Luey stood ready to step out. And then—then—"

The girl choked.

"Then did the Real Monkey run up a big tree, awful quiet, so that no one suspected, and set off a big fire-cracker, and scare himself almost to death?"

"No one would have heard a fire-cracker, there was such a clamor and shouting of coolies. Loi Luey stood up, and then—then Han Kim and his coolie jumped in and pushed the sampan off, and Loi Luey fell down in it. She saw the black water between her and the shore, and she screamed—she screamed with all her might; but no one heard her. The backs of her people disappeared in the crowd, and Loi Luey was left alone with Han Kim and his man."

"Then the Real Monkey did n't stay on the sampan," sighed Hoo Chee, sinking back a little.

"Yes, yes; the monkey came, too—I forgot. And Loi Luey was away out in the broad river, shuddering and sobbing because she thought she was going to be killed. But Han Kim touched her forehead, and told her not to be afraid. He loved her, he said, and he would have strangled the magistrate

rather than let him marry her. He had a dear friend who was very rich and powerful, and was waiting to give him money, so that Han Kim could go away and be happy with his little golden lily—that is what he called Loi Luey. And she wanted to be his golden lily, and—and—you cannot understand. It was against the gods; it was against everything right and honest to disobey her parents. But Loi Luey knew she loved Han Kim. She loved him, and she did n't care for all the gods in heaven. See what she has come to now for that! See! But you can't understand—you can't understand!"

"But I can understand about the Real Monkey," said Hoo Chee, comfortingly. "Did n't the Real Monkey do something?"

"Yes, yes! And away in the distance they heard the beating of gongs, and the hubbub of men running to get into the city before the gates were closed. And then the noise ceased, and she knew the gates had shut, with her father and mother and sisters inside of them; and they would not have been opened again that night for the viceroy himself. But she did not care so very much then. She crouched at Han Kim's knee, and held his hand in the dark. He told her how his friend had loaned him the sampan, and told him just what to do, and how the next day Han Kim could run away to Singapore, and take Loi Luey, and be happy ever afterward. And then—then—"

For a moment she could not go on.

"And then did the Real Monkey cut a hole in the bottom of the boat, and a little fish come in and ask if she had ever told a lie? Because I know! The fish said that if she said yes he would bite off her toe; and if she said no, that would be another lie, and he would bite it off anyway. And the little girl stared and stared, and the little fish swam round and round," said Hoo Chee, in a lowered voice, "and looked up out of the corners of his eyes till it made him sleepy; and the little girl stared with her toes in her hands."

The girl had not heard him.

"And then—then—" she tried to resume.

"Then she just waited, and did n't say anything, because she wanted her toe; and by and by the little fish was so ashamed, he ran home and got into bed with his mother. And sometimes it 's better if you don't talk so much. That 's a *good* story!"

"I tell you, the good stories are all lies!" cried the girl. "If we break their laws the gods destroy us! We saw a light. There on the shore was the man who called himself Han Kim's friend. He was a Spider, a Horrible Spider—the ugliest, foulest monster in the world! He held up his lantern. 'My friend!' cried Han Kim. 'Ah,' said the Spider, 'she 's a handsome little one—a valuable little one! And you have kidnapped her, and the law would punish you by death!' 'But we shall be in Singapore, good friend!' said Han Kim. 'They will never find us. We shall be happy!' 'You have kidnapped her! See,' said the Spider, turning to the coolie; 'Han Kim must die!' Then the coolie set upon my loved one and threw him to the ground. See how the gods will punish those who disobey! The coolie felled him, and they rolled on the sand and dug at each other's eyes. And my—my Han Kim called to the Spider to help him; and the Spider beat them both in the head with stones, till they could not speak. He held their heads under the water till they drowned. I did not see any more; I did not see anything. When I opened my eyes it was morning, and I cried for my mother; and he who stood over me was the Spider—the Horrible Spider!"

Hoo Chee stared at her in a kind of fear; but then he said anxiously:

"The Horrible Spider did n't drown the Real Monkey, did he?"

"No, no!" she cried. "You shall have your monkey! Would n't you like a Real Monkey—all your own? Don't be frightened; I did n't mean to look so. He is a nice monkey. Listen, little boy; she—she saw him fanning himself with his tail and warming his hands under his knees!"

"What for?" asked the Infant.

"He said he was fanning himself for the summer that was behind him, and warming himself for the winter that was before him; do you think that was funny?"

"I know," said the Infant. "It was a joke!"

"But he did n't joke any more that day. Loi Luey looked out and saw the strange city of Hong-Kong; and when the sun set again she was in a mighty iron junk without sails, tossing on the ocean, beyond the sight of the highest mountains. She grew limp, and thought she was going to die; and she did not care if she did."

"But the Real Monkey did n't grow limp, did he?" said Hoo Chee, confidently.

"He did grow limp, and he cried! You see," she added, with a quick change to a smile which he had to like, "he said he—he remembered that he—had forgotten something—which he—he was sure must have been very sad. You would have cried if you were seventeen days without seeing a moun-

tain. Then they were here. Loi Luey was so frightened to see the 'Melican devils, with their black clothes, that she clung even to the Horrible Spider. They were going to kill her at first, as they would now if she cried out and asked them to help her. They would! I have heard about these blue-eyed devils all my life, and the Spider told me so. I had to say I was the Spider's wife before they let me go; and the Spider locked me in here. And he never sees me but once a day, when he fetches me food. But he says he will whip me if I do not grow as pretty as I was. I can't. I can't sleep, and there is n't any one in the world to talk to. And some day he 'll take me to some man, and—oh, Kwanyin, Kwanyin! Don't go, little boy! Listen; you can have a Real Monkey, all for your own! He 's here; you can have him all for your own!"

The little brown eyes popped out, and Hoo Chee gasped. To her pain, she saw him hurriedly withdraw from the window.

"I want to see the monkey!" he cried, his fists tattooing on her door. "I want to see the monkey!"

"'Sh! 'Sh!" cried the girl. "The door is locked. If you knock, the Horrible Spider will come and eat you!"

Hoo Chee returned more slowly to his chair.

"I never saw a Real Monkey!" he said sadly; "and I never saw a Horrible Spider, too!"

"If you saw this Spider, you would never want to again. What I have told you is a secret, and you must n't dare tell any one, not for days and days; because, if the Spider knew, he would come and hurt you to death. But if you don't tell any one, I know how to befool him and get the monkey."

"You tell the monkey to look out the window," said Hoo Chee, discontentedly—"because I don't believe there is any monkey," he added falsely.

"He can't look out, because—because he is chained to the wall. See!" she said, robbing a bureau drawer and returning to the window. "Here is the key; and when you get in you can unchain him. He says he had a dream; and there was a little boy in the next room, and the little boy found a little black bottle that had never been opened. You know? Here 's the key to the monkey," she said gaily, throwing it so that it slid down the roof-side and fell where he could get it with his stick. "And when the little boy gives me the black bottle, I know how to frighten the Horrible Spider so that he will run away! And he will leave the door open; and then you can come in and unlock the monkey! Will you, dearest little boy?"

THE Doctor was returning. Hoo Chee hastily put the key of the Real Monkey in the pocket of his bib; but he did not let go of it. He stood in a daze. It was the key to a Real Monkey!

"Have you written your copy?" said the Doctor.

The Infant had not, and he did not know how to explain; so he kept still, as the little girl did with the fish. But he gave the Doctor the top one of a pile of old copies, looking up trustingly in the old man's face. The Doctor nodded, then frowned.

"This is yesterday's," he said suspiciously.

"Oh!" said Hoo Chee. He hurried and got another from the pile; it was the copy of three days before.

"Ah—much better!" said the Doctor. "You are improving; and I wish that every morning you would put back the ink-slab and brushes, and the ink-stick and paper, as carefully as you have to-day. Now, as your reward," continued the Doctor, looking hard at him, "I will give you not a single character to write to-morrow; I will give you three; and they mean: 'Don't try to deceive old men.'"

Then Hoo Chee looked hard at the Doctor, and neither of them spoke. But Hoo Chee was nevertheless handling the key to the monkey, and thinking more about the little black vial. The Doctor ground some ink, and chuckled quietly; and Hoo Chee crawled in under the bunk, and built a shield of the classics around the lacquered box. He sang meanwhile, and as he raised the lid of the box he sang louder,—a hymn about being washed,—and put a little black bottle, that had never been opened, in his pocket with the key.

"What are you doing there?" said the Doctor, suddenly.

"'Sh! It was a red tiger; but he 's turned gray and gone to sleep," said the Infant, pointing to One-Two. "Shall I begin my new copy now?" he asked soulfully.

"Yes," said the Doctor, looking at him closely through doubtful spectacles. "I am glad—I am glad you want to begin now."

The rag the Doctor gave him to wipe his inky fingers on the Infant stuffed into the pocket of his bib, where it hid better the vial and the key. He set to work with great energy, having observed that the Doctor showed signs of going out again. He sat

cross-legged, high in a chair; and One-Two played awhile with his master's overhanging pigtail, then went off to find the girl in the next room. The Doctor, remarking that he would not be back until late, departed to see if a pinch of pepper in the eye would cause Chin Poo to sit up and address his apprehensive family.

"Good, good!" said Loi Luey, when she saw Hoo Chee with the vial in his fist. "Oh, don't hold it so!"

Hoo Chee eyed her solemnly.

"I want to see the monkey first," he pronounced.

"But did n't I give you the key? He 's chained behind the door; and besides, he—he 's knitting himself a purse—to carry his butcher's bill in; and if he stopped he says he could n't find where he left off."

Hoo Chee did not know what to say. He wished he could see the monkey, because once, in the street, a boy had told him that there was a mouse in a box, and had taken Hoo Chee's bean-meal cookie in exchange; and when Hoo Chee untied the box there was n't any mouse; and when he looked for his cookie there was n't any boy. But he wanted a Real Monkey; there was n't anything he wanted so much as a Real Monkey, with a tail like hands.

"I want to see some of his hair," he said artfully; "because maybe I won't want him if I don't like his hair."

The girl seemed to acquiesce; she disappeared, and the Infant heard a yowl not unlike a cat's. One-Two shot madly from her window and in under the bunk behind Hoo Chee. Loi Luey appeared, and held out her fist with a few hairs projecting from each side of it. If they were like a cat's, they still looked five times as long.

"Of course," said Loi Luey, boldly, "if you don't want the monkey, you can give me back the key."

But he did want the monkey! He and the Real Monkey and One-Two would go for a walk; and they would act very unconcerned; and all the world would be most astonished, and everybody would ask who the little boy was who had a Real Monkey.

"Well," he said at length, "if you don't give me the monkey I 'll tell the Wise Old Man, and he 'll know what to do!"

This seemed to impress her deeply, and they arrived at the question of ways and means. The only way to transfer the vial with hope of safety was to tie it to One-Two; and One-Two, brought unwillingly from behind the classics, and burdened with the vial at his neck, showed preference for any direction other than Loi Luey's. But then a train of little scraps of fish was arranged, leading up to her sill, quite inconsistent with the torture he had just received from her. Loi Luey stood with tense muscles just out of sight; and the Infant held his breath, because upon One-Two depended a whole Real Monkey. Presently he saw her hand dart forth even as a hawk. One-Two exclaimed in fright and pain, and, minus the vial, dashed over the roofs and far away to a place where he had no friends. But Loi Luey did not show herself, though Hoo Chee called to her. He wished he had his monkey now. It should be Hoo Chee's head monkey, and Hoo Chee would pretend to be a mighty mandarin. One-Two should march behind, and the Real Monkey should go before with a big red umbrella, and all the street-gods would kotow.

"May I have my monkey now?" he said, when at last he saw her. She did not seem to hear him.

"He told me to look beautiful," she said. "I shall! He was going to take me to a tea-house, and a Pig was to look at me. But when he comes he will blaspheme the gods!"

"But he won't blaspheme the Real Monkey, will he?" said Hoo Chee.

"He wants me—me!" she exclaimed. She laughed, and threw the empty vial down into the street. The Infant stared at her. She had newly braided her oily hair, and she was putting on her tunic of green silk with the peacocks embroidered in gold.

"You must wait," she said. "You must not tell any one, nor try to get in—not till you hear the Horrible Spider come, and hear him go away. Then you may have your monkey. But beware of the Horrible Spider; he might kill you! Oh, I don't care—do you?"

She closed her eyes for a moment. The sun was in and out, and a gusty wind was fetching a vast soiled cloud. It worked a melancholy on Hoo Chee, and he could n't help thinking of the box that did n't have any mouse; for she seemed to have forgotten all about the monkey.

"Does the monkey know a nice story?" he asked faintly.

Loi Luey did not hear; a strange new nonchalance stealing over her first brought fear as she recognized it. She wept convulsively, but she forgot why. She drew a long breath.

"I don't care!" she said, smiling drowsily. "You 'll wait? The monkey is just behind the door. I hope you 'll get your monkey."

A warm, delicious mist was rising before her. She looked down behind her, then slowly subsided from the Infant's wondering sight, seeming to have sunk luxuriously on the floor. For him there was a leaden sky, and the wind, insistent and uncomforting. After a little he called to her, but she did not reply. He listened at the wall. The monkey must be unhappy, too; for he did n't say anything. It would be very noble to go in and unlock a Real Monkey, and tell him not to be sad, because a little boy would protect him ever afterward, with a One-Two and a Wise Old Man. The Wise Old Man might want to know about the little bottle; and then, if the copy was not done, there would be an unpleasant time when the Doctor returned. He set to work at the table, and made big blotches on his paper, and frowned, and watched a fly that came and ate up the ink. The fly could fly, and perhaps he had just been in and seen the monkey. Gloomy drops of rain were falling. The Infant rose a number of times to listen at the wall, but heard nothing; then went wearily back to his task, till it was too dark to see. How soon it had become evening! Ordinarily he would have climbed up to the shelf and found his bowl of rice and cabbage and soy, and eaten it cold and been happy; and then he would have crawled into his bed on the floor, rather proud; for in stories it was always the little boy with the least fear who caught the most fish and grew into a mandarin. But now he did not eat. There was no light. She in the other room perhaps had a light; it would shine through her keyhole; he would open his door and peep in to see what she was doing. Perhaps if he made the littlest scratch on the panel, the monkey would hear, and would peer through from his side, and they would both laugh! Only, she was waiting for the Horrible Spider to come; and the Horrible Spider ate little boys; and the wind was very noisy, and the rain beat coldly in at the window. He did not go out to peep through her keyhole; instead, he climbed on a chair, and shifted the spring lock so that the Spider could not come in. The rain shut the little boy away from all the world, drowning its sounds, and veiling all its signs except unsympathetic points of light from distant windows. One-Two was somewhere in a barrel, in a cellar. The Real Monkey, Hoo Chee's head monkey, must be sighing and listening for the Horrible Spider to come and go, and for Hoo Chee to come with the joyous key. It was hard on the monkey, and it was hard on the little boy; because, it struck him suddenly, when the wind tossed a sheet of rain at the panes, the Horrible Spider could come in at the window! The window must be shut, if it could be. He drew the chair along; it bumped and startled him, and made him hate noises. He clambered as quietly as he could to the sill. The street shone in rushing rivulets far beneath him. He tugged at the sash, but it was difficult to budge it; and, despite the rain, he heard steps on the stairs. They were not the Doctor's steps; they were slower, more ponderous. It—it was the Horrible Spider, two legs at a time. He pulled with all his might, and the sash came safely down; but it made a fearful noise, and the Spider must know there was a little boy in there. The Spider was in the hall, and was jingling a bunch of keys; and Hoo Chee stood pressed in the corner of the sill by the wall, with his mouth drawn down, and his heart thumping against the key in his bib. The Spider turned Loi Luey's lock. A rush of wind from her window shut the door again in the Spider's face. The Spider jammed it back fast on the uneven floor, and the rain beat in, and the wind loudly fluttered the tattered rag of shade, and rattled the mirror that hung on a nail, and sent reflections dancing over the floor from the dimmed electric light beyond the other buildings. The Spider gruffly asked a question; but there was no answer. He saw the green-and-gold embroidered object stretched upon the floor, now and then glistening at the feet with spatterings of rain. He leaned over it and said something angrily, then cried out, and stumbled, and rushed away down the stairs, knocking against the narrow walls with horrid exclamations, till the echoes ceased and the house was still again.

Had she given the Horrible Spider the black stuff from the bottle and frightened him away? And was she glad, and the monkey glad too, to think that a little boy would come in and unchain him?

"May I get my monkey now?" he called to the wall. But there was no answer. There was nothing but silence within, and the rain without; and the sound of his voice stopped him from speaking again. But the Spider had gone; and she had told him to come in for the monkey after the Spider had gone; and the monkey must be shivering in the cold, and crouching and beating his hands on his breast. It would be too sad if the monkey waited and waited, and a little boy did not come! Hoo Chee must be brave; he did not want to be brave, but he must. He got out his key. There never were such fas-

cinating times as he and One-Two would have with the monkey and the red umbrella they would pretend to have; and it was only brave little boys that got Real Monkeys, anyway. He opened his door a little, and heard nothing but the flapping of the shade, and the damp passage of the wind through the other room into the hall. There was no sound of the Spider returning. He stole across her threshold, and looked. It was very still. She had said that the monkey was chained behind the door; but—and there was n't any other door. There was n't any chain. There was n't any monkey. The beam of electric light glanced from the swinging mirror and searched the empty chairs. He saw it pass over the walls, and they were bare. He saw it pass over a form all green and gold and rainy spangles. It was Loi Luey; and how still she was! She might have been a stone—a wooden thing. And the Infant looked again behind the door, and saw nothing—nothing! His mouth drew down, and tears were in his voice.

"There is n't any monkey!" he cried. No living woman but would have quailed before his indictment. "There *is* n't any monkey!"

She did not answer. She frightened him by the way she lay. The mirror swung at a new angle, and the light swept twice across her face. The roots of his hair grew cold and crisp. He had seen that waxen look before. Her soul had run away from her. His little shoes thundered on the floor, and yet seemed fastened to it. The light flashed a challenge in his face; and *he* ran away from her with all his might, for ever and ever, seven steps to the door that was his own. He slammed it, and cried out at the violence with which it shut, then sank gasping on his bed, and could not weep.

There was n't any monkey. The wind howled and rattled at the sash; it roared and whistled, and swept down the stairs. And there was n't any monkey! There never had been any monkey. And the Spider, the Horrible Spider, might come back. He shivered, and hurried in under the quilts, and drew them up till there was only a little round cap outside, with a little red button on top, and a little red nose peeping out beneath. The wind gave a mighty blast that shook the house as though the Horrible Spider was tugging it off to his hole; and the red nose disappeared altogether.

"There *was* n't any monkey!" he said bitterly, under his breath. There would n't be any red umbrella, and they would n't go out for a walk and have people stare and wonder; and the monkey would n't tell stories about cousin monkeys, and old wise monkeys, and baby monkeys.

"She told a *lie!*" he muttered. The little fish would bite off *her* toe! For there never had been any monkey! And people who lied lost all their toes, one by one. The rain settled away to a heavy drone, as if it knew and approved. He pulled all the covers close around and tight over his ears; and then he said, very dismally and much louder: "I *knew* there was n't any monkey!" and buried his cold nose in the pillow. Girls that told lies never had any monkeys, anyway; and their toes were always cold with fear, and never began to grow warm. He thought and thought, and knew it was so.

And they never went out and found a lovely garden,—never,—with little red oranges, and lichi-nuts, and bamboo sprouts with soy. He could count hundreds of oranges they never could have. And they never rode in the blue sky, with peacock feathers in their hands.

And they met a little girl and had a fat cloth cat that looked up at the sun without winking. And they had cakes and tea in a sweet place with lots of warmest light. There was a lovely lady with beautiful eyes, and she smiled; and a little pond.

And blue, and green, and yellow, and then gorgeous crimson! And—and there *was* n't any monkey! But—but—

THE Doctor lifted up the covers a little, and smiled; for he found the little red mouth in a baby smile. And Hoo Chee's hands were ahold of his glossy cue. For at first there was n't any monkey, and the Horrible Spider had chased him miles and miles through rainy corridors. But then Hoo Chee had found the elephant's tail; and he climbed and climbed until, of a sudden, there was all the gorgeous light again; and there were, not one monkey, but ten thousand monkeys; and they all kotowed, and said they belonged to Hoo Chee—all Real Monkeys, and woolly, and had tails like hands.

HOW THE PUMP STOPPED AT THE MORNING WATCH.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,
Author of "The Led Horse Claim," etc.

THE main shaft of the Morning Watch is an incline, sunk on the vein to a depth below daylight of eighteen hundred feet. There are lower workings still, in the twenty-one hundred; for the mine is one of the patriarchs of the golden age in northern California, and its famous vein, though small, has been richly persistent.

The shaft is a specimen of good early construction in deep-mining; it has two compartments, answering to the two vital functions of pumping and hoisting. A man walking up the hoist may step into the pump-shaft between timbers to avoid a car, but he must then be wary of the pump-rod.

The pump-rod at the Morning Watch is half a mile long. With a measured movement, mighty, conclusive, slow, it crawls a little way up the shaft, waits a breath, then lunges down, and you hear subterranean sobs and gulpings where the twelve pumps at their stations are sucking water from the mine. These are the water-guard, which is never relieved. Nights and Sundays, frost or flood or dry, the pumps never rest. Each lifts his load to the brother above him, sweating cold sweat and smeared with grease and slime, fighting the climbing waters. The stroke of the pump-rod is the pulse of the mine. If the pulse should stop and the waters rise, the pumps, as they go under, are "drowned." In their bitter costliness, in the depths from which they rise, though born in sunlight, the waters of the "sump" might typify the encroaching power of evil in man's nature—a power that springs from good, that yet may be turned to good, but over which conscience, like the pumps, must keep unsleeping watch and ward.

Between the Cornish miner and the Cornish pump there is a constitutional affinity and an ancient, hereditary understanding. Both are governed and driven by the power on top; both have held their own, underground, from generation to generation, without change or visible improvement. They do their work by virtue of main strength and dogged constancy, and neither one can be hurried.

On this last head, the pump-man will answer for his pump—speaking of it as of an old comrade, in the masculine singular, if you ask how many beats of the great connecting-rod are normal:

"'E 'ave been as 'igh as seven and a quarter; 'e *'ave* been, but it do strain 'im. Seven, about seven, is what 'e can bear."

John Tiernay of Penzance, spoken of familiarly as "old John," was pump-man, first and last, at the Morning Watch. He was there when the first pump-station was put in and the rod was but four hundred feet long. He saw that mighty member grow, section by section, pump added to pump, as the shaft went down. Each new pump was as a child born to him; there was room in his pride always for one more. If one had a failing more than another, he made a study of its individual crankiness, and learned to spare the fault he could not remedy or hide. To the mining captain, to whom he was forced to go for supplies, he might confess that "No. 5 'e do chaw up more packin' than all the pumps in the mine"; but in general it was like touching upon delicate family matters with old John to question the conduct of his pumps.

He was a just man, Tiernay, but not perfect; he had his temporal bonds. It went hard with him on the Lord's day to choose between the public duty of worship in the miners' church, above-ground, and his private leaning toward his pumps, below. Can a man do his work in this world too well? Excessive devotion to the interests of the mine was not a common fault with its employees. The boys at the Morning Watch made friendly sport of the old enthusiast, declaring that he took his pumps to bed with him, and dreamed at night of their kicking and bucking. It is true that the thought of Sammy Trebilcox, and what he might be doing or not doing as his substitute underground, took the heart out of his Sabbath observances and made his day of rest, when he gave himself one, the longest of the seven. Wherefore his little old wife, "a good bit older nor 'e," and a woman of grave disposition, saddened by the want of children, sat mournful in church without her man, and

thought of his clean shirts folded in the drawer at home, and of him, in his week-day livery of mud, earning unblessed wages below ground. She knew it was not the extra day's pay that ensnared him; her prayer was that he be delivered from pride in carnal labors, and that he make not unto himself a graven image and an idol of "they pumps."

A pump-man has his regular shifts; but so well known was the quality of John's service that not a man about the mine, from the oldest tributer to the new superintendent, would have questioned his appearance above-ground at any irregular hour of day or night. He looked, when he came on top, like some old piece of mining machinery that has been soaking underground for half a century—plastered with the pallid mud of the deepest levels, coated with grease, and stained with rust from fondlings of his pumps, the recognizably human parts of him—his unsunned face and hands—pitted and drawn with steam.

The day's-pay men were lively in the stopes; the car-boys romped with the landing-men, and chalked the names of one another's sweethearts on the sides of refractory cars. Every tributer in the old workings had his partner to help him hammer out a "crushin'." The contractors tunneled and drifted and argued in gangs; but old John, in the bowels of the mine, with death within a foot of him on each side, kept his one-man watch alone. In his work there was no variety, no change of surroundings or of season, no irrelevant object to rest his fixed attention; solitude, monotony, and ceaseless, nagging vigilance, imprisoned in a tube of darkness, between the crash of the cars on the one hand and the squeeze of the rod on the other.

Iron will crystallize after years of such use, lose its elasticity and cohesive strength. Old John had ceased to find pleasure in society or sunlight. He chose the darkest paths going home through the woods, the old roads, deep in pine-needles, undisturbed by passing feet. The sound of a boy's whoop or a man's hearty halloo drove him deeper into the shade. If spoken to, he had no answer ready, but would whisper one to himself as he went on alone, with his eyes on the ground.

Once the night-shift, going down, saw the old man bareheaded in the hoist-shaft, standing motionless on the track, his hand up as if listening. He appeared not to hear the noise of the car, or to have heard it from some imaginary direction. They waved, they roared to him, and he vanished in the pump-shaft. Afterward they remembered his stare of bewilderment as if he had come awake suddenly in a strange place, uncertain how he had got there. Sometimes he would pop up like a stage-ghost in the hoisting-works, haggard and panting, as if in urgent haste. Greeted with jocular questioning, he would gaze about him vaguely, turn, and plunge down again without a word.

The wife began to hear, from relatives and neighbors, disquieting comments on her husband's looks.

"It 's more than a whole month 'e 'ave n't 'ad a Sunday off," said the buxom wife of one of the shift-bosses. "Whatever 's the sense in 'im workin' so 'ard, and you only two in family? A rest is what 'e need."

"Rest, dear! 'Ave n't I telled 'im so, scores and scores of times! An' 'e just like a fish out o' watter when 'e 's parted from they pumps. 'E talk of 'em the same as they were humans—made off the same piece wi' 'is own flesh and blood."

"Eh! It 's a bad lookout when a man can't leave his work behind 'im when the day is done. We belongs to 'ave our rest sometime. Why don't 'ee coax 'im out more? 'T would do 'im good to see the folks."

"'E never was one to be coaxed. What 'e think right that 'e 'll do; man nor woman can't make 'im do other," Mrs. Tiernay would boast, proud of a husband's will unbroken after forty years of marriage.

One morning there was a summons for the mistress at the kitchen door of the superintendent's house.

"Clem' want see you—kitch'," was the Chinese cook's sketchy way of transmitting the message.

Clemmo was there, the gardener and general utility-man. The two do not go together unless the man is good-natured, as Clemmo was. He stood, hat in hand, in his deferential way, perspiring and quite noticeably pale. There was a catch in his breath from running. He had come to borrow an umbrella.

The mistress looked at him in surprise. It was cloudless midsummer weather, the hot valley steaming up in the face of the foothills, dust on the cloaking pine woods, red dust inches deep on all the roads and trails, dust like a steamer's smoke hovering in the wake of ore-teams miles away. The shadows of the mine buildings were short and black where a group of men had gathered, though the twelve bell had not yet struck. A *sun*-umbrella, did he mean?

"Any kind, ma'am; any old one will do,"

Clemmo repeated apologetically. "It 's just to hold over Mr. Tiernay when they 're carryin' him home. Yes, ma'am, he was hurt in the shaft just now—an hour ago. Oh, yes, ma'am, the doctor 's seen him. He 's pretty bad. It was an empty car struck him; dragged him quite a ways before the shaftmen heard him scream. They can't tell just how it happened; he has n't spoke since they brought him up. Yes, ma'am, one of the boys has gone on to tell the wife. They 've got an old mattress to carry him on; they have brandy. No, ma'am, there ain't anything, thank you—only the umbrella. Any old one will do."

When the umbrella was brought and it proved to be a silk one, Clemmo took it reluctantly, protesting that "any old one—" But the mistress cut him short. He went off with it, finally, assuring her over his shoulder that he would carry it himself and see that it came "right back."

The Chinaman looked on calmly. "I think he pretty ole—he die pretty soon," he remarked.

Three little children were frolicking in the swing under the pine-trees. Their mother quieted them, out of respect for what was soon to pass the house; but she could not moderate the morning's display of pink-faced roses, nor suggest to the sun to go under a brief cloud. All was heartless radiance and peace as the forlorn little procession came down the road—the workers carrying him home whose work was done; three men on a side, and between their stout backs, and faces red with exertion, a broken shape stretched out, and a stark white profile crowned with a bloody cloth.

What had the old man been doing in the hoist? "Fixin' up the bell-rope," the mining captain said; "but it did n't look like any of John's work," he added meaningly. "He was n't all there when he rigged up that thing. He 'd slipped a cog, somehow. Yes, sir, you bet, a man in a shaft he 's got to keep his eye out. He can watch for forty year, and the minute he forgits himself, that minute he 's gone."

ABOUT the turn of night, when the old man was nearing his end, he gave a loud cry and sprang up in the bed, where he had lain speechless and helpless three days. The startled watchers flew to his side.

"Take your 'ands off me, women!" he panted. "I must up. Th' pump—'e 's stopped!"

"Don't 'ee, deary!" The wife trembled at the look in his pinched gray face. "Don't 'ee be thinkin' o' they pumps no more. 'Owever could 'ee 'ear them, two mile away? Hark, now! 'T is all as still as still."

It was so still, that windless summer night, they could hear the clock tick across the passage, and the hoarse straining of the dying man's breath as they struggled to hold him down. His weakness, not their strength, prevailed. He fell back on his pillows, and a passive, awe-struck stare succeeded the energy of horror and resistance. His eyes were fixed, as one who watches spellbound the oncoming of a great disaster. They touched his still face; it was damp and cold. His chest pumped hard and slow.

"Two thousan'—gone under! Drowned, drowned!" he whispered.

"'T is all nothin' but they pumps!" the old wife grieved distractedly. She knew his time was short. "Oh, dear Saviour, don't mind it of 'im! 'E were a hard worker, and a good man to me."

At that same hour, the night of John's release, when he had given his loud cry, the watchman at the mine heard above the roar of forty stamp-heads a sound like cannon smothered within walls. He rushed across to the hoisting-works. There lay the great crown-wheel of the pump, in pieces on the floor. The pump-rod, settled on its chucks, had stopped midway of its last stroke.

One little cog, worn out, had dropped from its place; then two cogs came together, tooth to tooth, and the ten-ton wheel burst with a groan that had arrested the passing soul of the pump-man, duty-bound to the last.

An old mine, or an old man, that is nearly worked out may run on for years, at small expense, if no essential part give way; but the cost of heavy repairs is too great a strain upon halting faith and an exhausted treasury. Even so small a thing as the dropping out of one little cog, in a system worth thousands to rebuild, may decide the question whether to give up or keep on.

In that moment of ultimate consciousness, the mystery of which is with the dead, it may be that old John beheld the whole sequence of disaster that was to follow the breaking of the pump. If he did foresee it all, as his ghostly eyes seemed to say, he accepted it, as well; and that look of awe-struck, appealing submission in the face of immeasurable calamity he carried to the grave. Perhaps he had seen beyond the work of this world to some place of larger recompense, where the unpaid increment of

such service as his is waiting on the books. Perhaps he heard already the Master's patient "Well done."

While they were preaching the funeral sermon, his old enemy, the water of the black deeps, was creeping up, regaining ground which he and the pumps had fought for and defended, inch by inch and year by year.

"Two thousan'—gone under!" The lowest pump is lost. Leave it where it drowned, at its post. Now there is hurry and rush of tearing up tracks before the levels are flooded; the order to shut down has come late. Pull out the pumps; the fight is over! They have taken up the track in the main incline; the water has reached the nine hundred, like the chill creeping up the limbs of a dying man. The old tributers take down their muddy mine-suits from the change-house walls; families will live poorer this winter for all that water in the mine. They go trooping home, boots and bundles over shoulder, by the paths their own feet have made. They meet no night-shift coming on. Another year, and those paths of labor will be deep in hushing pine-needles; shadows of morning and evening will be the only change of shifts. The pay-rolls are closed; the last crushing has gone through the mill. The grave of ten millions is for sale cheap, with a thousand feet of water in it.

THE PIANOS OF KILLYMARD.

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS ("MAC"),
Author of "'T was in Dhroll Donegal," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

YOUNG Barney had just put the case out of doors; and Mrs. Cassidy, venturing to look out after it, saw her cronies, Mrs. McClenaghan and Mrs. McGragh, the latter with sleeves thrust back beyond the elbows and a dish-clout in her hand, in close confab in the middle of the street. It needed not that she should have got a glimpse of them pointing derisively at the case, or heard their indignant laugh, to know what their subject was. Mrs. Cassidy hastily and shamefacedly withdrew from the door, and shut it out upon Barney, the case, and the world. She now looked at the piano, where it had been fixed up in the outshot close by the kitchen fire, and wished in her heart she had something to cover it up with. Before it came she had been looking forward to it with pride,—a timorous pride, of course,—and had been growing vain in anticipation. But now—now!

Mrs. McGragh and Mrs. McClenaghan had faced round full front toward the offending case.

"Aa, ha!" Mrs. McClenaghan laboredly laughed. "A pee-anna! A pee-anna, indeed! Aa, ha!" She endeavored to force into her tone all that just indignation which she found herself totally unable to express in words.

"Aa, ha, ha! Oh, cock her up, indeed!" said Mrs. McGragh, who was gifted with a very much wider range of expression—the widest, in fact, in Killymard. "Was the likes of it ever heerd tell of in Killymard afore? I misdoubt it much. A pee-anna! Oh, Lord's sake, where is this going to end? In throth, Ellen Cassidy" (apostrophizing the absent woman), "it would be more fitter you had paid tenpence for a new broom, an' put it intil Maggie Mary's han's, than a pee-anna—an' a sight more becomin' both till you an' her it would be, too. A pee-anna! Lord save us all, an' keep us from takin' laive iv our senses!"

"Ellen Cassidy, good woman," said Mrs. McClenaghan, "it 's beside yerself ye 're gettin', fetchin' a new pee-anna intil your kitchen."

"Fitter, maybe, she took in a new kitchen dhresser! Poor Taidy Cassidy 's workin' the skin off his bones, mornin' an' night, to keep the pot boilin'; an' if he has managed to scrape together a wheen o' pounds atself, throth, it 's ill Ellen's comin'[1] for to go an' for to dhrag a pee-anna in atop iv 'im."

"An industhrous poor man is Taidy, God sees," Mrs. McClenaghan responded, "that knows his place an' minds his work; an' it would be tellin' Ellen the price of a new knife the same could be sayed for her."

[1] It ill becomes Ellen.

"Meself heerd a whisper of it that Mrs. Cassidy had Maggie Mary writin' to the pee-anna-makers to know the terms they would let her have a pee-anna on, to be paid be the week; but iv course I give small heed to such an outraijus rumor. I thought Mary Ellen Kelly put that goin', through spite."

"My wee Ruth was tellin' me, since Maggie Mary Cassidy got to be monithress, she was intendin' taichin' singin' in the school, an' that was the raison she was takin' lessons on the harmonion in Dhrimstevlin every Saturday. I sayed in me own mind I seen bigger wondhers than for Mrs. Cassidy to take an' make a fool of herself buyin' Maggie Mary a harmonion. But a pee-anna!" Mrs. McClenaghan hereupon threw up her hands in despair of being able to express her amazed contempt.

"MRS. CASSIDY HASTILY AND SHAMEFACEDLY WITHDREW FROM THE DOOR."

"A pee-anna!" echoed Mrs. McGragh. "Och-och-anee-oh! This bates the wee wheel that groun' the limestone, Mrs. McClenaghan," said she, setting her brawny arms akimbo—for Mrs. McGragh was both ponderous and brawny. "Mrs. McClenaghan, do ye know what I 'm goin' to tell ye? This is turnin' out a quare wurrl', an', I 'm afeard, a bad wan. Killymard in my mimory is a changed town—changed for the worse; an' people don't know whither it 's on their head or their heels they are, doin' wan thing foolisher an' worse nor another. I mind the time, in me own mimory, an' all the music in Killymard was three fiddles. A daughter of Manis Loughrey's she was the laugh for the parish when she took in a concertiner. But it was little we knew where it was goin' to stop. Concertiners an' melodiums is now as common as that muck on the sthreet there. There 's five harmonions; I was countin' them no longer ago than Sunday night, with Mrs. Archie Rea. An' to cap it all, here 's Ellen Cassidy's pee-anna! God sen', Ellen Cassidy, that ye 'll not have raison to regret this some day."

"An' God sen' that she may n't," said Mrs. McClenaghan, viciously. "I seen Robbie Duncan startin' off with his cart yistherday—callin' at Mrs. Cassidy's an' gettin' his ordhers from her. It 's little I guessed the erran' he was goin' on to Dhrimstevlin. I thought it was the wardrobe for Mrs. McCunnegan that she bought at Davie Burns's auction, an' that Mrs. Cassidy was sendin' a wee erran' with him; it 's little I thought it was such a fool's erran' as that."

"I was meself watchin' Robbie goin' down with his horse an' cart; an' I sayed it was to

Dhrimstevlin for bone-manure for Mr. Fletcher he was, an' that Mrs. Cassidy was sendin' word with him for Callaghan to sen' her home her umbrill that he took the loan of We'n'sday last, when the weather bruk on him here. It 's little *I* thought the fool's erran' he was goin' on."

"Well, Mrs. McGragh," Mrs. McClenaghan said, as she moved off,—for Harry was holloing to her that the marley hen was rampaging all over the house, looking for a place to lay,—"while there 's a wurrl', in it there 'll be fools."

"An' oul' fools, we often heerd, Mrs. McClenaghan, is the worst of fools. God help poor Ellen Cassidy, say I."

"Amen! God help her!" said Mrs. McClenaghan.

Young Jimmy, a sock on one foot, and the other poor wee foot bare, had been for the past ten minutes hauling his mother by the skirts to come off and get him his other sock, for his daddy could n't find it; so Mrs. McGragh now caught him up under her arm and bore him home.

It was almost a week later before Mrs. Cassidy dared have the hardihood to venture an exchange of gossip with her two neighbors. To outward appearances, at all events, Mrs. McClenaghan and Mrs. McGragh did not seem to harbor any malignant animosity toward her for her flagrant crime against the society of Killymard. True, they had been a little cold and distant for a few days after the arrival of the "pee-anna"; but neither Mrs. McGragh nor Mrs. McClenaghan was beneath forgiving a wrong, no matter how exasperating it may have temporarily been—though it was entirely on public grounds that they had resented Mrs. Cassidy's misdemeanor.

And lo! on an evening, Mrs. McGragh, having just turned her soda-cake and fixed up the fire, looked out of doors to see if all was well with Killymard, and beheld, turning the corner below and coming slowly up the street, Robbie Duncan with his old black horse and cart, and on the cart an object that gave good Mrs. McGragh a shock. She called upon little Jimmy—Nelly had gone to Mrs. McCann's to have a new dress tried on.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" she shouted, "come here to the doore this minnit, till ye tell me what 's this Robbie Duncan has on his cart!"

Jimmy, who was sprawling on the hearth and trying how often he could bite the end of the cat's tail with impunity, quit the game just as it had begun to get exciting, and ran to the door.

"Whoa! Whoop!" said Jimmy. "It 's another new pee-anna for Maggie Mary Cassidy!" And he dashed down the street to meet Robbie, who was already escorted by such a heterogeneous assembly as the advent of the bearded lady or some such other delightful monstrosity might draw.

Mrs. McGragh breathed hard. She watched Robbie's progress with painful intensity till he drew up at—Mrs. McClenaghan's! And the youngsters screamed: "A new pee-anna for Mrs. McClenaghan!"

Mrs. McGragh gasped for breath. She went in and slammed her door. By and by wee Jimmy came trotting in, big with the news of the grand new "pee-anna" Mrs. McClenaghan had got for Ruth, and of the trouble they had getting it in and getting it down to the bedroom. "For Mrs. McClenaghan says," said Jimmy, "that she would n't keep her pee-anna in the kitchen, lake Mrs. Cassidy, beca'se it 's not jinteel to have a pee-anna in the kitchen. But I would sooner have it in the kitchen," Jimmy added, on his own account; "then I could play on it. Mammy, won't you laive yours in the kitchen when you get wan for Nelly?"

And though Jimmy meditated and cried over the matter for an hour after, he could n't quite understand why his mother had taken him up, inverted him, and applied her open hand so smartly and so sorely to the broadest part of his little breeches.

It was only when Father Tom dropped in next day—for Father Tom always felt sure of getting the whole budget of Killymard gossip from Mrs. McGragh—that she got a proper outlet for her suppressed feelings.

"No, yer reverence; the two eyes o' me I could n't believe! 'Jimmy,' says I to little Jimmy, when I looked out an' seen it comin' up the sthreet first, 'Jimmy,' says I, 'come here an' look what 's this Robbie Duncan 's comin' up the sthreet with on the cart.'—That chair 's cogglesome, Father Tom; sit on this wan. I have been naggin' at Connell these three months to take it to Farrell a-Byrne an' get somethin' done till it.—'Oh, mammy,' says wee Jimmy, says he, when he looked out, 'it 's another new pee-anna for Maggie Mary Cassidy.' Iv course I knew it was n't, but I watched to see who was going to be the second fool in Killymard. An' oh! Lizie Jane McClenaghan, I would n't have *evened* it to ye! Up at Lizie Jane McClenaghan's doore it pulls, an'—that was enough for me, yer reverence! I don't know, Father Tom

McShan, what we 're goin' to turn till in Killymard. Two pee-annas! It 's two wash-tubs them two women should 'a' got for their daughters. Did ye iver know the likes of it? I never did. An' Lizie Jane McClenaghan, too! Lizie Jane, I used to credit *you* with a wee grain o' sense. From Mrs. Cassidy I could n't expect better; nothin' she 'd do would astonish me. But Lizie Jane McClenaghan! A pee-anna! For Ruth! Oh, Lord! Lizie Jane McClenaghan, that was fit to be tied, an' her tongue did n't stop goin' for a fortnight when Ellen Cassidy got home a pee-anna! Oul' fools, I see, ever an' always is the worst iv fools. Father Tom, I 'm tellin' you, an'—me apron 's as black with the dirt of pots an' pans as that I 'm heartily ashamed of it, yer reverence; but how else could I be? —I 'm tellin' you, Father Tom, an' mark my words, Lizie Jane McClenaghan an' Ellen Cassidy 'ill have raison to have low heads over the same pee-annas some day; an' it 'll not be a hundhred years till it, either. Mark you my words, Father Tom. Ay, Lizie Jane McClenaghan! A pee-anna! A pee-anna, indeed!"

Mrs. McClenaghan made strenuous efforts to shun Mrs. McGragh now. But if they unavoidably crossed each other, Mrs. McGragh still acknowledged the acquaintance by a cold, commonplace remark; and Mrs. McClenaghan felt cut to the bone, and was quite put out for the remainder of the day. There was, however, a speedy and warm *rapprochement* betwixt herself and Mrs. Cassidy. A defensive alliance, they speedily saw, was an absolute necessity in the face of a common terrible enemy.

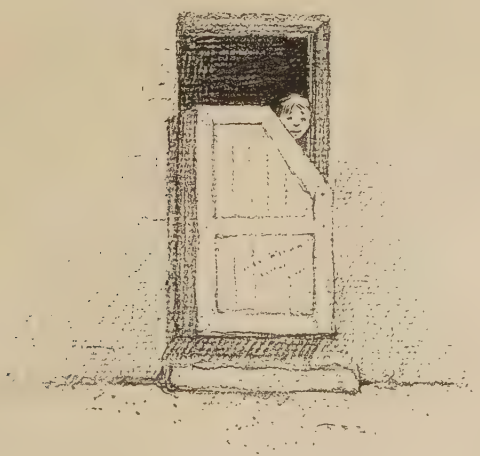
Father Tom derived very much amusement from following the details of the strife, and took care to keep himself well posted from the moment he found war was declared.

One bright morning he was considerably astonished to find a great wooden construction blocking Mrs. McGragh's hall so that he could not get in. Mrs. McGragh herself, too, had evidently evacuated the hall somewhat suddenly on his appearance, for he was pretty certain he saw the waft of her skirts disappearing into the room.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said, catching a glimpse of that young gentleman's crown over the top of the case; "how are ye all here this morning?"

By mounting on his tiptoes Jimmy succeeded in getting half his physiognomy into view.

"Oh, glory be to goodness! Father Tom! Father Tom!" And he clapped his hands with delight. "Mammy! Mammy! Here 's Father Tom come down to see our new pee-anna!"



"'FATHER TOM! FATHER TOM!'"

STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

BY ISOBEL OSBOURNE STRONG.

N Samoa a man's standing in the community can be pretty well gaged by the songs that are composed and sung about him. Some are humorous, some satirical, some complimentary, and many are only rhymes to his name, like a nursery jingle. The smallest incident, once put into song, will live for generations. There is a boat-song about a very unpopular official who left the islands years ago. We were once traveling by water in the smooth lagoon within the coral reef, and passed the house where this man had lived; it was pointed out to us, and instantly, with a sweep of the oars to keep time, the boatmen trolled out the jeering, scornful words:

> A wise man broke through the horizon;
> Did he give us of his wisdom?
> Nay; no wisdom came to us,
> But all our money went to him.
> Awe-e! awe-e! All our money 's gone!

Mr. Stevenson mentions in his "Footnote to History" the way Mr. Weber of the German firm was remembered in the islands:

> His name still lives in the songs of Samoa. One that I have heard tells of Misi Ueba and a biscuit-box, the suggesting incident being long since forgotten. Another sings plaintively how all things, land and food and property, pass progressively, as by a law of nature, into the hands of Misi Ueba, and soon nothing will be left for Samoans. This is an epitaph the man would have enjoyed.

There are many songs about Tusitala ("Story-writer"), as Mr. Stevenson was called in the islands—rousing boat-songs, when the paddles all beat time, and the handles are clicked against the sides of the canoe to the rhythm of his name. The Samoans show their courtesy in remembering a man's songs, and even in rowing Mr. Stevenson out to meet a passenger-ship I have heard the boatmen keep time to

> Tusitala ma Aolele.

Much traveling is done by water in the islands, and at night, to avoid the sun's rays. It was very pleasant rowing by moonlight in the deep, smooth waters of the lagoon near the shore, within the protecting coral reef that surrounds each island of the group and breasts the full force of the ocean breakers. The roaring and boiling of the surf made a pleasant accompaniment to the singing voices of the handsome brown men as they kept time to the rhythm of the song with a long sweep of the oars. The groves of palm-trees grow in thick foliage to the water's edge, and often from the shadow where a cluster of native houses lay hidden, the people, recognizing the passing traveler by his boat-song, would call out across the lagoon, "Talofa Tusitala!"

Then there are the dancing-songs about Mr. Stevenson, depicting life at Vailima, which might be called topical, as they generally touched upon the small incidents of plantation life. These were composed by some servant or workman on the place, and saved up for a fête-day, such as Christmas, the holidays of England and America, and Mr. Stevenson's birthday, when they were chanted, danced, and acted with great spirit by the Samoans of our household. Sometimes every member of the family would be represented, each singing a characteristic verse, while all hands came in on the refrain in a full, rich harmony. The central figure, the heart of the song, was always Tusitala, and though they made many little jokes at the expense of the rest of us, his name was always treated with respect.

Other songs are long chants, with innumerable verses descriptive of Tusitala's wisdom, his house, his friendship for the natives, and his love for Samoa. One of these may be called the "Song of the Roof-Iron," or "The Meeting of Tusitala and the Men of Vaie'e."

The chief of Vaie'e, on the windward side of the island, had saved up sixty dollars in twelve "golden shillings," as he called the five-dollar pieces. War had broken out, and he and his men were going off to fight. Their village might be looted during their absence, so they brought the bag of golden shillings to Tusitala; brought it with much ceremony and many presents, including a live turtle borne aloft on two poles. Mr. Stevenson

locked up the precious bag in his safe that is built into the big hall at Vailima. After three months, when the warriors returned, it was given back to them. They explained that it had been saved up with incredible patience and difficulty to buy roof-iron for their new church. Mr. Stevenson good-naturedly took the matter in hand, with the result that the village received more roof-iron for the money than had ever been given to natives before. The friendly act was commemorated in a song that is really prettier than one would think the subject warranted, and the friendship begun over the matter of the roof-iron has endured between the people of Vaie'e and the members of Tusitala's family to this day.

The "Song of the Wen" commemorates an interesting event. A humble servant of the family, a lively, amusing fellow named Eliga, was afflicted with a large, unsightly tumor on his back. In a land where beauty is of the first importance, this unfortunate man was made to suffer doubly. Mr. Stevenson and my mother had him examined by the kindly surgeon of an English man-of-war, who proposed an operation. But Eliga would not submit. He explained to Tusitala that there were strings in the wen that were tied about his heart, and if they were severed he would die. When Mr. Stevenson translated the doctor's diagnosis, Eliga was unconvinced. His skin, he said, was different on the outside from a white man's, and therefore it was not unnatural to suppose that his insides were made on a different plan.

In the end, Mr. Stevenson's and my mother's arguments prevailed, and he submitted; but for their sakes, not his own, and he begged them to remember, when he was gone, that he had died for love of them. On the day of the operation Eliga prepared his house for death; the five mats were spread, the rush curtains were all up, decorations removed, the single room was so exquisitely prepared that not a pebble on the floor was out of place, and his relatives were assembled. He himself was of a pale lead-color and shaking with apprehension, yet he came out bravely and lifted Aolele [1] off her horse, and received Tusitala and the doctor with perfect self-possession.

The operation was successful, and Eliga recovered; but it was not only renewed health and strength that came to him, but the fulfilment of his dearest ambitions. Owing to his deformity he had been kept out of titles and estates that were promptly restored to him. In the islands no deformed or very ugly person can be a chief. Indeed, if the children of a great man are ill-looking it is not unusual for him to adopt the handsomest boy in the village to succeed him.

The change in Eliga was magical. Instead of being the cringing, almost dwarfish creature who cut monkey-tricks to make people laugh, after the pathetic manner of the deformed in Samoa, he carried himself erect, with a haughty mien; he dyed his hair red, and wore it in the latest fashion, combed up into Grecian curls and powdered with sandalwood. When he came into his title, he made a visit to Vailima in state, accompanied by his new retainers, all laden with gifts for the family, and the "Song of the Wen" was sung for the first time.

A semicircle of men sat upon mats laid out upon the lawn in front of the house. On the veranda, facing them, sat Mr. Stevenson, surrounded by his family and native servants, looking on with that serious, respectful attention it was his custom to accord all native formalities, however trivial they may have seemed.

Eliga came forward crouchingly, with a cocoanut tied by a piece of sinnet to his back. To the accompaniment of clapping hands and harmonious chanting, he half recited, half acted the story before us. He capered, he made silly, hideous faces, he did the buffoon for the last time in his life; and then, as the string was cut, and the cocoanut rolled to the ground, he sprang erect, thumped his breast, and sang aloud his triumph and gratitude.

"O Tusitala!" he cried, "when you first came here I was ugly and poor and deformed. I was jeered at and scorned by the unthinking. I ate grass; a bunch of leaves was my sole garment, and I had nothing with which to hide my ugliness. I was a buffoon, the meanest thing that walks. But now, O Tusitala, now I am beautiful; my body is sound and handsome; I bear a great name; I am rich and powerful and unashamed, and I owe it all to you, Tusitala. I have come to tell your Highness that I will not forget. Tusitala, I will work for you all my life, and my family shall work for your family, and there shall be no question of wage between us, only loving-kindness. My life is yours, and I will be your servant till I die."

The most beautiful of the songs are those that were composed in memory of Mr. Stevenson, and sung at Vailima after his death. One, referring to the steadfast loyalty of

[1] Aolele is Mrs. Stevenson's native name. It is a term of admiration, meaning "Beautiful as a flying cloud."

Mr. Stevenson to the High Chief Mataafa, through peace and war, victory and defeat, has for its refrain:

Once Tusitala's friend,
Always Tusitala's friend.

Another describes a Samoan searching among the white people for one as good and kind as Tusitala. He asks of the officials and the consuls and the captains of ships, and they all answer, "There were none like him, and he has gone."

For months after his death, parties of natives, headed by the chief bringing a present of a costly, fine mat, would come to Vailima and offer their condolences to the family. They were people whom he had befriended, with their followers and clans: for each small, individual kindness an entire village assumed the burden of gratitude. There were his old friends, Tuimalealiifano and his village of Falelatai; Seumanutafa, the chief of Apia; the villages of Vaie'e and Safata, Falefā and many others. There were the political prisoners, chiefs of important clans whom Mr. Stevenson was instrumental in releasing from jail. There were the members of the clan of the beloved Mataafa, then an exile, all bringing presents and making very touching speeches of love for Tusitala, and sympathy for his family. Each party, on leaving, handed to my mother a roll of paper: it was the song of that village written in memory of Mr. Stevenson.

When a party of Samoans, for love of him, weed the path that leads to Vaea; when they gather once a year, on the 13th of November, bringing wreaths and flowers to decorate his tomb; when a party of travelers cross the mountain by his grave, they lift their tuneful voices in one of these songs:

Groan and weep, O my heart in its sorrow!
Alas for Tusitala, who rests in the forest!
Aimlessly we wait, and sorrowing; will he again return?
Lament, O Vailima! Waiting and ever waiting!
Let us search and ask of the captains of ships,
"Be not angry, but has not Tusitala come?"

Grieve, O my heart! I cannot bear to look on
All the chiefs who are assembling.
Alas, Tusitala, thou art not here!
I look hither and thither, in vain, for thee.

OPEN LETTERS

The Canonization of Stevenson.

BUT for the elaborate disparagement of Robert Louis Stevenson in Mr. John Jay Chapman's recent interesting and suggestive volume, "Emerson and other Essays," what answers, in the case of a writer, to the ecclesiastical process of canonization would now, in Stevenson's case, be complete. A uniform edition, stretching to an array of twenty odd volumes, forms a kind of monument which is almost unparalleled, considering that the work, much of it fugitive and ephemeral in its first form of issue, was begun scarcely twenty years ago, and was finished scarcely more than four years ago. There are, in fact, two collective editions. But that one of them emanates from Edinburgh may be held to be an abatement, on the score of Scottish clannishness, from the weight of its evidence in behalf of a favorite Scottish writer, just as the like abatement is to be made for Lord Rosebery's enthusiastic eulogy of his compatriot as a "perfect"—or was it "peerless"?—"creature." But the American edition assuredly attests the demand of disinterested lovers of literature. And the tributes of the English-reading, and especially of the English-writing, world are quite without parallel. They are expert testimonies, and they are testimonies to a kind of admiring despair. "How enviable," all the writers say, "the man who could write like that!" Nay, the praise of Stevenson is in the text-books, of which a primary requirement is that they inculcate what is established and no longer disputable. In the preface to Mr. George Seers Baldwin's excellent collection of "Specimens of Prose Description," set forth for the use of undergraduates, we read that the editor "found that a preponderating number of citations had been drawn involuntarily from one author," and that author Stevenson. If we cannot "anticipate the verdict of posterity" in Stevenson's case, and rate him already as securely a British classic, of what avail is the concurrence of all the judges?

Perhaps it is this very consensus that has irritated Mr. Chapman, and instigated him to file a dissenting opinion. Evidently he is tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just." The legendary tradesman who had but one literary opinion, which he produced in literary circles with the assurance of being on safe ground,—the opinion that "Ma-

caulay was a good writer,"—would find his position no longer impregnable since Matthew Arnold's assaults. It would now be natural for him, in shifting it, to intrench himself behind Stevenson. And he finds Mr. Chapman waiting for him there with a declaration that Stevenson was not, strictly speaking, a good writer, and an explanation how the world had come to be deceived.

It is true, as Stevenson, with some bitterness, complained, that the public regarded "Treasure Island" as his first book. He composed it because he had learned that "mere literature" would not support a family. But he had been doing mere literature for some years before he was forced into doing fiction, and had found an audience fit though unremuneratively few. When Mr. Chapman talks about the American public giving "Stevenson an order for 'Pulvis et Umbra,'" and Chicago thereby "making culture hum," he ought to bear in mind that it was not until Stevenson had reluctantly abandoned "Pulvis et Umbra," or what that implies, for "Treasure Island" that the American or the British public gave him any orders that would enable him to earn his living. It was a very select public that welcomed the predecessors of "Treasure Island." It was in 1878 that the present reviewer, being then in charge of a daily newspaper, came, in the literary page of another daily newspaper, upon two paragraphs attributed merely to the "Cornhill Magazine." There was in them so marked a distinction of style that he at once procured a copy of the magazine, and transferred to his newspaper the whole paper of which they were specimens. It was the paper on "The English Admirals," and the initials affixed to it, "R. L. S.," told nothing. Then came the "Travels with a Donkey," which a venturesome American firm republished, and the "Inland Voyage," and later "The New Arabian Nights," of the profitableness of reprinting which Mr. Holt can tell, and of the unprofitableness of writing which Stevenson has told. But there was no effective demand for a reprint of the "Virginibus Puerisque" and of the "Familiar Studies" until their author had made his popular success with "Treasure Island." If the earliest cult of Stevenson, as Mr. Chapman declares, "represents the sincere appreciation of half-educated people for second-rate things," it did not take hold of enough of them to support the author. Upon those upon whom it did take hold, like the present reviewer, it took so strong a hold that they would be at a loss, if they were compelled to forego either, to choose between the "Travels and Essays" and the "Novels and Tales" of the collected edition.

"The circumstance is unusual," as Stevenson himself says, "that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer"; but it should not prevent full consideration of his objections to the canonization. Mr. Chapman refuses to admit Stevenson as a classic because he is not original, not direct, and not unconscious. To these propositions his specifications may all be referred.

Of course one has to agree that writing was to Stevenson an art, and also that, as Mr. Chapman acutely says, everything "he has written has a little the air of a *tour de force*." But it is to be noted that nothing of his has this air so much when it is taken by itself as when it is taken in connection with other pieces of his work. In comparing "Treasure Island" with "The English Admirals," or "The New Arabian Nights" with "The Beach at Falesa," one cannot help seeing that sustained efforts in styles so different involve a strain even upon the highest literary skill. One may even be in doubt, in the presence of so many styles assumed with so much skill, what was really the writer's own bent. Now we have the utmost sophistication, in which the style is a tissue, a panoply, of allusions, and now a "naked and open daylight," in which the reader is not aware of style, and there is no explicit reminder that the writer has ever read anything. This versatility is bewildering, but Mr. Chapman is the only reader of Stevenson I know of who has found it irritating.

Naturally, it is in those works in which the style forces itself most upon our attention that we most attend to it. The consciousness of style in Stevenson is what Mr. Henry James, no doubt, meant in saying of him, regarded as a painter's model, that he never "posed for the nude." In fact, however, I have met discriminating readers who were themselves writers, but who came into Stevenson by way of the "Novels and Tales," and not of the "Travels and Essays," to whom it had not occurred from the romances that the author was primarily a writer with a style. To make a fellow-workman forget that was surely an achievement, along with the others. But of course nobody can read Stevenson through without being aware of his consciousness of his style,—of his styles,—and recalling his vestments even when he is posing for the nude; as Lowell said of N. P. Willis, that if he had been a South Sea Islander you could have known him for a dandy by the way he wore his skin. Stevenson might have said of himself, as Goethe said of himself, that "nothing came to him in his sleep." But surely it is not axiomatic that literature must not be literary. There are more readers than Mr. Chapman who are inclined to believe that genius is the absence or suspension of intelligence, and who resent, as much too cold-blooded, Stevenson's account of how he learned to write by "playing the sedulous ape" to this writer and to that—to other writers, indeed, than those he named there: for he himself has said elsewhere that there is very little of his writing in which the influence of Thoreau might not be detected; and in the paper, already mentioned, on "The English Admirals" I find more than "a trace" of Emerson. But Mr. Chapman overlooks that Stevenson precedes his account of these imitative operations with an account of the other branch of his technical studies: "As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words." It was this exercise which became a lifelong quest for the right word and the happy phrase, and which, "joined with the strong propensity of nature," gave him at last that astonishing power of presenting in so few strokes a figure or a scene, and induced the judicious compiler of "Specimens of Prose Description" involuntarily to draw "a

preponderating number of citations" from one author. From the imitation, not of nature, but of art, he "got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the coördination of parts." But he derived also that great store of allusion, and of reminiscence, which to most of his readers is an added source of delight, but to his latest critic a grievance. Assuredly no writing is further from primitive simplicity and unconsciousness, none conveys more strongly the implications of a long and high tradition. But what then? The "barbaric yawp" is not the only commendable mode of human utterance. A workman who knows the masterpieces of his craft simply cannot work as if he were ignorant of them, as unconscious of his style as the "inspired tinker" who wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," or as the bankrupt hosier and "graduate of a dissenting academy" who wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

To these names Mr. Chapman, with supreme incongruity, adjoins that of the author of "Elia" and "Eliana" as a man who was to his contemporaries "without style." It is, perhaps, the most amazing point in the brief of the devil's advocate, unless it be the attribution to Sir Thomas Browne of "unconsciousness." Our devil's advocate stops at nothing in the maintenance of his thesis that "good things in art have been done by men whose entire attention was absorbed in an effort to tell the truth, and who have been chiefly marked by a deep unconsciousness." Either Lamb and Browne are not classics, or else, after all, they were "marked," and distinguished from Stevenson, "by a deep unconsciousness." It is a desperate proposition; for if an ordinarily well-read representative of the half-educated were asked to name the British classic who was most artificial, most sophisticated, most conscious, he would be very apt to name Lamb, unless he named Browne.

Open the "Essays of Elia" anywhere, and consider the workmanship of the writer who was to his contemporaries "without style":

> To the reverend form of Female Eld, he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams.

Or open the "Vulgar Errors" anywhere, and admire the "unconscious" Sir Thomas:

> On this foundation were built the conclusions of soothsayers in their augurial and tripudiary divinations, collecting presages from voice or food of birds, and conjoining events with causes of no connection.

But it is not alone the British classics: it is the world-classics whom Mr. Chapman finds it necessary to disestablish in order to exclude Stevenson. That works which are imitative or reminiscent or persistently allusive cannot be classical, is a proposition so very sweeping that I cannot believe that he examined it with care before he promulgated it. It must have been enough for him that it covered the case in hand. That it certainly does. But it also embraces not only the epic in which Vergil followed Homer, but the pastorals in which he invoked the "Syracusan Muse." Clearly it includes the attempt of Horace to lead into Italy the Æolian song. And yet for two thousand years mankind has delighted in the "Æneid" and the "Eclogues," and has persisted in esteeming the alcaics of Horace more highly than the alcaics of Alcæus. And what are we to do with the one British epic? Where is another poetical style so bookish, so drenched in literary allusion and reminiscence, as Milton's? Surely Mr. Chapman cannot have examined his new criterion, before applying it to Stevenson, to see to whom else it might apply.

And besides, Stevenson was "unconscious." He has told us both in prose and in verse how he came to do "Treasure Island." It was a deliberate attempt upon a larger audience than his literary refinements had secured him. It was an imitation, told, as he imagined, "exactly in the ancient way of 'Kingston' and 'Bannatyne the brave.'" There is not a literary allusion in the whole of it. It was a "boy's story," and not very successful as such, though it may be and has been read and accepted in good faith by simple-minded readers of the class for which it was meant. But it was read with delight by readers for whom it was not meant; and this by reason of the literary quality which the author had striven to suppress, and which escaped in spite of him.

Mr. Chapman's complaint would be just only if Stevenson forgot his subject in his consciousness of the manner of his masters or of his own. But this he did not do. The force and faithfulness of his descriptions would alone prove how he "designed with his eye on the object," and how his unsurpassed technic became a means to an end. Is there a more transparent medium than the atmosphere through which we see the scenes and figures of his "picture-making romance"? The flight in the heather in "Kidnapped," the trial in "David Balfour," the duel in the dark in "The Master of Ballantrae"—who but Mr. Chapman fails to number these among the great achievements of modern fiction? And what a gallery of portraits!—the ruffling moor-cock Alan Breck, the noble savage Catriona, the scornful Master of Ballantrae and his painful brother. And every figure in the fragment, that is yet a masterpiece, of "Weir of Hermiston," how they are all divined by genius and realized by art—the Scottish Brutus, the poor heroine giggling in the shadow of a tragic fate, and the vulgar Mephistopheles, though he be little more than a shadow projected from the wings, and in the second plane the living figure of the old nurse. "Second-rate things for half-educated people"! Of what can Mr. Chapman possibly be thinking?

And yet he will have done a service to those whom he shall have induced to read Stevenson over again. And he will be doing them an additional service if he forces them to make a return upon themselves, to revise their judgment of Stevenson, and to give themselves anew an account of their admiration. But what can the effect of that revisal be but a decision that the devil's advocate, having been heard, has shown no cause or impediment why the canonization should not now proceed?

Montgomery Schuyler.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Christianity and War.

IN his essay on "Rudyard Kipling and Racial Instinct," in the present number of THE CENTURY, the distinguished philosophical writer, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, has touched significantly on the subject of force in the relations of "the more efficient, the more skilful, the more resourceful" civilizations with those less powerfully endowed. He hints at what may be called the philosophical basis for the theory of those who look upon war as not undesirable in itself, but he also gives a philosophical basis for the belief of those who would put a stop to war—even to wars waged by highly civilized races against peoples of a lower development. He expresses his own belief that the "deeply intrenched instincts" of the conquerors "should be restrained," and that "the time has come when civilization will be the better advanced by such restraint, by *coöperation rather than conquest.*"

Mr. Marshall's pacific argument is in essence a restatement of a Christian doctrine—a doctrine of Him who said: "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

But in referring to the Christian religion as a religion of peace, one is brought at once into an atmosphere of contradictions—contradictions both historical and contemporaneous. That a certain amount of force was considered proper by Christ himself may be inferred from his passion of indignation at the desecration of his "Father's house." His scourging of the sellers and money-changers in the temple was, indeed, such a resort to carnal weapons as to make absurd the contention of the extreme non-resistants—those who find a warrant in the New Testament for a theoretical refusal to meet with effectual force the attack of an insane murderer upon a child or a woman. However, the non-resistant expounders of Christian ethics have not yet had much influence upon history. Christian wars have been frequent and popular throughout the centuries—wars, that is, not only of Christian nations against pagan peoples, but of Christians against Christians, and often in the very name of the Prince of Peace.

As represented by governments of ostensibly Christian nations, by famous warriors of strong religious conviction,—like Cromwell, Gordon, Jackson,—and by warlike ministers of the gospel, Christianity is a religion thoroughly identified with the warrior instincts of the race. Something in human nature itself accounts for this; but one powerful reason for the fighting record of Christianity is the fact that its sacred Scriptures consist of two distinct parts, and that while scholarly criticism regards the crude and un-Christlike moralities set forth in parts of the Old Testament as indeed the necessary steps in a progressive revelation,[1] still it is a psychological phenomenon of immense import that the military tone of the Old Testament has made an uneffaced impression upon all Christian nations. The scholarly biblical expounder may draw the line as clearly as he pleases between the "old dispensation" and the "new," nevertheless the fighting fury of the old Hebrews—of their champions, kings, prophets, and poets—has dominated the mind and the habit of Christian civilization.

The religious-minded wielder of carnal power through all the history of Christendom—were that power the force of his own good arm alone, or the force of a nation under his rulership—has habitually identified his religion with that of the Hebrews, his cause, as well as his God, with that of the Israelites of old. The career of Oliver Cromwell is so interesting an example of this as to deserve the special attention of students of all forms of so-called "suggestion" and "imitation." While he had a humble and unfeigned realization of the spiritual life as set forth in the gospel, there was something in him that replied to the trumpetings of the Hebrew prophets as a war-horse answers to the battle-call. Every armed victory was a witness of the God of Israel's approval—not merely of the plan of battle, but of the cause the indomitable soldier had at heart. His military successes were divine compliments,—rewards of virtue,—though it would have taken more defeats than a Cromwell was likely to encounter to undo his sense of personal identification with the intentions of the Almighty. When they "routed the enemy, took many prisoners, and killed a great many of them," it was to Cromwell a "sweet beginning" of the Lord's business.[2] The "terrible things in righteousness" of the Sixty-fifth Psalm were at all times very dear to him.[3]

When once the militant Christian harks back to the primitive and peculiar conditions and battalous temper of the Old Testament, and succeeds in thoroughly identifying himself with the former-day self-styled representatives of Jehovah, he can derive any amount of false warrant for the brutal exercise of the arm of flesh. Suppose, for instance, he ignores the sociological and sanitary conditions with which Moses was dealing, and takes to heart only the convinced and definite unmercifulness of the thirty-first chapter of Numbers. There he finds the Lord commanding Moses, as a last and

[1] See "The Gradualness of Revelation," by Professor George P. Fisher, in THE CENTURY for January, 1890.
[2] Letter CXXXV, Carlyle. [3] Speech VI.

crowning act of obedience, to "avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites"; afterward should he be gathered to his people. So Moses again unhesitatingly in his turn commands that a thousand of every tribe, twelve thousand in all, should go forth, the priest's son with holy instruments and trumpets. "And they warred against the Midianites, as the Lord commanded Moses; and they slew all the males. . . . And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods. And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles, with fire. And they took all the spoil, and all the prey, both of men and of beasts. And they brought the captives, and the prey, and the spoil, unto Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and unto the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the camp at the plains of Moab, which are by Jordan near Jericho. And Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and all the princes of the congregation, went forth to meet them without the camp. And Moses was wroth with the officers of the host, with the captains over thousands, and captains over hundreds, which came from the battle."

What was Moses wroth with? Was he shocked at the massacre, and the "looting," and the incidental killing of that same Balaam who, whatever wrong he may have done, still had just amazed the king of Moab by thrice blessing instead of cursing the children of Israel? No; none of these things stirred Moses to righteous wrath. It was because they had "saved all the women alive," the women who had brought a plague upon Israel. Forthwith the great lawgiver commanded them to kill every male child, and every captive woman who was not a virgin! In the long history of the religious evolution of mankind Moses played a mighty part; yet what could present a greater contrast to anything we describe as Christ-like—like Christ, whom we may reverently call the discoverer of childhood and the friend of women?

Yes; we fear that, carnally speaking, the Mosaic dispensation has much to answer for in the way of misunderstood and anachronistic example through the entire period of the Christian dispensation. War has been given a religious basis which it would have lacked under a civilization purely Christian. War has, doubtless, also a human basis, a philosophic basis, and, so to speak, a legal basis; and it is the latter aspect of the subject that largely affects the mind and conduct of even the most humane statesman. The argument, briefly put, is this: Society rests upon law; domestic law is administered in America, for example, by the courts; backed by the force of constable, sheriff, militia, regular army; otherwise disputes would be settled as in the old days, individually and by wager of battle. In the absence of international courts, backed by force, each nation must be prepared to defend its rights and its life, and to enforce its will.

"In the absence of international courts," we say. But just here is indicated the way of the world's relief from the cruelty, the misery, the degradation, the anachronism of wholesale slaughter. For surely the world is getting weary of "century after century of the battle-wrath and the battle-woe." Mankind has been forever haunted by two mysteries,—the cruelty of nature and the cruelty of man,—and of these two the greater mystery is the latter. "O Etna," exclaims the poet, "it is not thou that man should fear! He should fear his brother man."[1] The cruelty of nature man himself, by slow degrees, is gradually alleviating, and so human life is growing longer year by year through man's invention of devices to lessen danger and stay disease. But man who gives his life to save life—man the scientific, the pitiful, the humane—enters with primitive enthusiasm, at the call of patriotism, into the pursuit of war—a pursuit which is, essentially, nothing on earth but the ingenious, scientific, and wholesale destruction of property and slaughter of human beings.

But year by year the signs increase that throughout Christendom the new dispensation is to triumph over the old. Our own recent war with Spain was mercifully softened in unusual ways, and notwithstanding the temperamental eagerness of many for war merely for the fighting's sake, throughout the nation there has been a sensitiveness concerning, a humane and conscientious shrinking from, the unescapable horrors of armed conflict,—especially as exemplified in the deplorable after-war in the Philippines,—that gives promise of a new and nobler day. The dread of war on the part of the great European powers; the great object-lesson of the Czar's Peace Congress; the growth throughout the civilized world of a sentiment in favor of peaceful arbitration instead of the brutal and unsatisfying arbitration of arms—all these things point to the general adoption of as sane and civilized a manner of settling international disputes as obtains in all civilized countries in the settlement of disputes between individuals, corporations, and the lesser communities. When that time arrives the world will look back upon the hideous deeds of ordinary warfare as it does now upon the killing of the Midianitish women and children in the land of Moab.

"Slouch."

Mr. Eliot Gregory's recent volume of social essays, "Worldly Ways and Byways," contains many chapters which may heartily be recommended to American readers as the frank comment of one of their countrymen—evidently a gentleman of the world—upon various phases of social and domestic life in this country. The time was when it was considered unpatriotic for an American to let it be known that he thought anything in our society or institutions capable of improvement. If democracies had faults to hide, it was his business to hide them. Among a small class of what may be called parochial expansionists the idea still lingers that one who finds anything to criticize in his own country had better live abroad. But so open-minded is the American character that, give these very objectors a few

[1] George E. Woodberry's essays, "The Heart of Man."

years in Europe, and most of them would come back with the same desire to add to the native sources of enjoyment some of the exotic charms of older countries, where the problem of living has received not a little attention. Travel has made such chauvinism ridiculous, and where it has impaired the patriotism of one, it has inspired a desire in a hundred to realize in our free conditions the perfection of happy living—the one end for which freedom exists.

A suggestive chapter in Mr. Gregory's book is entitled "Slouch," and in the consideration of what he finds an obtrusive personal and national fault the writer probes deeply into certain American conditions. He says:

> I should like to see, in every school-room of our growing country, in every business office, at the railway-stations, and on street-corners, large placards placed with "Do not slouch" printed thereon, in distinct and imposing characters.

He finds, first of all, the personal carriage of a large proportion of our people lacking in the dignity of erectness and fine movement. The soldierly bearing of Europeans, due to military service, does not seem to him to have an equivalent here, except in veterans, the militia, and the graduates of West Point and Annapolis. Against this judgment there is, however, much to be urged, and it is easy to generalize faultily on the subject. Although our young men may be comparatively deficient in social finesse, their physical build and carriage are, we think, not inferior to Europeans —except, perhaps, to the English. The type of American woman is increasing in height and vigor, and has lost none of that frank nobility which is its chief characteristic. In the quality of cleanliness and daintiness we are not excelled—not even by the English, who have been called the "tubbingest" people in Europe. There is, however, often in our fine-looking youth of both sexes a failure to hold themselves well in hand, exhibiting itself in voice, grimace, and gesture—a blemish which one would hardly expect to find in the most expert, if not the most graceful, of dancers. The education of a child should not be considered fairly begun until he has learned how to stand, sit, rise, walk, meet and leave company, and maintain a respectful silence, with propriety. In such matters, as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.

Mr. Gregory makes a fairer hit when he speaks of the air of slouchiness about American farmhouses and villages. Living being easy in America, we have everywhere the "wilful waste" which will soon be "woeful want"; but this is no reason why people who wash their hands and faces should make a dumping-ground of the common or the banks of the brook. (And if only there could be a single dump instead of twenty!) Any one of sensibility who traverses the environs of New York city on a bicycle realizes the magnitude of the work of assimilating to a system of law and order the shiftless population who—in this fifth year from the street-cleaning reforms of Colonel Waring—are allowed to deface nature by rubbish. Possibly these are foreigners, but if so, we are doing much to counteract in them those habits of orderliness which most of them learned abroad. Let the reader judge how much better the native American is as a community housekeeper. The front lawn may be in excellent order; it is the back yard and the pond lot that supply the test. What may be done by public spirit in keeping a town as tidy and healthful as its houses may be seen in certain New England communities, such as Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a village which one is proud to exhibit to foreigners. We have not a few attractive towns of this sort, but they are far from being the rule, as in England, France, and the Low Countries. What is needed in America is a little more imagination and initiative of reform on the part of the town council. There would be grumbling at first, but the "firm hand" which is doing so much for Cuban regeneration would accomplish no less at home.

And this brings us to a more important form of "slouch"—the *laisser-aller* of politics, the drifting along, the evasion of responsibility, the waiting for somebody else to overturn the boss while we are cheering the flag. The slouchy person, the slouchy house, the slouchy village, lead logically to the boss-ridden State. If men and women who are thirsting for careers of usefulness would turn their attention to the first three of these problems, the result upon the national housekeeping might not be immediate, but ultimately it would be sure to be enormous.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Poor Mrs. Marks.

"IT was flounced to the waist and had a gray stripe and a rose-vine running through, and cost two and a half a yard. It was grand quality; they don't have such nowadays."

The speaker critically surveyed the maple-leaf shadows flecking the grass back of Newton Home, where four women sat talking. She was protected by a blue shawl and white-cotton gloves, and a sundown was tied upon her gray curls.

"You must ha' had some fine frocks, Miss Pammy," said Mrs. Marks, from her rocking-chair, groaning as she wrapped a shawl around her rheumatic foot. "Nothin' extry in the way of clothes ever come my way. He gave me a black silk and a watch and chain onc't on a weddin' annaversary, but everybody 's got them. No; fine dressin' warn't for me. There 's them that gets all and them that gets none. 'T ain't good for rheumatism to set so near the earth. Don't you smell the damp, Mis' Parks?"

Her neighbor was a wiry little woman in black, who drew strips of flannel through a piece of coffee-sacking with a crochet-needle. She agreed that it was damp:

"The 'cacia-leaves turned the wrong way, Mis' Marks, and the smoke 's fell."

"I tell by the shootin' pains in my foot," said Mrs. Marks. "I told Mis' Doyle that this place was damp, and the trustees oughter be made to build one of them sun-parlors for them that can't set out in the damp. She said that some was n't to be made, and others oughter be thankful for their home, 'stead o' wantin' the earth. She warn't hittin' at me, though, Mis' Doyle warn't, for I never was a hand to fault-find, and land knows I don't want the earth, for I 'll soon have plenty of that for my bed. I ain't goin' to be a burden long."

Mrs. Marks leaned back with her eyes closed, an image of portly resignation, and the others sighed in trio.

"Mis' Doyle is n't matron of a charity-house," said Miss Pammy. "I never would have come to one. We all paid our hundred dollars down. Mary Pinney, will you get my carpet, child? I feel the damp through my shoes. I never could abide heavy shoes."

A little cripple who was paring apples upon the circular bench under the tree hopped away upon her crutch, and returned with a strip of carpet, which she placed under Miss Pammy's feet.

"And I don't see that we are called upon to help get supper, either," spoke Mrs. Marks, eying the apples through half-closed lids.

"I 'd rather," said the cripple. "I finished a strip of edgin' to-day, and I can take a half-holiday. Besides, the apples smell like the country—some. I went there once on a 'scursion, and the boat landed. It was just grand."

"Mercy, child! I never could abide the dust, and things crawling," said Miss Pammy.

"Nor me." Mrs. Marks rocked heavily. "It 's good for dryin' clothes, that 's all. Give me a city house shut up tight of a day with green blinds, and a rocker in the window of an evenin', where a body can see into the street. But I 'll never have that no more. Here I am, and here I 've got to stay. But my days are numbered—they 're numbered."

Mrs. Marks closed her eyes and sighed ponderously, and the others echoed the sigh; for although they may have known adversity, it was more natural to concentrate sympathies upon an impressive and habitual monument to trouble.

Mrs. Parks was assiduously forming the mane of a brown-flannel lion.

"That 's like the house in Newburg, Mis' Marks," she said. "I got this scar there, when my green lamp-shade took afire. It was a day of bad luck. I laughed before seven, and I certainly did cry before eleven. Don't touch 'em, child,"—for the little cripple had stooped to pick up the speaker's scissors,—"don't you know there 's nothin' like scissors stickin' up for bringin' somebody? They 're pointin' straight to Miss Pammy. I never see such a person as you, Miss Pammy, for luck. There 's somebody comin' sure."

"They ain't comin' for me," said Mrs. Marks, creaking her rockers resignedly. "I 've nobody 'cept a brother, who 's dead, I reckon. Some 's born to luck, and some ain't. When I was a girl things always went contrariwise. I mind onc't I planted a 'zalea, and lemons grew on to it."

Suddenly the matron spoke behind her:

"There 's some don't know luck when they see it. Mary Pinney, I 'll take those apples now. Thank you, child. Mis' Parks, you do a heap of talkin' about luck signs, and Mis' Marks does a heap about not havin' any. Now, I 'd been glad to had lemons 'stead of 'zaleas, 'cause one can use the lemons; and I 'd think it mighty lucky to have a good home here 'stead of workin' day in and day out."

The matron passed on, and there was a moment of silent disapprobation. Miss Pammy's curls shook slightly; then Mrs. Marks spoke:

"I ain't speakin' about Mis' Doyle, but there 's some has n't any feelin' for the troubles of others. I do say, though, that luck signs never done *me* no good yet."

"But there 's a heap in 'em," said Miss Pammy. "Mis' Parks always says I 'm born lucky."

"Humph! and you 're here, just like me," said Mrs. Marks.

Miss Pammy bridled slightly:

"I—I went to Washington once for three days to help Cousin Augusta nurse her son's wife. The Capitol was a grand building."

"It 's well enough," said Mrs. Marks. "I did my sight-seein' three mortal weeks there, and boarded; but my back was like to break, and one place was mostly like another."

"I've never been anywhere," said Mary Pinney, "but I 'm lucky—Mis' Parks says so—'cause I got in here through the Ladies' Auxiliary, and I 've got a flower in a pot, and my window 's got a tree outside. I 'm lucky, ain't I, Mis' Parks?"

"So 's my window got a tree," spoke Mrs. Marks. "What 's a tree? I 've saw many a one, and they never done nothin' for me yet. As for gettin' in here, there 's others here besides me."

Mrs. Marks's deceased husband's nephew had influence with the board, and her accommodations were the best afforded by Newton Home, but, as Mrs. Marks said, there was nothing unusual about that.

"Nothin' in signs!" exclaimed Mrs. Parks, biting off a thread from the flannel lion's mane, "Mis' Doyle don't know everything. The night before Mr. Parks asked me to marry him I dreamed about a' army, which is a sure sign of glad tidin's; and before I lost my hundred dollars in the loan company I dreamed of makin' up a batch of rye bread, and that 's a sign of losses."

"I don't see how you keep 'em in your head," said Mary Pinney.

"I was born that way. I 'm a seventh daughter, born on Hallow-eve, and there has been times"—here the oracle waited until Miss Pammy's roving gaze returned from the blue shawl—"there has been times when I could see a double shape if I turned my head to one side."

"Mostly do see queer when your head 's to one side," said Mrs. Marks, rocking.

"What sort of shape?" asked Mary.

"'T ain't for me to specialate," said the oracle.

"He 's been dead nigh thirty year," interpolated Mrs. Marks, "but you say it warn't at my door?"

"No 'm. But years don't count, Mis' Marks. I 've knowed 'em to come back when their partner was all married and settled happy a second time."

"Maybe if she 'd been in affliction he would n't ha' been so anxious to come," said Mrs. Marks. "No, 't warn't him, Mis' Parks; he never was a hand to worry himself about other folks, anyway."

"Is it a bad sign to see a shape at one's door?" asked Miss Pammy, timidly.

"It depends upon the dream, Miss Pammy. What did you dream about?"

Miss Pammy twisted a curl ruminatingly.

"The—the rain-barrel, seems to me."

"That 's grand, Miss Pammy! Barrels mean overflowin' wealth. I should n't wonder if one of your rich relations had died and left you everythin'."

Miss Pammy was wont to relate tales of early days, the characters of which were always in affluent circumstances. The rich relatives never materialized, but their possibility only added high lights upon the horizon of her sanguine imagination.

"Some gets all, and some gets none," repeated Mrs. Marks, rocking heavily. "I was born to trouble, nor was I ever a hand to dream luck dreams. And since I been shut up here I 've stopped dreamin' for good. I reckon it 's the dry eatin'. Remember, Mis' Parks, onc't I dreamed about a long-eared rabbit, and you allowed it was the sign of success in life? I been waitin' for that success this many a day. I ain't seen its shadow yet."

"Yes; but was you eatin' the rabbit, Mis' Marks?"

"I reckon likely I was. I 'm right fond of rabbit stewed."

"Then that 's a sign of health," declared the oracle.

"And here I been achin' all over with sciaticky for a month back!" exclaimed Mrs. Marks.

"But I don't specialate the sort of health, Mis' Marks. It may be bad health, for all I know. But since I 've saw what I did, I 've laid off to do the cards about it. They 're in the pocket of my brown-alpaca skirt."

The cripple hopped off after the cards.

"Nor did I ever take any stock in cards," said Mrs. Marks. "My father never had a card in his house, and when I married *he* did n't never play, so I don't know nothin' about 'em, 'cept hearin' Mis' Parks go over the shovels and hoes and things. No; luck don't point my way."

"I used to play old maid," said Miss Pammy, "but it never came out right. They all used to say I never was cut out for an old maid."

"Not you, Miss Pammy," said the oracle. "I 'll be bound you had more offers than you could count."

Miss Pammy's curls shook with complacency.

"I showed you the daguerreotype in the striped silk and the hair in a bandeau, did n't I?"

"I never was a hand for looks," put in Mrs. Marks. "When he married me he says, 'Sarah, 't ain't your looks; it 's your comfortin' cookin'.' He was mournin' his first then."

Here Mary Pinney returned with the cards, and the oracle cut them.

"I 've got a way I tell 'em double. I 'll take Mis' Marks and Miss Pammy. I ain't puttin' you in, Mary Pinney, because your luck 's all told. But Miss Pammy 's born lucky, and though Mis' Marks has seen a sight of trouble,"—Mrs. Marks groaned,—"there ain't any luck that can't turn. Three nines—three times three—ace on top. There! ten o' diamonds! One of you 's goin' a journey—"

"'T ain't me," put in Mrs. Marks; "I 'll go when I 'm carried foot first."

"And there 's a death—"

"That 's me," said Mrs. Marks.

"And a fortune on to it—"

"Then 't ain't me," said Mrs. Marks; "I 'm not a hand for gettin' things."

"That was a pretty calendar you got Easter, Mis' Marks," ventured Mary Pinney, comfortingly.

A Child's Primer of Natural History.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

(NINTH SERIES.)

The Mongoos.

THIS, Chil-dren, is the famed Mon-goos.
He has an ap-pe-tite ab-struse;
Strange to re-late, this crea-ture takes
A cu-ri-ous joy in eat-ing snakes—
All kinds, though, it must be con-fessed,
He likes the poi-son-ous ones the best.
From him we learn how ve-ry small
A thing can bring a-bout a Fall.
Oh, Mon-goos, where were you that day
When Mis-tress Eve was led a-stray?
If you 'd but seen the ser-pent first,
Our Parents would not have been cursed,
And so there would be no ex-cuse
For MIL-TON, but for you—Mon-goos!

"It 's well enough. But what 's the use of countin' off the days here? I know when Wednesday comes, 'cause I never did eat corned beef even when I was at home."

The oracle's thimble rested upon a king.

"There 's money comin', and I 'll find the death somewheres, for I heard somethin' last night, too—it was tickin' at my head in the night."

Mary Pinney's lips opened to speak, but closed again, and the oracle resumed:

"I did. I reckon Miss Pammy's letter 'll come to-day to explain it."

Newton Home understood that Miss Pammy was liable to receive letters. The letters had never arrived, but it added importance to her little, gray-curled figure to anticipate daily the coming of the postman. Mrs. Marks received letters; but there was no anticipation, mystery, or suggestiveness about Mrs. Marks. Twice yearly she received a box, the contents of which were prosaic, and as the occurrence was customary, it gave no contagious thrill to the other inmates of the house.

There had been an Easter, however, when Miss Pammy was the recipient of a flower in a pot, and the excitement attending the event shook Newton Home from cellar to roof. It rose to an exuberant height when Miss Pammy appeared at tea with a hyacinth bloom pinned on her blue shawl. Mrs. Doyle lighted an extra lamp in honor, and more than one of the happy participators declared that it was better than being invited out to tea. They remained down-stairs an hour later and told stories, and the oracle was especially radiant because Miss Pammy had dreamed that the chimney was on fire, which meant an inheritance, a flower in a pot being virtually the same thing if you look at it the right way.

Mrs. Parks addressed the ace of spades:

"If Mis' Marks had dreamed her hair had fell out I could understand this here journey, for—my land! There 's a hack now comin' in the gate, and 't ain't trustee day, neither! You might as well get ready, Miss Pammy."

The carriage in question disappeared around

A Chameleon.

A USE-FUL-les-son you may con,
My Child, from the Cha-me-le-on:
He has the gift, ex-treme-ly rare
In an-i-mals, of sav-oir-faire.
And if the se-cret you would guess
Of the Cha-me-le-on's suc-cess,
A-dapt your-self with great-est care
To your sur-round-ings ev-er-y-where;
And then, un-less your sex pre-vent,
Some day you may be Pres-i-dent.

---

the drive, and presently the matron's voice called loudly from the back door.

"Marks," said the oracle.

"She said Parks," said Mary Pinney.

"'T ain't me," said Mrs. Marks, rocking; "there ain't nobody comin' to see me. I ain't got any live friends."

The oracle gathered up the cards and started for the house, declaring that it could not be for her, because she had n't dreamed a thing except that she climbed a hill, which meant a fire, and she had kept the matches in a stone jug ever since.

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Marks rocked and sighed. Mary Pinney counted: "One, two, three—loop; four, five, six—chain."

"Mis' Marks! Mis' Marks!" The oracle's small black figure ran through the sunlight, beckoning excitedly. "It 's you, Mis' Marks! It 's you! The journey and the carriage and fortune and all a-waitin' at the gate! Such luck, Mis' Marks! Such luck!"

Mrs. Marks sat bolt upright as the oracle arrived, panting for breath.

"May I be prepared for the worst," she said solemnly. "What is it, Mis' Parks? More trouble?"

"*Trouble?* My land, no, Mis' Marks! Your own dear brother ain't dead at all. He 's come back with a fortune and a house and all, a-settin' there in the guest-parlor talkin' to Mis' Doyle this blessed minute! And a carriage at the gate to take you to end your days in peace and plenty! Hurry, Mis' Marks! Such luck I never see in all my life. You 'll drive around in your own carriage and pair—"

The oracle paused for breath, and Mrs. Marks arose with anguish upon her countenance.

"*Me* drive around in a carriage and pair, at my time o' life, and all crippled up? *Me* go away, and all settled here, and my days numbered? What are you talkin' about, Mis' Parks?"

"The gospel truth, Mis' Marks, as I draw my breath. Don't talk to me no more about there bein' nothin' in luck cards. He says you can do as you like and keep to your rooms when you want. It 's the grandest turn of luck. Hurry, Mis' Marks!"

The reply was a groan as the recipient of fate's bounty unwrapped her foot, assisted by the trio, who were in a tremor of excitement.

"*Me* stay shut up in a room, me that lives in the air? Mis' Parks, if it 's cards that 's worked this trouble and drove me out of a peaceful home, may them as done it be forgiven!"

Mrs. Marks went slowly toward the house, momentarily giving vent to a fresh outburst of

woe; but the rôle of chief mourner was too habitual to curb the excitement of the accompanying trio. Such an unqualified exhibition of luck had never before visited Newton Home. Mrs. Marks was escorted to the hands of the matron. Then Mary Pinney suggested that they should place themselves upon the lawn to witness the departure. It was an impressive half-hour, and they spoke in subdued tones, as though waiting for the beginning of a sermon.

By and by the front door opened and Mrs. Marks appeared. She wore a black bonnet and green veil, and was escorted by a hale middle-aged man, and followed by the matron. When near the gate, the matron called:

"Look a-waitin', Mis' Marks! Ain't you goin' to say good-by to anybody?"

Mrs. Marks looked back at the trio under the maple-trees, and raised a black-gloved hand and shook her head, as though implying monumental resignation, and they heard her say:

"I won't be a burden to nobody long."

It took time for Mrs. Marks to direct the adjustment of her numerous bandboxes and bundles, and her gestures were impressive with pent tragedy. The trio watched her breathlessly, until the matron remarked, *sotto voce*, and with a sniff:

"Some folks have a heap more trouble takin' care of just theirselves than others do with families dependin' on 'em for bread. I went to her door last night to see if 't was somebody in a fit, and 't was just Mis' Marks a-snorin'. Says she did n't sleep a wink all night. I 'm bound she 's never had a night of pain in her life like Mary Pinney, here."

But the trio, absorbed in the pantomime of Mrs. Marks being packed into the carriage, could not readjust their mental attitude upon suggestion.

"Poor Mis' Marks!" sighed the oracle. "When she 's went I 'll just have to try the cards for your letter, Miss Pammy."

"Seems 'most a pity," said Mary Pinney, "she won't want things any more; she 'll just have 'em all—poor Mis' Marks!"

And as a last expression of sympathy, the little cripple hopped forward and whispered in the carriage window:

"Mis' Marks, don't you take on about that there death-tick last night. It was just your own watch hangin' on the other side of the door at Mis' Parks' head."

But Mrs. Marks raised her eyes and shook her head.

"It won't be long, Mary Pinney. My days are numbered now, and the happy times we 've saw are over."

Then fortune's agent climbed in beside her and remarked genially:

"Now, sister Sarah, I told you that if you feel so bad about going away I can arrange for you to board here just as long as you like."

"William, I know my duty," said Mrs. Marks, as the carriage rolled away.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

Memories of the Fourth.

You want to stay till one o'clock, the Fourth, an' make a noise?
I hate to have you go, my son, fer guns is dang'rous toys,
An' like ez not the boys 'll whoop an' raise partickler Ned;
So stay to home to-night, my son; you 're better off in bed.

Hev I forgot the happy nights when from the house I fled,
To ring the bells an' fire the guns an' paint the village red?
I rather think I *ain't* forgot. I 'member, now, the time
We got into the Baptis' church, an' had a ticklish climb

Along the dusty ladders, that was shakin' so, our hair
Was risin' every minute in the bigges' kind o' scare.
The steeple was the darkes' place; ye could n't see yer hand;
But jes the same we *felt* our way edzackly ez we 'd planned

Until we reached the belfry door, which never had a lock,
An' set us down beside the bell to wait fer twelve o'clock.
Upon the tongue I tied a rope, an' when the mornin' come,
I yanked the tongue ag'in' the bell, an' made her fairly hum,

Edzackly like a fire-alarm, until the village folk
Was certain every house in town was goin' up in smoke.
I yanked her till the belfry shook, an' till we could n't hear
The boomin' o' the anvils, an' was sure we 'd lost an ear;

I yanked her till I broke the rope, an' fell a dozen feet,
An' cracked my collar-bone in two, an' tore my trousers' seat.
I got an awful warmin', too, from dad; but, strange to tell,
I had a heap o' fun the Fourth I rang the Baptis' bell.

You want to stay till one o'clock, the Fourth, an' paint her red?
I hate to have ye go, my son; you 're better off in bed.
But boys, they say, is never boys but once—so git yer hat.
I 'd go an' ring a bell *myself*, but I 'm too old an' fat!

Earle Hooker Eaton.

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FEAST-DAYS IN LITTLE ITALY.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,
Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "Out of Mulberry Street," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE rumble of trucks and the slamming of boxes up on the corner ceased for the moment, and in the hush that fell upon Mulberry street snatches of a familiar tune, punctuated by a determined drum, struggled into the block. Around the corner came a band of musicians with green cock-feathers in hats set rakishly over fierce, sunburnt faces. A raft of boys walked in front, abreast of two bored policemen, stepping in time to the music. Four men carried a silk-fringed banner with evident pride. Behind them a strange procession toiled along: women with babies at the breast and dragging little children; fat and prosperous padrones carrying their canes like staves of office and authority; young men out for a holiday; old men with lives of hardship and toil written in their halting gait and worn and crooked frames; lastly, a cripple on crutches, who strove manfully to keep up. The officials in Police Headquarters looked out of the windows and viewed the show indifferently. It was an every-day spectacle. This one had wandered around the block thrice that day. President Roosevelt (of the Police Board), who had come out to go to lunch, was much interested. To him it was new.

"Where do you suppose they are going?" he said, surveying the procession from the steps. He was told that some Italian village saint was having his day celebrated around in Elizabeth street, and he expressed a desire to see how it was done. So we fell in, he and I, and followed the band too, at a little distance.

It led us to a ramshackle old house in Elizabeth street, and halted there in front of a saloon with the appealing announcement on a swinging sign: "Vino, Vino, di California, di Italia. Any Kind of Whisky for Sale." The band and the fat men went into the saloon. We followed the women, the children, and the scraggy ones through a gap in the brick wall that passed for an alley to the back yard, and there came upon the village of Auletta feasting its patron saint.

It was a yard no longer, but a temple. All the sheets of the tenement had been stretched so as to cover the ugly sheds and outhouses. Against the dark rear tenement the shrine of the saint had been erected, shutting it altogether out of sight with a wealth of scarlet and gold. Great candles and little ones, painted and beribboned, burned in a luminous grove before the altar. The sun shone down upon a mass of holiday-clad men and women, to whom it was all as a memory of home, of the beloved home across the seas; upon mothers kneeling de-

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ST. MARY'S DAY IN LITTLE ITALY. THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE CHURCH.

voutly with their little ones at the shrine, and upon children bringing offerings to the saint's glory. His face smiled down benignly upon them from the frame of gaudy colors with the coat of arms of the village,—or was it a hint at the legendary history of the saint?—a fox dragging a reluctant rooster by the tail. In his own country the saint is held to be mighty against fever and the ague, of which there is much there. The faith which prompted a stricken mother to hang the poor garments of her epileptic boy close to his hand, in the hope that so he might be healed, provoked no smile in the latter-day spectators. The sorrow and trust were too genuine for that. The fire-escapes of the tenement had, with the aid of some cheap muslin draperies, a little tinsel, and the strange artistic genius of this people, been transformed into beautiful balconies, upon which the tenants of the front house had reserved seats. In a corner of the yard over by the hydrant, a sheep, which was to be raffled off as the climax of the celebration, munched its wisp of hay patiently, while bare-legged children climbed its back and pulled its wool. From the second story of the adjoining house, which was a stable, a big white horse stuck his head at intervals out of the window, and surveyed the shrine and the people with an interested look.

The musicians, issuing forth victorious from a protracted struggle with a fleet of schooners in the saloon, came out, wiping their mustachios, and blew "Santa Lucia" on their horns. The sweetly seductive melody woke the echoes of the block and its slumbering memories. The old women rocked in their seats, their faces buried in their hands. The crowd from the street increased, and the chief celebrant, who turned out to be no less a person than the saloon-keeper himself, reaped a liberal harvest of silver half-dollars. The villagers bowed and crossed themselves before the saint, and put into the plate their share toward the expense of the celebration. Its guardian made a strong effort to explain about the saint to Mr. Roosevelt.

"He is just-a lik'-a your St. Patrick here," he said, and the president of the Police Board nodded. He understood.

Between birthdays, the other added, the saint was left in the loft of the saloon, lest the priest get hold of him and get a corner on him, as it were. Once he got him into his possession, he would not let the people have him except upon payment of a fee that would grow with the years. But the saint belonged to the people, not to the church. He was their home patron, and they were not going to give him up. In the saloon they had him safe. Mr. Roosevelt delighted the honest villagers by taking five shares in the sheep, albeit the suggestion that it might be won by him and conducted in triumph by

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE DRUMMER.

the band to Police Headquarters gave him pause. He trusted to luck, however, and took chances.

And luck favored him. He did not win the sheep. The names of all who had taken chances were put into a bag with that of the saint, and in the evening drawn out one by one. When the saint's name appeared there arose a great shout. The next would be the winner. Every neck was craned to read the lucky name as it came out.

"Philomeno Motso," read the man with the bag, and there was an answering shriek from the third-floor fire-escape behind the shrine. The widow up there had won the prize. Such luck was undreamed of. She came down forthwith and hugged the sheep rapturously, while the children kissed it and wept for joy. The last of the candles went

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

A CHESTNUT-VENDER.

out, and the shrine was locked in the loft over the saloon for another year.

San Donato's feast-day is one of very many such days that are celebrated in New York in the summer months. By what magic the calendar of Italian saints was arranged so as to bring so many birthdays within the season of American sunshine I do not know. But it is well. The religious fervor of our Italians is not to be pent up within brick walls, and sunshine and flowers belong naturally to it. "Religious" perhaps hardly describes it, yet in its outward garb it is nearly always that. They have their purely secular feasts,—their Garibaldi day and their Constitution day, both in June, their Columbus day, and the day in September commemorating the invasion of Rome and the end of the temporal power of the pope,—and they celebrate them with the enthusiasm of which their hundred and fifty-odd societies in New York have always an abundant store. The rigors of our Northern winter and an unfavorable experience with the police have driven the carnival indoors and turned it into a big masquerade ball. Once, on a temptingly sunny February day some eight or ten years ago, Mulberry street started in to keep carnival in the traditional way; but it had forgotten the police regulations. The merry-makers were locked up for masquerading without a permit, and were fined ten dollars each in the police court. Ball tickets are cheaper, and Mulberry street has confined itself to dancing since. But if one wishes to catch a glimpse of the real man, it is not on these occasions that it is to be had. It is when he is "at home" with the saint in the back yard, the church, or wherever it may be.

To the Italian who came over the sea the saint remains the rallying-point in his civic and domestic life to the end of his days. His son may cast him off, but not the father. Occasionally their relations are strained, perhaps. Such things happen in all families. Inattention to duty on the part of the saint may seem to require correction, or even more drastic measures. You may catch your man, after a losing game of cards, shying a boot at the shrine in the corner, with an angry "Why did you let me lose? I gave you a new candle last week"; but that only goes to prove the closeness of the compact between them. To the homesick peasant who hangs about the Mott-street café for hours, hungrily devouring with his eyes the candy counterfeit of Mount Vesuvius in the window, with lurid lava-streams descending and saffron smoke ascending, predicting untold stomach-quakes in the block, the saint means home and kindred, neighborly friendship in a strange land, and the old communal ties, which, if anything, are tightened by distance and homesickness. In fact, those ties are as real as they were at home. Just as the Aulettans flock in Elizabeth street, so in Mulberry, Mott, and Thompson streets downtown, and in the numbered streets of Little Italy uptown, almost every block has its own village of mountain or lowland, and with the village its patron saint, in whose worship or celebration—call it what you will—the particular camp makes reply to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" For the feuds came over with the fealty, and are of record in the police office. When a fresh record is made, the detectives do not go out haphazard in the Bend and look for the man with the knife. They find out to what village he belonged, and, if it is not a question of cards, which other village is its pet enemy.

Then there are the saints of wider dominion, whose patronage is claimed by many towns, and whose prestige is correspondingly great. The day before the Auletta celebration in Elizabeth street, it had been St. Roch's day,—"Rocco" he is called by the barbarians of Mulberry street,—and his partizans had wandered around the block behind the band with the green cock-feathers, resting at intervals in the back yard where the shrine was erected. Indeed, there were half a dozen independent celebrations going on all day in as many yards, always the darkest and shabbiest, which this saint seems to pick out by a kind of instinct, reminiscent, perhaps, of his earthly experiences. He died, according to the story, in a dungeon. St. Roch's day, the 16th of August, is always a red-letter day in the Fourteenth Ward. Until the police interfered after a serious accident in Newark, the custom prevailed of stringing enormous "cannon" fire-crackers through the street, sometimes around the entire square in which the shrine stood, and setting them off at night. The effect of such a running fire was overpowering. At night the street was brightly illuminated. One of my last recollections of the Bend, and one of the very few pleasing ones, is seeing the vilest of the slum alleys, Bandits' Roost, lighted up in honor of "St. Rocco" a few nights before the wreckers made an end of it. An altar had been erected against the stable shed at the rear end of it, and made gaudy with soiled ribbons, colored paper, and tallow dips stuck in broken bottle-necks. Across the passageway had been strung a row of beer-glasses, with two disabled schooners for a centerpiece, as the best the Roost could afford. In sober truth, it was the most appropriate. It made a very brave show, and, oddest of it all, not a displeasing one. At all events, I thought so. Perhaps it was the discovery of something in the ambitions of the Bend that was not hopelessly of the gutter which did it.

As St. Roch rules Mulberry street, so Thompson street is preëmpted by St. Anthony of Padua; but over there there are no back-yard celebrations—at least, I never heard of any. The reason is found in the latitude, not of Thompson street, but of Padua. It is mainly northern Italians who, by the kind of selection I spoke of, have flocked there, and to them the home saint is not what he is to their southern fellows. In a whole schoolful of these children whom I questioned one day, I found only seven who knew "Santa Lucia," and they would not sing it. Any little Neapolitan or Calabrian would have sung it as naturally and as joyously as the robin warbles its love-song in the twilights of spring. Every year St. Anthony gathers his devotees in the great granite church in Sullivan street on June 13. A goodly contingent from the tenements farther east finds its way across Broadway then; for St. Anthony has special jurisdiction over things that are lost, and power to restore them. According to local tradition, he is credited also with ability to avert fire. Be it faith in St. Anthony, or the fact that Italians, as a class, do not insure,—very probably it is a combination of both,—certain it is that they are singularly free from that kind of visitation. An Italian tenement fire is nearly as rare as a fire in Chinatown, which happens but once in years.

When the July sun shines fiercest, and melts the asphalt pavements of Little Italy, there comes a day when all the bands and all the processions march toward One Hundred and Fifteenth street. There, quite near the East River, stands the Church of Our

THE SHEEP WHICH IS RAFFLED FOR AT THE SALOON SHRINE

THE END OF

Lady of Mount Carmel, who, in the language of one of her devout adherents, is "the Madonna they worship most" in these parts. Not only from New York and Brooklyn, but from the far towns of New Jersey and the railroad camps of Connecticut, come hosts to kneel at her shrine. All through the night preceding the feast, wagons loaded with confectionery, fruit, and wax candles drive up and take position at the curb, as near the church as possible. Before the dawn is announced by the booming of guns, a double row of wagons extends into the avenue at each end of the block. The drivers sleep in their seats. With the daybreak there is a sudden awakening. The whole of Little Italy appears to pour itself into the street at once, and such marvelous combinations of color break out from the tenements as are never seen anywhere else. The rainbow is only a feeble suggestion of them. Fireworks go off; the hucksters' cries rend the air. The people cheer and forthwith attack the candle-wagons. They are out for a good time, and it is quite evident that they are having it. Women with children in arms elbow the throngs to get near the wagons. Never one goes away without her candle. The venders reap a rich harvest. They have candles from a few cents up to forty dollars—monster ones twice as long and as heavy as the average purchaser, gorgeously decked with gilt, with pictures of the Madonna, and with crucifixes. The big ones go first.

The great basement doors of the church are opened, and the throng takes shape and direction. It moves toward the shrine above which stands the image of the Virgin in spotless, flowing robes. All about are crutches and canes cast away by those whom she has

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

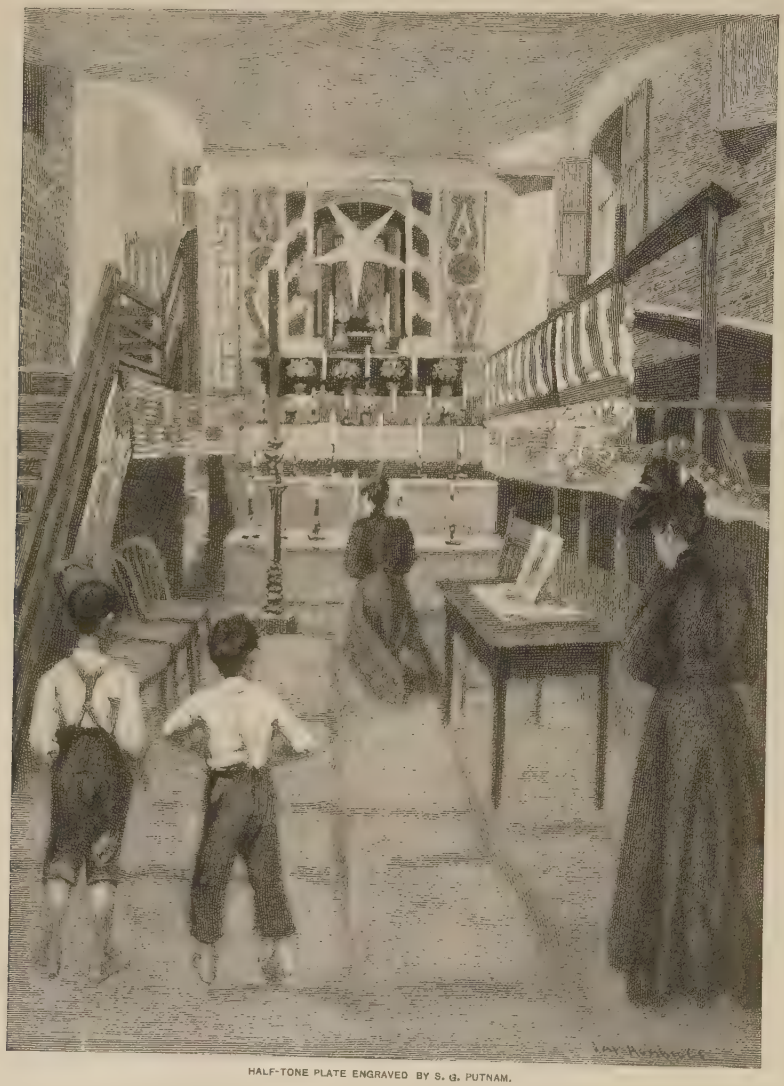
THE PARADE.

healed. The women throw themselves before her and hold out their babies to be blessed. Men kneel and mumble prayers. The resistless march of the multitude sweeps them on. They clutch blindly at near-by seats and sink into them, repeating incessantly their prayer and telling their beads. Soon the church is filled to overflowing, but there is no break in the march. There is none till the last ray of the day's sun has long died in the west, and midnight draws near. The crowd presses on and on, stumbles before the shrine in a vain effort to kneel, and catches at the robe of the Virgin for but a single touch, even at the hem of her garment, as it is borne past. Back at the shrine the priests are receiving the offerings of the people and piling them at the feet of the image. The murmur of a thousand subdued voices in fervent supplication rises above the tread of countless feet marching ever on and on.

By breakfast-time comes the first procession, with a band. Six men bear a banner aloft with a picture of the Virgin made of —greenbacks Handfuls of bank-notes are pinned to the banner wherever there is a vacant spot It is an Italian society grateful for past favors, and takes this practical way of bearing witness to the fact. Other banners come during the day, and are borne into the church, to be tendered to the guardian priests. The enthusiasm of the audience is fired at the sight. A woman kneeling in her seat takes off her necklace and flings it at the priest, who catches it deftly and pins it to the robe of the Madonna. The eyes of the happy giver shine with joy. A kind of frenzy seizes the audience; watches, rings, ear-rings, and pins are passed up. The

image stands forth in a robe of shimmering gold above the moving multitude.

Outside, band follows band, procession upon procession. From every corner of the compass they march into the street, men, women, and children, shouldering candles, little and big, that wilt in the July sun and beads. Lest there should be none sharp enough, the most devout carry flints in their pockets to put under their knees. Girls walk in white with veils and lighted candles. An elderly woman steps proudly, bearing upon her head a temple of wax candles steadied with pink ribbons held by four matrons.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE SHRINE IN THE SALOON BACK YARD.

crook like question-marks long before the church door is reached. A woman carries a mighty candle on her bare shoulder, walking barefoot on the hot asphalt. It is a self-imposed penance, requiring no little fortitude and endurance. Some march barefoot the six miles and over from Mulberry street, choosing the roughest pavements and kneeling on the sharpest stones on the way to tell their

The cry of the chestnut-vender rises above the din. He carries his ware threaded upon a fish-line at the end of a long pole. Dimes in plenty are his catch. Pink lemonade is hawked along the curb, and huge slices of watermelon, red and juicy, make the mouths of the thirsty paraders water. But they cannot stop. At a stand on the corner a boy sits perched on a stool, his whole face buried

in an enormous rind, munching away for dear life, while with his disengaged hand he waves mechanically a newspaper fastened to a stick to chase the flies from his table. The sun pours down upon his bare head, the bands bray, the show and the banners go by; he eats right on. He has his share of the feast, and on the point of miracles is satisfied.

The processions lose themselves in the struggling crowds, only to be evolved again farther on by some undiscoverable process of extrication that works automatically without the assistance of the police, who strive manfully but unsuccessfully to clear the way. A company of fifty or sixty girls crowned with wreaths and each carrying a burning taper are greeted with cheers. In their wake a little fellow labors along, bent nearly double under the weight of a monstrous candle. Every garment drips perspiration. He is wet through, but radiantly happy and proud. His gaze is riveted upon the goal that comes steadily nearer, the white-stone steps of the church. Every face is set in the same direction. Children emerge with the hand that touched the Virgin's robe swathed in handkerchiefs to keep the blessing safe and to make it last. At the shrine the pile of golden offerings grows. Twenty or even thirty thousand dollars is not an unusual valuation of it when the feast is over. The money goes to the work of the church among the poor rather than to deck the image with gold and gems that might tempt sacrilegious thieves.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY. BORDER DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

BLESSING THE CANDLES.

At noon there is a brief lull to enable the paraders to snatch a hasty bite from the wagons. The early afternoon brings more bands, more processions, ever-increasing invasions from east and west. They come by families, and each member, from father to the baby, must bring a candle to the altar, if nothing more. The block is jammed, and every street in the vicinity. The paraders, with canes and martial step, march and countermarch on the outskirts of the crowd. At any time one may hear half a dozen bands playing different tunes within ear-shot. The throng keeps time to them all. Night comes, with fervor unabated. Colored lanterns are strung across the street. In the church a thousand candles are lighted. The last tired stragglers have their reward. All the hardships of the long, hot day are forgotten as they prostrate themselves before the Madonna and kiss the hem of her robe. The heavy doors are swung to behind them, and locked. The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is past and gone like a beautiful dream. The crowds disperse slowly in the midnight hour. The prosaic Frenchman across the street shrugs his shoulder expressively as he puts up his shutters. "Phantasme Italien," he says, and goes in. Yet he has let his store front and made money. He too has cause to be satisfied.

GLIMPSES OF WILD LIFE ABOUT MY CABIN.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

WITH PICTURES BY BRUCE HORSFALL.

FRIENDS have often asked me why I turned my back upon the Hudson and retreated into the wilderness. Well, I do not call it a retreat; I call it a withdrawal, a retirement, the taking up of a new position to renew the attack, it may be, more vigorously than ever. It is not always easy to give reasons. There are reasons within reasons, and often no reasons at all that we are aware of.

To a countryman like myself, not born to a great river or an extensive water-view, these things, I think, pall upon him after a time. He gets surfeited with a beauty that is alive to him. He longs for something more homely, private, and secluded. Scenery may be too fine or too grand and imposing for one's daily and hourly view. It tires after a while. It demands a mood that comes to you only at intervals. Hence it is never wise to build your house on the most ambitious spot in the landscape. Rather seek out a more humble and secluded nook or corner which you can fill and warm with your domestic and home instincts and affections. In some things the half is often more satisfying than the whole. A glimpse of the Hudson River between hills or through openings in the trees wears better with me than a long expanse of it constantly spread out before me. One day I had an errand to a farm-house nestled in a little valley or basin at the foot of a mountain. The earth put out protecting arms all about it—a low

hill with an orchard on one side, a sloping pasture on another, and the mountain, with the skirts of its mantling forests, close at hand on the other. How my heart warmed toward it! I had been so long perched high upon the banks of a great river, in sight of all the world, exposed to every wind that blows, with a horizon-line that swept over half a county, that, quite unconsciously to myself, I was pining for a nook to sit down in. I was hungry for the private and the circumscribed; I knew it when I saw this sheltered farmstead. I had long been restless and dissatisfied—a vague kind of homesickness; now I knew the remedy. Hence when, not long afterward, I was offered a tract of wild land, barely a mile from home, that contained a secluded nook and a few acres of level, fertile land shut off from the vain and noisy world of railroads, steamboats, and yachts by a wooded precipitous mountain, I quickly closed the bargain, and built me a rustic house there, which I call "Slabsides," because its outer walls are covered with slabs. I might have given it a prettier name, but not one more fit or more in keeping with the mood that brought me thither. A slab is the first cut from the log, and the bark goes with it. It is like the first cut from the loaf, which we call the crust, and which the children reject, but which we older ones often prefer. I wanted to take a fresh cut of life—something that had the bark on, or, if you please, that was like a well-browned and hardened crust. After three years I am satisfied with the experiment. Life has a different flavor here. It is reduced to simpler terms; its complex equations all disappear. The exact value of x may still puzzle us, but we can press it close; we have shorn it of many of its disguises and entanglements.

When I went into the woods the robins went with me, or rather they followed close. As soon as a space of ground was cleared and the garden planted, they were on hand to pick up the worms and insects, and to superintend the planting of the cherry-trees: three pairs the first summer, and more than double that number the second. The third their early morning chorus was almost as marked a feature as it is about the old farm homesteads. The robin is no hermit: he likes company; he likes the busy scenes of the farm and the village; he likes to carol to listening ears, and to build his nest as near your dwelling as he can. Only at rare intervals do I find a real sylvan robin, one that nests in the woods, usually by still waters, remote from human habitation. In such places his morning and evening carol is a welcome surprise to the fisherman or camper-out. It is like a dooryard flower found blooming in the wilderness. With the robins came the song-sparrows and social sparrows, or chippies, also. The latter nested in the bushes near my cabin, and the song-sparrows in the bank above the ditch that drains my land. I notice that chippy finds just as many horse-hairs to weave into her nest here in my horseless domain as she does when she builds in the open country. Her partiality for the long hairs from the manes and tails of horses and cattle is so great that she is often known as the hair-bird. What would she do in a country where there were neither cows nor horses? Yet these hairs are not good nesting-material. They are slippery, refractory things, and occasionally cause a tragedy in the nest by getting looped around the legs or the neck of the young or of the parent bird. They probably give a smooth finish to the interior, dear to the heart of chippy.

The first year of my cabin life a pair of robins attempted to build a nest upon the round timber that forms the plate under my

THE VESPER-HYMN OF THE WOOD-THRUSH.

porch roof. But it was a poor place to build, and it took nearly a week and caused them a great waste of labor to find it out. The coarse material they brought for the foundation would not bed well upon the rounded surface of the timber, and every vagrant breeze that came along swept it off. My porch was kept littered with twigs and weed-stalks for days, till finally the birds abandoned the undertak-

"SLABSIDES."

ing. The next season a wiser or more experienced pair made the attempt again, and succeeded. They placed the nest against the rafter where it joins the plate; they used mud from the start to level up with and to hold the first twigs and straws, and had soon completed a firm, shapely structure. When the young were about ready to fly, it was interesting to note that there was apparently an elder and a younger, as in most families. One bird was more advanced than any of the others. Probably the parent birds had intentionally stimulated it with extra quantities of food, so as to be able to launch their offspring into the world one at a time. At any rate, one of the birds was ready to leave the nest a day and a half before any of the others. I happened to be looking at it when the first impulse to get outside the nest seemed to seize it. Its parents were encouraging it with calls and assurances from some rocks a few yards away. It answered their calls in vigorous, strident tones. Then it climbed over the edge of the nest upon the plate, and took a few steps forward, then a few more till it was a yard from the nest and near the end of the timber, looking off into free space. Its parents apparently shouted, "Come on!" But its courage was not quite equal to the leap; it looked around, and seeing how far it was from home, scampered back to the nest, and climbed into it like a frightened child. It had made its first journey into the world, and the home tie had brought it quickly back. A few hours afterward it journeyed to the end of the plate again, and then turned and rushed back. The third time its heart was braver, its wings stronger, and leaping into the air with a shout, it flew easily to some rocks a dozen or more yards away. Each of the young in succession, at intervals of nearly a day, left the nest in this manner. There would be the first journey of a few feet along the plate, the first sudden panic at being so far from home, the rush back, a second or a third attempt, and then the irrevocable leap into the air, and a clamorous flight to a near-by bush or rock. Young birds never go back when they have once taken flight. The first free flap of the wing severs forever the ties that bind them to home.

The chickadees we have always with us. They are like the evergreens among the trees and plants. Winter has no terrors for them. They are properly wood-birds, but the groves and orchards know them also. Did they come near my cabin for better protection, or did they chance to find a little cavity in a tree there that suited them? Branch-builders and ground-builders are easily accommodated, but the chickadee must find a cavity, and a small one at that. The woodpeckers make a cavity when a suitable trunk or branch is

found, but the chickadee, with its small, sharp beak, can only smooth and deepen one already formed. This a pair did a few yards from my cabin. The opening was into the heart of a little sassafras, about four feet from the ground. Day after day the birds took turns in deepening and enlarging the cavity: a soft, gentle hammering for a few moments in the heart of the little tree, and then the appearance of the workman at the opening, with the chips in his or her beak. They changed off every little while, and one worked while the other gathered food. Absolute equality of the sexes, both in plumage and in duties, seems to prevail among these birds, as among a few other species. During the preparations for housekeeping the birds were hourly seen and heard, but as soon as the first egg was laid, all this was changed. They suddenly became very shy and quiet. Had it not been for the new egg that was added each day, one would have concluded that they had abandoned the place. There was a precious secret now that must be well kept. After incubation began, it was only by watching that I could get a glimpse of one of the birds as it came quickly to feed or relieve the other.

One day a lot of Vassar girls came to visit me, and I led them out to the little sassafras to see the chickadees' nest. The sitting bird kept her place as head after head, with its nodding plumes and millinery, appeared above the opening to her chamber, and a pair of inquisitive eyes peered down upon her. But I saw that she was getting ready to play her little trick to frighten them away. Presently I heard a faint explosion at the bottom of the cavity, and the peeping girl jerked her head quickly back, with the exclamation, "Why, it spit at me!" The trick of the bird on such occasions is apparently to hold its breath till its form perceptibly swells, and then give forth a quick, explosive sound like an escaping jet of steam. One involuntarily closes his eyes and jerks back his head. The girls provoked the bird into this pretty outburst of her impatience two or three times, to their great amusement. But as the ruse failed to work, she did not keep it up, but let the laughing faces gaze till they were satisfied.

There is only one other bird known to me that resorts to the same trick to scare away intruders, and that is the great-crested flycatcher. As your head appears before the entrance to the cavity in which the mother bird is sitting, a sudden burst of escaping steam seems directed at your face, and your backward movement leaves the way open for the bird to escape, which she quickly does.

The chickadee is a prolific bird, laying from six to eight eggs, and they seem to have few natural enemies. I think they are seldom molested by squirrels or black snakes or weasels or crows or owls. The entrance to the nest is usually so small that none of these creatures can come at them. Yet the number of chickadees in any given territory seems small. What keeps them in check? Probably the rigors of winter and a limited food-supply. The ant-eaters, fruit-eaters, and insect-eaters mostly migrate. Our all-the-year-round birds, like the chickadees, woodpeckers, jays, and nuthatches, live mostly on nuts and the eggs and larvæ of tree-insects, and hence their larder is a restricted one; hence, also, these birds rear only one brood in a season. A hairy woodpecker passed the winter in the woods near me by subsisting on a certain small white grub which he found in the bark of some dead hemlock-trees. He "worked" these trees,—four of them,—as the slang is, "for all they were worth." The grub was under the outer shell of bark, and the bird literally skinned the trees in getting at his favorite morsel. He worked from the top downward, hammering or prying off this shell, and leaving the trunk of the tree with a red and denuded look. Bushels of the fragments of the bark covered the ground at the foot of the tree in spring, and the trunk looked as if it had been flayed, as it had.

The big chimney of my cabin of course attracted the chimney-swifts, and as it was not used in summer, a couple of pairs built their nests in it, and we had the muffled thunder of their wings at all hours of the day and night. One night when one of the broods was nearly fledged the nest that held them fell down into the fireplace. Such a din of screeching and chattering as they instantly set up! Neither my dog nor I could sleep. They yelled in chorus, stopping at the end of every half-minute as if upon signal. Now they are all screeching at the top of their voices, then a sudden, dead silence ensues. Then the din begins again, to terminate at the instant as before. If they had been long practising together they could not have succeeded better. I have never before heard the cry of birds so accurately timed. After a while I got up and put them back up the chimney, and stopped up the throat of the flue with newspapers. The next day one of the parent birds, in bringing food to them, came down the chimney with such force that

THE YOUNG ROBIN'S FIRST JOURNEY FROM HOME.

it passed through the papers and brought up in the fireplace. On capturing it I saw that its throat was distended with food like a chipmunk's cheek with corn, or a boy's pocket with chestnuts. I opened its mandibles, and it ejected a wad of insects as large as a bean. Most of them were much macerated, but there were two house-flies yet alive and but little the worse for their close confinement. They stretched themselves, and walked about upon my hand, enjoying a breath of fresh air once more. It was nearly two hours before the swift again ventured into the chimney with food.

These birds do not perch or alight upon buildings or the ground. They are apparently upon the wing all day. They outride the storms. I have in my mind a cheering picture of three of them I saw facing a heavy thunder-shower one afternoon. The wind was blowing a gale, the clouds were rolling in black, portentous billows out of the west, the peals of thunder were shaking the heavens, and the big drops were just beginning to come down, when, on looking up, I saw three swifts high in air, working their way slowly, straight into the teeth of the storm. They were not hurried or disturbed; they held themselves firmly and steadily; indeed, they were fairly at anchor in the air till the rage of the elements should have subsided. I do not know that any other of our land-birds outride the storms in this way.

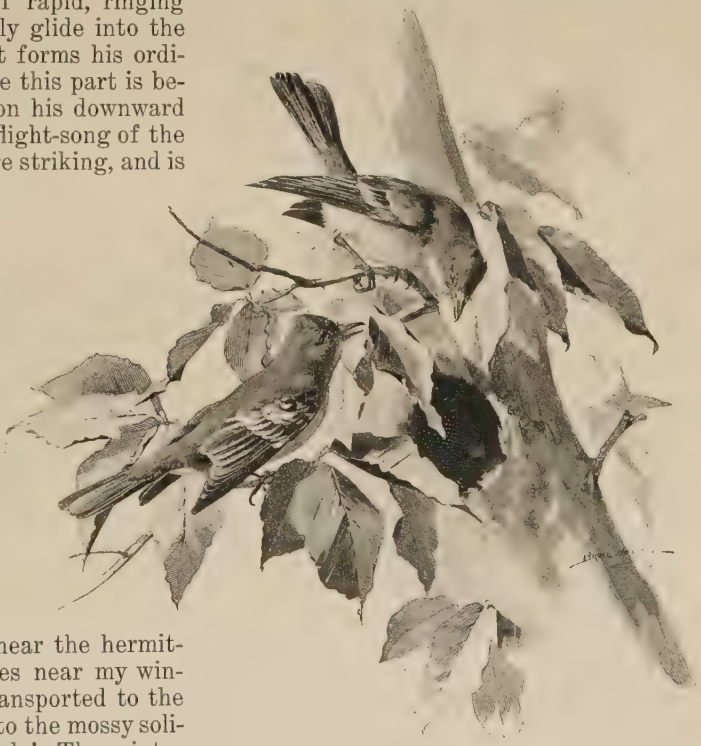
The phœbe-birds also soon found me out in my retreat, and a pair of them deliberated a long while about building on a little shelf in one of my gables. But, much to my regret, they finally decided in favor of a little niche in the face of a ledge of rocks not far from my spring. The place was well screened by bushes and well guarded against the approach of snakes or four-footed prowlers, and the birds prospered well and reared two broods. They have now occupied the same nest three years in succession. This is unusual: phœbe prefers a new nest each season, but in this case there was no room for another, and the site was a choice one, so she slightly repairs and refurnishes it each spring, and leaves the new houses for her more ambitious neighbors.

Of wood-warblers my territory affords many specimens. One spring a solitary Nashville warbler lingered near my cabin for a week. I heard his bright, ringing song at all hours of the day. The next spring there were two or more, but I am not certain that they nested. The black-and-white creeping warbler is perhaps the most abundant. A pair of them built a nest in a steep moss- and lichen-covered side of the hill, beside a high gray rock. Our path to Julian's Rock led just above it. It was an ideal spot and an ideal nest, but it came to grief. Some small creature sucked the eggs. On removing the nest an earth-stained egg was found beneath it. Evidently the egg had ripened before its receptacle was ready, and the mother, for good luck, had placed it in the foundation.

One day I had a call from the worm-eating warbler as I sat at my table writing. It came into the open door, flitted about inquisitively, and then, startled by the apparition at the table, dashed against the window-pane and fell down stunned. I picked it up, and it lay with closed eyes panting in my hand. I carried it into the open air. In a moment or two it opened its eyes, looked about, and

then closed them and fell to panting again. Then it opened them, looked about and up at me, and seemed to say: "Where am I? What has happened to me?" Presently the panting ceased, the bird's breathing became more normal, it gradually got its bearings, and, at a motion of my hand, darted away. It is an abundant warbler in my vicinity, and nested this year near by. I have discovered that it has an air-song—the song of ecstasy—like that of the oven-bird. I had long suspected it, as I frequently heard a fine burst of melody that was new to me. One June day I was fortunate enough to see the bird delivering its song in the air above the low trees. As with the oven-bird, its favorite hour is the early twilight, though I hear the song occasionally at other hours. The bird darts upward fifty feet or more, about half the height that the oven-bird attains, and gives forth a series of rapid, ringing musical notes, which quickly glide into the long, sparrow-like trill that forms his ordinary workaday song. While this part is being uttered, the singer is on his downward flight into the woods. The flight-song of the oven-bird is louder and more striking, and is not so shy and furtive a performance. The latter I hear many times every June twilight, and frequently see the singer reach his climax a hundred feet or more in the air, and then mark his arrow-like flight downward. I have heard this song also in the middle of the night near my cabin. At such times it stands out on the stillness like a bursting rocket on the background of the night.

One or two mornings in April, at a very early hour, I am quite sure to hear the hermit-thrush singing in the bushes near my window. How quickly I am transported to the Delectable Mountains and to the mossy solitudes of the Northern woods! The winter wren also pauses briefly in his Northern journey, and surprises and delights my ear with his sudden lyrical burst of melody. Such a dapper, fidgety, gesticulating, bobbing up-and-down-and-out-and-in little bird, and yet full of such sweet, wild melody! To get him at his best one needs to hear him in a dim, Northern hemlock wood, where his voice reverberates as in a great hall; just as one should hear the veery in a beech and birch wood, beside a purling trout brook, when the evening shades are falling. It then becomes to you the voice of some particular spirit of the place and the hour. The veery does not inhabit the woods immediately about my cabin, but in the summer twilight he frequently comes up from the valley below and sings along the borders of my territory. How welcome his simple sylvan strain! The wood-thrush is the leading chorister in the woods about me. He does not voice the wildness, but seems to give a touch of something half rural, half urban—such is the power of association in bird songs. In the evening twilight I often sit on the highest point of the rocky rim of the great granite bowl that holds my three acres of prairie soil, and see the shadows deepen, and listen to the bird voices that rise up from the forest below me. The songs of many wood-thrushes make a



THE GREAT-CRESTED FLYCATCHER.

sort of golden warp in the texture of sounds that is being woven about me. Now the flight-song of the oven-bird holds the ear, then the fainter one of the worm-eating warbler lures it. The carol of the robin, the vesper hymn of the tanager, the flute of the veery, are all on the air. Finally, as the shadows deepen and the stars begin to come

BLACK-AND-WHITE CREEPING WARBLER.

out, the whippoorwill suddenly strikes up. What a rude intrusion upon the serenity and harmony of the hour! A cry without music, insistent, reiterated, loud, penetrating, and yet the ear welcomes it also; the night and the solitude are so vast that they can stand it; and when, an hour later, as the night enters into full possession, the bird comes and serenades you under your window or upon your door-step, your heart warms toward it. Its cry is a love-call, and there is something of the ardor and persistence of love in it, and when the female responds, and comes and hovers near, there is an interchange of subdued, caressing tones between the two birds that it is a delight to hear. During my first summer here one bird used to strike up every night from a high ledge of rocks in front of my door. At just such a moment in the twilight he would begin, the first to break the stillness. Then the others would follow till the solitude was vocal with their calls. They are rarely heard later than ten o'clock. Then at daybreak they take up the tale again, whipping poor Will till one pities him One April morning between three and four o'clock I heard one strike up near my window, and I began counting its calls. My neighbor had told me he had heard one call over two hundred times without a break, which seemed to me a big story. But I have a much bigger one to tell. This bird actually laid upon the back of poor Will one thousand and eighty-eight blows, with only a barely perceptible pause here and there, as if to catch its breath. Then it stopped about half a minute and began again, uttering this time three hundred and ninety calls, when it paused, flew a little farther away, took up the tale once more, and continued till I fell asleep.

By day the whippoorwill apparently sits motionless upon the ground. A few times in my walks through the woods I have started them up from almost under my feet. On such occasions the bird's movements suggest those of a bat; its wings make no noise, and the bird wavers about in an uncertain manner, and quickly drops to the ground again. One June day we started up an old one with her two young, but there was no indecision or hesitation in the manner of the mother bird this time. The young were more than half fledged, and they scampered away a few yards and suddenly squatted upon the ground, where their protective coloring rendered them almost invisible. Then the anxious parent put forth all her arts to absorb our attention and lure us away from her young. She flitted before us from side to side, with spread wings and tail, now falling upon the ground, where she would remain a moment as if quite disabled, then perching upon an old stump or low branch with drooping, quivering wings, and imploring us by every gesture to take her and spare her young. My companion had his camera with him, but the bird would not remain long enough in one position for him to get her picture. The whippoorwill builds no nest, but lays its two blunt, speckled eggs upon the dry leaves, where the plumage of the sitting bird blends perfectly with her surroundings. The eye, only a few feet away, has to search long and carefully to make her out. Every gray and brown and black tint of dry leaf and lichen and bit of bark or broken twig is copied in her plumage. In a day or two, after the young are hatched, the mother begins to move about with them through the woods.

When I want the wild of a little different flavor and quality from that immediately about my cabin, I go a mile through the woods to Black Creek, here called the Shattega, and put my canoe into a long, smooth, silent stretch of water that winds through a heavily timbered marsh till it leads into Black Pond, an oval sheet of water half a mile or more across. Here I get the moist, spongy, tranquil, luxurious side of nature. Here she stands or sits knee-deep in water, and wreathes herself with pond-lilies in summer, and bedecks herself with the scarlet maples in autumn. Here she is an Indian maiden, dark, subtle, dreaming, with glances now and then that thrill the wild blood in your veins. The Shattega here is a stream without banks and with a just perceptible current. It is a waterway through a timbered marsh. The level floor of the woods ends in an irregular line where the level surface of the water begins. As you glide along in your boat, you see various rank, aquatic growths slowly waving in the shadowy depths beneath you. The larger trees on each side unite their branches above your head, so that at times you seem to be entering an arboreal cave out of which glides the stream In the more open places the woods mirror themselves in the glassy surface till you seem floating between two worlds, clouds and sky and trees below you matching those around and above you. A bird flits from shore to shore, and you see it duplicated against the sky in the under-world. What vistas open! What banks of drooping foliage, what grain and arch of gnarled branches, lure the eye as you drift or silently paddle along! The stream has absorbed the shadows so long that it is itself like a liquid shadow. Its bed is lined with various dark vegetable growths, as with the skin of some huge, shaggy animal, the fur of which slowly stirs in the languid current. I go here in early spring, after the ice has broken up, to get a glimpse of the first wild ducks and to play the sportsman without a gun. I am sure I would not exchange the quiet surprise and pleasure I feel, as, on rounding some point or curve in the stream, two or more ducks spring suddenly out from some little cove or indentation in the shore, and with an alarum *Quack, quack*, launch into the air and quickly gain the free spaces above the tree-tops, for the satisfaction of the gunner who sees their dead bodies fall before his murderous fire. He has only a dead duck, which, the chances are, he will not find very toothsome at this season, while I have a live duck with whistling wings cleaving the air northward, where, in some lake or river of

THE BLACK DUCK, SHATTEGA CREEK.

Maine or Canada, in late summer, I may meet him again with his brood. It is so easy, too, to bag the game with your eye, while your gun may leave you only a feather or two floating upon the water. The duck has wit, and its wit is as quick or quicker than the sportsman's gun. One day in spring I saw a gunner cut down a duck when it had gained an altitude of thirty or forty feet above the stream. At the report it stopped suddenly, turned a somersault, and fell with a splash into the water. It fell like a brick, and disappeared like one; only a feather and a few bubbles marked the spot where it struck. Had it sunk? No; it had dived. It was probably winged, and in the moment it occupied in falling to the water it had decided what to do. It would go beneath the hunter, since it could not escape above him; it could fly in the water with only one wing, with its feet to aid it. The gunner instantly set up a diligent search in all directions, up and down along the shores, peering long and intently into the depths, thrusting his oar into the weeds and driftwood at the edge of the water, but no duck or sign of duck could he find. It was as if the wounded bird had taken to the mimic heaven that looked so sunny and real down there, and gone on to Canada by that route. What astonished me was that the duck should have kept its presence of mind under such trying circumstances, and not have lost a fraction of a second of time in deciding on a course of action. The duck, I am convinced, has more sagacity than any other of our commoner fowl.

The day I see the first ducks I am pretty sure to come upon the first flock of blackbirds,—rusty grackles,—resting awhile on their northward journey amid the reeds, alders, and spice-bush beside the stream. They allow me to approach till I can see their yellow eyes and the brilliant iris on the necks and heads of the males. Many of them are vocal, and their united voices make a volume of sound that is analogous to a bundle of slivers. Sputtering, splintering, rasping, rending, their notes chafe and excite the ear. It suggests thorns and briers of sound, and yet is most welcome. What voice that rises from our woods or beside our waters in April is not tempered or attuned to the ear? Just as I like to chew the crinkleroot and the twigs of the spice-bush at this time, or at any time, for that matter, so I like to treat my ear to these more aspirated and astringent bird voices. Is it Thoreau who says they are like pepper and salt to this sense? In all the blackbirds we hear the voice of April not yet quite articulate; there is a suggestion of catarrh and influenza still in the air-passages. I should, perhaps, except the red-shouldered starling, whose clear and liquid *Gur-ga-lee* or *O-ka-lee*, above the full watercourses, makes a different impression. The cow-bird also has a clear note, but it seems to be wrenched or pumped up with much effort.

In May I go to Black Creek to hear the warblers and the water-thrushes. It is the only locality where I have ever heard the two thrushes, or accentors, singing at the same time—the New York and the large-billed. The latter is much more abundant and much the finer songster. How he does make these watery solitudes ring with his sudden, brilliant burst of song! But the more northern species pleases the ear also with his quieter and less hurried strain. I drift in my boat and let the ear recur from one to the other, while the eye takes note of their quick, nervous movements and darting flight. The smaller species probably does not nest along this stream, but the large-billed breeds here abundantly. The last nest I found was in the roots of an upturned tree, with the water immediately beneath it. I had asked a neighboring farm-boy if he knew of any birds' nests.

"Yes," he said; and he named over the nests of robins, highholes, sparrows, etc., and then that of a "tip-up."

At this last I pricked up my ears, so to speak. I had not seen a tip-up's nest in many a day. "Where?" I inquired.

"In the roots of a tree in the woods," said Charley.

"Not the nest of the 'tip-up,' or sandpiper," said I. "It builds on the ground in the open country near streams."

"Anyhow, it tipped," replied the boy.

He directed me to the spot, and I found, as I expected to, the nest of the water-thrush. When the Vassar girls came again I conducted them to the spot, and they took turns in walking a small tree-trunk above the water, and gazing upon a nest brimming with the downy backs of young birds.

When I am listening to the water-thrushes I am also noting with both eye and ear the warblers and vireos. There comes a week in May when the speckled Canada warbler is in the ascendant. They feed in the low bushes near the water's edge, and are very brisk and animated in voice and movement. The eye easily notes their slate-blue backs and yellow breasts with their broad band of black spots,

THE RED-SHOULDERED STARLING.

and the ear quickly discriminates their not less marked and emphatic song.

In late summer I go to the Shattega, and to the lake out of which it flows, for white pond-lilies, and to feast my eye on the masses of purple loosestrife and the more brilliant but more hidden and retired cardinal-flower that bloom upon its banks. One cannot praise the pond-lily; his best words mar it, like the insects that eat its petals: but he can contemplate it opening in the morning sun and distilling such perfume, such purity, such snow of petal and such gold of anther, from the dark water and still darker ooze. How feminine it seems beside its coarser and more robust congeners; how shy, how pliant, how fine in texture and star-like in form!

The loosestrife is a foreign plant, but it

has made itself thoroughly at home here, and its masses of royal purple make the woods look civil and festive. The cardinal burns with a more intense fire, and fairly lights up the little dark nooks where it glasses itself in the still water. One must pause and look at it. Its intensity, its pure scarlet, the dark background upon which it is projected, its image in the still darker water, and its general air of retirement and seclusion, all arrest and delight the eye. It is a heart-throb of color on the bosom of the dark solitude.

The rarest and wildest animal that my neighborhood boasts of is the otter. Every winter we see the tracks of one or more of them upon the snow along Black Creek. But the eye that has seen the animal itself in recent years I cannot find. It probably makes its excursions along the creek by night. Follow its track—as large as that of a fair-sized dog—over the ice, and you will find that it ends at every open pool and rapid, and begins again upon the ice beyond. Sometimes it makes little excursions up the bank, its body often dragging in the snow like a log. My boy followed the track one day far up the mountain-side, where the absence of the snow caused him to lose it. I love to think of so wild and shy a creature holding his own within sound of the locomotive's whistle.

The fox passes my door in winter, and probably in summer too, as do also the possum and the coon. The latter tears down my sweet corn in the garden, and the rabbit eats off my raspberry-bushes and nibbles my first strawberries, while the woodchucks eat my celery and beans and pease. The chipmunks carry off the corn I put out for the chickens, and the weasels eat the chickens themselves. One summer day I had a little adventure with one of these latter depredators. A few nights before it had killed one of my largest chickens and eaten off its head. I was awakened in the middle of the night by that loud, desperate cry which a barn fowl gives when suddenly seized upon its roost. Was I dreaming, or was that a cry of murder from my chickens? I seized my lantern, and with my dog rushed out to where a pair of nearly grown roosters passed the nights upon a low stump. They were both gone, and the action of the dog betrayed the fresh scent of some animal. But we could get no clue to the chickens or their enemy. I felt sure that only one of the fowls had been seized and that the other had dashed away wildly in the darkness, which proved to be the case. The dead chicken was there under the edge of the stump, where I found it in the morning, and its companion came forth unhurt during the day. Thenceforth the chickens, big and little, were all shut up in the hen-house at night. On the third day the appetite of the weasel was keen again, and it boldly gave chase to a chicken before our eyes. I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbor and his wife, who, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly screamed in the bushes up behind the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks past them, flying and screaming, closely pursued by a long, slim red animal, that seemed to slide over the rocks like a serpent. Its legs were so short that one saw only the swift, gliding motion of its body. Across the road into the garden, within a yard of my friends, went the pursued and the pursuer, and into the garden rushed I and my dog. The weasel seized the chicken by the wing, and was being dragged along by the latter in its effort to escape, when I arrived upon the scene. With a savage glee I had not felt for many a day I planted my foot upon the weasel. The soft muck underneath yielded, and I held him without hurting him. He let go his hold upon the chicken and seized the sole of my shoe in his teeth. Then I reached down and gripped him with my thumb and forefinger just back of the ears, and lifted him up, and looked his impotent rage in the face. What gleaming eyes, what an array of threatening teeth, what reaching of vicious claws, what a wriggling and convulsed body! But I had him firmly. He could only scratch my hand and dart fire from his electric, bead-like eyes. In the meantime my dog was bounding up, begging to be allowed to have his way with the weasel. But I knew what he did not: I knew that in anything like a fair encounter the weasel would get the first hold, would draw the first blood, and hence probably effect his escape. So I carried him, writhing and scratching, to a place in the road removed from any near cover, and threw him violently upon the ground, hoping thereby so to stun and bewilder him that the terrier could rush in and crush him before he recovered his wits. But I had miscalculated; the blow did indeed stun and confuse him, but he was still too quick for the dog, and had him by the lip like an electric trap. Nip lifted up his head and swung the weasel violently about in the air, trying to shake him off, uttering a cry of rage and pain, but did not succeed in loosening the animal's hold for some moments. When he had done so,

and attempted to seize him a second time, the weasel was first again, but quickly released his hold and darted about this way and that, seeking cover. Three or four times the dog was upon him, but found him each time too hot to be held. Seeing that the creature was likely to escape, I set my foot upon him again, and made a finish of him. The weasel is the boldest and most bloodthirsty of all our smaller animals, and larger animals too, for that matter. There is something devilish and uncanny about it. It persists like fate; it eludes, but cannot be eluded. The terror it inspires in the small deer—rats, rabbits, chipmunks—is pitiful to behold. A rat pursued by a weasel has been known to rush into a room, uttering dismal cries, and seek the protection of a man in bed. A chipmunk will climb to the top of a tall tree to elude it, and then, when followed, let go its hold and drop with a cry of despair toward the ground. A friend of mine, walking along the road early one morning, saw a rat rush over the fence and cross a few yards ahead of him. Pressing it close came a weasel, which seized the rat before it could gain the opposite wall. My friend rushed to the aid of the rat with his cane. But the weasel dodged his blows, and in a moment or two turned fiercely upon him. My friend aimed more blows at it without effect, when the weasel began leaping up before him, within a few feet of his face, its eyes gleaming, its teeth threatening, and dodging every blow aimed at it. The effect, my friend says, was singularly uncanny and startling. It was like some infuriated imp of Satan dancing before him and watching for a chance to seize him by the throat or to dash into his eyes. He slowly backed off, beating the air with his cane. Then the weasel returned to the disabled rat and attempted to drag it into the wall. My friend now began to hurl stones at it, but it easily dodged them. Now he was joined by another passer-by, and the two opened upon the weasel with stones, till finally, in dodging one, it was caught by the other, and so much hurt that it gave up the rat and sought shelter in the wall, where it was left waiting for its game when its enemies should have gone on.

Many times during the season I have in my solitude a visit from a bald eagle. There is a dead tree near the summit, where he often perches, and which we call the "Old eagle-tree." It is a pine killed years ago by a thunder-bolt,—the bolt of Jove,—and now the bird of Jove hovers about it or sits upon it. I have little doubt that what attracted me to this spot attracts him—the seclusion, the savageness, the elemental grandeur. Sometimes, as I look out of my window early in the morning, I see the eagle upon his perch, preening his plumage, or waiting for the rising sun to gild the mountain-tops. When the smoke begins to rise from my chimney, or he sees me going to the spring for water, he concludes it is time for him to be off. But he need not fear the crack of the rifle here; nothing more deadly than my field-glasses shall be pointed at him while I am around. Often in the course of the day I see him circling above my domain, or winging his way toward the mountains. His home is apparently in the Shawangunk range, twenty or more miles distant, and I fancy he stops or lingers above me on his way to the river. The days on which I see him are not quite the same as the other days. I think my thoughts soar a little higher all the rest of the morning: I have had a visit from a messenger of Jove. The lift or range of those great wings has passed into my thought. I once heard a collector get up in a scientific body and tell how many eggs of the bald eagle he had clutched that season, how many from this nest, how many from that, how one of the eagles deported itself after he had killed its mate, etc. I felt ashamed for him. He had only proved himself a superior human weasel. The man with the rifle and the man with the collector's craze are fast reducing the number of eagles in the country. Twenty years ago I used to see a dozen or more along the river in the spring when the ice was breaking up, where I now see only one or two, or none at all. In the present case what would it profit me could I find and plunder my eagle's nest, or strip his skin from his dead carcass? Should I know him better? I do not want to know him that way. I want rather to feel the inspiration of his presence and noble bearing. I want my interest and sympathy to go with him in his continental voyaging up and down, in his long, elevated flights to and from his eery upon the remote, solitary cliffs. He draws great lines across the sky, he sees the forests like a carpet beneath him, he sees the hills and valleys as folds and wrinkles in a many colored tapestry, he sees the river as a silver belt connecting remote horizons. We climb mountain-peaks to get a glimpse of the spectacle that is hourly spread out beneath him. Dignity, elevation, repose, are his. I would have my thoughts take as wide a sweep. I would be as far removed from the petty cares and turmoils of this noisy and blustering world.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"GILBERT . . . REACHED THE HIGHEST LEDGE."

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,
Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XIX.

SO Gilbert Warde was made a knight, and to this day the Wards bear the cross flory in their shield which was given to their forefather by Eleanor of Aquitaine before she was English queen. And so, also, Sir Gilbert promised to ride a day's march before the rest, with a handful of men whom he chose among his acquaintance; and many envied him his honor, but there were more who warmed themselves by the camp-fire at night most comfortably, and were glad that they had not been chosen to live hardly, half starving, on their half-starved horses, with a cloak and a blanket on the ground for a bed, watching in turns by night, and waking each morning to wonder whether they should live till sunset.

In truth there was less of danger than of hardship at first, and more of trouble than of either; for though Gilbert was sent on with the best of the Greek guides to choose the way, and had full power of life and death over them, so that they feared him more than Satan and dared not hide the truth from him, yet when he had chosen the line of the march and had sent word by a messenger to the army, the answer often came back that the king and the emperor were of another mind, because they had listened to some lying Greek. And since the emperor and the king and queen had agreed that any one of them must always yield to the opinion of the other two, Eleanor's advice, which was Gilbert's and founded on real knowledge, was constantly overriden by the others, and she was forced to give way or make an open breach. Then Gilbert ground his teeth silently and did the best he could, retracing his steps over many miles, exploring a new road, and choking down the humiliation bravely, because he had given his word.

But little by little that humiliation turned to honor, even among the men who were with him; for most of them were taken from the queen's army, and, besides, they saw every day that Gilbert was right, so that they trusted him and would have followed him through storm and fire. Also, in the queen's army it began to be known, and it spread to the other French and to the Germans, and to the Poles and the Bohemians, that when the troops followed the march chosen by Gilbert, all went well, and they found water and forage for their horses, and food and a good camping-ground; but often, when the king and the emperor had their way, there would be hunger and cold and lack of water.

The men began to say to one another, when they knew, "This is Sir Gilbert's road, and to-day is a feast-day"; and then, "This is the king's road, and to-day is Friday." And on Gilbert's days they sang as they marched, and trudged along cheerfully, and his name ran like a sound of gladness along the endless lines. He grew, therefore, to be beloved by many who had never seen him in the great host, and at last even by the most of the soldiers.

So they came to Ephesus at last, very weary, and with some sick persons among them. Conrad the emperor was in ill case, though he was of the strongest; and at Ephesus messengers met him who had come by sea from the Emperor of the Greeks, begging that he and all his men would sail back to Constantinople and spend the rest of the winter there, and afterward go by sea again to Syria. And they did so, for the brave Germans were much broken and worn because of their marches and defeats before they had gone back to Nicæa; and the armies of the king and the queen went on without them, to a great meadow by the Mæander, where they encamped to keep the Christmas feast with great thanksgiving for their preservation thus far.

On Christmas eve Gilbert came into camp with his men; and when they were seen, a great cry arose throughout the army, and men left their fires and their mending of

[1] Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

arms and clothes, and ran out to meet him, a gaunt man in rusty armor, on a gaunt horse, followed by others in no better plight. His mantle was all stained with rain and mud, and was rent in many places, and his mail was brown, save where it had been chafed bright by his moving; his great Norman horse was rough with his winter coat and seemed all joints and bones, and his men Dunstan and Alric rode in rags with the men-at-arms. His face was haggard with weariness and lack of food, but stern and high, and the first who saw him ceased shouting and looked up at him with awe; but then he smiled so gently and kindly that the cheer broke out again and rang across the camp, far and wide.

Presently those who cheered began to follow the little train of horsemen, first by twos and tens and twenties, till thousands were drawn into the stream and pressed round him and before him, so that he was obliged to move slowly. For many weeks they had heard his name, knowing that it meant safety for them, and wonderful tales had been told over the camp-fires of his endurance and courage. So his coming back was his first triumph, and the day was memorable in his life. While the army rested there was no work for him, and he had returned in order to take rest himself; but he had nothing of immediate importance to report to the leaders, and he bade his men find out his baggage among the heaps of packs that had been unloaded from the general train of mules, and to pitch his tent near those of his old comrades on the march.

While Dunstan and Alric were obeying his orders, he sat on his saddle on the ground, with his weary horse standing beside him, his nose plunged into a canvas bag half full of oats. Gilbert looked on in a sort of mournfully indifferent silence. Everything he saw was familiar, and yet it all seemed very far away and divided from him by weeks of danger and hard riding. The vast crowd that had followed him had begun to disperse as soon as it was known that he was not going before the king, and only three or four hundred of the more curious stood and moved in groups around the open space where the tent was being pitched. A few of his acquaintance came and spoke to him, and he rose and shook their hands and spoke a few words to each; but none of the greater nobles who had sought him out after he had saved the queen took any pains to find him now, though they and their followers owed him much. The praise of the multitude and their ringing cheers had been pleasant enough to hear, but he had expected something else, and a cold disappointment took possession of his heart as he sat in his tent some hours later, considering, with Dunstan, the miserable condition and poor appearance of his arms and the impossibility of procuring anything better. He was as lonely and unnoticed as if he had not been devoting every energy he possessed to the safe guidance of a great army during the last two months.

"There is nothing to complain of, sir," said Dunstan, in answer to a disconsolate ejaculation of Gilbert's. "Your body is whole, you have received back your belongings with nothing stolen, which is more than I expected of the Greek muleteers, you have a new tunic and hose to wear, and beef soup for dinner to-morrow. The world is not so bad as it looks."

"On the other hand," answered Gilbert, with a sour smile, "my bones ache, my armor is rusty, and my purse is empty. Make what good cheer you can of that."

He rose, and leaving Dunstan to set to work upon the injured coat of mail, he took his cap and strolled out alone to breathe the afternoon air. It was cold, for it was Christmas-time, and the day had been bright and clear; but he wore no mantle, for the overwhelmingly good reason that he possessed only one, which was in rags; and, indeed, he had been so much exposed to bad weather of late that he was hardened to every sort of discomfort—a little more or less was not worth counting.

Dunstan was quite right, of course, and Gilbert had no reasonable cause for complaint. The queen would doubtless send for him on the morrow, and had he chosen to present himself before her at once he would have been received with honor. But he was in an ill humor with himself and the world, and being still very young, it seemed quite natural to yield to it rather than to reason himself into a better temper. He got out of the camp as soon as he could, and walked by the green banks of the still Mæander. It was winter, but the grass was as fresh as it might have been in spring, and a soft breeze floated up from the not distant sea. He knew the country, for he himself had chosen the spot as a camping-place for the army, and had advanced still farther when messengers had brought him word to come back. To northward rolled away the gentle hills beyond Ephesus, while to the south and east the mountains of the Cadmus and the Taurus rose rugged and sharp against the pale sky

—the range through which the army must next make its way to Attalia. The time lacked an hour of sunset, and the clear air had taken the first tinge of evening. Here and there in the plain the evergreen ilex-trees grew in little clumps, black against the sunlight, but dark green, with glistening points among their shadows, where the afternoon sun struck full upon them.

Gilbert had hoped to be alone, but there were parties of idlers along the river-bank as far as he could see, and among them were many who bore evergreen boughs and young cypress shoots of three or four years' growth, which they were carrying back to the camp for the Christmas festival. For there were many Normans in the army, and Franks from Lorraine, and Northern men from Poland and Bohemia, and all the men of the North would have their Yule trees before their tents, as their heathen forefathers had done before them in the days of the old faith.

There were lady pilgrims of Eleanor's troop also, riding for pleasure, in rich gowns and flowing mantles, and knights with them, all unarmed save for a sword or dagger; and there, too, were many dark-eyed Greeks, both men and women, who had come out from Ephesus in holiday clothes to see the great camp. It was all calm and bright, and good to see, and out of harmony with Gilbert's gloomy thoughts. At the bend of the stream the ground rose a little, somewhat away from the bank, and the rocks stuck up out of the green grass, rough and jagged, a sort of little wilderness in the midst of the fertile plain. Almost instinctively, Gilbert turned aside and climbed in and out among the stones until he reached the highest ledge, on which he seated himself, in the profound satisfaction of having got away from his fellow-creatures. The place where he had perched was about sixty feet above the river-bank, and though he could not distinctly hear the conversation of the passing groups, he could see the expression of every face clearly, and he found himself wondering how often the look of each matched the words and the unspoken thoughts.

The sun sank lower, and he had no idea how long he had sat still, when he became aware that he was intently watching a party of riders who were coming toward him. They were still half a mile away, but he saw a white horse in the front rank, and even at that distance something in the easy pace of the creature made him feel sure that it was the queen's Arab mare. They came on at a canter, and in two or three minutes he could make out the figures of those best known to him: Eleanor herself, Anne of Auch, Castignac, and the other two attendant knights who were always in the queen's train, and a score of others riding behind by twos and threes. Gilbert sat motionless and watched them, nor did it occur to him that he himself, sitting on the highest boulder and dressed in a tunic of dark red, was a striking object in the glow of the setting sun. But long before she was near enough to recognize him, Eleanor had seen him, and her curiosity was roused; a few minutes more, and she knew his face. Then their eyes met.

She drew rein and walked her horse, still looking up, and wondering why he gazed at her so fixedly, without so much as lifting his cap from his head; and then, to her great surprise, she saw him spring to his feet and disappear from view among the rocks. She was so much astonished that she stopped her horse altogether and sat several seconds staring at the ledge on which he had sat, while all her attendants looked in the same direction, expecting Gilbert to appear again; for several of them had recognized him, and supposed that he would hasten down to salute the queen.

But as he did not come, she moved on, and though her face did not change, she did not speak again till the camp was reached, nor did any of her party dare to break the silence.

Had she looked back, she might have caught sight of Gilbert's figure walking steadily with bent head across the plain, away from the river and from the camp, out to the broad solitude beyond.

He had acted under an impulse, foolishly, almost unconsciously, being guided by something he did not attempt to understand.

Two months had passed, and more, since he had seen her, and in his life of excitement and anxiety her face had disappeared from his dreams. While he had been away from her, she had not existed for him, save as the only leader of the three to whom he looked for approbation and support; the woman had been lost in the person of the sovereign, and had ceased to torment him by the perpetual opposition of that which all men coveted to that which he truly loved. But now, at the very first sight of her face, it seemed as if the queen were gone again, leaving only the woman to his sight, and the instant in which he realized it he had turned and fled, hardly knowing what he did.

He walked steadily on, more than two miles, and all at once he cast no shadow, for

the sun had gone down, and the pale east before him turned to a cool purple in the reflection. The air was very chilly as the night breeze came down suddenly from the mountains, and the solitary man felt cold; for he had no cloak, and exposure and fighting had used his blood, while within him there was nothing to cheer his heart.

It had seemed to him for two years that he was always just about to do the high deed, to make the great decision of life, to find out his destiny, and he had done bravely and well all that he had found in his way. The chance came, he seized it, he did his best, and the cheers of the soldiers had told him a few hours ago that he was no longer the obscure English wanderer who had met Geoffrey Plantagenet on the road to Paris. Thousands repeated his name in honor and looked to him for their safety on the march, cursing those who led them astray against his warning. In his place on that day, most men would have gone to the queen, expecting a great reward, if not claiming it outright. But he was wandering alone at nightfall in the great plain, discontented with all things, and worst of all with himself. Everything he had done rose up against him and accused him, instead of praising him and flattering his vanity; every good deed had a base outline in his eyes, or was poisoned by the thought that it had not been done for itself, but for an uncertain something which came over him when the queen spoke to him or touched his hand. It is not only inactive men who grow morbid and fault-finding with themselves; for the wide breach between the ideal good and the poor accomplishment holds as much that can disappoint the heart as the mean little ditch between thought and deed, wherein so many weak good men lie stuck in the mud of self-examination. He who stands at the edge of the limit, with a lifetime of good struggles behind him, may be as sad and hopeless as he who sits down and weeps before the mountain of untried beginning. The joy of the earthly future is for the very great and the very little. For as charity leads mankind by faith to the hope of the life to come, so, on the mind's side, by faith in its own strength, the work of genius in the past is its own surety for like work again.

Gilbert Warde was not of that great mold, but more human and less sure of himself; and suddenly, as the sun went down, a strong desire of death came upon him, and he wished that he were dead and were buried under the grass whereon he stood, for very discontent with himself. It would be so simple, and none would mourn him much, except his men, perhaps, and they would part his few possessions and serve another. He was a burden to the earth, since he could do nothing well; he was a coward, because he was afraid of a woman's eyes and had fled from their gaze like a boy; he was a sinner deserving eternal fire, since a touch of a fair woman's hand could make him unfaithful for an instant to the one woman he loved best. He had meant to tread the way of the cross in true faith, with unswerving feet, and his heart was the toy of women; he had sworn the promises of knighthood, and he was already breaking them in his thoughts; he was his evil mother's son, and he had not the strength to be unlike her.

It was folly and madness, and Castignac, the Gascon knight, would have laughed at him, or else would have believed that he was demented. But to the Englishman it was real, for he was under that strange melancholy which only Northmen know, and which is the most real suffering in all the world. It is a dim sadness that gathers like a cloud about strong men's souls, and they fear it, and sometimes kill themselves to escape from it into the outer darkness beyond; but sometimes it drives them to bad deeds and the shedding of innocent blood, and now and then the better sort of such men turn from the world and hide themselves in the abodes of sorrow and pain and prayer. The signs of it are that when it has no cause it seizes upon trifles to make them its reasons, and more often it torments young men than the old, and no woman or Southern person has ever known it, nor can ever understand it. But it follows the Northern blood from generation to generation, like a retribution for an evil without a name, done long ago by the Northern race.

It was dark night when Gilbert found his way back to his tent, more by the instinct of one used to living in camps among soldiers than by any precise recollection of the way, and he sat down to warm himself before the brazier of red coals which Alric had shoveled out of the camp-fire that had burned outside. His men gave him a pottage of beans, with bread and wine, as it was Christmas eve and a fast-day, and there was nothing else, for all the fish brought up from the sea had been bought early in the day for the great nobles, long before Gilbert had come into the lines. But he neither knew nor cared, and he ate mechanically what they gave him, being in a black humor. Then he sat a long

time by the light of the earthenware lamp which Dunstan continually tended with an iron pin, lest the charring wick should slip into the half-melted fat and go out altogether. When he was not watching the wick, the man's eyes fixed themselves upon his master's grave face.

"Sir," he said at last, "you are sad. This is the Holy Eve, and all the army will watch till midnight, when the first masses begin. If it please you, let us walk through the camp and see what we may. The tents of the great lords are all lighted up by this time, and the soldiers are singing the Christmas hymns."

Gilbert shook his head indifferently, but said nothing.

"Sir," insisted the man, "I pray you, let us go, for you will be cheered, and there are good sights. Before midnight the king and queen and all the court go in procession to the great chapel tent, and it is meet that you should be there with them."

Dunstan brought a garment and gently urged him to rise. Gilbert stood up, not looking.

"Why should I go?" he asked. "I am better alone, for I am in a sad humor. And, besides, it is very cold."

"This cloak will keep you warm, sir."

"I cannot walk among the court people in rags," answered Gilbert, "and I have nothing that is whole but this one thin tunic."

But even as he spoke, Dunstan held up the surcoat for him to put on over his head, the skirts caught up in his hands, which also held the collar open.

"What is this?" asked Gilbert, in surprise.

"It is a knight's surcoat, sir," answered the man. "It is of very good stuff, and the body is wadded with down. I pray you, put it on."

"This is a gift," said Gilbert, suspiciously, and drawing back. "Who sends me such presents?"

"The King of France, sir."

"You mean the queen." He frowned and would not touch the coat.

"The things were brought by the king's men, and one of the king's knights came also with them, and delivered a very courteous message, and a purse of Greek bezants, very heavy."

Gilbert began to walk up and down, in hesitation. He was very poor, but if the gifts were from the queen he was resolved not to keep them.

"Sir," said Dunstan, "the knight said most expressly that the king sent you these poor presents as a token that he desires to see you to-morrow and to thank you for all you have done. I thought to please you by bringing them out suddenly."

Then Gilbert smiled kindly, for the man loved him, and he put his head and arms into the knightly garment with its wide sleeves, and Dunstan laced it up the back, so that it fitted closely to the body, while the skirt hung down below the knees. It was of a rich dark silk, woven in the East, and much like the velvet of later days. Then Dunstan girded his master with a new sword-belt made of heavy silver plates, finely chased and sewed on leather, and he thrust the great old sword with its sheath through the flattened ring that hung from the belt by a short silver chain. Lastly he put upon Gilbert's shoulders a mantle of very dark red cloth, lined with fine fur and clasped at the neck with silver; for it was not seemly to wear a surcoat without a cloak.

"It is very noble," said Dunstan, moving back a step or two to see the effect.

Indeed, the young English knight looked well in the dress of his station, which he wore for the first time; for he was very tall and broad of shoulder, and a lean man, well bred; his face was clear and pale, and his fair hair fell thick and long behind his cap.

"But you, Dunstan, you cannot be seen—"

Gilbert stopped, for he noticed suddenly that both his men were clad in new clothes of good cloth and leather.

"The servants are honored with their lord," said Dunstan. "The king sent gifts for us, too."

"That was a man's thought, not a woman's," said Gilbert, almost to himself.

He went out, and Dunstan walked by his left, but half a step behind his stride, as was proper.

The camp was lighted up with fires and torches as far as one could see, and all men were out of doors, either walking up and down, arm in arm, or sitting before their tents on folding stools, or on their saddles, or on packs of baggage. The hundreds and thousands of little Christmas trees, stuck into the earth amid circles of torches before the newly whitened tents, made a great garden of boughs and evergreens, and the yellow glare shone everywhere through lacing branches, and fell on rich colors and gleaming arms, well polished for the holiday, and lost itself suddenly in the cold starlight overhead. The air smelled of evergreens and the aromatic smoke of burning resin.

The night rang with song also, and in some places as many as a hundred had gathered in company to sing the long Christmas hymns they had learned as little children far away at home—endless canticles with endless repetition, telling the story of the Christ-child's birth in Bethlehem, of the adoration of the shepherds, and of the coming of the Eastern kings.

In one part of the camp the rough Burgundians were drinking the strong Asian wine in deep drafts, roaring their great choruses between, with more energy than unction. But for the most part the Northern men were sober and in earnest, praying as they sang, and looking upward as if the star of the East were presently to shed its soft light in the sky; and they tended the torches and lights around the trees devoutly, not guessing that their fathers had done the same long ago in bleak Denmark and snowy Norway, in worship of Odin and in honor of Yggdrasil, the tree of life.

The Gascons and all the men of the South, on their side, had made little altars between two trees, decked with white cloths and adorned with tinsel ornaments and little crosses and small carved images carefully brought, like household gods, from the far home, and treasured only next to their arms. The thin, dark faces of the men were fervent with Southern faith, and their wild black eyes were deep and still.

There were also Alsatians and Lorrainers in lines by themselves, quiet, fair-haired men. They had little German dolls of wood, and toys brightly painted, and by their trees they set out the scene of Bethlehem, with the manger and the Christ-child, and the oxen crouching down, and the Blessed Mary and St. Joseph, and also the shepherds and the wise kings; and the men sat down before these things with happy faces and sang their songs. So it was through the whole camp, the soldiers doing everywhere according to their customs.

As for the nobles and knights, Gilbert saw some of them walking about like himself, and some were sitting before their tents. Here and there, as he passed, when a tent was open, he saw knights kneeling in prayer, and could hear them reciting the litanies. But it was not always so, for some were spending the night in feasting, their tents being closed, though one could hear plainly the revelry. There was more than one great tent in the French lines, of which the curtain was raised a little, where Gilbert saw men and women drinking together under bright lights, and he saw that the women were Greeks, and that their cheeks were painted and their eyelids blackened; and he turned away from the sight, in disgust that such things should be done even on the Holy Eve of Christmas.

Farther on, some very poor soldiers, in sheepskin doublets and leathern hose, were kneeling together before a sort of rough screen on which were hung images painted in the manner of Greek eikons. These men had long and silky beards, and their smooth brown hair hung out over their shoulders in well-combed waves, and some of them had beautiful faces. One, who was a priest of their own, stood upright and recited prayers in a low chant, and from time to time, at the refrain, the soldiers all bowed themselves till their foreheads touched the ground.

"The Lord Jesus Christ be praised," sang the priest.

"To all ages. Amen," responded the soldiers.

But they sang in the Bohemian language, and Gilbert could not understand; yet he saw that they believed and were of an earnest mind.

So he walked about for more than an hour, looking and listening, and his own sad humor was lightened a little as he forgot to think of himself only. For it seemed a great thing to have been chosen to lead so many through a wilderness full of danger, and to know that more than a hundred thousand lives had been in his keeping, as it were, for two months, and were to be in his hand again, till he should lead them safely into Syria, or perish himself and leave his task to another. It was a task worth accomplishing and a trust worth his life.

Then, at midnight, he was walking in a great procession after the king and queen. Modestly he joined the ranks, and his man walked beside him carrying a torch, so that the light fell full upon his face. Then some one knew him, and spoke to his neighbor.

"That is Sir Gilbert Warde, who is our guide," he said.

In an instant word ran along the line that he was there; and in a few minutes a messenger came breathless, asking for him, and then the herald of France, Montjoye St. Denis, came after, bidding him to a foremost place, in the name of the king and queen. So he followed the herald, whose runner walked before him, as had been bidden by Eleanor herself.

"Make way for the Guide of Aquitaine!" cried the squire, in a loud voice.

Knights and men-at-arms stood aside to let him pass, and the tall Englishman went between them, courteously bending his head to thank those who moved out of his way, and deprecating the high honor that was done him. He heard his name repeated, both by men whose faces he could see in the light about him, where the torches blazed and flared, and also from the darkness beyond.

"Well done, Sir Gilbert!" cried some. "God bless the Guide of Aquitaine!" cried many others. And all the voices praised him, so that his heart warmed.

Following the herald, he came to his place in the procession, in the front rank of the great vassals of the two kingdoms, and just after the sovereign lords; and as he was somewhat taller than other men, he could see over their heads, and he saw the king and queen in their furs, walking together, and before them the bishops and priests. At the stir made by his coming, Eleanor turned and looked back, and her eyes met Gilbert's through the smoky glare, gazing at him sadly, as if she would have made him understand something she could not say.

But he would not have spoken if he could, for his thoughts were on other things. The procession went on toward the royal altar, set up under an open tent in a wide space, so that the multitude could kneel on the grass and both see and hear the celebration. So they all knelt down, the great barons and chief vassals having small hassocks for their knees, while the king and queen and sovereign lords of Savoy and Alsatia and Lorraine, and of Bohemia, and of Poland, had rich praying-stools set out for them in a row, next to the king and queen.

The torches were stuck into the ground to burn down as they might, and the great wax candles shone quietly on the white altar, for the night was very still and clear. There all the great nobles and many thousands of other men heard the Christmas mass, just after midnight, knowing that many of them would never hear it again on earth. There they all sang together, in a mighty melody of older times, the "Glory to God in the highest," which was first sung on the Holy Eve; and there, when the Bishop of Metz was about to lift up the consecrated bread, the royal trumpets rang out a great call to the multitude, so that all men might bow themselves together. Then the silence was very deep, while the Lord passed by; nor ever again in his life did Sir Gilbert Warde know such a stillness as that was, save once, and it seemed to him that in the way of the cross he had reached a place of refreshment and rest.

XX.

GILBERT rose from his knees with the rest, and then he saw that the king and queen placed themselves side by side and standing, and the nobles began to go up to them according to their rank, to kiss their hands. As Gilbert stood still, not knowing what to do, he watched the procession of the barons from a distance. Suddenly he felt that his eyes were wide open, and that he was gazing at a face which he knew, hardly believing that he saw it in the flesh; and his back stiffened, and his teeth ground on one another.

Ten paces from him, waiting and looking on, like himself, stood a graceful man of middle height, of a clear olive complexion, with a well-clipped beard of somewhat pointed cut, gray at the sides, as was also the smooth, dark hair. Years had passed, and the last time he had seen that face had been in the changing light of the greenwood, where the sunshine played among the leaves; and as he had seen it last, he had felt steel in his side and had fallen asleep, and after that his life had changed. For Arnold de Curboil was before him, looking at him, but not recognizing him. Still Gilbert stood rooted to the spot, trying not to believe his senses, for he could not understand how his stepfather could suddenly be among the crusaders; but the divine peace that had descended upon him that night was shivered as a mirror by a stone, and he grew cold and hard.

The man also was changed since Gilbert had seen him. The face was handsome still, but it was thin and sharp, and the eyes were haggard and weary, as if they had seen a great evil long and had sickened of it at last, and were haunted by it. Gilbert looked at him who had murdered his father and had brought shame to his mother, and who had robbed him of his fair birthright, and he saw that something of the score had been paid. Gradually, too, as Sir Arnold gazed, a look of something like despair settled in his face, a sort of horror that was not fear,—for he was no coward,—but was rather a dread of himself. He made a step forward, and Gilbert waited, and heard how Dunstan, who stood beside him, loosened his dagger in its brass sheath.

At that moment came the king's herald again, as before, bidding him go up to the presence of the king and queen.

"Room for the Guide of Aquitaine!"

The cry rang loud and clear, and Gilbert

saw Sir Arnold start in surprise at the high-sounding title. Then he followed the herald; but in his heart there was already a triumph that the man who had left him for dead in the English woods should find him again thus preferred before other men.

The queen's face grew paler as he came toward her and knelt down on one knee, and through her embroidered glove of state his own hand, which was cold, felt that hers was colder. But it did not tremble, and her voice was steady and clear, so that all could hear it.

"Sir Gilbert Warde," she said, "you have done well. Guienne thanks you, and France also—" she paused and looked toward the king, who was watching her closely.

Lewis bent his great pale face solemnly toward the Englishman.

"We thank you, Sir Gilbert," he said, with cold condescension.

"A hundred thousand men thank you," added Eleanor, in a ringing voice that was to make up for her husband's ungrateful indifference.

There was a moment's silence, and then the voice of Gaston de Castignac, high and full, sent up a cheer that was heard far out in the clear night.

"God bless the Guide of Aquitaine!"

The cheer was taken up in the deep shout of strong men in earnest; for it was known how Gilbert cared not for himself, nor for rewards, but only for honor; and the thirty men who had been with him had told far and wide how often he had watched that they might sleep, and how he would always give the best to others, and how gently and courteously he treated those he commanded.

But in the loud cheering, Eleanor took his hand in both hers, and bent down to speak to him, unheard by the rest; and her voice was low and trembled a little.

"God bless you!" she said fervently. "God bless you and keep you, for as I am a living woman, you are dearer to me than the whole world."

Gilbert understood how she loved him, as he had not understood before. And yet her touch had an evil power to move him now, and the shadow of his mother no longer haunted him in her eyes as he looked up. There, beside the Christmas altar, in the Holy Night, she was trying to complete the sacrifice of herself and her love. Gilbert answered her earnestly.

"Madam," he said, "I shall try to do your will with all my heart, even to death."

Thereafter he kept his word. But now he rose to his feet, and after bending his knee again, he looked into the queen's sad eyes, and passed on to make way for the others, while the cheers that were for him still rang in the air.

Then he began to walk to his tent. Dunstan had lighted a fresh torch and was waiting for him. But the great barons, who had gone up to the king and queen before him, pressed round him and shook his hand, one after another, and bade him to their feasting on the morrow; nor was there jealousy of him, as there had been when he had saved the queen's life at Nicæa, for they felt that he was no courtier, but desired only the safety of the army, with his own honor.

As they thronged about him, there came Sir Arnold de Curboil, pressing his way among them, and when he was before Gilbert he also held out his hand.

"Gilbert Warde," he asked, "do you not know me?"

"I know you, sir," answered the young knight, in a clear voice that all could hear, "but I will not take your hand."

There was silence, and the great nobles looked on, not understanding, while Dunstan held his torch so that the light fell full upon Sir Arnold's pale features.

"Then take my glove!"

He plucked off his loose leathern gauntlet and tossed it lightly at Gilbert's face. But Dunstan's quick left hand caught it in the air, while the torch scarcely wavered in his right.

Gilbert was paler than his enemy, but he would not let his hand go to his sword, and he folded his arms under his mantle, lest they should move against his will.

"Sir," he said, "I will not fight you again at this time, though you killed my father treacherously. Though you have stolen my birthright, I will not fight you now, for I have taken the cross, and I will keep the vow of the cross, come what may."

"Coward!" cried Sir Arnold, contemptuously, and he would have turned on his heel.

But Gilbert stepped forward and caught him by his arms and held him quietly, without hurting him, but so that he could not easily move and must hear.

"You have called me a coward, Sir Arnold de Curboil. How should I fear you, since I can wring you to death in my hands if I will? But I will let you go, and these good lords shall judge whether I am a coward or not because I will not fight you until I have fulfilled my vows."

"Well said!" the old Count of Bourbon cried.

"Well said! Well done!" cried many others.

Moreover, the Count of Savoy, of whose race none was ever born that knew fear, even to this day, spoke to his younger brother of Montferrat:

"I have not seen a braver man than this English knight, nor a better man of his hands, nor one more gentle, and he has the face of a leader."

Then Gilbert let Sir Arnold go unhurt, and he looked angrily to the right and left, and passed out of the crowd, all men making way for him as if they would not touch him. But some of them turned to Gilbert again, and asked him questions of the strange knight.

"My lords," he answered, "he is Sir Arnold de Curboil, my stepfather; for when he had killed my father, he married my mother and stole my lands. I fought him when I was only a boy, and he left me for dead in the forest, and now I think that he came from England to seek occasion against me; but if I live I shall get back my inheritance. And now, if I seem to you to have dealt justly by him, I crave my leave of you, and thank your lordships for your good will and courtesy."

So they bade him good night, and he went away, leaving many who felt that he had done well, but that, in his place, they could not have done as much. They did not know how dear it cost him, but dimly they guessed that he was braver than they, though they were of the bravest.

He was very tired, and had not slept in a good bed under his own tent for two months; yet he was sleepless, and awoke after two hours, and could not sleep again till within an hour of the winter dawn; for he feared some evil for Beatrix if her father should claim her of the queen and take her back from Ephesus by sea, as he must have come.

At daylight, warming themselves at a fire, Dunstan told Alric all that had happened in the night. The Saxon's stolid face did not change, but he was thoughtful and silent for some time, remembering how the Lady Goda had once had him beaten, long ago, because he had not held Sir Arnold's horse in the right way when the knight was mounting.

Presently to the two men came Beatrix's Norman tirewoman, wrapped in a brown cloak, with a hood that half covered her face. She told them that her lady knew of Sir Arnold's coming, and begged of Sir Gilbert that for her sake he would walk by the river at noon, when every one would be at dinner in the camp, and she would try to meet him there.

XXI.

GILBERT waited long, having gone down early to the river, and he sat on a big stone sunning himself, for the air was keen, and there was a north wind. At last he saw two veiled women coming along the bank. The shorter one was a little lame and leaned upon the other's arm, and the wind blew their cloaks before them as they came. When he saw that Beatrix limped, knowing that she had not quite recovered from her fall, and remembering that she might have been killed, his heart sank with a sickening faintness.

He took her by the hand very gently, for she looked so slight and ill that he almost feared to touch her, and yet he did not wish to let her fingers go, nor she to take them away. The tirewoman went and sat down on the river-bank, at some distance, and they sat down upon the big stone, hand in hand like two children, and looked at each other. Suddenly the girl's pathetic face lightened, as if she had just found out that she was glad; her eyes laughed, and her voice was as happy as a bird's at sunrise.

Gilbert had not seen her for a long time. To such a man, all women, and even one chosen woman, might easily become an ideal, too far from the material to have a real hold upon his manhood, and so high above earth as to have no spiritual realization. Even in that age many a knight made a divinity of his lady and a religion of his devotion to her, so that the very meaning of love was forgotten in the ascetic impulse to seek the soul's salvation in all things, even in the contempt of earthly longings; and those men demanded as much of their women, expecting it even after their own death. There were also women, like Anne of Auch, who gave such devotion freely. Nevertheless, it was not altogether in this way between Beatrix and Gilbert, and if it might have been, so far as he was concerned, she would not have had it so, and her first words proved it.

"I am so proud of you!" she cried. "And I am so very glad to see you."

"Proud of me?" he asked, smiling sadly. "I am not proud of myself. For all I have done, you might be dead at Nicæa."

"But I am alive," she answered happily, "and by your doing, though I cannot yet walk quite well."

"I ought to have let the queen pass on. I ought to have thought only of you."

He found a cruel satisfaction in saying

aloud at last what had been so long in his heart against himself, and in saying it to Beatrix herself. But she would not hear it.

"That would have been very unknightly and disloyal," she said. "I would not have had you do it, for you would have been blamed by men. And then I should never have heard what I heard yesterday and last night, the very best words that I ever heard in all my life—the cry of a great army blessing one man for a good work well done."

"I have done nothing," answered Gilbert, stolidly determined to depreciate himself in her eyes.

But she smiled and laid her gloved hand quickly upon his lips.

"I would not have another laugh at you, as I do!" she cried.

He looked at her, and the mask of grave melancholy which was fast becoming his natural expression began to soften, as if it could not last forever.

"I have often thought of you and wondered whether you would think well of my deeds," he said.

"You see!" she laughed. "And now because I am proud of you, you pretend that you have done nothing! That is poor praise of my good sight and judgment."

He laughed, too. Since the dawn of time, women have retorted thus upon brave men too modest of their doings; and since the first woman found the trick, it has never failed to please men. But love needs not novelty, for he himself is always young; the stars of night are not less fair in our eyes because men knew the "sweet influences of Pleiades" in Job's day, nor is the scent of new-mown hay less delicate because all men love it. The old is the best, even in love, which is young.

"Say what you will," answered Gilbert, presently, "we are together to-day."

"And nothing else matters," said Beatrix; "not even that it is two months since I have seen you, and that I have been ill, or, at least, half crippled by that fall. It is all forgotten."

He looked at her, not quite understanding, for as she spoke her eyebrows were raised a little, with her own expression half sad, half laughing at herself.

"I wish I could see you more often," answered Gilbert.

Her little bird-like laugh disconcerted him.

"Indeed, I am in earnest," he said.

"And yet when you are in earnest, you do much harder things," answered Beatrix, and at once the sadness had the better of the laughter in her face. "Oh, Gilbert, I wish we were back in England, in the old days!"

"So do I!"

"Oh, no! You do not. You say so to please me, but you cannot make it sound true. You are a great man now. You are Sir Gilbert Warde, the Guide of Aquitaine. It is you, and you only, who are leading the army, and you will have all the honor of it. Would you go back to the old times when we were boy and girl? Would you, if you could?"

"I would, if I could."

He spoke so gravely that she understood where his thoughts were, and that they were not all for her. For a few minutes she looked down in silence, pulling at the fingers of her glove, and once she sighed; then, without looking up, she spoke in her sweet, low voice:

"Gilbert, what are we to each other? Brother and sister?"

He started, again not understanding, and fancying that she was setting up the church's canon between them, which he knew to be no unremovable impediment.

"You are no more my sister than your tirewoman there can be," he answered, more warmly than he had spoken yet.

"I did not mean that," she said sadly.

"I do not understand, then."

"If you do not, how can I tell you what I mean?" She glanced at him, and then looked away quickly, for she was blushing, and was ashamed of her boldness.

"Do you mean that I love you as I might a sister?" asked Gilbert, with the grave tactlessness of a thoroughly honest man.

The blush deepened in her cheek, and she nodded slowly, still looking away.

"Beatrix!"

"Well?" She would not turn to him.

"What have I done that you should say such a thing?"

"That is it," she answered regretfully. "You have done great things, but they were not for me."

"Have I not told you how I have thought of you day after day, hoping that you might think well of my deeds?"

"Yes; but you might have done one thing more, that would have made all the difference."

"What?" He bent anxiously toward her for the answer.

"You might have tried to see me."

"But I was never in the camp. I was always a day's march in the lead of the army."

"But not always fighting. There were

days, or nights, when you could have ridden back. I would have met you anywhere; I would have ridden hours to see you. But you never tried. And at last it is I who send for you and beg you to come and talk with me here. And you do not even seem glad to be with me."

"I did not think that I had a right to leave my post and come back, even for you."

"You could not have helped it—if you had cared." She spoke very low.

Gilbert looked at her long, and the lines deepened in his face, for he was hurt.

"Do you really believe that I do not love you?" he asked; but his voice was cold because he tried to control it, and succeeded too well.

"You have never told me so," Beatrix answered. "You have done little to make me think so, since we were children together. You have never tried to see me when it would have cost you anything. You are not glad to see me now."

Her voice could be cold, too; but there was a tremor in some of the syllables. He was utterly surprised and taken unawares, and he slowly repeated the substance of what she said.

"I never told you so? Never made you think so? Oh, Beatrix!"

He remembered the sleepless nights he had passed, accusing himself of letting even one thought of the queen come between him and the girl who was denying his love—the restless, melancholy hours of self-accusation, the cruel self-torment: how could she know?

She was in earnest now, though she had begun half playfully; for if the man's heart had not changed, he had grown away from her in his active life, and in the habit of hiding all real feeling which comes from living long alone or with strangers. It was true that outwardly he had hardly seemed glad to see her, and all the ring of happiness had died away out of his voice before they had exchanged many words. He felt her mood, and it grew clear to him that he had made some great mistake which it would be very hard to set right. And she was thinking how boldly she had striven with the queen for his love, and that now it seemed to be no love at all.

But he, whose impulse was ever to act when there was danger, however much he might weary his soul with inward examination at other times, grew desperate, and gave up thinking of a way out of the difficulty. What he loved was slipping from him, and though he loved it in his own way, it was indeed all he loved, and he would not let it go.

Thoughtless at last, and sudden, he took her into his arms, and his face was close to hers, and his eyes were in hers, and their lips breathed the same breath. She was not frightened, but her lids drooped, and she turned quite white. Then he kissed her, not once, but many times, and as if he would never let her go, on her pale mouth, on her dark eyelids, on her waving hair.

"If I kill you, you shall know that I love you," he said, and he kissed her again, so that it hurt her, but it was good to be hurt.

After that she lay in his arms, very still, and she looked up slowly, and their eyes met; and it was as if the veil had fallen from between them. When he kissed her again, his kisses were gentle and altogether tender.

"I had almost lost you," he said, breathing the words to her ear.

The Norman tirewoman sat motionless by the water's edge, waiting till she should be called, and her back turned to them. After a time they began to talk again, and their voices were in tune, like their hearts. Then Gilbert spoke of what had happened in the night, but Beatrix already knew that her father had come.

"He has come to take me away," she said, "and we have talked together. Gilbert, a dreadful thing has happened; did he tell you?"

"He told me nothing—excepting that I was a coward!" He laughed scornfully.

"I think he is half mad with sorrow." She paused and laid her hand on Gilbert's. "His wife is dead,—your mother is dead,—with the child she bore him."

Gilbert's eyes alone changed, but under her palm Beatrix felt the sinews of his hand leap and the veins swell.

"Tell me quickly," he said.

"She was burned," continued Beatrix, in a tone of awe. "She made my father grind his people till they turned, and she made him hang the leader who spoke for them. Then all the yeomen and the bondmen rose, and they burned the castle, and your mother died with the child. But my father escaped alive. Now I am his only child, and he wants me again."

Gilbert's head fell forward, as if he had received a blow, but he said nothing for a time, for he saw his mother's face; and he saw her not as when they had parted, but as he remembered her before that, when he had loved her above all things, not knowing what she was. In spite of all that had gone be-

tween, she came back to him as she had been, and the pain and the pity were real and great. But then he felt Beatrix's hand pressing his in sympathy, and it brought him back to the evil truth. He raised his head.

"She is better dead," he said bitterly. "Let us not speak of her any more. She was my mother."

He stared long at the river, and the sadness of his homeless and lonely state in the world began to come upon him, as it came often. But a soft voice broke the spell, and the words answered his thoughts.

"We are not alone, you and I," it said, and the two small hands crept up shyly and clasped his neck, and the loving, pathetic face looked up to his. "Do not let him take me away!" she begged.

His hand pressed her head to his breast, and once more he kissed her hair.

"He shall not take you," he said. "No one shall take you from me; no one shall come between you and me."

Beatrix's eyes seemed to drink out of his the meaning of the words he spoke.

"Promise me that," she said, knowing that he would promise her the world.

"I promise it with all my heart."

"On your knightly faith?" She smiled as she insisted.

"On my honor and faith."

"And on the faith of love, too?" She almost laughed out of sheer happiness.

"On the very truth of true love," he answered.

"Then I am quite safe," she said, and she laid her face against his surcoat. "I am glad I came to you, I am glad that I was so bold as to send for you this day, for it is the best day of my whole life. And, Gilbert, you will not wait till I send for you another time? You will try and see me—of your own accord?"

She was altogether in anxiety again, and there was a look of fear and sadness in her eyes.

"I will try—indeed I will," he said earnestly.

"Whenever you do, you shall succeed," she answered, nestling to him. "I wish I might shut my eyes and rest here—now that I know!"

"Rest, sweet, rest!"

A moment, and then, from far away, a clarion call rang on the still air. With the instinct of the soldier, Gilbert started, listened, holding his breath, but still pressing the girl close to him.

"What is it?" she asked, half-frightened.

It came again, joyous and clear.

"It is nothing," he said. "It is the Christmas banquet, and perhaps the king drinks the queen's health—and she his."

"And perhaps, though no one knows it, she—" But Beatrix stopped, and laughed. "I will not say it! Why should I care?"

She was thinking that if the queen drank a health it might be meant, in her heart, for the Guide of Aquitaine, and she nestled closer to him in the sunshine.

(To be continued.)

TWO REEDS.

(TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND SIDNEY LANIER.)

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

HOW often have your loving lips been set
Upon the pipe, to draw sweet music forth
From palpitating flute and flageolet,
My poet-minstrels of the South and North!

O lustier-chested singers, which of you
Shall, with strong fingers on a slender reed,
Draw forth so clear a note, so echoing true,
As these who piped with hearts and lungs ableed?

Both honored heroes, loved whate'er is brave,
And set great deeds to greater words, nor thought
How nobly valiant he who, at the grave,
Can make immortal music, fearing naught.

ALEXANDER'S INVASION OF INDIA.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: TENTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek, Cornell University.

TWO full years had now been occupied in effecting the subjugation of two remote north-eastern provinces of the Persian empire. The conquest of all Assyria, Persia (proper), and Media had cost but one. The reason for the contrast is to be found not in the difficulty of the terrain, or in the remoteness of the country, but in the people. In Bactria the Macedonian had met his Indo-European kin. The Medes and the Persians, who, as representing the forward waves of the great Iranian influx, had for three centuries controlled Mesopotamia, and had given their name to its empire, were now so thoroughly absorbed in its civilization that they could no longer be counted as Indo-Europeans. In Bactria and Sogdiana the blood and the spirit of the Iranians remained in uncorrupted vigor. The union between Alexander and Roxane was therefore the joining of two strands of Indo-European blood. In the movement of Indo-European migration and influence toward the south-east, from Europe into Asia, the routes by the north of the Caspian and by the south had met, though the kinship of the wayfarers betrayed itself only in the stubbornness with which they fought each other when they met.

There remained now of the Persian empire for the conqueror to traverse only the extreme southern portions. Next in his way lay the satrapy of India, directly to the south. If he should conquer this, descend the Indus to its mouth, and then return to Babylon through Gedrosia, he would have fairly completed the circuit of the Persian world. Since the days of Cyrus and Darius Hystaspes, a certain district in the northern and western part of the Indus basin had been a nominal dependency of the Persian empire, yielding its annual tribute of three hundred and sixty talents of gold-dust, and furnishing its contingent of troops to the army. The host which Xerxes led into Greece contained, as Herodotus[1] reports, "Indians clothed in raiment made of wood [cotton or bast?], and carrying bows of bamboo and bamboo arrows tipped with iron." In the battle of Gaugamela had appeared a force of Indians, "neighbors of the Bactrians," and some fifteen elephants "belonging to the Indians who live this side of the Indus" (Arrian).

India was still to the outer world a land of the unknown. Cyrus is not certainly known to have entered it. Darius had merely sent an army into the northern districts, and caused ships to be sent (509 B. C.) down the course of the Indus to find its mouth and ascertain the possibility of a water-route around to the Red Sea. Herodotus tells all that we know of this expedition: "Wishing to find out where the Indus, the second river known to produce crocodiles, empties into the sea, he sent an expedition of ships, under charge of Scylax of Caryanda [a city in Caria,] along with others upon whom he could rely to bring a true report. They started from the city of Kaspatyros [Kaçyapapura] and the Paktyan country, and sailed down the river toward the east and the sunrise into the ocean, and then through the ocean in a westerly direction, until, in the thirtieth month, they came to the place where the King of Egypt had sent off the Phenicians to circumnavigate Africa."[2]

The little which Herodotus had to tell about the land may well have had its remote source in Scylax's reports. It all is vague and unreal, most of it dressed in the garb of the fabulous. Monster ants that delve in the vast sand-deserts bounding the land to the east bring to the surface the gold-dust which Persia receives in tribute. No people are known to live beyond them toward the sunrise. There are many tribes of many tongues. They are clothed in garments made of rushes beaten and plaited like a mat. They make their boats of reed, one joint sufficing for a boat. They kill nothing that has life, but live on herbs—in particular, upon a peculiar grain of the size of millet, in the pod, which they boil and eat with the pod. There are

[1] Herodotus, vii, 65.

[2] Herodotus, iv, 44.

trees there which bear wool instead of fruit, and wool which excels in beauty and fineness that of sheep. All the birds and animals are much larger than in other countries, except the horses alone.

A generation after Herodotus's time, the famous physician Ctesias of Croton, on his return from long residence in Persia, published, among other works, a book about India, of which we possess a summary made by Photius. Ctesias had never been in India, and his book could do no more than report what was commonly believed in Persia concerning this land of the remote and the marvelous; and that proves to be scanty, much of it grotesque. He has to tell of elephants and tigers; apes with wonderful tails; birds of brilliant plumage, that speak with human voice in Hindu, or mayhap, if taught, in Greek; of men, some fair-skinned, some dark; of races of dwarfs and of giants; of men with tails, and men with heads like those of dogs; of fields rich beyond belief; of lakes swimming with oil pleasant to the taste; of palm-trees that touched the sky; of reeds that grew by the river-banks, as tall as the masts of ships, and so large that two men with their arms could not encircle one. Everywhere the background of truth glimmers through the stories, but among the Greeks of the day they seem to have won the writer only the reputation of a classical liar.

When Alexander, in his southward march, crossed the barriers of the Hindu Kush, and through the Kabul valley entered the plains of the Indus, he passed from one world into another. The early history of human civilization unfolded itself in two great world-areas which were virtually isolated from each other entirely. One, the far East, shaped its destiny about the two centers India and China; the other, the near East, created for itself two fundamental civilizations in the two river valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile. The civilizations of Mesopotamia and Egypt found their solvent in the Mediterranean, and the first products of the blend appear in the half-recognized Ægean culture which we temporarily call by the name Mycenæan. The ingrafting upon this stock of the active element, European occidentalism, brought into being that form of Mediterranean civilization which, first under the leadership of Greece, then of Rome, furnished the substrate of modern European civilization. It was Alexander's hand that fastened the graft securely in place. His mission dealt only with the relation of European occidentalism to the orientalism of the nearer East. The brief incursion into northwestern India was only an incident—a bit of side-play consequent upon the extension of Darius's empire to include it. And yet, upon Alexander's temporary path, trodden centuries later by the missionary fury of Mohammedanism, came back into the near East, and thence into the Western world, many a bit of Hindu wisdom, as the fable literature, from Æsop to Eberhard of Würtemberg, for instance, may well attest.

The work of establishing permanent communication between the two major areas of human civilization—the Indo-Chinese of the far East, on the one hand, and that of Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Europe, united in the Mediterranean, on the other—tarried for twenty centuries after Alexander's work was complete. It tarried till a route was opened by the sea, and until maritime commerce gave the impulse. The discovery of the route around the Cape of Good Hope set on foot a movement that produced the Suez Canal.

The leadership in that European-Mediterranean civilization to the creation of which Alexander gave the impulse passed, in the order of time, into the hands of powers whose strength was gathered from the sea; and to them, as Alexander's successors, was given the mission of building the bridge of ships between Europe and the far East.

The route by which Alexander entered India, namely, the passes of the Hindu Kush and the Kabul valley, was, in all probability, the same by which, many centuries before, the ancestors of the Hindu Aryans had come when they separated themselves from the original Indo-Iranian stock. Their close relationship with their Iranian brethren was still betrayed in unmistakable marks. Their languages differed from each other scarcely more than the popular dialects of northern and southern Germany to-day, certainly not so much as Dutch and German. Their religions, despite the thoroughgoing reformation which, under Zarathushtra's (Zoroaster's) name, had purified the faith of the northern branch, still bore the evident marks of earlier identity.

The Varuna of the Vedas was the Ahuramazda of the Persians; Mitra corresponded to Mithra; the dragon-slaying (Vrtrahan) Indra to the victorious Verethragna; the Adam of the Hindus, Yama, the son of Vivasvant, who first walked the paths of death, was the Avestan Yima, son of Vivanhvant. The priests of both prepare the soma drink

(Avestan, *haoma*) for the sacred service, press out the sap, cleanse it through the sieve, and mix it with milk. One calls the priest *hotar*, the other *zaotar*. The ritual, always more conservative than the theology, retained the surest evidence of the common origin.

The Aryans, immigrants, were still clearly distinguishable by their fair complexion and blue eyes from the dark-skinned Dravidians who had formed the original population of the land. The Vedic hymns tell of the conflicts of the newcomers with the dark-skinned Dasyus: how Indra, "the much-invoked, smote Dasyus and Çimyus, as was his wont, hurled them with his thunderbolt to the earth, and won, with help of his white friends, the land" (Rigveda, I, 100, 18). Arrian, in his "Indica" (chap. vi), writing on the authority of Alexander's contemporaries and associates, reports that "the Indians living toward the south are more like the Æthiopians, for they are black in their faces, and their hair is black; but they are not so flat-nosed or so curly-haired as the Æthiopians. The Indians farther to the north seem to resemble in their bodies the Egyptians." In another connection (chap. xviii) he says: "The Indians are spare in body, and tall, and much lighter in weight than other men."

In the period which produced the Vedic hymns (perhaps 1500–1200 B. C.) the Hindu Aryans were still limited to the northern districts—the Indus basin and perhaps[1] the Upper Ganges valley. Only once is the Ganges (Ganga) mentioned in the Rigveda. From north to south, from the mountains to the sea, the Indus basin, covered mostly by the two later provinces of Punjab and Sindh, represents an extent of from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred miles.

In Alexander's time, however, the Aryan Hindus had already brought under their control the greater portion of northern and central India. Their medieval period was already well under way, a thousand years in advance of its counterpart in Western life. The naïve objectivism of the Vedic period, which plainly faced the outer world to seek of it such material blessings—gain, booty, offspring, victory—as it had to give, had yielded to the inward look. Life had passed to the ethico-religious basis; a yearning for the supernatural had overcome that for the natural; Indra and Varuna had been displaced by Brahma; repentance and asceticism, the hermit and the monk, were the order of the day. Just when Greece, at the end of the sixth century B. C., was coming to its ripeness, the appearance of Buddha was providing for India the beginnings of a recorded history.

The transfer of the central scene of Aryan life from the Indus to the Ganges was doubtless chiefly responsible for the radical changes in thought, customs, and social organization which separate the people of the Vedas from the Hindus who emerge upon our observation in the fourth and third centuries B. C. The conquest of a civilization far more advanced than their own, at least in the outward forms of settled life, and the acquirement of sovereignty over the vast range of territory involved, had led to the creation of a stronger centralized form of the state, to the development of the kingship out of the tribal chieftaincy, to the crystallization of a system of castes, guaranteed by the predominant influence of the Brahman priesthood, and finally to the formation of an opulent, luxurious type of civilized life.

The old mother-land of the Hindus, the Punjab district, participated, however, but secondarily in the great changes which reshaped the life and experience of the Magna India of the East. The tribal organization, with its government of petty rajas, counterparts of Homer's *basilēes*, survived. The Brahmanic laws and the system of castes were but imperfectly recognized. Some districts had no Brahman priests at all. Hence the people of the Indus valley were looked upon by the Ganges people as outside the pale, and called Vrātyās, or heretics. They ate the flesh of oxen with garlic; they knew no respect for the sacred law; they confused the castes; they dealt in all manner of impurity, license, and vulgarity; they knew neither trade nor agriculture; they had no knowledge of the sacred language of the Brahmans, the Sanskrit, but used only the vulgar Prakrit, its debased successor; they lived in perpetual war and disorder: in short, they were in the eyes of these new Hindus what the Macedonians were to the Greeks who had left them behind in their entrance into the Greek peninsula—a mass of disgusting barbarians. Nothing is so odious to a new civilization as the type it has just left behind and the garb it has just shuffled off. And yet the Hindus of the Punjab were simply old-fashioned Hindus, as the Macedonians were old-fashioned Greeks. Their preservation of the old warlike temper was one compensation for their failure to participate in the civilized progress of their kinsfolk, for

[1] Hopkins, E. W., "The Puñjâb and the Rig-Veda," in the "Journal of the American Oriental Society," xix.

Arrian credits them with being "the bravest people of all Asia in war."

Toward the end of the spring of 327 B. C. Alexander turned his back upon the north country, and, with an army of over one hundred thousand men, set out across the passes of the Hindu Kush. Ten thousand foot-soldiers and thirty-five hundred cavalrymen had been left in Bactria, under Amyntas's command. The army of thirty thousand at Issus and forty-five thousand at Gaugamela had grown during the campaigns in Turkestan to eighty thousand. Money and success had made recruiting easy in the West. Every man who had the spirit of adventure in his veins wished now to be with Alexander. During the winter of 329–328 alone reinforcements to the number of nineteen thousand, recruited in Greece, Macedonia, Lycia, and Syria, joined the army at Zariaspa. So they poured in a continuous stream, doubling the army, besides filling the places of the dead who had carried their wounds and their glory down into Hades, and of the disabled and weary who had either returned to their homes or been settled as colonists in the new-founded cities. Reinforcements continued to arrive even after the army had entered the Punjab, and in the last days before starting for the return there came five thousand Thracian horsemen and seven thousand Greeks and Macedonians; so that, despite all its losses, the grand army set forth down the Indus one hundred and twenty thousand strong. In leaving the north, Alexander took with him also, of native troops, some thirty thousand Bactrians, Sogdianians, Scythians, and Daan bowmen, all mounted on the famous horses that Arab and Turk have since brought to the notice of Europe. In ten days he was across the mountains, back in the Kabul valley he had left two years before; and here he spent most of the summer (327), busied in strengthening the city Alexandria-under-Caucasus (Charikar?), which he had founded on his previous visit, and in making preparations for the venturesome campaign he was about to undertake.

In the autumn he started on his march down the valley of the Kophen (the Kabul River) toward India. In response to his summons, several Hindu rajas, and among them his friend Taxiles from beyond the Indus, came to meet him, bringing presents and the assurance of support. At a point about one hundred miles east of Kabul, approximately at the site of the modern Jalalabad, he divided his army, sending one portion, under the command of Hephæstion and Perdiccas, along the Kophen, while he, with the other part, struck north up the valley of the Choaspes, the modern Khonar (Chitral). The force sent down the Kophen was intended to reduce to subjection the peoples on the south of the river, and especially to seize the famous Khyber Pass, where in modern times the Afghans have struggled to assert their boundaries against the Briton. The purpose of Alexander's detour to the north, on the other hand, was to subjugate the mountain tribes inhabiting the valleys of the streams tributary to the Kophen on the north, and so to assure control of the Chitral passes, by which an important route led over the mountains to the head waters of the Oxus, and then on to the eastern limits of Bactria. The Chitral valley leads directly up to the great Pamir plateau, on the southern edge of which the frontiers of the world-rivals, the Russian empire and the British empire, separated at the opening of this century by two thousand miles, have finally met and touched. Here join them, too, the outposts of the Chinese empire.

Alexander had chosen, as usual, the harder part. The shepherd people of the mountains gave him vigorous resistance. But swiftly and relentlessly he swept them before him, storming and sacking their fortified towns, and scattering them as fugitives in the mountains. From the country of the Aspasians (Açvakas), who dwelt in the valley of the Khonar, he passed into the Pandjkora basin, thence into the valley of the Swat, where the powerful tribe of the Assakenans, whose territory stretched across the Indus well toward the boundaries of Kashmir, awaited him. Their chief city, Massaga, yielded only after vigorous siege. One after another, their cities fell, and Alexander fought his way out into the Indus valley.

One peaceful incident is recorded in the midst of this story of hurried fight and siege and slaughter. Somewhere in the lower valley of the Khonar the invaders came upon a peaceful, sun-blessed plain, where grew in abundance not only the vine, but, as the story has it, the laurel and the ivy too. The appearance of the ivy, which Arrian says the Macedonians had not seen for years, and which they welcomed with a veritable frenzy of joy, revived memories of old legends of Dionysus's wanderings, which had led him through the Orient, even to the bounds of India. The wild ecstasies of the Çiva cult, which personified the power of growth and reproduction in nature, reminded, too, of the

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ALEXANDER ATTACKING THE CITADEL ON THE INDUS.

THE CAPITOLINE BUST OF ALEXANDER IN THE CHARACTER OF THE SUN-GOD. FROM THE MARBLE IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME.

Seven sockets in the line of the diadem, behind the hair that rises and falls manewise about the face, as described by Plutarch, originally held radiant rays of gilded metal, making the ideal character of the portrait — as the realistic detail of the light whisker and the effective rendering of other personal traits of Alexander allow us to call it — sufficiently manifest. The assimilation of Alexander to Helios suggests a Rhodian origin for this creation, in which, nevertheless, an epigram on a portrait by Lysippus, which Plutarch has preserved, finds an excellent illustration:

> The bronze looks heavenward still, as who should say:
> "Thine, Zeus, the skies; the earth shall own my sway."

Dionysiac worship. Nothing further was needed, therefore, to encourage men of naïve philology in reading the value Nysæans into the name Nishadas, which the people of the country bore, and in identifying their city as a sacred Nysa of their own Hellenic god. The name of the sacred mountain Meru, adjoining the city, they also rejoiced to recognize as Greek, and explain as the mountain of the thigh (Greek, *mēros*), an allusion to the temporary lodgment of the prematurely born Dionysus in the thigh of Zeus. The cordial welcome of the good king Akuphis joined with the kindly assurances of folk-etymology to give the strangers for a season the sense of home, and to make in after days the memory of this sheltered vale of the Nishadas an oasis in the desert of their wanderings and wars.

Through the mist of the romantic which enshrouds the story of this place there comes one solitary gleam of genial humor, a touch of nature, to assure us Nysa stood on solid ground. When King Akuphis, at his first meeting with the conqueror, had asked what his people might do to make the Macedonians their friends, he received the answer: "They shall make thee their governor, and send us as hostages one hundred of their best men." To this came the smiling reply: "But methinks, king, I shall rule better if I send you the worst and keep the best."

Dionysus, it should be remarked in passing, was not the only Hellenic deity the Greeks fancied they identified in the Hindu pantheon. The storm-god Indra was for them the Zeus Hyëtios, the rain-bringing Jupiter. Krishna was their own bluff, robust Hercules. Krishna had wrought heroic deeds, slain the wild bull, driven out monsters. He was always represented as armed with a massive club. From his thousands of wives he had begotten his one hundred and eighty thousand sons. Like Hercules, he was raised, after his death, to divine honors.

On the fortified peak of a mountain which rose abruptly from the Indus's bank, an army of fugitives had taken its refuge. Here was a citadel that the boldest could not approach. Hercules himself, so the story went, had assaulted it in vain. It was a famous place, and marvelous are the accounts about it, so that our candid Arrian reports them all with a cautious "it is said." Thus the height of the mountain is given as over six thousand feet, and its circuit as twenty-two miles. It was well wooded, had a fine spring of water at the summit, and much tillable land; but on every side it was precipitously steep,

and only one narrow path zigzagged up to its top.

Its Sanskrit name may well have been *Āvaraṇa*, "the Refuge"; but the Greeks did the best they could, and called it *Aornos* (*Aornis*), "the Birdless," forsooth because it was so high. Among the various attempts at modern identification, that of General Abbott in his "Gradus ad Aornon," which makes it to be Mount Mahāban (4125 feet above the plain), about thirty miles above the mouth of the Kabul, is the most plausible.

To Alexander the difficulty was a challenge. Selecting from his army the boldest and best, among them two hundred of the companions, many bowmen, the famous hoplite brigade of Cœnus, and the ever-trusty Agrianians, he advanced to the base of the mountain. Learning from some peasants of the country that there was a spur of the mountain close under the citadel which could serve as vantage-ground for an attack, he accepted their offer of guidance, and intrusted to Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, the hazardous enterprise of a dash up the mountain to this favored spot. It was the Ptolemy who was afterward to be the founder of the famous house of Egyptian kings, wisest and best of Alexander's captains. Under cover of the night Ptolemy set out, and with him the Agrianians and a few picked men of the hypaspists and light-armed troops. Before morning the blaze of a beacon high on the mountain-side told that they were at their goal. They had escaped the observation of the enemy. Without waiting for the morning, they hastened to intrench themselves behind palisades and ditch. And it was none too soon; for with daylight the enemy were upon them, and all day long the fight was hot about the little stockade. Alexander's first attempt to scale the mountain and bring help met with failure; but Ptolemy and his little band clung to their perch on the cliff till night came and the enemy withdrew. During the night Alexander succeeded in communicating with Ptolemy through a deserter who knew the mountain path, and a plan of coöperation was arranged for the following day. Alexander was to try forcing his way, with all his men, directly up by the path leading to Ptolemy's position; and Ptolemy was to sally out against the enemy, when occupied in resisting the advance, and hold them thus between two fires. With the morning the struggle began. In the face of flying missiles, spear-thrusts, and tumbling boulders, the Macedonians clambered up the narrow path or climbed the face of the cliffs, sometimes man after man as on a ladder, sometimes in isolated groups or single venture. It was a slow, stubborn fight. Every foothold cost a battle. All day long the struggle lasted; but, foot by foot, the line crept up the mountain-side, and at nightfall Alexander and Ptolemy joined forces on the ridge.

The enemy's citadel occupied an isolated rock, the highest peak of the mountain. Ptolemy's position was considerably below it, and separated by an interval of swamp and ravine so wide that the catapults, with from four to five hundred yards' range, could not reach the defenders on the walls. The capture of the fortress by direct assault seemed out of the question. Scaling the cliffs that formed the foundation of its walls was too hopeless a venture. But there were here an energy and a will that did not shrink from what to weaker spirits might seem quixotic device. The causeway at Tyre and

THE VERNAL SUN, OTHERWISE IDENTIFIED AS SPAIN. A MARBLE RELIEF OF THE LOUVRE COLLECTION, PARIS.

This attractive specimen of latter-day antique sculpture retains certain features of the Alexandroid-Sol-Oriens type of an earlier Grecian art which are not far to seek; notably, the rapt upward glance, remarked by the ancients in the best portraits of Alexander, and by them attributed to an anatomical defect of his physical build, familiar to our surgeons as *torticollis*.

the mound at Gaza must be repeated. Each soldier was instructed to collect a hundred wooden stakes or logs. Speedily swords became axes. Trees were felled and stripped,

Soon a bridge-like causeway, built in cob-house construction, began to push itself out from the lower peak across the depression, lifting itself steadily upward toward the level of the fortress. Alexander was everywhere present to chide and cheer. The work went merrily onward. The first day the bridge advanced three hundred yards. Already it gave a standing-place from which the machine-guns and the slingers could beat back with bolts and stones the assaults of the besieged. Another day, and the engines began to get the range of the stronghold. Early on the fourth day the gap was closed, and the Macedonians were swarming upon an outjutting corner of the rocky peak which bore the citadel, and moving to surround and beset the walls. Then the defenders lost heart, and began negotiations for surrender. What they really hoped was to weary out the day with bargaining, and then escape under cover of the night. Seeing this, Alexander withdrew a little from the walls, and offered the chance of escape. The offer was accepted. The moment the retreat began, seven hundred guardsmen scaled the walls, and from within and without they and others set upon the miserable fugitives. Many fell by the sword; more were the victims panic and the precipices claimed. Awe fell upon the land in presence of a will before which even the mountain-tops had ceased to yield a refuge.

Some two miles south of the point where the Kophen flows into the Indus, near the modern Attok, Alexander now joined his forces again with those of Hephæstion and Perdiccas. The southern campaign had met with easy success, and all the country west of the Indus was now under the Macedonian control. All the strong positions had been left well garrisoned, and the country organized under provincial government as a satrapy.

In the neighborhood of Attok the Indus narrows its bed, flowing through a rocky channel which gives it a depth in places of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and a width of scarcely more than two hundred and fifty feet. Here on a bridge of boats the crossing was made, attended with the pomp of sacrifice and festal games. It was the early spring of 326. Within the strip of land, one hundred miles or more broad, which lay between the Indus and the Hydaspes (Jhilam), the strongest of the petty rajas who held sway was Taxiles, at whose suggestion Alexander had, ostensibly at least, first conceived the idea of an Indian campaign. The Hindu reputation for trustworthiness and honesty was well maintained when this prince came forward now to welcome the invader to his land. First, he sent forward to meet the king his presents of welcome to the land—three thousand animals for sacrifice, ten thousand sheep, thirty elephants, two hundred talents of silver, and a contingent of seven hundred Hindu horsemen. Then began the march toward the residential city. Its name, from which the Greeks seem to have borrowed a name for its king, was in its Sanskrit form Takshaçilā; the Greeks called it Taxila. Its site is marked still by wide-spreading mounds of ruins near the railway that joins Hasan Abdal and Rawal Pindi, and eight miles from the former place. A few miles outside the gates, Taxiles, at the head of his whole army in gala array, came forth to meet Alexander and give him greeting, and offer himself and all his kingdom into his hands. The neighboring rajas and chieftains came also with presents —ivory, fine linen, precious stones, and treasure—to make their subjection. Even from far Kashmir, whose snow-capped mountains peered above the northern horizon, came an embassy to greet the conqueror.

On the other side of the Hydaspes to the east, awaited him, however, a different welcome. Taxiles's zeal had had its motive in apprehensions of the waxing power of his neighbor and rival, the king of the Pauravas, whom the Greeks called Porus; and this Porus was already collecting his forces to dispute the passage of the Hydaspes. It was no confused horde, such as Darius had assembled at Gaugamela, that Alexander had here to face, but a disciplined and sturdy army, solidly compacted under resolute and intelligent leadership. The determined resistance which it offered in a battle lasting from the early morning till the eighth hour of the day showed that the old Aryan vigor still was there, and, furthermore, that these Hindu Aryans had acquired what their Iranian brethren lacked—the power of organization, and the sense for coöperative mechanical action under central control.

In the battle with Porus, Alexander was called upon to face conditions substantially different from any which had confronted him before in his already varied experience; and if any further proof were needed of the catholicity of his military genius, we have it when this youth of thirty years, after facing the Illyrians and Thracians on their mountain-sides, the Bœotian phalanx in the plains of Thebes, the Persian cavalry at the Granicus,

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PHALANX ATTACKING THE CENTER ON THE HYDASPES.

MARBLE HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT IN BLENHEIM PALACE. FROM "UEBER DAS BILDNES ALEXANDERS DES GROSSEN," BY FREDERICK KOEPP.

after scaling the walls of Tyre and humbling the impregnable fortresses of Gaza, after scattering the assembled hosts of western Asia at Gaugamela, and driving the untamed sons of Iran from their plains and their aeries, passed through the eastern gates of the known, joined conflict with an utterly new, strange world, and won his battle from a people who combined in their resources, as none he had yet met, wealth, courage, organization, and an advanced acquaintance with the art of war. No great general in the world's history was ever exposed to such a variety of tests, and yet he is the only one who never lost a battle.

When Alexander, with his army, reached the banks of the Hydaspes, he found it swollen by the melting snows of the mountains to a mighty stream a mile in width. Fording could be attempted only at a few favored spots, and for an army in the face of an enemy was out of the question. On the southern bank opposite was drawn up the army of Porus, thirty-five thousand strong. Three hundred elephants disposed along the line looked like towers in the living wall. To attempt landing an attacking force from boats in the face of this opposition was vain. The horses of the cavalry could not have been brought to face the elephants, whose strange odor and stranger trumpetings drove them into unmanageable panic; and the cavalry was Alexander's chief reliance for the attack. There was nothing left, therefore, but to wait for a better chance or to find a better way.

No opportunity, however, was given the enemy for relaxing interest or dividing attention. Every day or two a feint was made at crossing. Boats would be assembled, the cavalry would be drawn up on the bank, a squad would drive into the river. Sometimes

the trumpets would blare out through the night, as if calling the attack; and then the subtle Greeks could have their joy at seeing these honorable Hindus keeping their sleepless watch in battle order, and the solemn elephants drawn up in ponderous and vain array. And so it went on until apprehension grew callous.

Then Alexander allowed the rumor to spread that he should wait until the low water of autumn before attempting to cross. The country round about was ravaged,—and incidentally reconnoitered,—and the great stores of supplies accumulated at the river-side gave credence to the story of the summer wait. The movement of Alexander's troops up and down the river ceased to provoke suspicion.

Nine or ten miles above the Macedonian camp the Hydaspes turned abruptly in its southward course to flow toward the west; and near the sharp angle of its bend, a point which made out into the river afforded a convenient passage to a wooded island hard by the opposite shore. Between the camp and this tongue of land the river-bank was heavily wooded, and, in sharp contrast to the level plain of the other side, rose steeply into hills. At intervals along the high bank Alexander posted sentries to pass the word along, and so establish a complete connection between the camp and the chosen place of crossing. Thither, by a circuitous route of over[1] fifteen miles around behind the hills, he led a picked body of his troops, about thirty thousand strong. The great mass of the army was left in camp under command of Craterus, with orders to hold the enemy's attention there as long as possible. Only after the enemy had wheeled about to face the troops, who would meantime have crossed the river above, and would then be advancing upon their right flank, was Craterus to try the crossing. A strong division, furthermore, composed of mercenary troops under the chief command of Meleager, was posted on the river-bank half-way between the camp and the proposed place of crossing, under orders similar to those of Craterus.

Under cover of a dismal night of furious rain and thunder, Alexander reached the river-bank, and hastened to improvise a ferriage for his troops. The heavy infantry and a detachment of cavalry, in all more than half his force, were to remain on this side the river to hold in check the army of Abisares of Kashmir, known to be close by, advancing to Porus's aid. The remainder, composed chiefly of cavalry, the hypaspists, and archers, in all about thirteen thousand men, prepared to cross. Boats sawn asunder had been transported through the woods, and now were roughly and hastily joined again. Some galleys had been cautiously assembled

GOLD CROWN PRESENTED TO THE SCYTHIAN KING SAITAPHARNES BY THE GREEK COLONY OF OLBIA ON THE DEAD SEA. NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

[1] Cunningham, who in his "Geography of Ancient India" (p. 157 ff.) identifies the site, verifying in the modern topography every detail of the ancient story, reckons the exact distance by the circuit from Jalalpur to Dilawar as seventeen miles, which corresponds precisely to Arrian's one hundred and fifty stades.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE MEETING OF ALEXANDER AND PORUS.

at the spot. Skins stuffed with hay served the purpose of the cavalrymen, who swam beside their horses. Rafts served for others. With the gray of morning the storm slackened, the rain ceased; and though the yellow river rushed by fiercer than ever, at the signal they plunged in and struggled across. The night, the storm, and the wooded island opposite had thus far hidden them from the enemy's observation. The moment they passed the shelter of the island and essayed the narrow ford beyond, the outposts of the enemy discovered them, and galloped away to make report at headquarters. The shore was thus left undefended, and the landing was easily effected. The risk that Alexander, with his imperfect knowledge of the topography, had taken, was disclosed when it was discovered that what had seemed to be the shore was really an island; for an arm of the swollen river had cut its way between the place of landing and the plain. Then came the anxious search for a ford, attended by fear lest the enemy might return before they were across. At last, through water shoulder-deep, and on uneven, slippery footing, they slowly found their way across. It was here, in the desperate struggle of the ford, there escaped the lips of Alexander that word of fine humor which Onesicritus remembered, and Plutarch has handed down to us: "O Athenians, would ye believe what risks I run to earn your applause!" When morning dawned the little army had assumed its order in the plain—the Daan horsemen and the squadrons of the companion cavalry on the left, the hypaspists (five thousand) and other footmen, supported by the archers, Agrianians, and javelin-men, on flanks and rear. They were now about seven miles to the east of Porus's position, and their line was exactly at right angles with his. He faced the river and the north; they rested their right flank upon the river. In order to face them and prevent being attacked on flank and rear, Porus would therefore be obliged to abandon, in whole or part, his defense of the river-bank, and face about to the east.

Porus's outposts had brought him word that an army was crossing the river at the island ford. What army it might be, they had either failed in the darkness to see, or had neglected in their assiduous discretion to note. It might be, after all, so hope said, the long-expected reinforcements of Abisares, King of Kashmir; for there on the north shore could still be seen the camp and army of Alexander, to all appearances as strong as ever. So a body of two thousand horsemen, supported by one hundred and twenty chariots, was sent out, under command of the king's son, to give welcome if it were Abisares, to check the advance and gain time if it were Alexander. It seemed hardly possible it could be the latter; it was too rash a venture. But Porus did not know his man.

Alexander was a leader who did not accept the situations created for him by others, but by aggressive action created them for himself. His crossing of the river and turning of the enemy's flank had suddenly changed the entire plan of battle and the entire situation. This movement, familiar to modern strategy, had been hitherto unknown in ancient. Porus's flank would now be menaced by Meleager, his rear by Craterus. His advantage of the river-bank had been at a stroke annulled. The two armies stood now on the level footing of the same plain, and Alexander's cavalry, in which was always his chief reliance, came to a hearing. It was Porus now who had to adapt himself to circumstances and accept a situation. The choice of place and weapons had fallen to the creative wit of his antagonist.

Even now, if Porus had immediately assumed the offensive, he must have had the advantage. With his great superiority in numbers (from thirty-five to forty thousand against thirteen thousand), and especially with the advantage given him by the elephants, which no cavalry could face, he might have surrounded and either annihilated or driven into the river the entire force opposed to him, had he only assumed the offensive, and not waited to allow his antagonist a choice of the point of attack.

The force sent out to reconnoiter speedily came back in routed fragments, leaving its leader and four hundred horsemen dead upon the field, and most of the chariots wrecked or the enemy's prizes. There was no longer any doubt. It was surely Alexander. The great line swung slowly round, and took its position in the plain, a mighty front three or four miles long, dotted with the towering elephants, from fifty to a hundred feet apart. If stationed only fifty feet apart, two hundred elephants made a line nearly two miles long. These held the center—indeed, the main central extent—of the line. Between them crowded the foot-soldiers, and behind them masses of infantry formed a second line. At the wings were the cavalry and the chariots. A few elephants, supported by a considerable force of infantry, remained at the old posi-

tion by the river to watch the movements of Craterus and menace the ford.

Slowly the great battle-line moved out across the meadows until it reached a wide stretch of solid ground suited to the movement of the chariots, and there it stopped, facing the solidly massed force of Alexander, which covered with its front no more than a fifth or a fourth of the space. Here was Alexander's opportunity, his only chance. He was given the choice of point of attack; and this was what gave him the victory. He was bound to attack one of the wings in order to avoid the elephants. He chose the left or northern wing, not only in deference to his usage of attacking with his right wing, but because, by keeping near the river, he held to his reserve on the other river-bank, and prevented the possibility of being utterly cut off and surrounded.

The infantry of his center and left was ordered to delay attack until the left wing of the enemy had been thrown into confusion by the cavalry attack. The attack was opened by the one thousand Daan archer horsemen. Overwhelming the cavalry of the enemy's left with a shower of arrows, they drew them out to attack. Alexander then, with the great body of the companion cavalry, swept on to the attack, bearing to the front and right. Meantime he had sent Cœnus, with his own regiment of cavalry and that of Demetrius, in a wide swing to the right against the extreme flank of the enemy, so that as the enemy's horse advanced obliquely out of position to meet Alexander, they might fall upon their rear. Owing to a misinterpretation of Arrian, based, it is to be feared, simply on an error of the published translations, the current accounts of this battle make Cœnus perform the miraculous feat of rounding the enemy's right wing and riding along their entire rear to reach the rear of their left wing.

The account, as it stands in the original both of Arrian and of Curtius Rufus, is clear and consistent, and involves no miracle. The enemy's left was simply drawn out of position, and then caught between two masses of the Macedonian cavalry. Forced to face in two directions, the hostile cavalry was speedily thrown into confusion, and scattered to the shelter of the elephants. The left of the enemy's line was thus at the very beginning utterly broken in pieces, and the solid infantry center, towered with the elephants, was exposed to flank attack. Of the chariots which supported the Indian left we hear nothing, strangely enough, in any of the accounts of the battle. Alexander won all his battles by first breaking the enemy's line, and localizing the battle at the wounded point. The point he chose for his blow in the battle of the Hydaspes was the suture between the elephants and the cavalry, and was determined by the necessity of avoiding the elephants.

The elephants on the left of the center were now driven forward to attack the united mass of Alexander's cavalry. The Indian cavalry rallied again to support them. The movement was oblique toward the left, for Alexander was on their flank. This broke their line, and here the advancing phalanx found its opportunity. At first the onrush of the strange monsters had driven back the Macedonian cavalry and riven asunder the solid mass of the infantry phalanx. But the veteran foot-soldiers stood their ground and fought, prodding the elephants with their long pikes, disabling the drivers, repelling the supporting infantry. Then came the rally of the Macedonian cavalry, driving in the Indian horse upon the elephants at the enemy's left, and cooping it up in the spaces between them. Following its advantage, the companion cavalry, now reuniting as if by instinct into a solid body, plied its furious attack upon the front and flank of the center. The elephants began slowly to retreat, still "facing the foe," as Arrian has it, "like ships backing water, and merely uttering a shrill, piping sound." The phalanx had now formed again into a solid body with linked shields, and so cavalry and infantry joined in slowly pushing the elephants back. As they retreated under pressure from front and flank, they were forced closer together. The troops placed between them were literally squeezed out of their place. The elephants trampled them underfoot. It became a confusion of horse- and foot-soldiers incapable of action, soon a rout. Riderless elephants turned in flight through the mob. Just as the battle was turning, and while yet the enemy's right still stood unengaged in line, Craterus came hastening over from the other river-bank to take the burden from the shoulders of the weary troops, who had added to their all-night toil more than a half-day's fighting; for it was now two in the afternoon.

Porus was no Darius. So long as any part of the line stood, he held his place, directing with vigor and intelligence the progress of the battle from his lookout on his elephant's back. At last, after every desperate effort to stay the rout, when all was in confusion, the attack thickening about him, and him-

self sorely wounded, he wheeled his elephant about and retreated. Alexander, struck with admiration for his coolness, and anxious to spare his life, sent first Taxiles, on horseback, to bid him stop; but the old man, when he saw his arch-enemy, menaced him with his javelin, and would have none of him. Then Meroes, an Indian, and old friend of Porus, was sent; and when he overtook him, Porus stopped, and, dismounting, asked for water to drink. "And after he had drunk some water, and felt refreshed, he bade Meroes lead him forthwith to Alexander; and Meroes led him thither."

Then Alexander, attended by a few of his body-guards, rode out to meet him; and when he saw the defeated king he checked his horse, and looked at him, "marveling at his noble, stately figure and his stature; for he was above five cubits in height. He marveled and admired him, too, that he did not seem cowed in spirit, but advanced frankly and fearlessly, as one brave man would meet another brave man, after gallantly struggling to defend his throne against another king. Alexander was the first to speak, bidding him say what treatment he would fain receive at his hands. 'Deal with me royally, Alexander.' Alexander was pleased at the word, and said: 'For mine own part, Porus, "royally" be it unto thee; but on thine own part, what is thy royal desire?' Porus, however, said he was content; 'royally' covered it all" (Arrian). This is the story that antiquity always told of the chivalrous meeting of these two Aryan gentlemen, who knew war as sport. Sportsmen always recognize each other, the world over.

The battle was over. In fineness of plan and brilliancy of execution it was Alexander's masterpiece. The army of Porus had been dashed in pieces, almost annihilated. According to Diodorus, twelve thousand had been slain; Arrian says twenty-three thousand. The chariots were shattered, their drivers killed. Eighty elephants were captured, but more had been killed. Among the slain were two sons of King Porus. Of the stately array that at morning lined the river-bank and defied advance, at evening nothing remained. So sharp does wit and will strike the balance of war.

On the site of the battle-field Alexander founded a city which he named Nicæa (Victoria); and on the other side of the river, near the site of his camp, he founded another, and named it from his faithful friend, the horse Bucephalus, who, as some say, wearied with fatigues and age, as others say, wounded in battle, died on the day of the victory. It was eighteen years that the horse had been constantly with him, sharing his lot, and ridden by none but him, and he deserved the honor. The monument survives to-day as the city of Jalalpur.

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSIT OF GLORIA MUNDY.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD.

E friend Clarence O'Shay was not especial for his beauty; but for character—and 't was the chaplain umself said it—O'Shay would celebrate umself as frequent as not. For once I remember a loud-howling thunder-storm at Norfolk, one night, and me and Clarence setting ashore in Handy Billy's Retreat, when all at once was a soul-splitting broadside of lightning, and Clarence rose up in the middle of his drink, and went outside, saying never a word. And after several minutes I missed his not coming back, and I went out to find him in the pouring rain. And across the street, in a flash that lit up the whole United States, I see little Clarence with his two hands above his head—ahold of a lightning-rod. "What are ye there for, all wet?" says I. "Sure. 't is the divil's own attack of lightning," says he, gripping the rod like a dying straw; "and I 'll take no chance to be hit. For what is the use of them safety devices," says he, "if no one will use them?" And he never let go, if ye kicked and explained and wept with him till morning. It was then, as in his affair with his heart between him and Miss Mundy, that his character stood out on him like the comb on a cock.

His affair of his heart was up North. Ye can still see the spot, no doubt, like a bear with a patch of its wool off. 'T is four miles

or more from Baranoff Castle, to port at the entrance of Silver Bay.

'T was one Sunday, laying at Sitka, and an old man come over the side with a look like the taste of bad medicine. A small pocket church organ was under his arm, and hymn-books, too; and his face all whiskers and hair. He give a black smile at the crew, as to say, "'T is a foul lot of cattle ye are!" and he went below. They was rapping the ship's bell for services; and young Tommy, the jolliest chaplain that ever shirked his prayers, says he to me: "'T is his own new religion, invented by the old man himself; and neither Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, nor pagan it is, but a deal of each—all dovetailed. And by Michelangelo," says the chaplain,—'t was before the department sent um uz resignation for being such favorites with women,—"by Michelangelo," says he, "the old man's daughter is the handsomest north of Cape Flattery!"

And me and O'Shay disappeared in the wake of the chaplain, and we found on the torpedo-flat the old man unlashing his church organ and shaking out its toes; and there, setting on a hand-pump, we come sudden on his daughter, like the unveiling of a statue. Her eyes was India ink, and her face the dimensions of a plum, with skin like ten dollars in gold.

"'T is half Siwash and half Yankee trader ye are," says I to meself; "and with them eyes ye could nail a common man to his doom." And she set like an elegant firefly in the middle of darkness, till every man present, and likewise the marines, stood mesmerized in his shoes; for she was dressed out all flying with colors, slick as parade. She inspected us freely, and no more scared than a baby; but none would provoke her but Clarence O'Shay, which was the rawest of the company; and a little squat carroty squab he was, with his two running lights blinking like bats.

"Will ye steady the hymn-book?" says the girl, smiling, and pointing plumb at O'Shay. We was all worrying at the fine lines of her, that was like the figure 8; but snicker we must, for Clarence's face dropped open, and his mouth give vent to a smile of dismay.

With that she begun disturbing the organ, till it groaned:

> Shall we gather at the river
> Where bright angel feet has trod?

And the old man bellered out to beat it if he could, with some of the crew bearing a hand, especially at the tail of a verse. And Clarence must crowd the balloon sleeve of the girl to hold quiet the music, though the breeze through the ports was impalpable. In the middle of each verse I see her casting her black eyes at his countenance, which would wink as if dazzled; and I noticed her fancy more pleased with the growly notes beneath O'Shay than them piping ones to leeward.

Next, the old man stood aiming his finger, shouting, "Ye 're all black-hearted sinners!" which was the start of the finest sermon I ever hear. "Ye 're all black-hearted sinners," he roared, "and your souls wallowing in the luxury of corruption, and every son of ye worm-eaten with the leprosy of Satan!" And with that he bore down on us like the Spanish Armadillo, shouting the catalogue of sins, and calling us blue, black, and red rascals to your heart's content.

But the girl was leaning back in her seat, with Clarence O'Shay and the organ and the howling of the sermon as obsolete as twenty miles away; and her eyes was half closed, thinking to 'emselves, with a bit of anxiety riding her brow, like a flaw on a pool. Till the old man give a shout that spent his wind, and the girl bolted up, observing O'Shay, as I says to meself, with a trifle of female calculation; and she worried the organ to "The Sweet By and By," with newfangled words to it. And him leaning over and hiding the music with his billet of a thumb, and her demure as a dove, but singing it now and again across his face, till I cocked me ears. And at the end I seen her bidding good-bys to him on deck, and wringing hands with him. The old man stopped and scowled back at the crew, as to say, "'T is maggots ye are!" Then he pursues her over the side, with his hand-organ.

Clarence O'Shay run up the mast with a spy-glass, and followed the girl over town till she hid herself with the copper-green church. "Hist, man!" says he, making beckons with his hands. "Lay up here." And with us two hanging like parrots aloft, he whispers in me ear.

"'T is a secret I have to tell ye," says he, "and no one shall know it but me. Ye mind when I leaned forninst her shoulder? She was talking and singing in me ear the while! When it was the first song, says she in the middle of it, singing along with the rest, but her eyes rolled up at the beams like innocent questions:

> '*Shall* we gather at the river?'

says she. And several times she sang it

that way; and I thought I see her laugh in her sleeve, till I chewed on it when the old man was ventilating his belief. Then it was 'The Sweet By and By,' with all hands going as ye please in the chorus, and she belting the little music-box to beat the band. When every one was crying:

'We shall meet—we shall meet!'

—as best I remember it—bedad, at the same time she was singing with a quarter of a glance past me face:

'*We* shall meet—*we* shall meet!'

Then next all the rest of them let go:

'We shall mee-t!'

paying it out slow, but hanging on to it; and the old man took it up by its middle, and says, as though it was settled:

'We shall *meet*—we shall *meet!*'

—till they all did meet at the end of it, and they says, all heaving together:

'We shall meet on that beautiful shore!'

But, bedad, the girl she let go both eyes at the beams to onc't, and she sings nothing in me ear but:

'Tuesday night on that Injun River shore!'

And at parting says she: 'Ye 'll soon forget the words ye heard this morning?' With that she gimme a look with wide eyes, and went overboard. What do ye make of it?" says Clarence.

So I went to Chaplain Tommy, that was smoking his cigar.

"Handsome she is," says he, agreeing, "and deep-running water, too—neither pious nor heathen, but the riddle of the Phenix. Her father with the organ is a bachelor, and it happened by accident. For Gloria was the daughter of Bald Eagle, that ruled near by Chilcat; and then old Mundy was living to himself at Sitka, being a landmark there before the purchase, and coming from where no one knows. A strange man he was, with his will-power stronger than his self-control, and mainly content to be pope and prophet of his own religion, and paddle his canoe, ten days to a cruise. Then along comes a Yankee to Chilcat, and makes a hole in the nest of Bald Eagle; and when Bald Eagle finds it out, he makes a hole in the Yankee, big as the moon. Till Bald Eagle gits word that a sergeant-marine is coming to chase him, and he ups and starts to meet the marine; which the bluebottle, by virtue of having ten mates with him, drops the old Eagle overboard into the tide from his canoe. Then, by a happy disaster," says the chaplain, "along comes old Mundy, nosing to himself through the Straits, and overhauls the empty canoe, that was full of war-truck and a small baby girl. ''T is a special dispensation!' says he, and he named her Gloria; and, as well as ye can raise a pansy to blossom for a lily, he raised the girl. 'For me daughter,' he would say, 'will bring the true religion back to them Injuns, and all over the universe—to the glory of the world,' says he. 'And when I die, all mine is hers, with privilege to marry at thirty, which is soon as women have sense.' For the girl but last year would be running away with a half-breed, and the old man tore the side of the Injun's head with a slug from his shot-gun, to the disappearance of him ever since. And some say she mourns him still, and many would sympathize with her; but the old man won't let 'em set foot in the garden."

Then me and O'Shay took verdict of what she had said, and Tuesday evening we went on the road winding back of the town. 'T is an elegant spot, and damp beneath the trees as a bog; and ye scarce drop your hat but a toadstool hops up there and grows on its brim. 'T was eight o'clock, with the sun in that latitude fifteen degrees in the sky. Six hundred yards from civilization we spied two females, setting with their eyes in the river, as if nothing would happen. And says O'Shay good evening to 'em.

"Eh?" says she—for it was she. "Oh!" says she, overhauling her mind. "It 's the same I met on shipboard. How happen ye here?"

"How!" says O'Shay. "Sure, I 'm gathering on the shore. For *we* shall meet," says he; "*we* shall meet!"

"I don't know what ye mean," says Gloria, looking off as blank as a bowl of milk. "But 't is a pleasant evening here."

"Sure," says O'Shay. "And have the elegance of taking this box of candy, with the pleasure of me compliments."

And I noticed the other girl, that was full Siwash, with a face to beat the rhinoceros, had drawn to one side, leaving the occasion to itself; and I went off behind a tree and smoked me pipe, while Clarence was searching his wits.

"'T is a fine evening, as you was saying," says Gloria, with a trace of a smile, as though he was comic.

"Sure," says O'Shay, a bit lacking for

remarks, "and pleasant, too," says he. And for a while I hear him scratching his head.

"Three weeks from now will be full moon," says he, all at once. And then for some time I hear 'em staring at each other.

"Are ye married at home?" says Gloria, by and by. "For men that has wives already should not be giving sweets to the girls."

"Married!" says O'Shay, overdoing himself. "Would I wear a ring in me nose?"

"Every man should be married," says she, stiffening up; "and one that scoffs at it is not usual the best in intentions. I must go, for I notice me brother coming, that would take it hard seeing us. Good-by, Mr. Sailor, and don't speak of this. For me father is that jealous of me as his soul," says she, with disgust in her voice, "and me kept penned away like a sacrifice, and me own house a stranger to even me brother. The first clear coast I ever had was next Friday, when me father is witness at court. Don't say that I noticed a stranger, though me father's hard heart be me ample excuse. Good-by," says she; "and a better respect for women come to ye soon; for maybe till then I won't expect to see ye."

And with that she skipped off to the other girl, twice as light as ye 'd think for the strength of her build. Soon she come past with the one she says was her brother. And the Injun, that was a broad-shouldered buck with hands like an oiler's, and nifty-looking, save the scar on his cheek, would stare at O'Shay till little Clarence was hurting to reach up and biff him. We walked back, sifting the conversation, till I says to O'Shay, bedad, that the girl was defending marriage to him, and to see her next Friday. And Clarence says that if it was marrying, why, he had nothing to lose by it; which was true, for he had nothing belonging to him but his pipe and his next month's pay.

"'T is an elegant creature it is!" says Clarence to himself. And he spoke the same in his sleep from his hammick. And all the next day he had absence of his mind, till I kept telling him he was in love; and Clarence would ask was he, sure? And it tickled him like a young mother. On Friday forenoon he give his head to the barber to fix it for the lady of his choice—till he looked like the light-weight champion.

"I dreamt of a cottage home, all crowded with victuals and beer," says he, smelling of bay-rum to drive ye to drink. "And I 'll leave the navy when married; for with that face asking it, she could git me a job as police."

Then we off to Gloria's house, and I waited in the garden, thinking with me pipe, and asking meself what a fine-flavored lass like Miss Mundy would want with a squab like O'Shay. Till I seen coming the Injun with the scar, and give warning, and none too soon; for the Injun found Clarence exuding from the house, and would be staring in Clarence's eye that hard that Clarence believed it his duty to do him up, since sooner or later a fight must be, the Injun being his brother-in-law. But Gloria whispered the Injun inside, and she blushed till I says to meself it was not her brother at all, but was the same that would carry her off last year. But what Clarence told going shipwards took it from me mind.

"'T is an elegant creature it is!" says he; "and her name will be Mrs. O'Shay. When I knocked she was playing the organ for 'Pat-says-he-what-says-he-where's-me-old-hat-says-he'—till me feet near run off in a jig; but when she heard the knock, and the rhinoceros-faced Siwash girl opened the door, she dissolved to the hymn called 'Revive us onc't more,' as though a mistake had been made. 'Oh, 't is but you!' says Glory, all setting in the latest millinery. 'I supposed 't was me father come to blow me up,' says she, 'for I thought I 'd seen the last of *you*.' ''T is me,' says I; 'and you not married yet?' 'Not yet,' says she, laughing, and playing the jig; 'for it needs a brave man; one,' says she, 'that can paddle his canoe by night, and not afraid of me father with his gun.' ''T is me that 's not,' says I; 'and name your time.' And with that she hit a few sounds, and stopped short. 'Will ye take me to Silver Bay by midnight,' says she, as if hit by a big idea, 'and fetch me the chaplain of the ship, with his book, to marry me?' 'I will!' says I. And with that we begun to talk; and she says how she knowed 't was the man for the purpose the first time she seen me."

Then I spoke to the chaplain for 'em.

"What!" says he. "Her marry an ass like O'Shay! Ye 're a badly implausible man, O'Heavey; and a loose-fitting tailor to the truth ye are!"

"Upon me heart, sir," says I, bowing, "'t is so."

"Then," says Tommy, pleased at the chance, "I 'll go talk to her."

And with considerable waylaying I negotiated 'em together that evening, with the chaplain rigged out in his shore clothes, with his collar that high that his toes would scarce touch the ground. But Miss Glory was timorous, and she would not speak the name of O'Shay, gazing at the ground till ye thought

she was six years old, and saying that yes, her choice had been made.

"And most uncommon sudden," says the chaplain; "and a bad sign for happiness. And your father will disinherit ye."

"Let um do it!" says she, flaring up as though ye had scratched a match. "Let him do it, and give his money to save the Chinese! Do ye think I 'll live me life like this? I 'm nothing but a nun,—the whole town knows it,—and his house nothing but a convent," says she, "and him a keeper that won't lemme say me soul 's me own. I can't go walk with a girl but he says 't is improper. If 't was no hope of better, I 'd drowned meself in the sea! What chance for a human life have I, with praying from morning till night, in words all guttural to me, and only hymns on the organ to please him, and pretending to fast for the good of me soul? What is his heathens to me—why, as good as him! And better than me, that is neither one nor the other, but just a young girl that would wish onc't a while to laugh on Saturday night, and have gentlemen friends, and dance a bit, and be like the young ladies below in the States. I 'll leave him and his money, if it breaks his hard old pagan heart; and ye can marry me or not, and ye can tell on me or not," says she, sobbing on her sleeve; "but I 'll git away—if I have to swim to Juneau; and if no preacher is there, so be it, and the divil have me; for I 'll never sing another hymn nor hear a sermon as long as I live, nor give a cent to the poor!"

And with that the chaplain took to comforting her hands, which was his favorite trick, with me looking north and south in me shame. And I seen Gloria peeping at him from the corner of her eyes.

"'T is not for me to say who ye shall marry," says Tommy; "but I warn ye that a common sailorman, and one of such parts as this Clarence O'Shay, is a bad handle to your natural advantages, which is sure to attract to ye men of brains and good luck. Me conscience tells me to warn ye; but if ye think no better of it, then count on me to marry ye to who ye shall choose; though I 'll be no party to your comings and goings till the minute of the ceremony."

And we come away, with the chaplain moaning to himself and gesticulating of pigs and pearls. On the pier was the Injun with the scar, talking with Clarence as easy as ye like. "'T is a decent young man, after all," says O'Shay; "for he says howdy-do, and he says 't was all a mistake, his evil eye. 'T was only I look like the man that stole his watch." And the Injun smiled and give us a chew of his plug. 'T was plain to see that he was the same that was shot with the slug, and ye liked him for it. I did n't know then that the Injun was just back from Juneau, and flying only by night, so that the old man would n't suspect him.

I fixed up the chaplain, and then I must take me safety in me hands to arrange with Glory her escapade from the house.

"Have care for your life in this place by night," says she, leaning over the fence; "for his mind is portending disasters, and his temper standing on end. Onc't I am married, and some one pursues me, me husband can shoot him in the eye of the law. But if me father with his gun should catch us leaving, 't is somebody killed."

"Git out!" roars old Mundy, coming to the door. "Come into the house, ye adventurous girl; and ye need n't eat till morning!"

And I went off without cursing him, which I lay it to me credit.

'T was by such that at eleven o'clock one night me and O'Shay rowed around from the Ranch, and past the castle, creeping along the beach to the Mission end of the town. The sun was two hours down, and the twilight gone chasing it till 't was near as dark as would be. And shortly we crawled in our socks through the garden, and set like frogs beneath the old man's window, waiting for the tune of his snore. At the sound of it, Glory says never a word, but she looks out from the second story, all wrapped in a cloak; and asking no persuasion, and silent as a spider, she slides down the dark on a clothes-line.

The rhinoceros girl must go, too, says she, stubborn as women can be; but the rhinoceros took the cold sweats, and never mind your cross-explanations, she 'd not offer herself to the air. Till Clarence shinned up the rope and lowered her down with a barrel hitch, kicking and puffing, and falling into me arms with a yell. And old Mundy rolled from his bed with a shout, and we put for the beach, the whole cavalcade, with Glory in the lead, goading the rhinoceros, and little Clarence jumping the fence. And we scarce had shoved off when I see the old man, half dressed in a sheet, running for the shore like a frozen spirit, with howling to shake the hills.

"He 'll git his gun and his canoe—'t is a fast one!" says Glory, standing up straight in the bow; and ye could see nothing but outlines of her, like a statue in the dark. "He 'd better stay at home!" says she; and that she

was the same that had wept with the chaplain ye would n't believe.

We watched the old man galloping for his canoe; but in a minute he stopped like his wits was pulled. For a stranger had rose from the canoe and paddled away with it; and, as now I know, 't was the Injun with the scar.

"Ye 're dom'd forever!" shouts the old man, roaring after us with his rage.

And says Glory: "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Ye have n't your gun, and ye can't spoil me life any more!"

"True for ye," says O'Shay, exerting umself with his oar. "But who the divil is this stealing your father's canoe?"

"'T is the sweetest angel on earth that did it!" says Glory, loud for a thousand yards, and hugging herself for joy. 'T was the first word she had spoke to O'Shay, and that she 'd not noticed him more, I took for maidenly fear.

"So it is, me darling," says O'Shay, calling attention to himself, that was by the shortness of his length but a fragment beside her.

"Ye need n't call me your darling," says Glory, turning on him and drawing away her skirts. "And mind ye don't do it again."

Such that Clarence got mad, and muttered to himself he would call her what he dom pleased when the knot was tied. And I give meself thanks for me freedom from women. We seen the stranger in Mundy's canoe absorbed in the gloom, with Glory spoiling our trim to watch him. Then the night was on a center, and ye just made out the lines of the mountains, with the lights of the town dropping out as we put it astern. And me and O'Shay rowed along sulky; for she set to herself like a captain, cooking her own designs; and the pleasant picnic me and O'Shay would have made of it soured before it was born.

"Why don't ye go faster?" says Glory, in a while, as though we was hired, and she at the end of impatience. "Don't ye know he 'll chase ye?"

But we mumbles we could take care of him. We was first headed seaward; but back of an island we altered our course, with Sitka disappearing, and a new color of darkness forestalling the morning. The face of the girl was taking shape, and I seen it all mingled with gladness and gloom, like the balance of an April day. And she fidgets and sighs like a tree before rain.

"Did the chaplain promise ye sure he would come?" says she, a bit sharp. "Don't say ye made a mistake! For I 'll never go back, if I lose me soul! I hope the old man's heart will dry and crack with the wind of his prayers," says she—or such words. "I hope he 'll live to die of second childhood, maltreated like me. 'T is been the same since five year old, when he would n't lemme git a doll at the mission Christmas tree, for fear of me changing belief. What 's that?"

'T was the ping of a bullet, with the bang of a rifle, coming from some direction in the gloom—'t was hard to tell where. The rhinoceros give a snort.

"Lie down in the bottom, all of ye!" says Glory, jumping over the thwarts till she grabbed my oar. We heard another shot. "Lie down," says she, "and me row; and when he sees me, maybe he 'll stop."

I muttered a swear, and I says did she think we was dough?

"Forrard with ye, and take cover!" says I.

"Yes," says Clarence; "all hands take cover but me; for the funeral is mine, and, bedad, I 'll steer it."

"I 'll do no such thing," says Glory, ducking at the sound of another shot.

"I 'll stay where I am," says I.

"You 'll take orders!" says Clarence, firing up. "Is this your wedding procession, or is it mine, ye pig-headed spider!" says he, putting his thumb up at me.

"It 's mine," says Glory; "and suppose he would kill the both of ye, how could I repay ye? For I warn ye, ye 'll not be half rewarded for escaping me from me father," says she, pushing and hauling with us. I thought the boat would capsize and us drowned, with our expostulations, till we noticed the old man had ceased firing. The bullets had been plunked at random, with the hopes of finding us out; but he had lost our trail by the misleading of our voices.

"Good!" says Glory. "Brave and honest ye are, O'Heavey; and don't take hard of me words. 'T is life and death, and me locked in me room since yesterday, and not a bite. For he says the evil spirit must starve in me flesh. Many 's the day I 've spent likewise, till I 'd crawl down-stairs and steal food in the night to keep from freezing. So don't take it hard. Sure," says she then, calming her voice, "if I was rich I 'd pay the two of ye handsome."

Even O'Shay understood that such talk to the man ye elope with is something ye can't understand; and Clarence blowed loud on his nose with the elegant plaid pocket-handkerchief which consisted of his trousseau; but the sound of it passed by her ears.

"For I never had nothing of me own," she goes on, "not even a rag doll. He said I was chose for a mission, and me life belonging to God, that sent him to save me. 'T was just as well if I died. And will the chaplain sure find the place?" says she.

'T was gitting daylight, and them eyes of hers showing from the pale of her cheek. We was off in the wilderness, crowded by mountains thick wooded with trees to the swash of the tide; and I see a clear coast behind. The landing-place Glory would fix for herself, and the stopping-place, half-way up a hill, where she said we would see the launch when it come. She says she was cold; and we lighted a fire, both growling inside at her way; for she seemed to consider me and O'Shay, if at all, as but beasts. She had no remarks, but was watching the wind, and would throw weeds to the flames till the smoke curled away like running to tell where we was; and all the time she would be hurrying to look for the chaplain, though we told her the steam-launch would bring him, and blow on its whistle. Me and O'Shay set drinking perfumery, the whisky of civilization being barred to the Territory by law; and Glory would not participate, saying such things was the curse of mankind. "'T is still an elegant creature it is," says O'Shay, apologizing for her, "though a bit unusual. But most of them women," says he, fanning himself to look undisturbed, "is all alike." And he would gaze offhand at her, looking blank as if 't was nothing at all, yet with Glory now and then stumbling over him and turning to find what it was. Till finally Clarence's face give it up, and he set beating the ground with his fist. And for me, I mumbled it was a ladies' pleasure-party him and me was flunkies to. Then she see our distemper; and with that she threw back her head, with her hands on her hips, and discovered her teeth with smiles.

"I thought it the custom of gentlemen sailors to drink to the health of the ladies present," says she; "and here ye are, like pigs in the trough!"

"Then here 's to the health of Miss Gloria Mundy," says I; "and may the corners of your mouth always point to the sky."

"And never regret that ye rose to be Mrs. O'Shay," says Clarence, swelling his chest.

By her advice, we drank to the rhinoceros, though more for the sake of the drink; and then to the chaplain; and then to the man that stole Father Mundy's canoe—which I did n't know then was the Injun with the scar.

"For he 's ten times the best of any of ye," says Glory, singing it as though our liquor had gone to her head.

The time begun going fast, and the sun painting the sky; and the perfumery sent up Clarence's spirits till he says, after all, 't was an elegant lass she was. She stood high on a mound behind the fire, with her black hair loose and flying in her face, and her nose as straight as a rule; and she laughed with excitement, with the smoke flaunting up between us and her, till your heart flapped with admiration.

"Long life to me Mrs. O'Shay!" shouts little Clarence, exulting over her like an apple on a bough; and he could stand it no longer, but ups and afters her, calling, "A kiss to sweeten me drink, me darling!"

But just then we heard the smashing of bushes; and here, in the crack of a thumb, we seen appearing, first the Injun with the scar, with a rope tied round his neck, ready for hanging; then old Mundy umself, in his shirt, trousers, and beard, holding the end of the rope, and prodding the Injun in the rear with a rifle. The rhinoceros lit out for the woods.

"Ye *will* kidnap me daughter, ye brace of man-thieves!" says the old man, with the rifle resting on his arm and pointing at the group of us. "Ye *will* combine to marry her to a sneaking aboriginee like this I have on the end of a string!" says he. "God would forgive me for shooting him now."

"You leave him alone!" says Glory, making a rush for the weapon, and turning it off. "I 'm done with your wild dervish tactics," says she. "If it 's shooting, shoot me."

"Off, ye lost angel!" cries old Mundy. "There 's not one of ye fit to live. The divil has one and all of ye, and I would do the service of God if I blowed ye all back to Satan in a heap."

Me and O'Shay made a grab, and twisted his firearms away from him, him frothing at the mouth with rage. In the midst of it we heard the whistle of the steam-launch, that had gone by without our knowing, and stopped a short way beyond. We seen the Injun and Glory running off together up the trail.

"Head 'em off!" shouts the old man. "They 're gone to elope with each other."

"Divil a bit," says O'Shay. "'T is me that your daughter has came here to marry; and ye can ram that information hard down the bowl of your pipe."

"You—ye little red Irish flea!" says the old man—or such words. "Then what for do

the two of 'em chase off holding each other's hands?"

Then I seen what was the explanation of Glory for all the time in the boat.

"Ye can give it up, little man," says I, laying me hand on Clarence's shoulder. "She 's put up the job to marry the Injun, and you nothing but the baboon's paw to draw the old man's fire."

But ye might as well explain to his thick little skull as a stone.

"Avast!" he bawls. "I 'll chase her till me feet wears off me stumps!"—shaking his fist at her; and he put off up the mountain-side, with his two little bandy legs twinkling like spokes, and me and old Mundy pursuing the rear. The trail led up around a spur and down the other flank, to meet the steam-launch. Away went the five of us, leaping like hare and hounds at a hurdle-race, with Glory leading the line up the steep, and skipping like air over trees and boulders, and wearing, as I remember to this day, brown stockings on her feet.

"Come here!" yells Clarence, his voice smelling loud with perfumery. "For I 'll chase ye till the hairs of me head is as missing as an egg!"

But never a word says Glory, running like a chammy, and her face white with fear. I seen her throw up her chin and shut her teeth, then draw away like a winner, with the Injun behind her, still dragging the rope from his neck. We come where the trail split and joined further on; and Glory took the long of it, fearing the short of it, that led by the edge of a sharp decline. She disappeared around the bend, and the ground give way beneath our feet, and the three of us stopped and grabbed each other. At the same time I suddenly see ten thousand cataclysms of brown stockings exploding in the air. I found meself hurling through space, hand hold of old Mundy's beard, and with total disregard to the laws of gravitation.

When I returned to meself, it was laying on me back, afraid to more than half open me eyes for fear the jar of it would bring down the rest of the mountain. The fresh dirt was commingling with me face and insides, and all around I heard the light swash of the ripples of the bay, which laid lapping me feet, with a bald eagle looking down at me from a tree-top with its eye.

Then I heard a trembling voice behind me. 'T was old Mundy praying, with a bloody nose. The Lord had seen fit to spare his own half-sinful life, says he, while at the same time executing judgment on the two rascally villains that laid dead beside him. But he says he hoped the Lord would have mercy on our souls; for he would n't enter no complaints if we was spared from a hot hereafter and let wander in space, groaning over our misdeeds. He begun mumbling out of a prayer-book the service for dead souls, winding up with: "O Lord, forgive them their transgressions. Amen!"

In the middle of it I set up and looked for little Clarence. I seen him, like a log at the water's edge, with the rising tide spattering his face, that was gray as a fistful of putty.

"Ye brass old Cogswell image!" says I. "What do ye sit there for, with a man drownding to death behind your back?"

I stooped over to haul little Clarence up and empty the water from him. Old Mundy jumped out of his skin, and landed on my back.

"'T is you—you that connived this conspiracy, ye white-headed sepulcher!" says he. "Take that, and that, and that, ye Satan!" says he. And he hammered me with his prayer-book till it went to pieces and filled the air that full of beseeches as a church chimney. The profanity of it lost me me temper, and I bucked him into the water, where he sizzled for a second like a live coal.

"Come to, Clarence, me boy!" says I, shaking him, and glad at the color of life that showed in his face.

"Is the ceremony over?" says Clarence, with his eyes shut.

"'T was no ceremony," says I. "'T was a landslide."

"And me wife?" says Clarence, a bit confused.

"Begad," says I, "your wife has gone to her wedding."

The launch come panting around the point.

"Have ye seen Miss Gloria Mundy, sir?" says I.

"I just married her to the Injun with the scar," says the chaplain. "And good luck 't was not your drunken O'Shay. Dear me, what 's the matter of him?"

We all looked off at a sail-boat scudding with the Injun and the rhinoceros and Glory. Old Mundy sent up a howl.

"She that I bred to save souls!" says he.

"And two pints of perfumery smashed in me breeches!" says O'Shay, mumbling.

And says the chaplain, with a smile: "Sick transit, Gloria Mundy!"

"I wish her the same," says I to meself; "for she did n't treat Clarence square."

THE RIVER OF TEA.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE Yangtsze-Kiang, the Great Muddy River of China, which by a faulty tracing of the Chinese characters representing it has enjoyed such poetic English equivalents as "Son of the Ocean" and "Child of the Sea," is one of the great rivers of the globe.

The British besieged and took some of the cities of the Lower Yangtsze in the opium war, and in the treaty of Tientsin (1861) the ports of the lower river were opened to foreign trade, the upper ports being opened by the Chifu convention (1876) and the treaty of Shimonoseki (1895). A fleet of river and ocean steamers maintain communication between Shanghai and Hankow, six hundred miles from the sea, above which point smaller river steamers ply regularly to Ichang, a thousand miles from the sea. Although the right of steam-navigation over the fourteen hundred miles to Chungking was conceded at Shimonoseki, Chinese obstinacy and conservatism prevented its fulfilment until March, 1898, three months after which all the internal waterways were open to foreign vessels.

The large river steamers time their leaving Shanghai so that they may pass the dangerous shoals and quicksands of Lang Shan Crossing, above Tsung Ming Island, by daylight and with a favorable tide. Leaving Shanghai after midnight, our steamer, the *Nganking*, was well into the broad river by breakfast-time; but, with the Yangtsze there seventeen miles wide, it was long before shores or any landscape features appeared. Then a pagoda showed on a distant islet, a line of green hills approached the river, and pagodas, forts, batteries, and long-running walls stood out against backgrounds of intense green, fortifications mounted with ten- and twelve-inch Krupp guns at the time of the war with Japan. It was a mild, soft, gray November day, half rainy, half misty, the air sodden and saturated with the depressing dampness of Eastern Asia, typical Yangtsze weather. The steamer whistled as it neared a cluster of buildings at a creek's mouth, and large, flat-bottomed boats, with passengers and freight crowded indiscriminately together, came out and made fast to the steamer's guards. All this way-cargo, living and inanimate, tumbled or was tumbled in pell-mell, with uniform celerity and unconcern, joining a confused half-acre of the same damp, dirty, ill-favored, ill-smelling boxes, bags, mats, and people. There were the same unpleasant type of countenances commonest at Shanghai, the same greasy blue-cotton or glazed calico clothes seen everywhere in the unsavory empire, the same frightful monotony of life and character among this least attractive people of earth. The cargo and passengers destined for the creek-side landing were hurled into the flat-boats with as little ceremony, with the bells ringing and the boat in motion before the last pigtailed parcel had been shoved off. The *Nganking* churned on through the long, damp, dreary afternoon, boat-loads of common cargo and common people tumbling off and on the steamer as it swung to in the stream before each town.

The lower deck was packed with chattering creatures smoking, eating, sleeping, gambling among and over their heterogeneous belongings—eight hundred of these yellow beings herded in a space not sufficient for two hundred white emigrants on the other side of the globe, a most profitable live cargo, moved without handling or feeding or risks. On the upper deck the *Nganking's* spacious, spotless decks and cabins furnished all the comforts, latest improvements, and gilded splendors one could wish to find on Hudson or Mississippi river boats; electric lights, luxurious upholstery, a piano, potted palms, scattered books and magazines, and a well-served table securing one's content. Eternal thrift, the total want of any fastidious taste or senses, a camaraderie and equality, a true democracy and fraternity, unseen elsewhere, often move even rich and official Chinese to herd with the commoners on the steerage-deck—or send their families there; for I once saw a Chinese admiral

sprawling at his ease on the silken cabin sofas, while his wives and children went in the crowded promiscuity of the steerage. Unbounded disgust is felt by foreign captains, Chinese stewards, and menials when mandarins appear in the first cabin, with their water- and opium-pipes, tribes of servants, and mountains of small baggage. Rules of conduct in conspicuous Chinese text are unheeded, and nothing can prevent their bringing on their own greasy and malodorous foods, which they strew over rich carpets, curtains, and couches as unconcernedly as on a yamun's stone floor.

Unfortunately, it was dark when we passed through the narrow channel by Silver Island and saw the lights of Chin-kiang twinkling on a hillside and far along the river-bank; for this is one of the picturesque parts of the river, with two landscape ornaments of sacred islands that have been favorite themes for poets, painters, and gem-carvers for centuries. Silver Island (Tsiao Shan) and Golden Island (Kiu Shan), which lie off Chin-kiang, are both abrupt rock masses which Buddhism sanctified and beautified in the long ago. Both islands were covered with temples, towers, terraces, and carved gateways; both were visited by Ming and Manchu emperors; and the sounds of gong and bell and chanting priests were continuous. In Marco Polo's time there were two hundred priests on Silver Island, and Golden Island was the depository of an imperial library, the only similar book collections being at Peking and Hangchow. Old pictures, precious jade, crystal, and ivory carvings, show in miniature what the sacred islands were, for to-day they are desolate and in ruins. British forces occupied Golden Island during the siege of Chin-kiang in 1842, and it is to be regretted that one of the British officers did not carry out his intention of sending the library to the British Museum, since those books and the library at Hangchow were later destroyed by the Taiping rebels. The Taipings destroyed temples, shrines, and sacred groves, wreaking their wrath more especially upon Silver Island, because the priests had sheltered an imperial official there. After that the American consul secured the island's immunity by establishing his residence there, and the "flowery flag" or "gaudy banner," as Chinese call our intricate arrangement of colored stripes and pointed spots, flew from the sacred summit until ruined and desolate Chin-kiang was freed from the rebels. During the war with Japan batteries were mounted again, and all sacredness would seem to have fled. A few priests maintain a tradition of Buddhism, but the grottoes and niches and groves no longer shelter saints, and hermits attempting buddhahood, and even the cave temple of the river-god who checks floods and rains has lost vogue in this day of dilapidation and disillusionment.

Chin-kiang has always enjoyed commercial importance from its position at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Yangtsze. Besieged and bombarded by the British in 1842, captured by the Taiping rebels in 1853, and recaptured by the imperialists in 1857, the city was only a waste space of ruins when opened to foreign trade in 1858. As population gathered it was rebuilt, trade increased, and there was monotonous prosperity until one of those insensate anti-foreign riots occurred in 1889, the mob attacking, looting, and destroying all the foreign buildings save the Catholic mission, and driving the foreign residents to some cargo-hulks, where they defended themselves until taken off by gunboats. By one of those fortunate accidents that just save our foreign service now and then, the United States consul at Chin-kiang was a veteran in consular and Eastern service, whose courage and sturdy Americanism were a match for the wiles of the tao-tai, or local governor, who had short orders from Peking to settle for the damage wrought. Other consuls accepted minimum sums for their losses, and obliged their countrymen to do the same; but General Jones stood for ample indemnity or none, and the meekness of the other consuls in accepting any trifle "for peace' sake," and "lest it embarrass trade relations," only added fuel to his ire. The tao-tai made several visits and specious pleas, without General Jones abating one cash of his first demand; and meanwhile Peking inquired of the tao-tai: "Have you settled with those foreign devils yet?" "Why don't you pay those claims at once?" etc. The "river" was convulsed with accounts of General Jones's encounters with the mercenary tao-tai, and of that final scene where the bluff and bellicose American, advancing with uplifted forefinger, thundered at the tao-tai: "*You*, sir, are the tao-tai of Chin-kiang" (every word fraught with superb scorn and contempt), "while I, *I*, sir, am the American Consul!" This, delivered with a swelling breast, a magnificent, New-World, broad-continent gesture, the mien and voice of Jove, made the trembling tao-tai turn pale green and cease his haggling. General Jones received his full indemnity, and from

that time enjoyed more consideration and influence among the Chinese than any other foreigner on the river. A General Jones in every port, and a dozen of his doubles to represent the great but feeble powers at Peking, would have awakened China long ago, and possibly prevented the sad collapse, the cool dismemberment of the moribund empire that we see to-day. As this kindly old Virginia gentleman, with a personality as lovable and truly Southern as the immortal Colonel Carter of Cartersville, was one of the oldest, ablest, most experienced and efficient American consuls in China or the East, he was the most promptly removed by the new administration in 1897; but before his successor could arrive and relieve him of office and honors, the rare old soul "thanked the world," and went where spoilsmen, "plums," and office-seekers could never rout him more. The many picturesque incidents of his life in Japan and China have passed into the fixed traditions of the East, where an unending procession of American consuls have come and gone in quadrennial relays without the whole passing company making the same impress on their times as did this one competent and intensely American consul.

The Grand Canal, which leads southward from Chin-kiang to the rich cities of Soochow and Hangchow and the great silk districts of China, continues northward from the opposite bank of the Yangtsze to the walls of Peking. The disastrous floods of the Yellow River have rendered parts of the canal useless, and the tribute rice, the silks of the south, the tea, and the porcelain do not all go to Peking by that route now. Steamships convey those products to Tientsin, and the imperial red rice-boats maintain some show of their old importance as they creep up the Peiho to the imperial granaries of the capital. A German railway from Tientsin to Chin-kiang may parallel the canal in the next century. Twelve miles within the Grand Canal's entrance, the great city of Yang-chow, which Marco Polo governed, conceals its ancient walls and a population estimated at from three hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand. It is a greater city than Chin-kiang, a city of great riches and pride, of fine temples and shops, the home of retired scholars and officials, and of the keenest and most critical bargainers in all China —an unspoiled paradise to the curio-hunter.

The hills rise to mountains between Chin-kiang and Nanking, where the river breaks through a geologic barrier, and besides the attractive scenery there is much game in the region. Wild-boar hunts over the harvested fields tempt Shanghai sportsmen every autumn, and the peasant proprietors even welcome foreigners who rid them of the formidable animals.

Nanking, the southern capital of the Ming emperors, and, until Taiping times, a center of arts and luxury, literature and learning, stands back from the river-bank, and one sees only its encircling walls and the waste hillside it incloses within its protective barrier. A modern fort and barracks front the river-bank, but a carriage-road, where jinrikishas ply, leads five miles back to the main city gate. The Taiping rebels, who started from Kwangsi in 1850, destroyed in turn all the cities of the Yangtsze, and held their infamous court at Nanking for ten years before yielding to the "Ever-victorious Army," which, raised and drilled by the American adventurers Ward and Burgevine, was finally commanded by the English Major Gordon. While Hung-siu-tsuen, the "Heavenly Prince," reigned at Nanking, his troops were arrayed in the plundered silks of the rich cities near, and they reveled in loot and license. They destroyed the great white porcelain pagoda of Nanking, the most beautiful tower in China. The mad extravagance of the Taiping court, the ruthless destruction of myriad smaller works of art, make the tourist groan as he prowls among the rubbish and junk of its curio-shops, and hears of courtyards strewn with powder and fragments of porcelain, jade, and crystal, of pictures and hangings trodden in mire and deluged with the blood of the slaughtered.

American missionaries maintain schools and a hospital, and a university for the higher education of Chinese youth; and the viceroy, who could never spare a cash for such innovations, maintains a naval school, batteries of Krupp guns, and a military establishment where German instructors vainly tried to teach the Chinese how to shoot and march. The Prussian drill-sergeants were so freely and frequently mobbed, stoned, and driven from the parade-ground that a perpetual object-lesson in civil war reigned at the garrison, until the foreign officers resigned. Yet we read and we read of the Yellow Peril, of the inexhaustible recruiting-ground that China offers, of the millions, of the masses of raw material of armies that wait only for foreign leadership.

For another day of travel up-stream the Yangtsze flows between green hills, the river-bed bordered with giant reeds ripened to a

rich dull yellow and harvested by blue-clad farmers, who poled Lilliputian boats in among stalks twelve, fifteen, and twenty feet high. Junks with dark-brown butterfly-sails make pictures on the oily brown river that cuts through the East and West Pillar Hills, which form the Gates of the Yangtsze, abrupt heights carrying picturesque forts and walls.

On the third morning we had reached the scenic stretch of the Lower Yangtsze, and a marvelously clear, soft, rain-washed atmosphere, flooded with early yellow sunlight, made every contour and color-tint tell. Quaint farm-houses beneath spreading trees, ancestral tombs like small temples, black cattle browsing on green meadows or wandering beside gigantic reeds, made pleasing pictures of rural China. There were mountains on each side, and where the river came through a narrow gorge the pinnacle rock of the Little Orphan (Siau-ku-Shan) stood in the midst of the river, a fantastic two-story pagoda topping the cliff that rose sheer three hundred feet from the water. A great stretch of "chow-chow water" about a rocky point drew flocks of birds to fish in the swift, white-capped stream, and a few gorged and sleepy cormorants blinked by their nests on the Little Orphan's sides. The steeper front of this islet facing up-stream is built over with temples and monastery walls, which fit into the great rock mass as if a part of it, red balconies and roofs furnishing the one high note of color. The season's high-water mark is traced in a muddy band at the base of this tiny Mount St. Michel, and one with difficulty picks out the lines of staircases and galleries cut in the rock, by which the lone friars mount to their aery. The shrines are neglected and dilapidated, the priests few and poor, and although once richly endowed by an emperor's mother, with souvenir poems cut in the everlasting limestone as record of illustrious and contributing visitors, revenues are now scant and votaries far between.

The provinces of Anhwei and Kiangsi meet on the south shore of the Little Orphan gorge, and twenty miles beyond one looks down a narrow water-corridor to Lake Poyang, the tapering mass of Big Orphan Island finished with a fine needle of a pagoda filling the middle distance. The city of Hu-kan, or "Lake's Mouth," a picturesque, red-roofed and white-walled, almost Spanish-looking place, balances on the edge of steep cliffs, at the base of which flows the river of clear water from the lake. A fine old yamun and fort at the edge of town, and a fortified monastery, with rows of ascending and overlapping gables and roofs and walls, held by a truculent, swash-buckling company of priests to whom all river-folk give a wide berth and bad name, tempt a visit for the sake of the picturesque; but not the customs commissioner at Kew-kiang, nor any European there, had ever visited Hu-kan or the militant monks, to tell me any more.

Beyond the clear river, Lake Poyang stretched away in placid blue and pearly distance, a mirage of islands showing in remotest azure. "I spread my sail to enter on the mirror of the sky," sighed Li Tai Peh, and there are poets' groves and classic vales along the lake more celebrated in verse than any other in China. It is a sacred lake, too, with state worship paid its spirits, sacrifices and offerings made when the emperor's annual epistle to the genius of the lake is read and burned at the chief temple. The choicest tea districts of China slope from its shores and tributaries, and the great potteries of Kingteh-chin have their port and market at Jan-chau, on the east shore of Poyang. The potteries, forty-five miles up the river from Jan-chau, date from earliest times, the famous imperial factories established by the Ming emperors in the sixteenth century being but a small ward in the great industrial city of a half-million people that stretched for three miles along its river-bank. All the materials for porcelain-making, the kaolin and petuntze, exist in the hills about the city, which for centuries was one of the four great marts of China. Chinese records and Jesuit priests have written of Kingteh-chin in its days of greatness, when inspired workmen were producing pieces which have been the delight and despair of the Western World for three centuries, Dresden, Sèvres, and Delft factories being founded only to imitate them. With the rapid decay of all the arts, the utter and complete degeneration of the Chinese people in this century, the standards of Kingteh-chin had fallen low, when the destruction of the city and wholesale slaughter of the potters by the Taiping rebels gave the death-blow to the ceramic art in China. Although Kingteh-chin has been partly rebuilt and work resumed at some five hundred kilns, the wares are of the most common and vulgar sort, coarse travesties of the miracles of beauty and skill that used to come from its furnaces.

The great trade route to Southern China up this river and over the Meiling Pass, "the

throat of the north and south of China," seems as well used now as in earlier days before open ports and steam-navigation. This overland route to Canton offers a most attractive house-boat and walking tour to a traveler, but, save for Abbé Huc and the missionaries, few Europeans have attempted it. In the great days of the East India Company, and when Canton was the only port open to foreign trade, the black tea and the choicest green teas went that way from Anhwei and Kiangsi. Until 1898 steam-navigation was prevented from resorting to Lake Poyang, and the officials refused to allow steam-launches to tow junks or rafts on the squally and dangerous lake, lest cargoes reach their destination too quickly and "spoil business"—the governor at Nanchang keeping a steam-launch himself, however, to tow his own house-boats and his timber-rafts. Through British diplomacy steam-navigation was conceded on all internal waterways in 1898. The United States steamship *Detroit* made a tour of the lake during the high water of 1896, creating the greatest sensation among simple rustics and irate officials; and the railway of the American syndicate from Hankow to Canton will gird the lake shore and stir their wrath early in the next century.

Kew-kiang is four hundred and forty-five miles from Shanghai, and presents a long gray crenelated wall to the river, along the bank of which continues the foreign settlement, with its broad bund road and shade-trees, its imposing French mission buildings, consulates, important hongs or mercantile houses, and residences.

To visit Kingteh-chin and see even the decay of its great art was the definite errand I had set myself in China that year; but the nearer I drew to Kingteh-chin, the vaguer the whole subject grew. The hideous china-shops in Kew-kiang told little that one wanted to know, and Kew-kiang shopkeepers seemed to know less. There were no "serious amateurs" of porcelain among the foreign residents, but the resident physician, the one most interested in ancient art, who found his delight in bronzes, admitted having acquired a few plates by accident. I shall not soon forget the effect on that dreary day when I passed from his hallway, filled with interesting bronzes, and the opening of the drawing-room door was like a burst of sunshine—a drawing-room the wall-spaces of which glowed with great plates and plaques of imperial yellow, each disk a glory of the purest daffodil glaze, manufactured during this or the preceding emperor's reign, and showing that the achievements of Kingteh-chin could be repeated when the emperor wills.

"Yes, you can go to Kingteh-chin, if you are helplessly bent on it," said the kindly doctor. "You must have a special passport and a military escort from the viceroy, and he will take weeks to grant it, and then send word ahead to have you scared off; and the escort will probably alarm you enough at sight. However, you could get a junk here, and with a hulk-man from one of the hongs to be responsible for the crew, you would be safe enough to Jan-chau, where the French mission and convent would take you in. The priests can give you every information, get you a guide and small boat for the river trip; but the potters are a very bad lot. There is little to see, and they won't let you see it—that is, see it peaceably and intelligently, as you might expect to see potteries in Japan. The game is not worth the candle. Take my advice and stay away. Come with me to the American mission, and maybe the ladies there can arrange for you to visit the yamun of the official who has transmitted the Peking orders to the potteries and passed upon all the imperial palace porcelains for these thirty years. His yamun is crammed with porcelains, and he could tell you more about Kingteh-chin than you could find out by going there."

It was a long, chilly ride across town to the mission, through a labyrinth of narrow streets where men in high boots with hob-nailed soles clamped noisily over the flagstones, holding up their skirts with both hands, and wearing flannel hoods that fell in long capes over their shoulders. Waste places told where some temple or yamun had stood before the Taipings' sad havoc. When we reached the mission the one who knew the porcelain mandarin's family best was absent, and in any event it would have been a matter of days to arrange to visit the wives of the family and talk ceramics to the master, who annually orders and critically inspects some forty thousand taels' worth of porcelains made for the Peking palace. The wives of this ceramic grandee were not to be called upon without warning by any casual stranger, nor in haphazard quarter-hours by any old friend, either. Time must be given to prepare things in the women's quarter; time to smoke and drink tea with the idea; time for the women to have their hair built up in elaborate designs and their best clothes donned—a dozen successive layers of best clothes, so that they may graciously comply

with a visitor's insistence that the hostess shall lay aside her top-coat of ceremony, and comply again and again until she is peeled of the dozen layers of silk, brocade, satin, and crape. Steamers and seasons may come and go, but Chinese etiquette demands time, and more time; and so I never saw the glories of that yamun, what models and duplicates of imperial porcelains were hoarded there, the rejected pieces with imperceptible flaws and imaginary defects, and all the private imperial marks.

The foreign settlement of Kew-kiang is one of the many "ovens" of China, the thermometer often marking 102° and 107°, and this heat continuing in a heavy, motionless, damp, and exhausting atmosphere for days at a time during the midsummer weeks when commercial life is busiest. The tea season opens at the end of April, and the choicest teas of all China, growing in the hilly regions around Lake Poyang, are marketed at Kew-kiang. Kiangsi, like Anhwei, was formerly a great green-tea province, and much of its crop was carried over the Meiling Pass and sold to foreign traders at Canton. As more and more black tea was demanded with the increasing intelligence and taste of barbarian tea-drinkers, more and more black tea was made; but it was not until Mr. Robert Fortune had made his personal visit to all the tea districts of China in 1845 that it was known that the black and green teas of commerce came from the same bushes, the difference lying in the different methods of curing the leaf.

Kew-kiang, which was at first the great green-tea port, shipped 230,367 piculs[1] of tea in 1896, of which only 38,793 piculs were green tea. The famous Moning, Moyune, or Wuning teas, the Ening, Kaisow, Ningchow, and Keemung teas, are grown within five days' journey, or one hundred miles, of Kew-kiang, and native buyers go to those chosen valleys and hillsides when the first leaves open, and buy the standing crops for the great British and Russian exporting firms at the river ports. One Russian firm, lately removed from Hankow, manufactures brick-tea for the Siberian market, and "tablet-tea" of the finest green leaves compressed into thin cakes grooved in divisions like chocolate, an article of luxury for fastidious travelers and campaigners in European Russia.

The British concession holds the little foreign settlement of Europeans, who live side by side with the inhabitants of the Chinese city. Beyond on the river-bank is a low mud flat, inundated every year, which was conceded as an American settlement, but never used, as the American mission establishment is in the heart of the native city. The great barrier of Lien Shang, which shuts off the south wind in summer, is one reason for the excessive and sickening heat of Kew-kiang; and the American missionaries, who have been pioneers in such exploration and discovery of available health retreats near their field of work in both China and Japan, were first to utilize Lien Shang itself, and find high, cool plateaus and valleys where they could buy useless and neglected land cheaply, and put up summer homes. Their primitive camp has grown to a considerable resort, and Kuling, at an elevation of three thousand feet, is refuge and sanatorium for all the heated Yangtsze valley settlements. It is only ten miles up a steep mountain road to the cool, wind-swept valleys of summer delight, while in winter frost and light snow offer tonic and cure to malaria and fever-worn systems.

The one hundred and eighty-seven mile reach of river between Kew-kiang and Hankow is justly lauded as one of the fine scenic stretches of the lower river, the Yangtsze there cutting through a range of limestone hills that divide it into many lake-like stretches, richly weathered cliffs rising from the water, and green hills rising in overlapping ridges. The Yangtsze was fast subsiding in that last week of November, and navigation becoming safer and easier as the banks and landmarks emerged from the yellow flood, and the regular channels were defined. An Odessa tea-steamer bound down from Hankow had touched on the flats above Kew-kiang a few days before, and with all efforts the cargo could not be lightered fast enough to offset the falling river, nor could the strongest ocean tugs dislodge her from the bed of soft, sticky mud. Coming down-stream six weeks later, we saw the ship standing high and dry an eighth of a mile back from the water, shored up as in a dry-dock, roofed over, and furnished with outer stairways, like pictures of ships in the Arctic. Stranger things yet happen along this river when all the landmarks and boundaries are submerged, and some of the riverine incidents match anything from the "Peterkins" or a comic opera. One year a passenger-steamer found itself aground in a rice-field far from the river-bank, and the water fast subsiding. The rice-farmer raged violently,

[1] A picul weighs one hundred and thirty-three pounds avoirdupois.

talked of trespass and ground-rent, forbade any injury to his property by trench-digging, and finally forced the ship-owners to buy his field as a storage-place for the vessel until the next year's flood should release it. Then the river rose in a sudden and unparalleled after-flood, and floated away the impounded ship. Meanwhile, a war-junk which had been sent for to quell the riotous people ran aground in another field while seeking the besieged ship, and the mad country-folk, cheated of their winter prey and profits, set upon the dread engine of war with pitch-forks, drove off the braves and the commander of the battle-ship, looted the junk of every portable object, and made winter fuel of its timbers.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND, IN THE YANGTSZE BELOW LAKE POYANG.

Hankow, the great tea-market of China, and its companion cities of Hanyang and Wuchang, six hundred miles up-stream from Shanghai, together present one of the greatest assemblages of population in China. Abbé Huc, who passed this way in 1845 and wrote the most interesting and still useful travelers' book about China, estimated the combined population of the three great cities at eight million, and drew amazing pictures of the crowded river life of the Han and Yangtsze, a floating population depleted by thousands in the miles of burning junks when the Taiping rebels got their first taste of blood and plunder in the destruction of the three cities. For half the year the Yangtsze runs at the foot of a forty-foot stone embankment where broad flights of steps lead up to the park, or bund, of the British concession, a model foreign settlement extending from the walls of the native city for three quarters of a mile along the river-bank. For the rest of the year the Yangtsze rises higher and higher, until it often overflows the parapet and the great esplanade, the settlement streets and the race-course being navigable by small boats for weeks at a time. Since the opening of the port in 1861 this British concession, with its smooth, clean streets, shade-trees, and flower-beds, has been an object-lesson in municipal order wholly thrown away on the Chinese wallowing in the filth of the native city. Only the magnificent, red-turbaned Sikh police have really impressed the natives, and with their splendid scorn and contempt of the yellow race, these men from the Punjab have maintained order, in fact the most serious decorum, in the settlement. The Chinese have conceded land along the river-bank adjoining the British concession for a Russian settlement, and beyond that tracts for French and German settlements, which, when embanked and improved, will give the great foreign city of the future a continuous bund, over three miles in length.

Hankow, so long the chief source of supply of British tea-drinkers, with fifteen or twenty tea-steamers in port at a time loading for London, has undergone a change in this decade. As Chinese teas deteriorated in quality and tea-farmers became more careless and dishonest, India and Ceylon teas began to win favor, and with the enormous increase of production in those two British dependencies, Chinese tea has lost its

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

IN THE GREAT TEA COUNTRY AROUND LAKE POYANG.

place in the British market, furnishing only one ninth of England's import in 1896. At that same time began the general awakening of Russia. At Hankow the Russian has come, and to stay, and the shadow of the Muscovite is over it all. The Russian is not only established at the gates of China, but also at its very heart, the invasion and absorption being as remarkable in this British settlement at Hankow as anywhere in Korea or Manchuria. Hankow is fast becoming a Russian city or outpost, a foothold soon to be a stronghold in the valley of the Yangtsze, which China has given her word shall never be alienated to any power but England. Some alarmists may even view the Siberian merchants at Hankow as emissaries, like those armed Russian monks who first established themselves in the Caucasus and Asia Minor in stronghold monasteries. Although the Russians have their own concession at Hankow, they do not care to build upon it and live there, amenable then to Russian laws and consular jurisdiction, to Russian restrictions and espionage; and the consulate and a few warehouses were the only buildings on the Russian concession in 1896. The Russians prefer the laws and the order of the British concession, crowding in upon it at every opportunity, competing for any house that comes into the market, and building closely over former lawns and garden-spaces. They compete with and outbid the few British tea-merchants who remain in these days of active Russian trade aggression. Only one tea-steamer took a cargo to London in 1896; two more British firms closed out and left Hankow that year; and, still more significant, only one pony showed the colors of the one British racing-stable at the autumn races. In the retail shops prices are quoted and bills made out as often in rubles as in taels or dollars, and the Russians have gradually assumed an air of ownership, of seigniorial rights, as complete as if they held the lease or diplomatic deeds to the place for ninety-nine years.

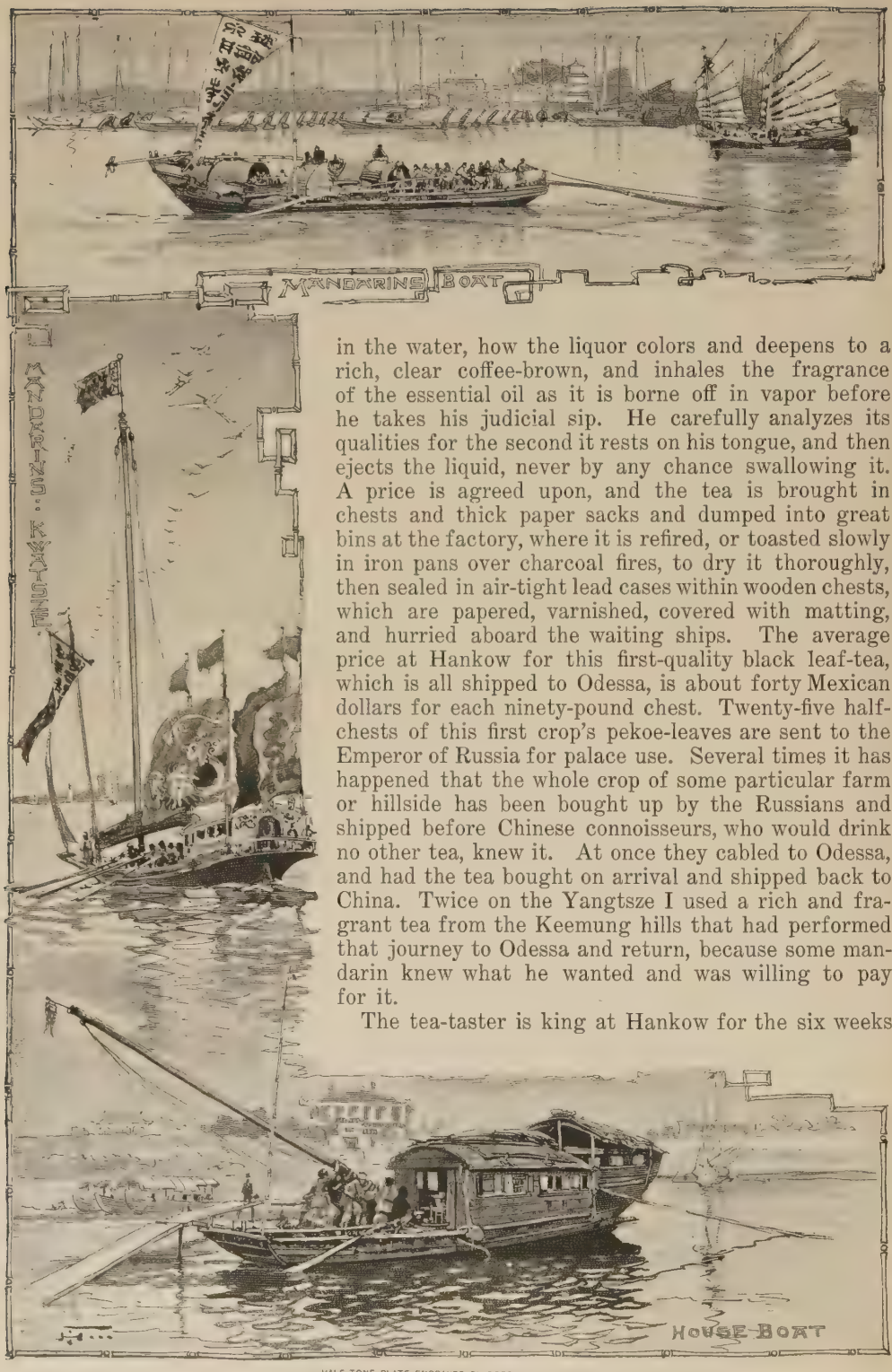
This great tea-market of foreign Hankow is a city of six weeks only, the heads of the great hongs, or their managers, occupying their residences from the first of May to the middle of June each year. Leaf-teas are fired

and shipped until September and even later, and brick-tea is made until January, but the choice tea is all looked to in those few weeks. For that first quality the Russians buy only the first "flush," or crop of young leaves unfolding at the tips of the new twigs of the evergreen camellia-bush each April. These pekoe and souchong "leaves of the second moon" are carefully picked by hand, while the next crop of tougher leaves is cut with a knife, and at the third and fourth gleanings the knife takes whole twigs, woody stems as well as leaves. The first crop of pale, downy leaflets is cured, or put through the wilting, rolling, fermenting, and drying processes, at the tea-farm, the fermentation changing the color of the leaf to a reddish brown, and converting part of the tannic acid to sugar, in which regard black teas differ from green teas, the leaves of which are dried as they come from the bush. With all the machines invented and used on tea-plantations in India and Ceylon, a drier has only once been used in China. All attempts toward greater care and cleanliness in preparation have been as vain as attempts toward introducing machinery at the tea-farms themselves. Not declining trade or prices—for the tea trade is not nearly what it was eight years ago—can stimulate the tea-growers to any change, and only when the whole country is open to foreign trade and residence will each village or valley have its own tea-factory to cure and pack the tea for final shipment on the spot.

The dried tea-leaves of the first crop are gathered up by middlemen and brought to Hankow, and on some day in the first week of May the Chinese brokers, in silk array, are borne in sedan-chairs from the native city and set down in the compounds of the great hongs to offer their first *musters*, or samples of tea. The high season begins at that moment, and for six weeks, in the first scorch and stew of its summer climate, Hankow runs at high pressure. The musters are tested by foreign experts, the skilled tea-tasters, whose acute and highly trained senses render their judgment and appraisal unerring. A few leaves are carefully weighed from the muster into a shallow cup, and boiling water poured over them. The tea-taster notes carefully how the leaves unfold

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE NATIVE BUND, HANKOW, AT LOW WATER.



in the water, how the liquor colors and deepens to a rich, clear coffee-brown, and inhales the fragrance of the essential oil as it is borne off in vapor before he takes his judicial sip. He carefully analyzes its qualities for the second it rests on his tongue, and then ejects the liquid, never by any chance swallowing it. A price is agreed upon, and the tea is brought in chests and thick paper sacks and dumped into great bins at the factory, where it is refired, or toasted slowly in iron pans over charcoal fires, to dry it thoroughly, then sealed in air-tight lead cases within wooden chests, which are papered, varnished, covered with matting, and hurried aboard the waiting ships. The average price at Hankow for this first-quality black leaf-tea, which is all shipped to Odessa, is about forty Mexican dollars for each ninety-pound chest. Twenty-five half-chests of this first crop's pekoe-leaves are sent to the Emperor of Russia for palace use. Several times it has happened that the whole crop of some particular farm or hillside has been bought up by the Russians and shipped before Chinese connoisseurs, who would drink no other tea, knew it. At once they cabled to Odessa, and had the tea bought on arrival and shipped back to China. Twice on the Yangtsze I used a rich and fragrant tea from the Keemung hills that had performed that journey to Odessa and return, because some mandarin knew what he wanted and was willing to pay for it.

The tea-taster is king at Hankow for the six weeks

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

CHINESE RIVER CRAFT. MANDARIN'S BOAT; MANDARIN'S YANGTSZE HOUSE-BOAT; STEPPING THE MAST AT ICHANG

of his exclusive reign, and whatever he may do during the remainder of the year, he is a most rigid total abstainer during the high season, when every faculty of his keenest senses is on the alert. Although he never swallows a sample sip, the tea-taster's nerves and digestion are impaired at the end of ten or twelve years, even the stimulating effect of the strong, volatile aroma in the tea-hongs sometimes giving retired tea-tasters attacks of that tea-tremens which the Chinese and Japanese recognize as a disease; in these great summer shipments, those being specialties of the southern ports. Several times I was regaled on Pu'erh-cha, the greatly esteemed "strengthening tea" from Pu'erh Fu in Yunnan. It had a mildewed, tobacco, weedy flavor, a bitter draught which is warranted to strengthen the system, clear the brain, relieve the body of all humors and bile, and serves high-living mandarins as a course at Homburg does European bon-vivants. This plant grows in the Shan States, and the leaves are brought

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

VALLEY BEHIND ICHANG; FLOODED RICE-FIELDS; ICHANG PAGODA ON THE RIVER-BANK IN THE DISTANCE.

while temperance reformers, usually green-tea drinkers, seem ignorant of the fact that other stimulants than alcohol may be abused. The professional tea-taster at Hankow is said to drink only soda or mineral waters during the scorching weeks of his exacting season, and when word goes round the settlement that such a one of the great experts was seen to take sherry and bitters at the club, it is a signal that the great tea season is declining, that little choice tea is being brought in. Then the tension relaxes, and a certain section of Hankow gives itself over to a jubilation and indulgence that are the scandal and byword of the other ports. Although the tea firms are all Russians or Siberians now, the tea-tasters are Englishmen, and, for reasons not flattering to Russian character, it is said that the tea-tasters will always be English. No green or oolong teas, no perfumed or fancy teas, are included to Pu'erh Fu to be steamed and pressed into large, flat cakes, which, being packed in paper only, soon mildew. The long, viscous leaves are probably from some variety of the wild Assam tea-plant, and the taste of the dried leaves themselves is a little like the *yerba buena* of the California foot-hills. The Chinese consider the Pu'erh-cha the better by age, and do not heed the mildew flavor. It promotes longevity along with its therapeutic qualities, and is sent regularly to the emperor at Peking. Despite the distinguished consideration implied, I should not care to have the costly herb offered me again, and, with all the craze for cures, I doubt if Pu'erh-cha would ever find favor abroad.

The Russians buy the best and the worst, the dearest and the cheapest teas in Hankow's market, the chests of choice tea going to Odessa for European Russia, and the compressed brick- or tile-tea to Mongolia and

Siberia. By September the best leaf-teas are fired, and some tea-steamers are back at Hankow for second cargoes, Odessa ships trying to make two round trips in each season. After that the tea-farmers send in the bags of coarse leaves, broken and refuse tea, the dust from their tables, bins, and floors; the factories have binfuls of such leavings and sweepings too, and the manufacture of brick-tea begins, and continues until January before all such accumulations are disposed of. Tokmakoff, Molotkoff & Co.'s brick-tea factory, which is managed by a Scotchman who invented and adapted several of the machines and processes employed, is the largest factory in Hankow, employing fourteen hundred workmen through the long season, and shipping nearly a million bricks a year, with an almost equal output from their factory at Kew-kiang. All the way to their compound the settlement is fragrant with toasting tea-leaves, delightful whiffs coming from the rows of windows at that end of Hankow, where walls are higher and longer, and chimneys rise significantly. They showed us first the bins of fine dust, ground and sifted by wretched, sallow, greenish-hued coolies, whose nostrils were filled with cotton-wool to prevent their breathing in the insidious dust. Two pounds of tea-dust are weighed into a cloth, which is laid on a perforated plate over a caldron of boiling water and covered for a few minutes, when it is poured into a clumsy wooden mold, and a half-pound of finer dust added as a surface. The mold is covered, put under a screw-press, and clamped shut. The noise around this press is deafening as the heavy molds are clanged about on iron tables and the stone floor, and with the half-clothed workmen moving in clouds of steam from the caldron and shouting their hideous dialect about the dark warehouse, a short inspection of the process satisfies. The bricks remain in the molds for six hours to cool, and are then removed, weighed, and stacked in endless rows in an upper story to dry and shrink, before being wrapped in paper, furnished with red labels in Russian, and packed in baskets holding seventy bricks each. All defective or under-weight bricks are broken and ground to dust again, and it takes heavy blows with an iron, or sharp raps against the stone floor, to break one of these inch-thick black tiles, which are nine inches wide and twelve inches long. A larger and a smaller size of green-tea bricks are also made at this factory, into which the coarse leaves and stems go entire, without grinding. One naturally wonders that machinery is not employed for all these simple processes, and that some Yankee does not start a factory where a stream of tea-dust would go in at one end and rows of bricks come out at the other; but human life is so over-abundant in China that hand-labor is cheaper than any steam-driven machinery, coolies' food worth less than engine coal.

The black brick-tea for Mongolia and Siberia, and in fact almost the whole tea-supply of Russia, used, long ago, to go from Hankow by boat for three hundred miles up the Han River, was portaged across, and taken a distance up the Yellow River, and then loaded on camels and carried across Shansi to Kiakhta, on the Siberian frontier. The caravan trade from Kiakhta and Kalgan to the Volga was the subject of negotiations by the embassy Peter the Great sent to the Emperor Kanghsi, and ever since there have continued, winter and summer alike, the unending processions of camel trains back and forth across Siberia. Nijni-Novgorod was then the tea-market of Russia, and the water and land transportation across Siberia was so cheap that tea could be delivered in Nijni-Novgorod by caravan more cheaply than by tea-steamers to European ports. The opening of the Suez Canal gradually moved the tea trade to Odessa; the tea brick is no longer a unit of exchange at Nijni, and the great fair on the Volga has lost its most picturesque feature with the vanishing of the camels and the great tea-caravans. When all the Russian tea came by caravan to Nijni, "caravan tea" had a deserved repute in Europe. About the time that the Russian tea trade shifted to Odessa, the name of "caravan tea" reached America, and dealers, not always informed themselves, played with the catching word. One is offered "Russian tea," and assured that "caravan tea" is better than other teas, because a sea voyage spoils the flavor of tea. One must not inquire how the tea crossed the Atlantic, evidently. If all leaf-teas were not sealed in air-tight lead cases, the sea air and ships'-hold odors could not taint them as unspeakably as the proximity of camel's wool, pack-saddle coverings, and the belongings of the filthy Mongol caravan-men on their three months' journey across Siberia.

Hankow's trade statistics deal in large figures for the export of tea. In 1896 there went out from that port 470,063 piculs, or something over sixty million pounds, of leaf-tea, and 434,107 piculs of brick-tea; yet the tea trade has fallen off, and the figures are

not so large as when the English were the great consumers.

A ride through the native city of eight hundred thousand inhabitants is an experience no one would willingly repeat. While Shanghai, Canton, and Amoy run rivalry, and imperial Peking has some sloughs and slums and smells unparalleled, Hankow may be safely entered against the field. The people of the Yangtsze banks are in general as unlovely a lot as can be found in China, but never have I seen such dull, heavy-featured, dirty, and unhealthy-looking faces as in the Hankow slums.

It is interesting to review by boat the water-front of the native city, where some futile attempts have been made at stone embankments, and where brown boats crowd together and creep about like water-insects, while a glimpse up the narrow river Han shows only a vista of masts, where junks are crowded ten rows deep on each side of the water-street dividing the cities of Hankow and Hanyang. The great water-population have their shops and marts afloat, each trading-junk displaying its trade emblem or a sample of its specialty at the masthead. A bundle of fire-wood dangled from one mast; buckets, brushes, stools, barbers' bowls and plaited cues, hanks of thread, garments, and candles advertised other floating shops. Every kind of craft that floats upon the Yangtsze water system may be seen at this great entrepôt: Hunan rice-boats, as graceful and slender as Venetian gondola or Haida canoe; clumsy Szechuen cargo-junks; ridiculous house-boats; and even the quaint fiddle-shaped boats from Lake Poyang, the sides of which, contracted at the middle like the body of a violin, perpetuate evasions of the ancient law that taxed boats according to their breadth of beam amidships.

Hanyang, the twin city of Hankow, is no more filthy and dilapidated than its neighbor, —it hardly could be,—but it boasts the arsenal and iron-works, those expensive foreign toys of Chang Chi Tung, the great viceroy, reputed the one honest official in China, the one provincial officer of the empire who does not divert the revenues and riches of his satrapy into his own pocket.

There is a picturesque tea-house in the grounds of an old temple by the river-bank, which is the resort of literati and officials, and where the viceroy gave a great feast to the present Czar and to Prince George of Greece a dozen years ago. The "great dividing mountain" curves back from this river-side temple point, and is the lucky tortoise which offsets the dragon hill in opposite Wuchang, and by that combination secures favorable geomantic influences, good wind and water for the three cities. Hanyang's tortoise bears a temple on its back, while far across the river a needle of a pagoda marks the head of the Wuchang dragon. Some greasy priests inhabit the temple on the heights, and from their courts, three hundred feet above the river, one has a fine view of the twin cities stretching away, in a huddle of roofs covering more than a million people, to the billows of greenery by the river-bank, marking the English concession.

Wuchang, the "Queen of the Yangtsze," where officials and literati live, where the viceroy has another foreign toy in the shape of a great electric-lighted cotton-mill, and a military establishment with German instructors, and where the American missionaries have their schools and hospital, is seen in full bird's-eye view from the temple terraces. One has small wish to cross the mile of swift, white-capped waters, where sampans struggle slowly against or are swept away madly by the current, to see the viceroy's seat, a great city once Taipinged to rubbish-heaps, and but shabbily patched up in places in the quarter of a century since that incident, reeking with filth, and whose people give scant welcome to the stranger in town, their stoning of the German minister on his way from a viceregal visit being a last straw and a golden incident in the summing up of events that led to the forcible lease of Kiao-chau.

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"SHE LOOKED JUST AS A BRIDE SHOULD LOOK."

THE BEAU OF 'ARRIETTE.

BY MARY TRACY EARLE.

LIGHTS gleamed from old Captain Beaujeais's house and out across the windswept bay. All the boats that came through the drawbridge laid their courses with the front windows as a beacon, and all the boats coming down from the back bay tacked laboriously to and fro against the southeast gale, trying to make headway toward the windows at the side. The boats were many that night, for the creoles for miles and miles along the coast were on their way to the wedding of Narcisse Tiblier, from Pointe des Chênes, to the captain's daughter, 'Arriette. It was heavy weather for such prudent sailors to be venturing out, but there are not many weddings a year on the shores of Pontomoc Bay, and not many brides as fair to see as 'Arriette. The young men in particular threw their strength on to their tillers with pleasant anticipation, while the pale phosphorescent foam boiled up about the bows of their boats and rushed sparkling over the lee rails. They were remembering that it was a Pontomoc custom for every one to kiss the bride. If any young man was bashful, or piqued at her selection of a bridegroom, it made no difference; his friends pushed him forward and cut off all retreat. Some of the most bashful and most piqued among them were sincerely grateful that they would have no choice.

'Arriette was dressed and waiting. The hour had not yet come, but she was already wondering why Narcisse Tiblier was so late. She kept going to her little mirror and looking at herself, tilting it this way and that to get a fuller view; for the vision was reassuring. She would have been blind if she had not seen that she looked just as a bride should look—young, happy, confident, beautiful, in white from head to foot. Narcisse was certainly very foolish to be late.

When she was tired of the mirror, she went to the window and looked out across the bay at the whitecaps rolling up, rank on rank, each one lighting its own swath over the dark, troubled water, to break against the marsh. The lanterns of the approaching boats danced up and down, but their sails showed too dimly for recognition. Once the girl put her hands up to her lips, sailor fashion, and whispered very softly out into the dark, "Narcisse!"

Old Mme. Beaujeais came to the door, her black eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement: for the guests were coming thick and fast; their voices followed her in a babel of greetings, pleasant outcries, and laughter. 'Arriette laughed, too, because she was very sorry to be found at the window. "Enough of people coming," she said in French.

"Enough of peopl' w'en dere is not yet a groombride!" the old woman exclaimed. She had an odd way of speaking English instead of French when there was any stress upon her mind, just as she would have chosen any other violent exercise; and the greater the stress, the more backhanded her English became. "Can yo' be marry widout a gr-roombride?" she went on. "Ah, I am glad, me, dat yo' groombride does not come. Eet ees faw dat yo' tell 'im not to put 'imself in de way too soon! Oh, I shall go hout, me, an' tell dem all: 'Eet ees de fault of 'Arriette; she tell 'er beau not to put 'imself in de way too soon.' I was not like dat, me; eet was nevah me w'at tol' yo' papa 'e goin' to be in de way too soon."

"But," cried 'Arriette, "there is plenty of time. It is not yet the hour."

"Den w'at faw yo' stand at de window, a-ah?" cried Mme. Beaujeais. "Oh, de peopl' tell me w'en dey come in, dey say: 'Ah, Mme. Beaujeais, we see 'Arriete standin' at de window. Ees eet dat 'er groombride 'as not yet come?'"

'Arriette flushed a trifle, and dropped her hands straight at her sides to keep from toying with her wedding-veil—the crowning glory, without which the poorest creole girl would scarcely feel that she was married. "I don't care how many of people see me looking out for Narcisse," she said. "Is it not that we are to be married to-night?"

Mme. Beaujeais spread her hands forward and outward, disconnecting herself entirely from any information on the subject. "Who lives will see," she said, dropping for a moment into the language she could speak; then, scrambling out of it, she added: "Gawd know! Eet ees not de way yo' papa

marry me—to be so scare' 'e be a troubl' dat 'e wait till de chickens 'ave teeth befo' 'e come. 'E was dere in de mawnin', 'im."

'Arriette smiled, and took her mother's thin, witch-like face between her hands. The old men along the coast would have told you that Mme. Beaujeais had been a beauty in her time, but only the bitterest of 'Arriette's disappointed lovers liked to have them remember that she had looked like 'Arriette. "Ah, mama," the girl said, "I hear there was more than one would have been glad to come, if they had had the good luck. They would have taken the moon by the teeth to get you, you were so beautiful. But we don't need to quarrel about Narcisse; he will be here soon enough."

"Ah?" said the old woman, turning one cheek and then the other, with an air of sufferance, while the girl kissed her. No one would have guessed that 'Arriette had not committed some grave offense, or that the old woman was treasuring each caress in her memory against the days when her daughter would belong to Narcisse Tiblier, and not to her—to Narcisse Tiblier, who should have been there at least an hour before the time, to show that he could not wait. Mme. Beaujeais shook herself free of 'Arriette. "Bettah save yo' kisses faw yo' groombride," she said sharply. "I 'ave not the time, me. I must hamuse all doze peopl' so dey will not be haware 'ow eet ees shockin' of 'im not to come."

The girl lifted her hand. "Hush!" she said. "He is coming now. Don't you hear him call?"

"'Ear 'im call!" cried Mme. Beaujeais, in excitement. "Dat would be de mos' shockin'—" She stood as if petrified, listening to the half-wild, half-plaintive yodel that mingled with the rush of the wind. 'Arriette ran to the window and answered, her clear voice rising and falling in a cadence very sweet to hear.

The moon had struggled out through driven storm-clouds, and she could see the boat—Narcisse's boat—come sweeping toward the pier, its great sail rising white above the marsh.

All the guests in the parlor and in the big hall heard the two calls, and came running out. Never had bride and bridegroom been so unconventional before. "Eef eet ees not de greates' shockingness," muttered Mme. Beaujeais, over 'Arriette's shoulder. "W'en I was marry—" She tried to draw the girl away from the window, but the girl leaned farther out. The wind caught her veil and fluttered it like a signal in the bright light from within.

A snapping of canvas and a rattling of tackle came in answer from the boat. The great white sail jibed over with a crash, and before the straining sheet-rope could run free the boat capsized.

The call died on 'Arriette's lips. She jumped like a boy through the window, veil and all, and ran down the path toward the wharf. Quick as she was, half a dozen men were before her, and a rowboat put off from the landing just as she reached it. But the men were all laughing. They had no more fear that Narcisse Tiblier would drown than they would have had if he had been a cork, and they pictured what a sorry-looking bridegroom he would be in his drenched clothes.

"'Ello, 'Arriette," some one called; "bettah mague yo' veil into a fishin'-line an' go fishin' faw yo' beau."

'Arriette stood and waited, feeling suddenly foolish, yet half frightened still, and half defiant. If she and Narcisse had not agreed on that childish pleasure of hailing each other as he came up to the pier, if she had not stood at the window where her veil fluttered out and caught his eye, he would not have been taken off his guard, and the sail would not have jibed. Narcisse was one of the best sailors on the coast, otherwise he would not have been on his way to marry old Captain Beaujeais's daughter; for the old captain measured all suitors by a nautical standard. He was standing beside 'Arriette now, muttering disconsolately, "The seamanship! the seamanship!" At her other elbow, her mother kept repeating, "De shockingness!" while 'Arriette's thought was, "If he should be hurt!"

The moments seemed long before the boat came back, and it came back in silence. The people stopped laughing, and, in their turn, began questioning if he was hurt.

"We cannot tell," a voice said from the boat. "He is stunned and cannot speak."

The boat shot alongside of the pier, and strong hands lifted out the dark, relaxed form of Narcisse. His face was so white in the moonlight that Mme. Beaujeais tried to pull 'Arriette back; but 'Arriette walked beside the men who carried him up to the house. Her heart was hushed; it was too sad a time for grief.

In the parlor, under the lights which had been guiding him, they laid him down. There was a long bruise upon his forehead, and some one tried again to draw 'Arriette away; but she knelt beside him, waiting to see all,

and know. Her face was as white as his, and the water from his drenched clothing stained her wedding-gown.

Old Mme. Beaujeais directed everything, working over Narcisse like a remorseful fury, for she felt that in some mysterious way it was her fault that he had been struck by the boom. On the wall a great round clock ticked off the seconds as slowly and solemnly as if it were measuring off the future years. The hour of the wedding came, and the strokes which sounded it seemed to fall on each listener's heart. Then the ticking of the clock went on.

Mme. Beaujeais rose to her feet and went away. A flutter of life had crossed Narcisse's face, and when he opened his eyes she wished him to see no one but 'Arriette. The girl bent over him, her pale face framed in white, a smile of welcome trembling on her lips.

A few people turned and left the room; others looked down, and others looked at 'Arriette. Narcisse opened his eyes and stared at her. "Where am I? What has happened?" he asked.

There was a vacant look in his face which frightened the girl.

"You have been hurt," she said softly, "but now you will be well again. Your sail jibed just at the pier, and the boom struck you."

"I do not remember," Narcisse said, and closed his eyes.

'Arriette waited, feeling as perhaps souls feel when there is some delay at the gate of heaven. Narcisse had looked so strange, but he was alive and had spoken to her. The joy of it surged through her heart and through her head. Once she remembered all the people who must be rejoicing with her, and she glanced round at them and smiled.

At last he opened his eyes again. They had the same confused wonder in them. He looked at her a long time, and then something that he had been groping for seemed to come back into his mind. His lips moved, and she bent a little closer, thinking he would greet her in some way; she felt as if he had been away for years.

But he only recalled what she had told him when he looked at her before. "I do not remember," he muttered slowly, and then tried to sit up, but sank back, groaning. When the pain grew less, he half smiled at her. "I did not remember, but I can feel it now," he said. His eyes roamed about the room in perplexity. There were lights and flowers, and people crowding near in their gala clothes. "Where am I?" he repeated.

"Right here—right at the house," 'Arriette answered. "You know, you were just at the pier when the boat went over."

"What pier?" asked Narcisse. "This is not Pointe des Chênes."

'Arriette could not keep her voice from quivering. The delay at the gate of heaven was growing very long. "Papa's pier, Narcisse," she explained, and then hesitated a moment. There was one thing he could not have forgotten. She felt as if she must gather him up like a child against her heart, but she only bent a little closer and spoke very quietly. "You know this is our wedding-night," she said.

He looked at her white-clad figure bending over him, and straight into her brimming eyes, and his own gaze grew troubled. "I am sorry," he said, "but I do not remember."

'Arriette was silent, pressing her hand against her heart. The people stirred a little; they could not bear to have her ask another question. Old Mme. Beaujeais came up softly and stood beside her daughter. The girl bent a little closer to the prostrate man. "Do you remember *me*, Narcisse?" she asked.

It was hard, even for a bewildered man. He put his hand up to his head, trying to think. "No," he said at last, "I cannot remember you; but if this is your wedding-night I wish you joy."

'Arriette shrank back with a little cry that rang afterward in people's ears. Old Mme. Beaujeais's cheeks were wet. She lifted the girl tenderly, and led her from the room.

The old captain and the guests stood gazing at Narcisse. He rose slowly to his elbow, and looked at them, and they saw that they were all strangers to him. "If any of you know where I live," he said, his voice sharp with pain, "I would be thankful if you would take me home."

The old captain hurried forward, swallowing a sob. "Yes, yes; that will be best," he declared, helping to raise the young man to his feet. "When you have slept you will remember, Narcisse. It was the seamanship, the bad seamanship—" The captain choked, and brushed his hand across his eyes. There would be no wedding on his daughter's wedding-night, on account of Narcisse's seamanship. "Ah," he muttered, leading toward the door, "it was not like this when I was married."

The guests huddled back, making way, then followed to the pier. Some of Narcisse's friends helped him down into one of their boats, and the old captain turned to the people still standing near him. "Good night,"

he said. "Narcisse will remember to-morrow, and when he is well you shall come again."

They all embarked sorrowfully. Their sails were raised, the wind filled them, and the boats glided from the pier, leaving the lights of the old captain's house shining behind them across the wind-swept bay.

It was the saddest wedding-night there had ever been in Pontomoc, but people said to one another that by the next day Narcisse could not help remembering; and his friends took him to the little new house in which he and 'Arriette were to have lived. Narcisse had been staying in it for the last few weeks because it was so near, and it did not seem possible that he could waken there and still forget.

But Narcisse slept and wakened, and did not remember. He looked about the house curiously, and was puzzled when they told him it was his. The years of his coming and going about Pontomoc had dropped from his reckoning, and he counted himself a stranger on the bay.

Weeks passed, and it was still the same. 'Arriette was very brave. She said that he would remember soon, and insisted that no one should tell him he had been on his way to marry her that night. At first she went often to visit him, hoping that the past would come to life sometime when he looked at her; but her pale face only brought back the time when he had opened his eyes to find her bending over him. He knew that in some mysterious way he had given her pain that night, and he feared to trouble her again. One day she noticed how much more constrained he was in talking to her than to others, and after that her father had to visit him alone.

Little by little, as Narcisse grew strong and well, even the old captain stopped going to see him; and though 'Arriette still said he would soon remember, she noticed that her mother grew more and more gentle to her—as gentle as if she had died on her wedding-night. Mme. Beaujeais could be very gentle to the dead—at least, to those who did not seem likely to go on doing shocking things.

Only a few of Narcisse's friends regained his friendship. He was more reserved and shy than he had been before, for he realized that people took more notice of him than of other men, and said less to him. He believed it had something to do with the night when he had found himself in Pontomoc; but he could not bear to ask questions and show what a mystery that night still was to him. He was sure that he could think it out, and he gathered his little store of recent memories, and reasoned from them. He had the feeling that sometime he should find the key of it all when he was in his boat. The water seemed to be his home, and he was happier when he was out on it, although he had to relearn all the channels around Pontomoc. He had been an oysterman, but now he went to the marshes only at long intervals; for he was too restless to work. He sailed back and forth upon the bay, and once in a while he went to far-off Pointe des Chênes, but came back dissatisfied. He seemed like a child who has not found his purpose yet, and to whom the days are long; and people fell into a way of touching their foreheads when they saw him, and saying, "That poor beau of 'Arriette!"

But 'Arriette spent hour after hour at her window, watching his sail as it plied aimlessly to and fro, veering from dark in the shadow to snowy white in the sunshine. Her heart followed it, and Narcisse began to seem less far from her. She felt that in some vague way he was trying to remember, although she did not know that he was thinking almost constantly of her. He had forgotten a great many things, but he could not forget the look with which she had shrunk away from him. He felt that he had brought a great sorrow into her life, and as soon as he could remember or think out what had happened, he meant to make amends.

One day 'Arriette saw his sail come skimming over the rippling blue, straight for the pier. She hurried down the path. He was already tying his boat, and she ran forward, holding out her hands; but he came toward her slowly, and when she saw his face her hands fell. He had not remembered, and she wondered on what errand he had come.

"Ever since the night I was hurt," he began abruptly, "I have been trying to understand something you said. I—oh, I do not want to give you pain!"

"Go on," she said. The color sank out of both their faces, and he stood before her, wringing his soft old hat in his hands. She had seen him look like that once, long ago, when he was in great sorrow; and she could not speak a word, though she would have liked to save him from saying whatever he had come to say.

"May I ask you something?" he began again.

It was like listening to a person in a dream, every tone, every gesture, was so like the old Narcisse. "Yes," she said.

Her voice was very soft, and he could scarcely catch it; but even in his trouble it

seemed to him the sweetest voice that he had ever heard. She stood before him with her eyes downcast, and he could not tell whether he was glad or sorry not to have them meeting his. It was easier to speak to her when she was looking down, but very easy not to speak when she looked up. He could not remember ever having felt like that before, but he knew that there were a great many things which he could not remember. He was silent a long time, trying to find words to say why he had come.

"Now that I am here," he said at last, "I feel as if it might have been kinder to speak to some one else; but I could not ask any one but you. Were you—did you not tell me, the night when I was hurt, that it was your wedding-night?"

'Arriette could not look up. "Yes," she breathed.

There was another moment when the ripples whispered to the sand. Narcisse was standing very still now, and there was an absolute pallor on his face. "But you did not marry any one that night?" he asked in a low voice.

She shook her head.

He came a step closer. He was finding it very hard to speak at all. "I remember that your father said something about my seamanship," he said. "Was it—was it because your lover was with me in the boat, and drowned?"

She looked up at him then, and read the anguished face in which there was no memory. "No, no, Narcisse," she cried; "he was not drowned."

Narcisse put his hand to his forehead. He had reasoned it all out so well! "Not drowned?" he said.

"No," she repeated; "he was not drowned."

"What became of him?" he asked quickly, like a child.

She looked off up the long bright vista where the bay wound inland, and her eyes seemed to see even beyond the farthest point where the dim blue shore-lines were lost between the shimmering water and the sky. "He was coming to marry me," she said softly, "and he called to me—we had promised each other we would call. I answered him, and I leaned out of the window, where the wind caught my veil and fluttered it in the light. He saw it, and forgot about the boat, and the sail jibed, and the boom struck him—" Her voice quivered, and she paused, still looking up the bay.

Narcisse felt his heart grow still, as if the bit of clearing between the marsh reeds and the pine-trees had become a holy place. His voice was very low. "And he was killed?" he asked.

"No," she said; "he was not killed." Her heart was beating so that she was scarcely able to measure out her words. "No; we thought for a while that he was dead, but he was only stunned and dazed. He grew better, and now he is strong again; but he does not remember that it was our wedding-night—or—" She could not go on; she had to turn and look into his face.

"He does not remember," Narcisse repeated, with a puzzled wonder; "he does not remember: why, then he is just like me."

"Yes," she said, meeting his eyes slowly; "he is just like you."

The pine-trees behind them had caught the whisper of the waves and were echoing it, just as Narcisse had echoed all she said. He passed his hand across his brow again and spoke very low. "Were you going to marry me?"

It seemed to 'Arriette that she could not answer him, but his troubled face besought her. "Yes," she told him; "I was going to marry you."

He did not stir, but only looked at her as if his heart was breaking behind the barrier of his forgetfulness; his voice was almost a sob: "I cannot remember *anything* except that I have loved you since that night."

The tears sprang into her eyes, and she stretched out her hands to him. To her there seemed nothing between them now, and her eyes shone through their tears. But Narcisse shook his head sadly. "Even now it does not seem right," he said. "There is such a cloud over me. It is like standing on a grave." He looked down at her, thinking how each beautiful sad line about her face would haunt him till he died; and it seemed to him that he could never have forgotten if he had loved her before as he loved her now. "If I could once think it all out and feel free again," he went on, at last, "I could throw myself into life and be what I was—be more than I was, perhaps"—his glance fell hopelessly—"if I could only remember."

She let one of her hands touch his. "What does it matter, Narcisse?" she said. "It is enough to love each other now. There is no need to remember anything but that."

"You are sure?" he asked.

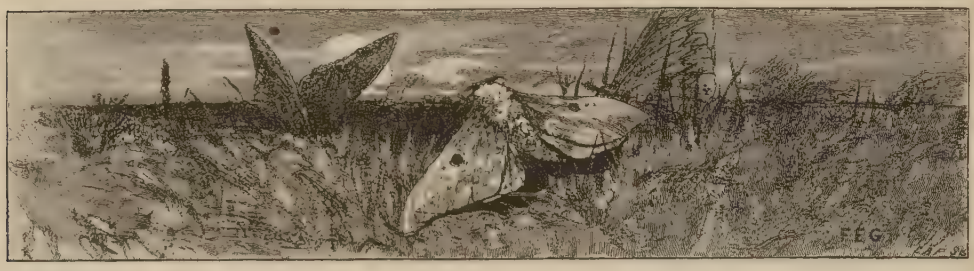
She looked away from him, taking counsel once more of the sunlit bay, while she tried to find some reason that Narcisse could grasp to make his mind assured. "It is like forgiveness," she began. "Suppose one of us had done something wrong, and the other had

forgiven it; that would be blotting out the past; and yet if we loved each other we should miss nothing." She paused and smiled up at him. "And so you see there is nothing to remember."

He nodded thoughtfully, and looked out over the water, across the futile reaches of which he had sought so long. Tall and gray and lonely, a schooner stole toward the drawbridge. There was scarcely a breath of air, and every sail was set, but against the vivid sky and water it rose, dark in its own shadow. At last it put about; its sails stood poised a moment, then flashed into the sunlight; the breeze filled them, and it glided toward the bridge, summoning the keeper with a cadence like a lover's call. The bridge turned slowly, and the boat passed through.

Narcisse put out his hand to 'Arriette; a light that was sweeter than memory came to his eyes. "It *is* like forgiveness," he cried, "and we are free."

The white sails of the boat had reached the shining distances beyond the bridge.



THE NIGHT WALK.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

AWAKES for me and leaps from shroud
All radiantly the moon's own night
Of folded showers in streamer cloud;
Our shadows down the highway white,
Or deep in woodland woven-boughed,
With yon and yon a stem alight.

I see marauder runagates
Across us shoot their dusky wink;
I hear the parliament of chats
In haws beside the river's brink;
And drops the vole off alder-banks,
To push his arrow through the stream.
These busy people had our thanks
For tickling sight and sound, but theme
They were not more than breath we drew
Delighted with our world's embrace:
The moss-root smell where beeches grew,
And watered grass in breezy space;
The silken heights, of ghostly bloom
Among their folds, by distance draped.
'T was Youth, rapacious to consume,
That cried to have its chaos shaped:
Absorbing, little noting, still
Enriched, and thinking it bestowed;
With wistful looks on each far hill
For something hidden, something owed.

Unto his mantled sister, Day
Had given the secret things we sought;
And she was grave and saintly gay;
At times she fluttered, spoke her thought;
She flew on it, then folded wings,
In meditation passing lone,
To breathe around the secret things,
Which have no word, and yet are known;
Of thirst for them are known, as air
Is health in blood: we gained enough
By this to feel it honest fare;
Impalpable, not barren, stuff.

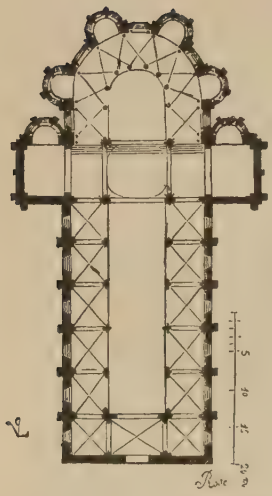
A pride of legs in motion kept
Our spirits to their task meanwhile,
And what was deepest dreaming slept:
The posts that named the swallowed mile;
Beside the straight canal the hut
Abandoned; near the river's source
Its infant chirp; the shortest cut;
The roadway missed; were our discourse;
At times dear poets, whom some view
Transcendent or subdued evoked
To speak the memorable, the true,
The luminous as a moon uncloaked;
For proof that there, among earth's dumb,
A soul had passed and said our best.
Or it might be we chimed on some
Historic favorite's astral crest,
With part to reverence in its gleam,
And part to rivalry the shout:
So royal, unuttered, is youth's dream
Of power within to strike without.
But most the silences were sweet,
Like mothers' breasts, to bid it feel
It lived in such divine conceit
As envies aught we stamp for real.

To either then an untold tale
Was Life, and author, hero, we.
The chapters holding peaks to scale,
Or depths to fathom, made our glee;
For we were armed of inner fires,
Unbled in us the ripe desires;
And passion rolled a quiet sea,
Whereon was Love the phantom sail.

THE CHURCHES OF AUVERGNE.[1]

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



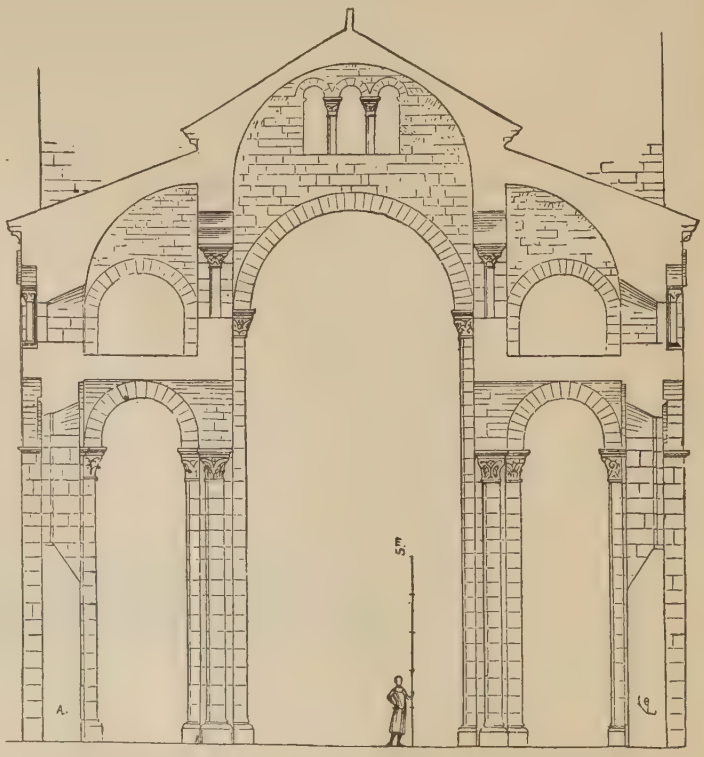
PLAN OF NOTRE DAME DU PORT, CLERMONT-FERRAND. FROM VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S "DICTIONNAIRE DE L'ARCHITECTURE."

THE borders of Auvergne, as an architectural district, were marked out roughly by the cities of Moulins, Tulle, Toulouse, and Le Puy. Thus toward the north the Romanesque style of Auvergne met the styles of Burgundy and Poitou, and toward the south those of Languedoc and Provence. But it was not formed or conspicuously influenced by any neighbor; it was distinctly individual, and it was also remarkably successful. Greater possibilities of further development lay latent in the Romanesque styles of the east and the north—of Burgundy and Champagne, of Normandy and the Île-de-France, where, in fact, the Gothic style was evolved. But considered in themselves as examples of architectural harmony and coherence,—considered as logical, complete expressions of the capabilities of round-arched stone construction,—the small Auvergnese churches which were built or begun before the year 1100 surpass all other Romanesque churches within those variously influenced and diversely gifted districts that were eventually to compose the great kingdom of France.

[1] See the article on "The Churches of Poitiers and Caen," in THE CENTURY for July, 1897.

I.

LYING in the very heart of France, Auvergne is seldom seen by the foreign tourist unless he is sent in search of health to the famous thermal establishments at Royat, Mont Dore, or La Bourboule. Yet it is one of the most beautiful parts of Europe, and one of the most singular in the type of its beauty. It is a land where volcanic ranges and plateaus and isolated conical peaks divide, encircle, and diversify very wide and level and verdurous plains and richly wooded rocky valleys. It is a land of crystalline air and brilliant color, strikingly picturesque, yet large and noble in expression. It has been cultivated by the hands of many diligent centuries, yet it preserves passages of romantic and almost savage charm, and, where the finest of its mountains are in view, it achieves a magnifi-



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF NAVE OF NOTRE DAME DU PORT, CLERMONT-FERRAND. FROM VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S "DICTIONNAIRE DE L'ARCHITECTURE."

NOTRE DAME DU PORT, CLERMONT-FERRAND. THE SOUTH PORCH.

cent impressiveness. The best way to approach it is from the west; for the whole of central France is delightful, and crossing it thus, one passes gradually from simpler landscape types to surprising scenes of volcanic energy. There is no more interesting railway route in France than the one between Limoges and Clermont-Ferrand, and there is none that has been less often praised in the English tongue.

In ancient times the people of Auvergne were of a dauntless and a constant temper, singularly brave in their stand against all invaders, yet singularly loyal to any power which finally subdued them. Their resistance to the Romans was valiant and sustained, and they long delighted to show the sword which Julius Cæsar lost beneath the walls of their fortress of Gergovia. But afterward they claimed kinship with Rome—on the strength, they said, of a common descent from the heroes of Troy; and long afterward they were the last among the Romanized or semi-Romanized folk of Gaul who

NOTRE DAME DU PORT, CLERMONT-FERRAND. THE WEST END

upheld the eagles amid the deluge of barbarian immigration. Then the same story repeated itself: the Visigoth had hard work to conquer the Auvergnese after his throne had been established at Toulouse; but, once bestowed, their fealty was maintained; only after their noblest sons had perished with the Visigothic hosts at the battle of Poitiers did they accept the Frankish yoke. Even then their land was still rich and populous, and offered an inviting harvest to the rival Frankish factions, to the Saracens, and to the Normans, who successively laid waste its vast fields of corn, its vine-clad hillsides, its luxurious villas, and its valiant little towns.

Clermont-Ferrand, the chief city of Auvergne, first stepped into history when Augustus transferred to this spot the inhabitants of Gergovia, and gave it as sonorous a name as any town could have—Augustonemetum. It covers a hill which is not abrupt and level-topped like those of Angoulême and Poitiers, but rises gently to a central point, upon which the great cathedral stands. It looks out very beautifully over the Limagne, a plain that is often called the most beautiful in France—green and smooth as an emerald in the summer-time, striped with tree-bordered highways, sparsely dotted with tower-crowned villages, outstretched to an almost infinite distance, and there enframed by dim horizon lines of mountain, exquisite in contour and in tint. But Maupassant has described this country in his novel called "Mont-Oriol," and it would be foolish to attempt again what a master hand has finished.

Nor can we stop to examine the cathedral which dominates Clermont. According to tradition, the first church on this site was built in the year 450. But the structure of to-day was begun about 1250, not in the local manner, but in that Gothic style which spread from the Île-de-France with the extending power of the king whose capital was at Paris. Its interest, if not its beauty, is increased by the fact that it is built, inside and out, with the black volcanic stone of the neighborhood; and its historical significance as the monument of a conquering king is accentuated by its likeness in minor as in major features to the contemporaneous cathedral in the distant Poitevin city of Limoges.[1] But our concern just now is with the early, truly local, round-arched styles; and so we must descend from Clermont's high cathedral, and, through a labyrinth of narrow streets, seek out the small Romanesque church called Notre Dame du Port.

This name sounds very oddly, spoken in the bosom of the central hills of France; and even when its meaning is known it seems inappropriate enough to-day. The vast and busy market-place where, in medieval times, Clermont did its trading,—townfolk and countryfolk buying and bartering there together,—was symbolically called "the Port"; and Notre Dame overlooked the wide expanse, its admirable outlines and proportions visible from afar. But long ago the old place of trade was covered with buildings, and now they crowd so densely about the church that it can scarcely be seen at all.

II.

THE first church in "the Port" is said to have been built by St. Avitus, a descendant of that Emperor Avitus who was also a native of Auvergne. Angels assisted at its consecration, and a wonder-working statue of the Virgin was enthroned in its crypt. It was

[1] Owing to the troubled condition of France during the fourteenth century, many of the cathedrals founded under royal inspiration in various parts of the realm were not completed. This was the case at Limoges, and also at Clermont, where, in our own time, Viollet-le-Duc added the westernmost bays of the nave, and a façade which makes a very poor effect, in spite of its fine station at the head of a steeply ascending street.

spared in the year 731, when the Saracens ruined the greater part of the town, and again in 761, when King Pepin the Short followed their example; but it was not spared when Norman fires were set, a century later. Soon restored or rebuilt, it seems to have been again renewed after another hundred years; but its present body dates from the latter part of the eleventh century, when the provincial Romanesque styles were reaching their finest development.

The only portion of its exterior which can now be easily examined is the façade of the southern transept-arm, always its principal place of entrance. This is partly shown in the drawing on page 569. Proofs of classical tradition appear in the carvings of the lintel and in the arrangement and the character of the other decorations; but the way in which the lintel is combined with the arch above it betrays the influence of the East. Above the portal and the arches shown in our picture is a sharp pediment filled by mosaic-work designs. Here again, of course, we divine a memory of Roman art; and Auvergne preserved and utilized this memory as no other province did, for no other possessed its wealth of varicolored stones and lavas. Characteristically Auvergnese are the broad bands of mosaic below the cornice on the exterior of the apse and of its semicircular chapels, while in the cornice itself, and in the corbels and capitals that support it, original and transmitted motives are harmoniously combined. The cornice, with its rows of billets, is purely Romanesque. Most of the corbels have a plain central member, flanked by curling ornaments, and are evidently imitations of wooden beams with the shavings left by the carpenter's plane. But some of the buttresses are Roman-looking half-columns, and the capitals show a form, with two griffins drinking from a vase, which is classical indeed.

The ground-plan of a typical Auvergnese church was developed from the early Christian basilica plan.[1] Transept-arms and a choir give it the cruciform shape; the long nave is flanked by aisles; the primitive projecting narthex is replaced by a vestibule which is included behind the main façade; and the apse is encircled by chapels. This, as we have learned, was the plan characteristic of those Northern Romanesque styles from which the Gothic styles were to spring. But in Auvergne the structure raised upon this plan was distinctively Southern in idea, and at the same time distinctively local in treatment.

The aisles of Notre Dame du Port, like those that we have seen in Poitou and Provence, are much taller than the old basilican aisles which, with great triforia and clear-stories above them, were retained in northern Romanesque and in Gothic art. Once again this increase in altitude is explained by the desire for high-placed lateral vaults as buttresses for the long barrel-vault of the nave. But the Auvergnese aisle is not so very lofty as are those of Poitou and Provence, and its service as a buttress is performed in a different way.

In Poitou and Provence the aisle-vault is the half of a barrel-vault,—continuous, and in section the quarter of a circle,—and it

NOTRE DAME DU PORT, CLERMONT-FERRAND. THE CROSSING OF NAVE AND TRANSEPT.

[1] See the initial at the head of this article, reproduced from Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire raisonné de l'architecture."

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ISSOIRE. FROM THE EAST.

meets the nave-wall at so high a point that in Provence this wall gives space only for a range of very small clearstory windows, and in Poitou for no openings at all. But in Auvergne the less lofty aisle is covered by a series of rectangular intersecting vaults. These support a triforium gallery. The ceiling of this gallery is not of wood, as are those of the triforia of Romanesque churches in the North, but is a second series of intersecting vaults. Above these is thrown the actual buttressing vault, which, like the aisle-vault proper in Poitou and Provence, is the half of a barrel-vault. It meets the nave-wall above the triforium arcade, just at the springing of the central barrel-vault; and the outer roof of stone rests immediately upon the exterior of the vaults, only a slight break in its slope distinguishing the nave from the aisles in an external view. Thus that safe construction of stone ceilings above the broad nave, which in all the Southern provinces was achieved much earlier than at the North, was most elaborately and scientifically compassed in Auvergne, and also most beautifully. The triforium arcade gives the interior a much richer look than is bestowed by the plain upper walls of Poitou or the little clearstories of Provence, and light is more plentifully admitted from windows in the gallery's outer wall. In the arrangement of the choir, with its apse and chapels, its charming ornamental features, and its clever vaulting, the same preëminence in constructional skill and artistic feeling again appears. And it may well be remarked that these round-arched churches of Auvergne are more complete and pure examples of stone construction than even the Gothic churches of much later times; for the tall external roof of a Gothic church is of wood covered with lead, and is supported, far above the stone ceilings, by a massive wooden framework.

The aspect of the nave-walls of Notre Dame du Port, and the singular design of the western end of the nave, admitting light from the vestibule beyond, are shown in the picture on page 570, and it well translates the general effect of the interior. Notre Dame is dusky in comparison with Northern churches, but much less gloomy than the tall-aisled churches of either Provence or Poitou. It is small, yet it is impressive by reason of its solidity and its excellent proportions. It is more graceful than a Romanesque church of any other type, because its piers and arches are relatively taller and more slender. And it is beautifully enriched by the elaborate treatment of the apse, and by the trefoiled shape of some of the triforium openings.

III.

In its exterior aspect also the Auvergnese church surpassed all its contemporaries. This fact may be understood best at Issoire, some twenty miles to the southward of Clermont.

Issoire is only a little, humble town. You may deplore its decadence if you remember how famous were its schools in Roman times, when its name was Iciodurum. But you may wonder that it is a town at all if you have read how the Duke of Alençon destroyed it in the sixteenth century, and set up a column inscribed with the words, "Here stood Issoire."

St. Paul's at Issoire is a twin sister of Notre Dame du Port at Clermont. It was built at the same time, and in almost precisely the same way. But it is a little larger and a little more perfect in workmanship, and, as you may learn on page 572, it now stands free from encumbering structures.

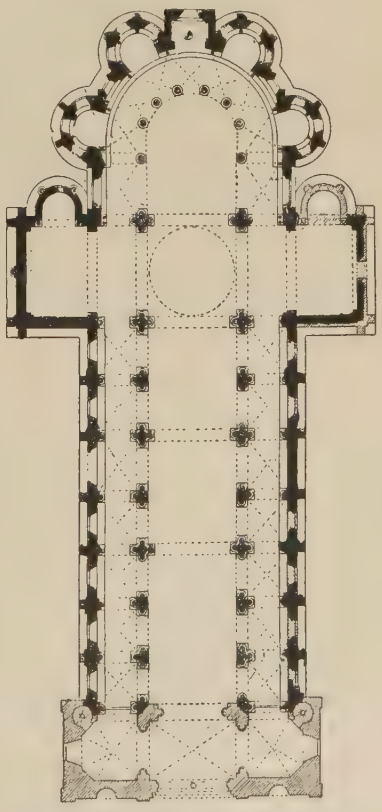
Very distinctive is the fashioning of the apse, with its chapels, half-shaft buttresses, and wide frieze of rich mosaic, with the harmoniously proportioned choir behind it, and back of this the polygonal central tower, supported, not by a base of its own diameter, but by one which includes the adjacent bays of the transept. Greater solidity was obtained by this lateral extension of the lower stage of the tower than by the usual method of construction, and also, from some points of view, a more artistic union between the lines of the tower and those of the body of the church. Inside, its central portion forms a domical lantern above the crossing of nave and transept. This, again, as we know, was a customary feature in Southern Romanesque; but again Auvergne developed it in an individual way. The curious construction of the lantern of St. Paul's, and of the similar one in Notre Dame du Port, proves that their builders innovated independently upon Byzantine precedents. They were not touched even by the far-reaching influence of the great dome-building school of Périgueux.[1]

The picture on page 574 shows the interior aspect of the Issoire church toward its eastern end, and suggests the corresponding parts of the Clermont church. Then, on page 575, Mr. Pennell has drawn a smaller church of the same type, but more conspicuously placed—the Church of St. Nectaire, in a mountain village lying west of Issoire, which believes itself the successor of an early Christian church erected in the days of St. Peter himself.

[1] See "The Churches of Périgueux and Angoulême," in The Century for April, 1896.

To St. Nectaire you cannot go by rail; but you can drive up from Issoire in the afternoon, along a most beautiful mountain road, and still have time before dark to climb to the hilltop church from the tiny village which, with its summer-season inns, its mineral springs, and its ruins of Roman baths, nestles in clefts of the rocky mounts which form the foot-hills of the higher, more imposing peaks of Mont Dore.

The drawing of this high-placed example shows how effective in line and mass, how noble yet picturesque, how dignified yet graceful, were the Romanesque churches of Auvergne, built before the year 1100. Here the central towers are modern restorations, as is the western front at Issoire, with its pair of towers, and the single western tower of Notre Dame du Port in Clermont. But the predecessors of all these towers did not fall down or crumble away. They were deliberately destroyed during the great Revolution or in earlier days of civil strife. Left to the action of time, they would surely have been as perfect to-day as are the bodies of the churches they surmounted, conclusively



PLAN OF CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ISSOIRE.

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ISSOIRE. NAVE AND TRANSEPT.

proving, by the test of eight hundred years, the constructional excellence of the round-arched work of central France.[1]

IV.

THANKS to its holy patroness and her miraculous statue, the little church of Notre Dame du Port, and not the cathedral which so far outranked it in station, size, and title, was the hearthstone of the religious and civic life of Clermont. It was one of the chief strongholds of mariolatry in France. Annually thousands of pilgrims sought the low-browed, semicircular, and columned crypt where the ancient statue stood; and when, in days of peculiar peril, it was carried through the streets, the hands that were to touch it, and the priests and laymen who were to form its escort, were first solemnly blessed in the cathedral church.

Many interesting and significant events were witnessed by the church of Notre Dame du Port; but one of them so overshadows the rest that we are apt to forget them all in its favor.

Here, in the month of November, in the year 1095, when the present church of Notre Dame du Port was fresh and fair from the hands of its builders, rich with carving and gorgeous with color, a great ecclesiastical council assembled. Thirteen archbishops were gathered together, two hundred and five cardinals, bishops, and abbots, from all parts of France and many foreign lands, and such companies of secular lords and princes, and such hosts of followers, servants, pilgrims, beggars, priests, and sight-seers, that "the towns and villages of the neighborhood

[1] Henry Hobson Richardson studied chiefly the churches of Auvergne when evolving that modernized type of Romanesque which, for a time at least, has profoundly affected the course of American architecture.

were full of people, and divers were constrained to have their tents and pavilions set up in the fields and meadows, notwithstanding that the season and the country were cold to an extreme." Among the cardinals was one who afterward became Pope Innocent II; and among the bishops was the great warrior, Odo of Bayeux, uncle of that still greater warrior, William of Normandy and England. Over them all presided the actual pontiff, Urban II. And when, on the tenth day of deliberation, the troubles of the Christians in the East were laid before the council, while the people in myriads looked and listened, there stood close by the side of the pope the contrasting figure of a shabby monk called Peter the Hermit.

You know the rest of the story. You have read Peter's vivid, impassioned account of the desecration of the tomb of the Saviour and the persecution of European pilgrims—of the woe of Jerusalem and the duty of Christendom. You have read how Urban, himself a Frenchman by birth and speech, reinforced Peter's words with burning words of his own, and ended with the bold command: "Take ye, then, the road to Jerusalem for the remission of your sins, and depart assured of the imperishable glory which awaits you in the kingdon of heaven!" You have been told how the crowd shouted in return, "Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!" although you have never heard the shouts of any crowd so vast; how, amid perpetual repetitions of this ecstatic "God willeth it!" soldiers and burghers, yeomen and priests, dispersed to pin the red cross on their sleeves; and how, infecting all Europe with their faith and fury, they assembled in the following spring, three hundred thousand of them with Peter the Hermit at their head, for the beginning of the first crusade.

No more stirring scene than the Council of Clermont is portrayed in any of history's books, and none which meant the inception of a popular movement with more varied and profound results. And as no building built with hands could contain the multitude that played a part in it, the setting for it was the open "Port" in front of Notre Dame.

ST. NECTAIRE, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

BY THE FIREPLACE.

NEGRO "SPIRITUALS."

BY MARION ALEXANDER HASKELL.

THE education of the negro in the South is gradually abolishing a species of folk-song as interesting as it is unique—the old negro "spirituals," the most truly characteristic music that the race has as yet produced.

Spirituals are the religious songs composed by the negroes themselves, never written or printed, but passing from one generation to another with such additions and variations as circumstances may suggest.

It is a curious fact that the music which the negro originates differs essentially in spirit from that which most pleases his fancy as coming from other sources. In borrowing he chooses gay, stirring strains, but his own native songs are nearly always minor and sad in character. Even the dance-tunes, to the rhythm of which bare little black feet while away many an idle hour, are generally a sort of rhythmic monotone with minor cadences. Most of the songs of the jubilee singers, while of the nature readily adopted by the negro, are foreign to his creative genius; but in the spirituals its stamp is unmistakable.

As the negro becomes educated he relinquishes these half-barbaric, but often beautiful, old words and melodies, and their place is taken by the denominational hymns and the Moody and Sankey songs, which are becoming more and more popular wherever schools have sprung up. But among those who are as yet innocent of any educational aspirations, especially among the coast negroes, upon whom the yoke of civilization rests but lightly, spirituals still hold undisputed sway, and hymns are regarded as the sacred property of city churches and those who have attained greatness through knowledge of reading, writing, and "figgahs."

The musical talent of the uneducated negro finds almost its only expression in religious song, and for this there is a simple explanation. A race strongly imbued with religious sentiment, one rarely finds among them an adult who has not gone through that emotional experience known as conversion, after which it is considered vanity and sinfulness to indulge in song other than that of a sacred character. The new-found child of the church knows but little of that which he must forego, for his mother before him sang only spirituals, and to these he naturally turns as to old friends whom his own religious experiences have clothed in new dignity and light.

These spirituals have never been systematically collected, and they bid fair to become, a few years hence, only things of the past. To those who have heard them from childhood they are too familiar to seem interesting or valuable, and the stranger who seeks to collect them will meet with many difficulties.

The negro feels that the white man's religion is very different from his own, and is sensitive about submitting to an uncomprehending critic a sacred thing, which he fears may be ridiculed, or at best regarded as strange and peculiar.

Then, again, the imitative tendency of the race leads them to adopt the white man's methods as fast as they can be learned, and the would-be student of spirituals is likely to find the obliging colored brethren serving him with hymns picked up from a white person and rendered with pride in various degrees of perversion.

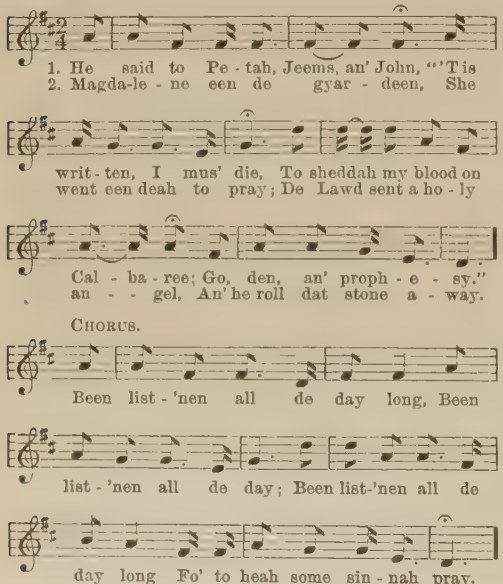
One can sometimes steal, unobserved by the many, into a camp-meeting and hear the spirituals sung there, but a white presence is very apt to disturb the workings of the "Sperrit," which must come upon the assemblage in full force to make the meeting a real success.

The best way, after all, is to be cradled by an old mauma, who sits at evening in a squeaky rocking-chair by an open fireplace, and sings the baby to sleep, while the flicker of the firelight, the peaceable tone of the old rocker, and the long, mysterious shadows on the wall seem but parts of the old melodies that nightly mark the stations to dreamland.

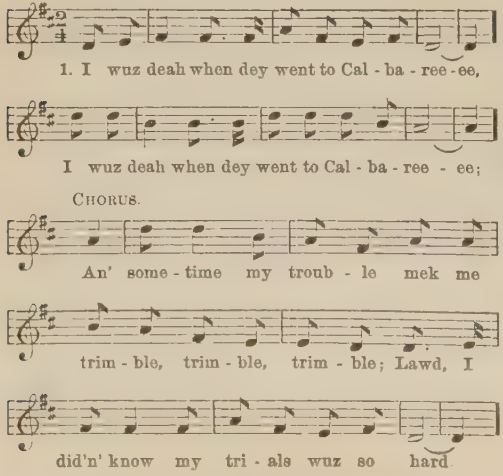
The low-country or coast child will reap a richer harvest than the child whose mauma comes from the up-country. The songs of the coast are more plaintive, more poetic and imaginative, carrying in their minor cadences a sense of loneliness and a pathos that seem born of the sound of the waters. They have in them something of the dignity

of the solitary palm and the moss-draped oaks which have stood as silent witnesses of their birth, as they were first sung amid the creative excitement of a camp-meeting, or about the graves of those who have entered into that rest for which the singers cry.

The up-country spirituals are not lacking in imagination, but they often present abstract ideas, whereas the low-country spirituals are invariably pictures. Both species deal at times with biblical subjects, but the coast negro sings them as personal experiences, and frequently alters them to suit his own conceptions, while his up-country brother sings them as he interprets them in the Scriptures. Thus, in the up-country one hears:



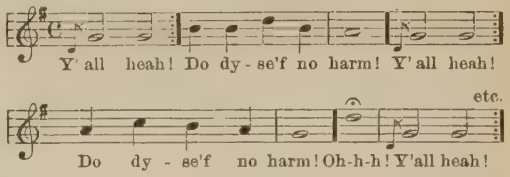
On the coast is sung:



2 I wuz deah when dey crucified my Lawd,
I wuz deah when dey crucified my Lawd.—CHO.
3 I wuz deah when he wo'ed de purple robe, etc.
4 I wuz deah when dey crown him wid de t'orn, etc.
5 I wuz deah when dey nail him to de cross, etc.
6 I wuz deah when de pilots took him down, etc.

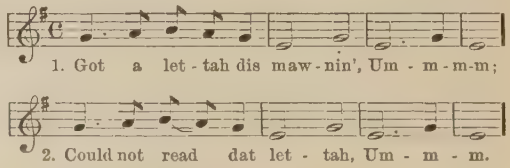
With the pilots coming and going among them, carrying ships down to the ocean, one readily sees how they came to suppose the scriptural Pilate to be one of this company.

Spirituals are often composed on the spur of the moment by a preacher or a member whose voice can insure the attention of the assemblage. At a meeting held in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1897, the preacher chose as the subject of his sermon "Paul and Silas Imprisoned," and for an hour or more commanded the strictest attention of his hearers. At the end of this time interest began to flag visibly, and apparently the spirit of exhortation had fled from the minister. After a hard struggle to rouse the audience by another reading of the prison scene, he suddenly burst forth in a loud shout:



At each repetition additional voices would join in, until the whole house had caught the words and rhythm; their bodies began to sway, and the excitement became so great that the meeting was brought to a close out of regard for some of the more emotional members, who were working themselves into a frenzy.

Another spiritual which has become popular among the country negroes of this locality was first sung by a convert while giving his experience in camp-meeting, and runs as follows:

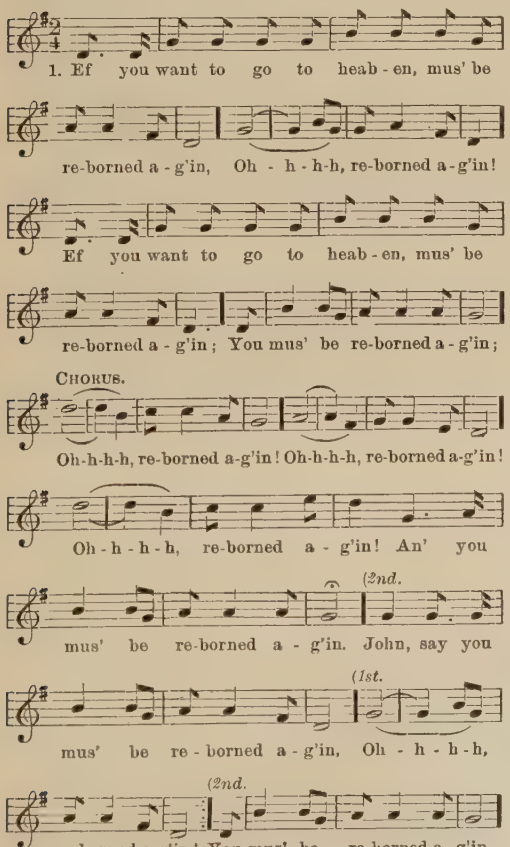


3 Took it to my deacon, um-m-m.
4 Deacon could not read it, um-m-m.
5 Took it to my pastor, um-m-m.
6 Pastor could not read it, um-m-m.
7 Took it to my Jesus, um-m-m.
8 Jesus read dat lettah, um-m-m.

9 Lettah read about my soul, um-m-m.
10 Gospel train a-comin', um-m-m.
11 Lettah read about jedgment, um-m-m.
12 Sinnah, bettah git ready, um-m-m.
13 Gospel train a-comin', um-m-m.
14 Sinnah, bettah git on boa'd, um-m-m.[1]

This spiritual is a special favorite because it has no end, and serves as a perfect medium for the expression of any reflection which may occur to the singer. The day after it was first heard in camp-meeting one old cook, at least, was thinking aloud to its melody and rhythm from morn till eve. At one moment she would piously repeat an order just given, "Come an' mix dem cakeses, um-m-m." At the next, with her mind attuned to holy thoughts, she would continue, "Deah I 'll meet my Lawd, um-m-m."

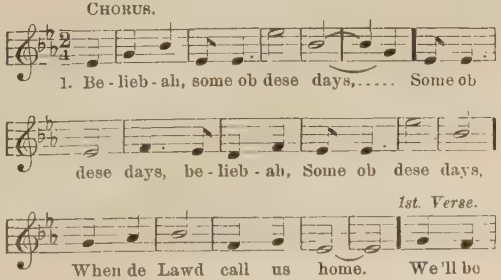
Another spiritual which is very effective at revivals, being especially well suited to "shouting" (the term applied to the rhythmic bodily movements which the worshipers go through when deeply moved or excited), is the following:

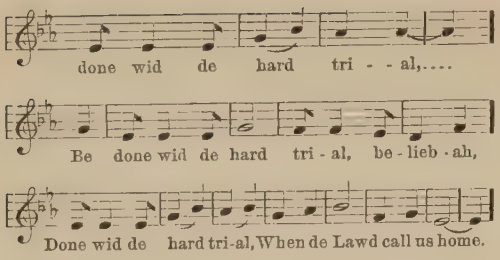


[1] The "um-m-m" is sung with closed lips.

The length of this spiritual is almost infinite, for any biblical character may be put in place of John, and the song continued until the list is exhausted.

As a child I can remember being shown a little cabin which stood in a tangle of wild honeysuckle, woodbine, and yellow jasmine, with hollyhocks, four-o'clocks, larkspurs, and other old-fashioned flowers running to waste in the neglected garden, and listening with awe to the story of Maum Rizpah, who once lived there. Whence she came no one could tell, and all that remained of her was her song, well known to the colored people on the plantation, and believed to have been composed by her. She had appeared soon after the war and had taken quiet possession of this unused cabin, whence no one sought to drive her, and where, as the superstitious negroes thought, she worked her charms. She was half Indian, and the proud dignity of her bearing, in addition to her other peculiarities, led to the belief that she was a witch. As such she was secretly visited by the colored people in times of sickness or misfortune, and their offerings served as her subsistence. Her one visible occupation was singing—always the same pathetic strain, which came to be familiar on the plantation, though no presumptuous voice dared echo it until after her death, when it was generally sung. During the day she would sit in her cabin crooning it softly to herself, rocking to and fro, with sometimes a little bundle in her arms; but at night, and especially when the moon shone over the fields around her little hut, she would stand in the doorway, and the song would float out on the still night air with a sweetness and pathos that stamped itself indelibly upon the memory of her hearers. She had been dead for years when I was taken to see her cabin, and the little wooden cross had fallen into decay over the grave by the edge of the wood, but the tears stood in my old mauma's eyes as she told me all she knew of the singer's history, and how, over the open grave on a moonlight night, the whole plantation sang:





2 An' we 'll walk de golden street,
An' we 'll walk de golden street, beliebah.
Walk de golden street,
When de Lawd call us home.—CHO.

3 An' we 'll try on de long white robe, etc.

4 An' we 'll try on de slippah-shoe, etc.

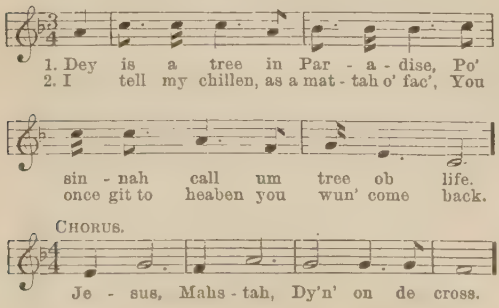
5 An' we 'll weah de golden crown, etc.

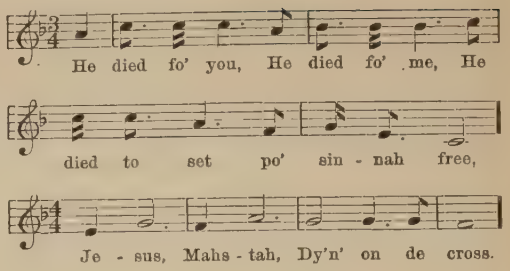
6 An' we 'll weah a golden belt, etc.

It was my good fortune to be down in an out-of-the-way little settlement in Beaufort County, South Carolina, during a protracted revival among the negroes of that region, and there I learned four spirituals which rank foremost in my affections.

The meetings were held in a little log church furnished with a few wooden benches, a table on a platform as a pulpit, and lighted by two long pine torches stuck in the cracks of the wall. Sometimes, in their devotions, the members forgot the torches, which burned so close to the wall as to ignite the mud-bedaubed logs; but this had occurred often enough to make the deacons expert in extinguishing the blaze, which no longer created any excitement. Soon after dark the congregation began to collect, the women often carrying in their arms babies, which they laid in a row, on shawls and blankets near the door, to sleep undisturbed throughout the service. By nine o'clock the preacher had arrived, and from then until midnight the woods reëchoed with the sound of prayer and praise.

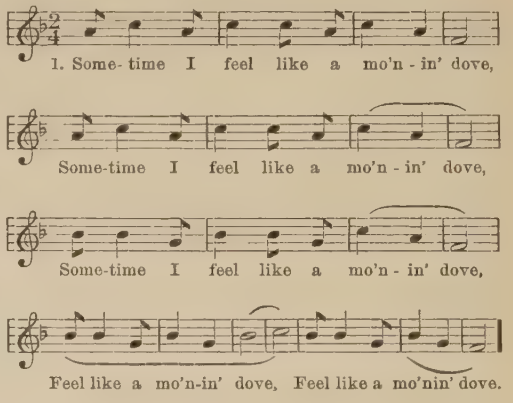
The service began generally with this spiritual:





3 Ef you want to see ole Satan run,
Jes fiah off dat gospel gun.
Jesus, Mahstah, etc.

After prayer and exhortation a voice would raise the sweet old melody of "De Mo'nin' Dove," and the first verse would wail through the dark woods slowly, softly, and sadly. Then, with a quickening of tempo and a ring of triumph as the eagle in his flight crossed their spiritual vision, they sang: "Sometime I feel like a yeagle een de yeah." Again with the pathos which so largely makes the beauty of the negro voice, "Sometime I feel like a muddahless chile," etc.

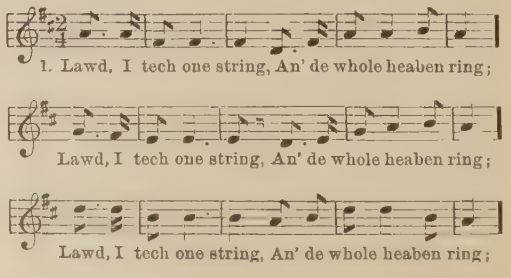


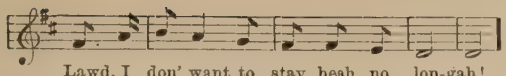
2 Sometime I feel like a yeagle een de yeah, etc.

3 Sometime I feel like a muddahless chile, etc.

4 Sometime I wish dat I nebbah been bawned, etc.

Another exhortation was followed by the fine old shouting spiritual:





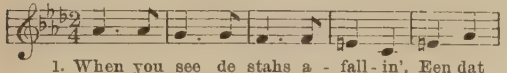
2 Lawd, dig my grabe wid a silvah spade, etc.
Lawd, I don' wan' to stay heah no longah.

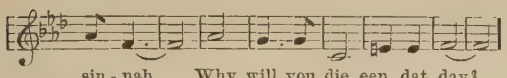
3 Lawd, lowah me down wid a golden chain, etc.

4 Dey 's a milk-white robe een de heab'n for me, etc.

5 Dey 's a slippah-shoe een de heab'n for me, etc.

Before the close of the service they always sang the pathetic, dirge-like "Why will Ye Die?" Often, as they sang, the dark faces would be bathed in tears, sobs mingling with the wail of the melody, and many and heart-felt were the petitions for mercy offered up after the hymn.





2 When you heah de trump a-callin'
Een dat day, een dat day,
Oh, sinnah, why will ye die, een dat day?

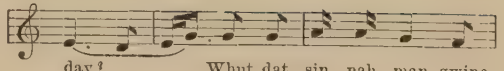
3 When you see de moon a-bleedin', etc.

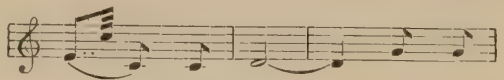
4 When you see de yearth a-rentin', etc.

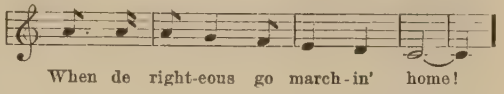
5 When you see de rocks a-rendin', etc.

6 When you see my Faddah's chillen, etc.

Equilibrium was, however, always restored by the following, the most remarkable of the collection. Each one sang it with exultation, a feeling of exemption, and a righteous joy in the probable gruesome fate of his neighbor, and then departed to his home with a complacency delightful to behold.







2 Whut dat hickhatic[1] gwine do een dat day
When de righteous go marchin' home?

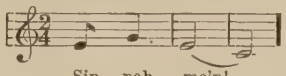
3 Whut dat backbite gwine do een dat day, etc.

4 Whut dat backslide gwine do een dat day, etc.

5 Whut dat t'ief gwine to do een dat day, etc.

6 Whut dat liah gwine do een dat day, etc.

An answering voice in the background would cry between the verses:



And each one, contemplating the fate of his neighbor, was satisfied.

A graduate of Hampden-Sidney told me recently, as an example of the splendid work of this institute, that these old spirituals are now rarely heard on the lips of the Virginia negro. It is inevitable that they give way before the advance of education. While rejoicing in the progress of the race, one cannot but feel that these quaint old spirituals, with their peculiar melodies, having served their time with effectiveness, deserve a better fate than to sink into oblivion as unvalued and unrecorded examples of a bygone civilization.

[1] Heretic.

THE CREEDLESS.

BY MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY.

WE know not whence is life, nor whither death,
Know not the Power that circumscribes our breath.
But yet we do not fear; what made us men,
What gave us love, shall we not trust again?

THE PEOPLE OF THE REINDEER.

LIFE AMONG THE NOMADIC LAPPS.

BY JONAS STADLING.

DISPERSED over vast regions, where for centuries they have had no intercommunication, the Lapps exhibit great differences in language, manners, and customs, not only in different countries, but within the borders of the same country. Thus a Lapp from northern Lapland in Sweden or Norway cannot make himself understood by a Lapp from the southern parts of those countries. Yet they all call themselves *Same;* the plural is *Samek*. "Lapps" is a denomination given to them by their nearest relatives, the Finns, who, in their own language, which, like all the languages of the western branch of the Ugro-Finnish family, exhibits great similarity to the Lapponian language, call them *Lappolainen*, meaning "border people," which name is also used in Sweden and southern Norway, whereas in northern Norway they are called *Finner*.

In Norway there are about 1500 fell Lapps, or nomadic Lapps, in Finland 500, and in Russia almost none, while in Sweden nearly all the Lapps, or about 7000, are fell Lapps. In point of civilization, the Russian Lapps are by far the lowest. They cannot read, and they are virtually pagans, although by name "orthodox," whereas in Sweden and Norway all can read and write, and are Protestants.

This numerically small and harmless people, which for centuries has endured the hardest climate on the globe, in spite of its poverty, has aroused the greed of several surrounding governments, being at one time forced to pay taxes to several governments simultaneously—the Swedish, Danish, Russian, and for a short period the English and Dutch. On intimate acquaintance one discovers in the genuine fell Lapp an almost superhuman capacity for enduring hardships, great sagacity, a quick understanding, honesty, and a glowing love for his wild and inhospitable fells.

IN A SUMMER CAMP.

THE life of the nomadic Lapp is almost entirely determined by the habits of the reindeer, his only means of subsistence. In the winter the reindeer keeps in lower regions, where there is reindeer-moss. In the spring, as the snow melts away, it moves upward toward the higher fell regions, both to feed upon certain kinds of new and fresh grasses, of which it is very fond, and also to escape the mosquitos, which, however, follow it up to the snow region. Here it remains until September, when it again moves south, and in midwinter it sometimes wanders as far as the Gulf of Bothnia. These are its great migrations,[1] in addition to which smaller migrations are undertaken, depending on the state of the pasture, the weather, and the presence of wolves.

The journey I am about to describe was undertaken at the beginning of July, when I had to proceed to the upper fell region to reach the Lapponian camp. At about eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level we reached the border of the pine region, and entered the birch region, which continued nearly one thousand feet higher, or about two thousand feet below the snow region. Here we entered a new world with a new flora, which, since the time of Linnæus, have formed an inexhaustible mine to the botanist, and an object of wonder to the lover of nature. In order to reach the camp we had to cross a snow-clad fell range. As we ascended, the mountain streams became livelier, the ptarmigan more plentiful, and the lakelets swarmed with ducks and wild geese. At the summit of the fell range a most magnificent panorama lay before us: below, dark pine forests, intersected with silvery rivers, here and there widening into lakes; higher up, birch-clad foot-hills; while in the background weird-looking fell giants reared their snow-clad summits among the clouds.

[1] In certain parts of northern Lapland the reindeer herds migrate every summer down to certain islands on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean in northern Norway.

As we sat down to rest in the invigorating mountain air, we descried in a distant valley, at the foot of the huge Syl-fell, a number of tiny pillars of smoke ascending in the still air. After an hour's tramp over hills and through marshes, we observed on the opposite bank of a mountain rivulet four Lapponian tent-huts. Having forded the stream, a couple of rough-haired little dogs came rushing out of the nearest hut toward us, barking fiercely. In a moment they were followed by a Lapp, who, having silenced the dogs, bade us welcome. On entering the tent-hut, we were asked to sit on fresh reindeer-skins, which he spread on the left side of the fireplace. We saluted our host's mother, sitting on her crossed legs opposite us, smoking an old iron pipe, the stem of which was entirely buried in her toothless mouth. In a moment our hostess, a middle-aged little woman, entered the hut and welcomed us cordially. From one of the tent-poles was hanging a cradle, in which a babe was sleeping. The Lapp babies are not wrapped in swaddling-clothes, but are placed naked in the cradle, where they are embedded in reindeer hair or a kind of soft moss, sometimes, also, in soft skins. The cradle is made in the form of a shoe, either from an entire piece of wood or from splinters, and covered with skin. There is protection for the child's head, and playthings, such as glass beads and rings, are hung at the top. At the sides is fastened the skin of a reindeer calf, which, when the cradle is carried, is laced up with strings running through loops of leather. When the child is taken up, fresh hair or moss is put into the cradle.

Being old acquaintances, we at once engaged in a lively conversation, while excellent coffee was served. After a while we went out and visited the other huts. Some of my friends were away on the fells, tending the reindeer herd; others were at home, resting after the night's watch. A number of children from five to eight years old were playing with the lasso, while a little urchin of two years strolled about with a cow-bell tied to his neck, which served the child for a plaything, and helped his mother to keep track of him. As we approached, the children hid themselves in small play-huts, which they had made of crooked birch-stems and turf. The whole evening was spent in conversation with the Lapps, who congregated in one hut to hear news from the outer world, or to tell news from their own world among the fells. Sometimes a newspaper finds its way to the Lapps; in most cases, however, the visiting stranger is their only news-bearer, so far as concerns the outer world. The nomadic Lapp does not take much interest in politics. He is, however, a good royalist. Like the Russian peasant, he has not much confidence in the lower officials, with whom he comes in immediate contact, but he entertains a child-like trust in the king.

It was late in the evening before supper was ready. In olden times, according to some authorities, only the men cooked and served the food; and they do it sometimes even at the present time, especially in the winter, and when the women have small children to look after. They do invariably carry water and fuel, and bring the meat and cut it in suitable pieces for cooking, this work being the heaviest. Our hostess having a baby to attend to, the host himself cooked and served the food. The host tested the meat in the large iron pot hanging from an iron chain over the fire. When he placed the meat in a big wooden bowl and cut it into portions, the eyes of all, both people and dogs, closely watched him. To the guests he served the tongue, the most delicate part of the reindeer, on a wooden plate; the others received pieces of meat in the hand. Then the men uncovered their heads, while a silent blessing was asked. The broth was served in a large wooden bowl, from which all ate. Most of the broth was given to the dogs. At the close of the meal, all, even the hostess, thanked the host for the food. This custom, however, is by no means general.

The men wear a gray blouse of a kind of woolen cloth, reaching below the knee, and open at the throat, showing an undershirt of the same material; tight-fitting leggings of reindeer leather, bound closely around the ankles by ribbons or garters specially woven for that purpose by the Lapp women; shoes either of the same material or of cowhide, with turned-up toes, and without heels; peaked caps of woolen cloth; leather pouches on their backs containing food, etc.; and a belt about the waist, from which hangs a knife. The costume of the women is the same as that of the men, except that the blouse is longer, and closed at the neck. Men, women, and children carry a staff, which is used specially in climbing the mountains and fording the streams. The famous "shoe-grass" is gathered in great quantities in the later summer months, and prepared somewhat like flax. This is worn instead of stockings—in winter-time to keep the feet warm, in summer-time to protect them while walking over rough and stony ground. The writer

can testify from his own experience that no stockings can compare with the Laplander's shoe-grass, either for warmth or for keeping the feet dry while marching for whole days over the fells.

This constant moving about on the inhospitable fells is evidently enjoyed by the Lapps, to whom it affords a welcome change in their monotonous life. They gave vent to this feeling in their peculiar songs, which echoed among the fells as we moved along. All were happy and gay when, the next morning, we reached the new camping-place. The first thing done at the new camp was to get a roof over their heads. Four poles, a little bowed at one end, were fastened together at the bowed ends, and put into the ground so as to form two arcs, which at the top were connected by a cross-bar, two other cross-bars being fastened one at each side a little below. To this simple but strong frame were attached about a dozen poles, to give a suitable shape and necessary stability to the whole. Two poles were fastened together at the front, in the form of scissors, leaving an opening between for the door, two similar poles being placed at the back, but without opening between. Our host then cast over the frame, with a single throw for each piece, two large triangular pieces of woolen cloth, fastening them together at the back with pins of reindeer bone. The "door," a nearly triangular piece of cloth fastened to a wooden frame, usually ornamented with carvings, is always carried along from one camp to another. The area covered by the tent was about twelve square yards, its height at the top being a little over six feet. The first thing done was to build a fireplace, an oval spot in the middle of the tent being inclosed with a number of stones as large as a man's head. A large iron pot filled with water and reindeer meat was suspended from the uppermost cross-bar, a fire was made, and the coffee-pot put on. From each side of the door-opening to the fireplace were laid two small birch logs, inclosing the place for fuel, while the space opposite, behind the fireplace,—in olden times consecrated to Lapponian divinities and magic exercises,—was used as the kitchen department. By this time we were all hungry. We lay down about the fire, eating, drinking coffee, and smoking our pipes, but were soon disturbed by Grandpa Torkel, who came with his arms full of birch-branches, which he spread on the ground for a flooring, artistically arranging them to serve as carpeting and mattresses at the same time. Having finished the floor, and tightened the tent all round at the ground, he proceeded to make a small opening at the back to regulate the draft, so that the smoke might escape through the roof.

MILKING THE REINDEER.

WHILE the women were putting the household things in order inside the huts, we helped the men build a kind of scaffolding of birch-stems in order to keep the provisions out of reach of the dogs, and mended the old fence about the inclosure in which the reindeer are milked. Having got the camp in order, my companion and I were sitting outside, looking at the magnificent scenery. The camp was beautifully situated on the slope of a fell ridge in the upper birch region. Below, the Goos River widened into a calm pond, while above there was a series of rapids and cascades. On all sides the horizon was bounded by snow-clad fells, whose peaks were gilded by the evening sun. Suddenly sharp barking was heard in the distance, followed by the shout through the camp, "The herd is coming!" All helped to drive the herd into the inclosure [1]—young and old, men and women, even the little children, hurrying down, the men carrying the lasso on their arms, the women holding a wooden scoop, others a kind of large wooden pail, a keg-like vessel closed by a sliding cover, while our hostess, besides, had her baby thrown over her shoulders, my companion and I running along with the crowd. Placing ourselves on both sides of the entrance to the inclosure, at some distance, we stopped to wait for the herd. Looking in the direction from which the barking was heard, we observed on the summit of the nearest mountain-ridge, against the horizon, something like a moving thicket, carried, as it were, by a swift current down the mountain-side. Soon we distinguished the graceful forms of hundreds of reindeer, as they, with elastic motions, leaping and bounding, came tearing down toward the camp, the dogs stretching like ropes along the ground on each side of the herd to keep it together. We crouched behind stones and bushes so as not to frighten the half-wild animals. With a good deal of running, gesturing, and shouting, the herd was finally brought into the inclosure, only a few of the wildest animals

[1] Generally the milking is done in an open place, where the herd is kept together with great difficulty; but sometimes, as in this case, inclosures are made of birch-stems at certain camping-places, standing from year to year.

escaping over the fell, past some of the little children. Rushing into the inclosure in an unbroken stream of more than a thousand animals, the herd did not cease running,—the reindeer is always on the move, except at its regular resting-times,—but continued in a circle against the sun. The reindeer in these circular motions always runs against the sun; if it runs with it, it is a sign of

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. OLSON, OSTERSUND.

REINDEER HERD PASTURING.

disease of the brain. In the midst of the reindeer, leaping, bounding, and butting in a friendly way, while giving out their peculiar grunting sound, the picturesque figures of our Lapponian friends were seen, surrounded by a thicket of horns. Our hostess, having hung her baby to a birch in the middle of the inclosure, stood, like a number of other women, mostly girls, with a wooden scoop in her hand, ready to milk the first of the female reindeer caught; while at the outskirts of the inclosure stood a number of children with large pails to receive the milk from the scoops, the smaller children either running about playing outside the camp, or giving salt and angelica to some of the tamest animals. The most important actors on the scene, however, were the men moving about slowly in the midst of the herd, holding the lasso behind their back in the right hand, and looking sharply at the running animals. As quick as lightning a lasso whizzed through the air, the frightened animals recoiling and then increasing their speed. When the lasso hit the mark, the cow was hauled in, and tied to a birch while the milking was done. So they kept on for nearly two hours. The quantity of milk yielded by each animal is very small, at the most about a teacupful, but it is of very high nutritive quality. The milking, which is by no means regular, is done, if possible, once a day. In winter-time there is of course no milking. To prevent the calves from sucking their mothers, pieces of bone are tied into their mouths, or the udders are besmeared with tar. Some of the Lapps consider it sinful to milk the reindeer and thus deprive the calves of their food.

The milking done, the herd was again let out on the fell, accompanied by fresh herders and dogs. As soon as the outlet was opened, the herd rushed out, and dashed away with the speed of the wind. Bewildered by the general confusion in the inclosure, a number of calves were left behind, running about, grunting for their mothers. After a few moments one of the cows came back, running, grunting, and smelling for its young, and soon all the calves had been found by their mothers. When we reached the huts we found the poor dogs sleeping soundly after their hard exertions in watching the herd. We stretched ourselves on skins, and also slept.

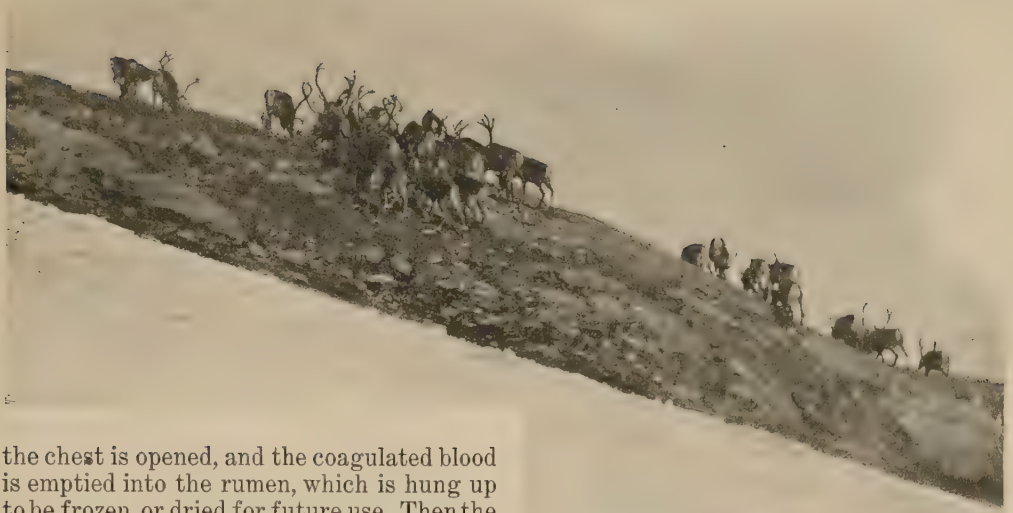
IN AN AUTUMN CAMP.

ONCE, during a visit some time before Christmas to the Lapps in southern Lapland, I found the lakes and rivers frozen. Little snow had fallen, and the Lapps were encamped in the lower birch region. Only the women and children were at home.

After four days some of the Lapps came to the camp with part of their herd, which they had found scattered over an area of more than two thousand square miles. By this time a number of merchants had arrived, the "great slaughter-time" being at hand. Besides the weekly killing of animals for food, and the slaughter of calves and bulls in the early fall, the skins of calves being finest at that time, and the bulls being fattest in early September, the regular harvest-time for the Lapps occurs a week or two before Christmas, and is called "Christmas slaughter." A herd of about one thousand animals was driven into an open place and kept together by dogs. In spite of the prohibition of importing and selling liquor in Lapland, the merchants manage to smuggle large quantities of spirits to the Lapps, especially at the time of the great slaughter. Treating the Lapps stealthily to rum until they get them drunk, the merchants afterward begin their "business," often cheating the poor nomads in a thousand ways, and in a most shameful manner. Then the slaughtering begins. Shouting and yelling, the Lapps, accompanied by the merchants, single out the largest and fattest animals, four or five years old, which are caught by the lasso and slaughtered. The slaughtering is done in a skilful manner. As soon as the animal is caught, the Lapp thrusts his small knife into its neck, cutting apart or wounding the spine, the animal instantly falling senseless to the ground; whereupon the Lapp thrusts his knife between its ribs into the heart, turning the blade of the knife a couple of times, so as to open the passage for the blood from the heart into the cavity of the chest. When the animal has been skinned, the cavity of

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GLEON, OSTERSUND.

A WINTER CAMP: SADDLED REINDEER WITH PULKA (SLED).



ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

REINDEER HERD ON THE FELL IN SUMMER-TIME.

the chest is opened, and the coagulated blood is emptied into the rumen, which is hung up to be frozen, or dried for future use. Then the whole body is cleverly cut up and disjointed, and the meat placed on a kind of scaffolding, high up from the ground, until it is frozen, when it is taken down and transported to different parts of the kingdom. Often the Lapps take their herd near some of the northern towns to slaughter the animals and sell the meat.

At night when I crept into my sleeping-sack of reindeer-skin, I could look at the stars through the aperture at the top of the tent. Early in the morning, a big fire soon warmed the tent, and after a substantial breakfast I continued my way, in company with a Lapp, to a fell region some eighty miles away. Having finished my investigation of matters in that region, and despatched a message to the nearest post- and telegraph-station, I returned to my friends at the first-named camp. Utterly tired out by the hardships of the trip, I decided to stay a few days, partly to rest myself and finish my notes, and partly to study winter life among them.

The fell Lapp cannot endure the close air of houses, either in winter or summer. Often I have seen Lapponian children running barefooted, in the morning, between the huts in a frosty temperature. On coming home from some tour to the fells on my snow-skates, I used to take a snow-bath before putting on dry clothes, the Lapps laughing heartily at my experiment. The Lapps, who very rarely perspire, could manage without this, but to me it was a necessary safeguard against taking cold. During snow-storms, when the snow drifts into the hut in heaps, and the smoke mostly stays inside, a Lapponian tent-hut is not very comfortable.

But such inconveniences at home are nothing compared with what the Lapps endure out on the fells. During my stay I had an experience which illustrates this. The weather was growing colder. Early one morning, while all the members of the family, including the dogs, were sleeping soundly, I awoke with a cold shudder, in spite of my warm sleeping-sack and the fur cap pulled down over my ears. The fire was out, and a large lump of ice was fastened to my beard like an old-fashioned padlock. Crawling out of my sack, I brought some fuel for the fire, which in a few minutes warmed the tent. Now my host awoke, and raising his little fluffy head, mumbled in Lapponian: "Hot, hot! The fire has burned all night." Happening to understand this phrase, I explained that the heat would have frost-bitten my nose had I not got up and made a fire. "No doubt—your Stockholm nose!" he rejoined, followed by general laughter from the rest of the family, now beginning, one by one, to creep out of their beds.

AN ADVENTURE IN A SNOW-STORM.

About noon the man-servant of my host was going out on the fell to look after part of the herd, pasturing a few miles away. It would take only a couple of hours. I resolved to go along with him. Strapping my coat of

1. PHOTOGRAPH BY A. OLSON, OSTERSUND. 2, 3. PHOTOGRAPHS BY GOSTA FLORMAN, STOCKHOLM.

1. A SUMMER CAMP. 2. DRIVING AND SKEEING AT A WINTER CAMP. 3. AN AUTUMN CAMP.

reindeer-skin to my shoulder, and putting on my snow-skates, I started with Niela toward the fell. The snow being packed hard, we scudded along at a quick gait, and were soon at the place where we expected to find the reindeer herd. Their tracks showed that the animals had set off over the fell. Niela, knowing the direction usually taken by the herd, told me that we would have to make a short cut over one of the highest fell ridges in order to meet it, and so we began a climb up the mountain. On level ground I could without difficulty keep pace with him, my snow-skates, about nine feet long, gliding smoothly over the hard snow-drifts; but uphill I got the worst of it. Niela, with his short, broad, and light snow-skates, traveled almost as quickly as on level ground. I tried my utmost to keep pace with him, but soon I got into such a perspiration that a cloud of vapor encompassed me as I moved along in the cold air, the distance constantly growing between Niela and me. Then he would stop and look at me with an air of pity mixed with amusement. I took off my snow-skates and tried to walk, but the snow did not bear. After the utmost exertion I finally reached the summit, some three thousand feet above the camp. Putting on my fur coat, I threw myself on the snow, utterly exhausted.

As we were resting, Niela suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "A storm is coming!" Looking up, I saw woolly clouds chasing one another with ominous speed over our heads. Warning me of the dangerous precipices if the storm should overtake us before reaching the foot of the mountain, Niela urged me to hurry. With a frightful speed we swept down the mountain, but had not got far before we were wrapped in a blinding snow-storm. "Follow me!" Niela shouted through the storm, as we sped on downward. Straining every nerve and muscle to follow him and keep my balance, —a fall here would have been fatal,—I managed to keep pace with him for a couple of minutes; but a strong blast throwing me out of my course, I instantly lost sight of him. It was a terrible moment. I knew that precipices threatened me on every side, and to stop on the mountain in such a storm would be equally fatal. Preferring the risk of going down a precipice, I let go, using the staff as a brake, and down I went—I can hardly say how. Sometimes I felt as if lifted into the air, and sometimes as if falling through resistless space. I finally came down on a lake, breathless from the frightful speed and the

terrible suspense. After a few moments I also found Niela, who considered it "a miracle of God" that I escaped the many precipices and came down unhurt.

We could do nothing but follow the wind, which literally swept us along the snowy plain. As we thus sped along, side by side, so as not to lose each other in the storm, we fell through a snow-vault into a ravine about thirty feet deep, followed by masses of snow, in which we were buried up to the neck. Crawling out of the snow, we could not help laughing at our ridiculous appearance, although fully alive to our dangerous position. If I had been alone I would probably have been buried forever in that ravine; but Niela, crawling up the side, hauled me after him with the lasso. Finding it impossible to reach any chalet or hut, we had now nothing to do but to find shelter in the snow. An inexperienced person in such a case would select a sheltered place under the lee of a hill or rock, where he would be buried in snow packed as hard as a road. Niela, having found a deep snow-drift on the windy side of an elevation, cut out an opening in the hard crust of the drift large enough for a man to creep through. Underneath this crust the snow was loose, and having dug out a "room," we both crept down, Niela covering up the hole with the piece cut out from the crust. Being utterly exhausted, I instantly fell asleep to the music of the storm roaring over our heads. I do not know how long I had slept, when I awoke with a shudder. My feet and the upper part of my body were well protected against the cold, but my legs from the knees upward, being covered only with underclothing and breeches of woolen stuff, could not be kept warm in this bed of snow. Niela, being dressed in reindeer-skin all over, slept soundly. I awakened him. He thought it strange that I should feel cold. The storm having abated considerably, I urged Niela to start on our way back to the camp, which we safely reached in the morning. I was able then to appreciate the usual expression of the Lapp on coming home to his hut, "Thank God for warm house and shelter!"

After a day's rest I started for another fell region farther north, accompanied by a Lapp boy by the name of Jacko. On approaching the camp, we saw a beautiful sight of about one thousand reindeer coming down the fell toward the camp. My host here, an old Lapp with rich experience of life among the fells, was a highly interesting person. On learning my destination, the headquarters of the Lapps in his district, where there is a chapel, as one of the two or three annual services was to be held within a couple of days, he offered to drive me there behind reindeer. The next morning he started, with two other Lapps, for the fells, to fetch some driving reindeer. About noon they returned with four animals, of which only one was a regular driving reindeer, two being only half broken in, and the fourth entirely unbroken I was to ride after the first-named, and the last one was to be broken in. The half-wild animal, a young bull, was tied

PHOTOGRAPH BY GOSTA FLORMAN, STOCKHOLM.

LAPPS ON THE FELL, SEEKING LOST REINDEER.

to a tree. One Lapp, approaching the animal from behind, took hold of its hind legs, stretching them out until the body of the reindeer was lying flat on the ground, unable to move, while another Lapp put on it the saddle. This done, the other Lapp took the trace, with which the sled is drawn, with the left hand, and the rein with the right; then the animal was let loose. With a leap in the air, and jerks hither and thither, it set off at a frightful speed over the plain, dragging the Lapp after it, who, all the while standing on his feet with his legs distended, slid after the wild animal, the snow whirling about him. Having kept up this wild dance on the fell for an hour, the animal began to show signs of fatigue. Then it was again tied to a tree, the Lapp declaring that it was broken in.

By the time we were ready to start, it was reported that the reindeer which I was to

drive had broken loose and run away. My host at once started to catch it or fetch another. Several hours elapsed before he returned. In the meantime the reindeer which had been newly broken in was put, with the help of two other Lapps, to a sled. When all was ready, its owner jumped into the sled, and the wild animal tore off like a whirlwind over the fell. It had long been dark when my host returned with another half-wild animal, behind which I was to ride. At ten in the evening we proceeded to harness our reindeer. The harness was very simple, consisting of a collar for the neck, at the lower part of which a single strong leather trace was fastened, to which the sled was attached. No bit was used, a single rein of strong plaited leather being fastened to the base of the horns, the rider, seated in the sled, holding the rein tightly twisted round the right hand. If this had been my first drive after reindeer I should have had a hard time of it. The track made by the animal at first described circles, then all possible figures; finally it assumed the shape of a serpent. On getting tired, the animal would stop and turn against me, and then a more or less friendly tussle would follow. Sometimes I lost sight of my host, who would then shout to let me know his whereabouts. Thus we continued our way over the trackless fells until two o'clock in the morning, when we came to a fishing-hut by a lake, from which we saw fire-sparks ascending. Here we tied the animals, and went in, finding a number of people, mostly young, on their way to the service at the Lapponian chapel. After an hour's rest, we all started in company. These young people were all fine snow-skate runners, and they had plenty of chances to show off before we reached our destination. Two of the girls and a young man, all of "rich" families, finely dressed, with plenty of silver ornaments, were certainly among the best snow-skate runners I have ever seen. When the driving was fine I would urge on my reindeer, which now had become more tractable; but that trio always kept pace with me, with graceful movements scudding along, talking and laughing all the time, the fresh laugh of the girls echoing among the rocks and fells as we sped through the moonlit night. The elegance and elasticity of the motions of the Lapponian snow-skate runner are outmatched only by his speed and endurance. A certain Lapp, Lenta, of Jockmock, in a race arranged by Professor Nordenskjöld, made a hundred and forty English miles in twenty hours, including the time of resting and eating.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

LAPLAND GIRLS.

IN THE WHIRL OF THE TORNADO.[1]

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM SKETCHES BY THE WRITER.

THE TORNADO AT KIRKSVILLE, MO., APRIL 27, 1899. FROM EAST McPHERSON STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

TO stand quietly for even ten seconds and watch the rapid approach of inevitable doom, to look utterly helpless into the face of a devouring monster, and speculate on the chances of being swept into eternity, is enough to turn white the hair of youth. Old soldiers—veterans of two wars and the heroes of scores of battles—assert that they would rather storm a well-defended fort, or lead a forlorn hope, than meet one of those monsters of the air inaccurately spoken of in the United States as "cyclones."

It was my good or ill fortune to be an eye-witness of one of the devastating tornadoes that often sweep American soil.

About half-past six on the afternoon of April 27, 1899, I left my house in Kirksville, Missouri, to post some letters. The day had been rather remarkable, alternating between suffocating heat and the chilliness of early spring. Dense black clouds occasionally rolled across the saffron sky, and showers of rain alternated with bursts of sunshine, while the winds had been capricious, at times blowing in gusts and gales, to be followed by a dead calm. It needed no barometer to indicate an impending atmospheric disturbance, for every one could feel it.

At the time I started from my house a gentle shower was falling, and I took my umbrella with me. As I stepped from the west door upon the veranda, a continuous roaring off to the southwest burst on my ears, and my house being on high ground, I had an excellent view in that direction.

In the southwest, at the extreme limit of

THE TORNADO FROM HALLABURTON STREET, LOOKING EAST, ONE-HALF MINUTE LATER.

[1] Professor Willis L. Moore, in the "National Geographic Magazine," writes as follows concerning the distinction between the cyclonic storm and the tornado:

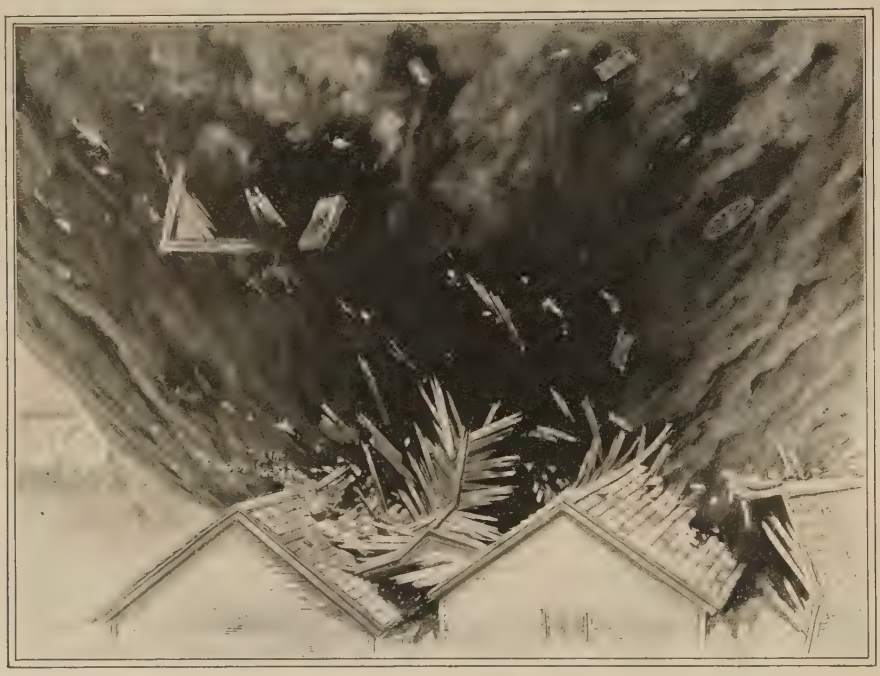
"The press, and nine out of ten people who should know better, use these terms as synonymous. The cyclone is a horizontally revolving disk of air, covering the whole United States from the Atlantic Ocean westward to, and including, the Mississippi valley, with the air-currents from all points flowing spirally inward toward the center, while the tornado is a revolving mass of air of only five hundred to one thousand yards in diameter, and is simply an incident of the cyclone, nearly always occurring in its southeast quadrant. The cyclone may cause moderate or high winds through a vast expanse of territory, while the tornado, with a rotary motion almost immeasurable, always leaves a trail of death and destruction in an area infinitesimal in comparison to the area covered by the cyclone.

"The tornado is the most violent of all storms. . . . It has characteristics which distinguish it from a thunder-storm, viz., a pendent funnel-shaped cloud and a violent rotary motion in a direction contrary to the movements of the hands of a watch, together with a violent updraft in the center."

my vision, hung a lowering, dark cloud, from which occasional peals of thunder issued. Just below the cloud, seeming to rest upon the earth, was a whirling monster of vapor, dust, and smoke, coming apparently toward me, with an incessant and steadily increasing roar. The first appearance was that of a huge locomotive emitting black smoke and steam, and coming at a tremendous speed. The tornado seemed suddenly to tear itself loose from the black storm-cloud and

My next care was for my mother and two sisters, one of whom is blind. Their cottage is on the same street, just opposite my own house. As I started across the street I shouted to a neighbor, who with his wife and child stood motionless on his veranda, calling to them to fly for their lives. By this time the tornado was so near, and its roar so loud, that my voice could not be heard, though they saw my frantic gestures.

In the west wing of my mother's cottage



THE TORNADO CROSSING McPHERSON STREET ONE MINUTE AFTER IT WAS DISCOVERED.

to advance at increased speed, rotating from right to left. I quickly reëntered the house, calling to my wife and children to fly for their lives. My youngest daughter, aged sixteen, had gone to the second story to secure some windows, and, evidently alarmed at my call, was for a moment dumfounded with fear. Bounding up the stairway, I met her coming down, and my wife took her and our eldest daughter into the yard west of the house, where they sought safety behind some cedars.

Having placed them in what I thought the most secure place available, I once more turned my attention to the storm, which I found much nearer. The great funnel-shaped cloud, expanding and extending up into the vault of heaven, seemed to spread over the entire eastern horizon. It was a dark, steamy cloud, from which were emitted evanescent flashes of electric light.

were north and south windows, and I could see her standing quietly at the south window, gazing in awe and silence upon the fearful phenomenon, so terrible in its splendor that she was spellbound and incapable of motion. I shouted as I ran, but my calls were unheeded. She stood like a marble statue, her slight form and white hair silhouetted in the dull gray twilight that enveloped the scene, while the roaring, expanding monster continually was drawing nearer and nearer.

Suddenly there came a report as if a shell had exploded at the window. The noise broke the spell which chained her to the spot, and with my sisters and a servant-girl she ran from the house.

All that I have described could not have occupied more than ten or fifteen seconds. The street is only sixty feet wide, and I was but half-way across when the report came

from the cottage. At the same moment I discovered that the course of the tornado was changed, and that it was sweeping in a northeastern direction through what is known as Fible's Addition to the city. Fible's Addition is built up chiefly with frame houses one or two stories in height, which are occupied mainly by students, laborers, and small merchants. A large brick building stands just southeast of the Addition, and to the east of the storm-path, while the North Missouri State Normal School building is just beyond the western limit.

I knew that at this hour nearly all the people would be at home at supper, and the tornado would burst on them without a moment's warning. A great crushing feeling of horror and grief supplanted the awful dread that only a moment before had stilled my heart.

Shouting to my wife that we were safe, and directing her to telephone for surgeons, I ran east, in the direction of the tornado. It had now grown to such gigantic proportions that it seemed to extend from the zenith to the farthest limit of the eastern horizon. When it struck the densely populated part of the city, the continual crashing and tearing of houses was added to that incessant rumbling and roaring, making an awful sound which swelled in volume until the earth trembled beneath our feet. The air was filled with flying debris. Doors, shutters, roofs, and even whole houses were sent soaring and whirling to a height of three or four hundred feet. I saw the wheel of a wagon or carriage and the bodies of two persons flying up into the storm-cloud. One house was lifted upward to a height of over one hundred feet, when it seemed to explode into a thousand fragments, which went soaring, whirling, and mingling with the other debris.

The wind, two blocks away, as it crossed our street, pulled down a cedar-tree in my front lawn, and a large plate glass of the house adjoining was burst outward by the pressure of air within, and shattered into a hundred fragments. During the few seconds that the tornado took in crossing our street, no one was in sight, and I continued my flight toward the scenes of disaster without meeting or seeing any one.

On it swept in its unswerving northeast course, a great black monster obscuring the eastern sky; a raging, baleful thing; a hateful, devouring devil, tearing up houses to their foundation-stones, roaring, rumbling, crashing, thundering in its awful rage, and yet the most terrifying spectacle man ever gazed upon, until it swept out of sight, leaving a path of smoking ruins in its wake.

The last shingle had scarcely fallen, and the dust-cloud still hovered over the debris, when I reached the edge of the ruins. The cruel monster had gone on, carrying death and ruin into the country far to the northeast, but was now beyond our hearing, and a silence as awful as the noise it had made pervaded the scene. The hush of death, more appalling than the thunder of the storm-king's war-chariot, brooded over that scene of desolation.

This was only for a moment; then bursting from the ruins came the wounded and blood-stained victims able to creep forth, while the air was filled with wailing shrieks, groans, and sobs of despair. A woman covered with blood and dust, her face badly lacerated, and holding a child on whose cheek was a cruel gash, came toward me.

"Are you badly hurt?" I asked.

"No, no; but my husband and children are killed," she answered.

"Where was your house?"

"There"; and she pointed to a mass of boards, timber, brick, and plaster.

Those who had had time to reach their cellars were saved. My wife, who followed close after me, rescued one woman from a narrow cellar, one side of which had fallen in.

The news spread on the wings of the lightning to the business portion of the city, and surgeons, merchants, bankers, professional men, students, and mechanics, with lint and bandages, saws and axes, came hurrying to the rescue, meeting a blood-streaming procession of survivors wringing their hands and imploring aid for the more unfortunate loved ones buried beneath the ruins.

I first assisted in extricating a young woman with a broken spine lying under some heavy timbers. With the aid of one other we threw off the timbers, which would have been deemed an impossible feat under ordinary circumstances, lifted the unfortunate woman out, and laid her upon a couch which some one had dragged from the debris. Next I remember taking some children from a house. The father, Dr. W. B. Howells of New York city, was killed.

The tornado was accompanied by a rain which continued with more or less intermission throughout the first half of the night.

The shrieking and wailing gave place to silent, earnest work, broken only by the groans of sufferers still beneath the ruins.

We took a gentleman, Dr. H. K. Sherburne of Montpelier, Vermont, from the ruins of a building. He was badly injured about the head, side, and limbs, and we laid him on a mattress in the rain. He raised himself on his elbow, and pointing to the ruins of what had been his house, said:

"My wife is under there. Save her! Save her!"

Though we tore the ruins right and left, we were unable to find her. After convincing ourselves that she was not in the wreck about the foundation, we went to another heap of rubbish where two buildings seemed to have collided, and there found the unfortunate woman with a ghastly cut in her head. As we raised her from the debris, a dead hen fell from under her arm, as if she had been holding it. Mrs. Sherburne breathed once or twice after we got her out, and then died. Her husband was taken to my house, and for a long time was too weak to be moved to the hospital. When he became convalescent I asked him if they had had any chickens, and he answered that they had not. The dead hen must have been blown into his wife's arms by the storm.

An old man was found dead in the wreck, clutching his pocket-book, in which were nine hundred dollars. His wife, who lay dead at his side, had twenty-five hundred dollars sewed up in the skirt of her dress. A woman was found dead, holding in her arms her dead child. Another was found dead, holding in her arms her uninjured infant; and when the men who found these removed the boards and timbers covering them, the babe looked up and smiled as if grateful to its deliverers.

About thirty minutes after the tornado had swept through the city, a black, angry cloud rose in the west, and spread over the entire city, deluging it with a downpour of rain, while the wind blew such a gale that many of our younger assistants became frightened and ran to cellars, ditches, and sewers to escape the fury of a second tornado. In vain the older and more experienced shouted that there was no danger. The downpour of rain soaked us all to the skin, and was of course much worse for the unfortunates, many of whom were still under the ruins. Those whom we did rescue were laid on mats, doors, and shutters, until we could get men to carry them beyond the stricken district to carriages and ambulances, for the timbers and debris made it impossible for a vehicle to cross the path.

Night came upon us when our work had just begun. The storm had torn down the electric wires, and all the eastern part of the city was in total darkness.

"We must have lanterns," I suggested to some of the rescuing party. Every one agreed that we ought to have them, but there was no suggestion of a plan whereby they could be obtained. I turned to a youth who stood near, stupefied at the surroundings, and bade him go down into the city and bring all the lanterns he could find.

He went and brought about a dozen, which were of great service. I returned to my house for a "pommel slicker" I had worn on the Plains and in Hawaii, which was proof against rain, and with my lantern continued the search, overturning the sides of houses and lifting floors to look for the dead. Throughout the long, dark night, lanterns could be seen flashing over the ruins, while people were dragged out and placed in ambulances and carriages.

Some of the buildings had taken fire, and for a time we feared a general conflagration, in which case many of the injured must have perished in the flames. But the fire company kept the flames within bounds, and only one person was seriously burned.

It was a doleful night, an awful night. Not one of the thousands who participated in the search will ever forget it. The list of killed grew, until one became sick at the mention of new names.

When the solemn dawn broke pityingly, dark wreaths of smoke were still ascending from the smoldering ruins of some of the buildings, while the path of the tornado seemed more ghastly in the revelation of the morning light. At the point where the path entered the city it was not more than one hundred yards wide, but it spread as it advanced through the most populous portion until it was a fourth of a mile wide. Great trees were uprooted, while others had the tops twisted off, or were broken off only a few feet from the ground.

In places the very earth seemed to be torn up from the streets, while the young grass started on the once pretty lawns looked as if it had been run over by a lawn-mower. Great beams of timber were driven several feet endwise into the earth, the opposite ends sticking out like a chevaux-de-frise.

Many strange freaks were played by the tornado. In a tree-top was found a woman's hair, supposed to have been torn from her head as she was carried through its branches, yet no person was found near it. A human scalp was found three miles from the city limits, under a bridge. Notes, letters, and

papers were blown from the city into Iowa, and found ninety miles away. One promissory note of four hundred dollars was found in a field near Grinnell, Iowa, nearly one hundred miles away, while clothing and papers were scattered along the entire distance.

One woman was decapitated by a tin roof, and her child was killed near her. Some persons who were outside the rotating current were killed or injured by flying timbers, which, like bolts from the catapult of Jove, flew with deadly force for a great distance, while others in the very center of the storm escaped with little or no injury.

Perhaps the most remarkable experiences were those of Miss Moorehouse, Mrs. Webster, and her son. The three were caught up in the storm, and were carried beyond the Catholic church, nearly one fourth of a mile, and let down on the common so gently that none was killed. Mrs. Webster had some slight cuts about the head, her son had one arm fractured, but Miss Moorehouse was uninjured.

"I was conscious all the time I was flying through the air," said Miss Moorehouse, "and it seemed a long time. I seemed to be lifted up and whirled round and round, going up to a great height, at one time far above the church steeples, and seemed to be carried a long distance. I prayed to the Lord to save me, for I believed he could save me, even on the wings of the tornado; and he did wonderfully preserve my life. As I was going through the air, being whirled about at the sport of the storm, I saw a horse soaring and rotating about with me. It was a white horse and had a harness on. By the way it kicked and struggled as it was hurled about I knew it was alive. I prayed God that the horse might not come in contact with me, and it did not. I was mercifully landed upon the earth unharmed, saved by a miracle."

Young Webster says he saw the horse in the air while he was being borne along by the storm. "At one time it was directly over me, and I was very much afraid I would come in contact with its flying heels."

The white horse belonged to a teamster named Cheney, living in the southeastern part of the city. Its mate was found dead near the wrecked barn in which the animals were standing. Their master had just come in from his day's work, and seeing the rain coming up, put the horses in the barn without removing the harness. The white horse, it is said, was caught up and carried one mile through the air, and, according to the accounts of reputable witnesses, at times was over two hundred feet high, passing over a church steeple. Many who were not in the storm say that they saw horses flying in the wind. Beyond being well plastered with mud, the white horse was uninjured by his aërial flight.

Remarkable as this story may seem, there are others more marvelous. The storm which swept over Kirksville carried with it no fewer than five horses, in addition to many other animals. Mr. Calvin Little, whose home was destroyed, he and his wife being killed, had a horse that was carried two miles by the storm, alighting uninjured, save for a few bruises, and being plastered with flying mud. Three horses carried nearly as far were found dead in the track of the tornado northeast of the city. One horse was missing from his stall, and found grazing in a distant pasture. A gentleman on the western border of the tornado was lifted out of his own dooryard, over a high wall, into the dooryard of a neighbor, so suddenly that he never knew how he came there. Tin roofs were torn from houses, and found so tightly wrapped around the stumps of trees that it was difficult to remove them. An orchard south of the city had the trees torn up by the roots, carried four or five hundred yards, and piled into some vacant fields. Some idea of the fury of the wind may be formed by the size of the trees uprooted. Some of these were from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, with roots ten feet in length. The earth from which they had been jerked looked as if it had been torn by dynamite explosions.

Lying among the scattered debris on one street, I found three piano-keys, all that was left of a beautiful instrument. The artificial lakes in the path of the tornado were drained, and some of the wells thirty and forty feet deep were sucked dry. The dust-whirls often seen during the hot, dry seasons in the Western Middle States have the same rotary motion, sometimes carrying light objects, such as a newspaper, to the height of fifty feet. The dust-whirl seems to have no marked course, but, after dancing about one spot for a while, will dart away to another. The tornado I witnessed did not always travel at regulation speed, but on approaching the city seemed to hesitate for a moment as if deliberating on the course it would take. It came due north for several hundred feet, then turned nearly due east, then took up and pursued its course northeast.

The origin of the tornado is still in doubt. According to some, it had its beginning in what is known as the Leech field, three miles

southwest of the city, while others assert that it can be traced to Carroll County, fifty miles farther southwest.

I am quite confident that it increased in size, fury, and speed after I first observed it. I estimated the speed of the wind at eighty miles an hour; but Professor Proctor, who studied the phenomena carefully and made an estimate of speed, says it was only sixty miles.

Within a few hours after the tornado, the mayor of the city organized a bureau of information, and took immediate steps for relief of the suffering. Kirksville is a city of between ten and twelve thousand inhabitants, and being a town of schools and colleges, there are always a large number of students from a distance in attendance at the various institutions of learning. It was heartrending next day to witness the search of parents for their children. Almost every train brought some anxious relative or friend.

Tornadoes generally travel toward the east, or in a northeastern course. This is not universal, but is the course more often taken than any other; consequently it is nearly always safe to fly northwestward when you see the funnel-shaped cloud to the south or southwest of you. A strong cellar or a storm-cave of easy access is usually a safe retreat. It is better that the storm-cave should be placed a short distance southwest of the house, and connected with the cellar by a tunnel, as there is not so much danger of timbers falling upon the fugitives within, nor of death from fire. In the Western and Southern States the tornado period is usually from April to July, though it has been known to begin as early as March and extend to October.

There seems to be sometimes an unsettled condition of the atmosphere, and the tornado is the result of an effort of the atmosphere to regain its stability. Terrible as these storms are, destructive as the lightning may be, the peaceful, healthful calm which follows these convulsions of nature suggests that they may be essential to the perpetuity of the human race. Gail Hamilton says:

"When volcanoes close, and there are no more earthquakes, and the cyclone has ceased to sweep, and the freshets to overwhelm, it will be a settled earth, but it will be a dead earth."

TORNADOES.

BY CLEVELAND ABBE.

THE summer season annually brings to our attention a dreadful harvest of destructive local storms. From Massachusetts to Georgia, from the Atlantic westward to the one hundredth meridian, nearly every State occasionally sends a report of a cloud-burst, a tornado, or destructive lightning. The sum total of the lives and property destroyed by lightning undoubtedly exceeds that destroyed by cloud-bursts and tornadoes; but the damage done by the latter occurs in conspicuous disasters the number of which is relatively small, but which attract much attention. It is usual to speak of the tornado as the scourge of certain portions of our country, forgetting that nature provides many other methods of death and destruction, and that the least sensational is generally the most effective.

As the settlement of our country goes steadily forward, while its climatic peculiarities remain unchanged, the total destruction of life and property must increase very nearly in proportion to the population and wealth of the nation. The completeness of our records will also increase in the same ratio. In the "Monthly Weather Review" for June, 1897, I published a table showing that during the eight years from 1889 to 1896 there was no appreciable increase in the record of tornadoes over the average for the period, between 1874 and 1881, except that depending upon the above-mentioned considerations; in fact, in many States the average per year had diminished. The area covered by the path of destruction attending a tornado is so exceedingly small that comparatively few houses or towns are affected by it. In a few States, such as Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, and New Jersey, the probability that a given spot one mile square will be struck by a tornado is about once in a thousand years. In fact, the chance that a specific person or house will be destroyed

by a tornado is much less than the chance that he or it will be destroyed by lightning, and far less than the danger from fire.

Many a person interested in the subject will stand on a favorable spot and, ignoring the slight personal danger to himself, become entirely absorbed in studying the approaching lightning, and in the photography of the flashes themselves. The time will doubtless come when such persons will also study a passing tornado with equal coolness and discretion. Photographs of tornadoes, sketches of the appearances of the clouds, and measurements of such phenomena as may give some idea of the force of the wind, are always welcome contributions to meteorology. Notwithstanding the fact that the United States Weather Bureau has many thousands of observers and correspondents scattered over the whole country, it is yet very rare that any one of them personally witnesses a tornado, so that the progress of our knowledge of these storms is necessarily slow. We can pick out of the ordinary popular reports, with all their gross exaggerations and sensational items, only very general conclusions as to the location and dimensions of the path; but the numerous questions that a scientist would ask remain unanswered.

The point about which there has, perhaps, been the most uncertainty relates to the rotatory motion of the wind at the center of the path of destruction. From all that I can gather, I conclude that generally a west or northwest wind is blowing over the country, with a front of many miles in length, which trends southwest and northeast. This cool northwest wind pushes aside a gentler southerly wind that had been prevailing over that same region during the previous twenty-four hours. In the long belt, or trough, where these two winds meet, the warmer southerly wind is suddenly elevated and cooled by expansion, as also by mixture with the undercurrent of cold northwest wind. A cloud is thus formed, or in fact rolls of clouds, along the whole front of the area of northwest wind. At certain favorable spots the cloud soon becomes so large as to form a special indraft upward through its center, and the ascending air must necessarily acquire a spiral ascending movement. The direction of rotation in this spiral is almost invariably the same as that of the hurricanes of the Atlantic Ocean, or the general storms attending the areas of low pressure that move eastward over the United States. This rotation is ordinarily spoken of as counter-clockwise; that is to say, a northwest wind gradually changes to west, and then southwest, south, southeast, etc., as it whirls around the center. But this is not to say that the individual particles of air whirl about the tornado in a circular course. The tornado is *not* a cyclone. It is far more likely that a mass of southerly wind, when lifted up, becomes southeast and then northeast wind as it rises, and rarely describes more than half of its circuit before it has ascended so high that it is carried away by the westerly wind prevailing overhead. While this change of upper path occupies several minutes in description, the spot at the surface of the ground at which the southerly wind had prevailed is immediately occupied by a northwest wind. If all these winds were projected on the ground we should see an appearance of a whirl. One can easily observe something analogous by making little whirls in a basin of water. He will quickly find that a rapidly ascending column, which is also rapidly moving along, leaves behind it, on the bottom of the basin, only a very confused stream of particles, that give no sure basis for arguing backward as to what the motions of the wind were. Therefore the attempts to reconstruct the mechanics of a tornado from the study of the debris have hitherto proved very unsatisfactory. It is far more to be desired that we may have a series of photographs, and that prints of these may be submitted to the meteorologist for careful study before they have been touched up by the photographer for the purpose of producing beautiful and effective pictures.

It will surprise the reader to know that, although there are probably a hundred photographs of tornadoes to be obtained, or at least to be seen, among our collections, yet not one of these has any critical value for meteorological study. Every one "touched" by the artist's hand becomes useless to the student; for the artist, in his ignorance, invariably obscures the very fundamental points that we are interested in. Indeed, many of these photographs have had a conical tornado-cloud boldly but skilfully painted into them. These may make good pictures for the artistic public, but are simply curios for the meteorologist. There is no reason in the world why a photographer should not take a series of good photographs of a tornado at very close range. Owing to the darkness, he needs sensitive plates and a careful time exposure. For the purposes of subsequent measurement and study, he should record the hour, minute, and second

of each exposure; and, for the sake of meteorology, he should make a few prints before in any way retouching the first negatives.

Some beautiful photographs of the famous waterspout off Martha's Vineyard, in 1896, have proved valuable contributions to our knowledge of this phenomenon. The study of a dozen such photographs has been diligently pursued during the last three years. The results will undoubtedly apply, in part at least, to the tornadoes of our Western States, but similar work on a real tornado is greatly to be desired.

The question of protection from the death-dealing tornado is of great importance to us all. We need not dwell long upon the remarkable details; it is sufficient for us to know that when winds and clouds combine to form a tornado, no human device will prevent the storm. Neither high walls around a town (as recommended by one) nor the drawing off of electricity (as recommended by another) can have the least effect upon the tornado itself. The great mass of warm, moist air that is rising to form a cloud, the great evolution of heat within the cloud, and the action of the sun's heat upon that cloud, represent a display of force beside which ten thousand great steam-engines shrink into insignificance. As Espy long since explained, the power of a tornado is the latent heat of its cloud of steam. There is no mystery as to this fundamental proposition in tornado lore. It would be folly to hold out to our citizens the hope that we may prevent or disperse a tornado. In 1885 Mr. John P. Finley prepared a number of good rules[1] to be followed by one who wishes to protect his life when he sees a tornado approaching. He showed that the south side of the tornado is the most dangerous, the north side is the safest. The observer should flee to the northwest if the cloud is coming from the southwest. His rule is: "Stand facing the advancing cloud when it is already half a mile or a mile away, and if it is moving straight toward you, flee to the right." Take refuge in some very low structure, preferably a cellar, cave, or "dugout." Throw yourself on the ground, and cling to a stake or stump. You may escape or survive, but you cannot prevent or destroy, a tornado.

[1] Published by the United States Weather Bureau.

THE MISSOURI.

BY CAMERON MANN.

I.

BETWEEN low brinks of ragged clay
The rapid river takes its way.

Its heavy, tawny waters flow
As if their road they did not know;

Swirl off in loops, spread out in lakes,
Whose sandy shoals trail sluggish wakes.

They gnaw away the tumbling banks,
Mow down their leafy willow ranks;

They dwindle, till the dust blows round
Where fishes swam and men were drowned;

Then flood the bottoms miles away,
Fence, barn, and house their scattered prey:

But yet, far back, the hills remain,
Which all their wanderings restrain.

II.

O mighty river, we may see
Our new democracy in thee.

No Rhine art thou, by cliffs beset,
With castles on each parapet;

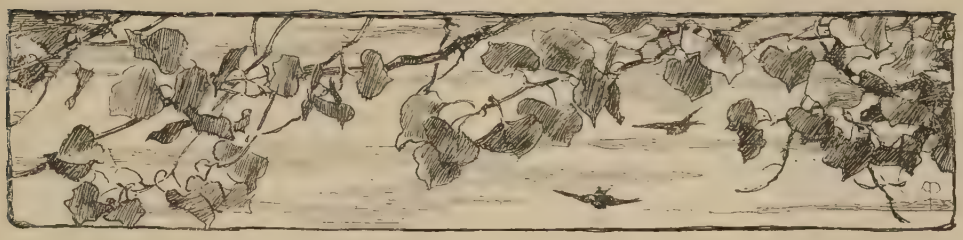
No Thames, of placid, even tide,
With grass lawns edging either side;

But strong, and turbid, and perplexed,
By frequent whirls and eddies vexed,—

At times an overwhelming fall
Of brute destruction,—yet through all

Large wealth bestowing—grain and woods
Upspringing where once swept thy floods.

And so we know, whate'er thy force,
God's hills will hold thee to his course.



POWERFUL ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE,
Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts, Harvard University.

JOHN ADAMS, on his way to the Provincial Congress of 1774, stopped at Princeton to see the college. He says in his diary that the professor of natural philosophy "showed us the electrical apparatus, which is the most complete and elegant I have seen. He charged the bottle, and attempted an experiment; but the state of the air was not favorable."

One hundred and twenty-four years ago an electric spark one inch long was obtained with difficulty. Benjamin Franklin doubtless often had to wait until a favorable state of weather permitted experiments with the mysterious agency which has now become more familiar to us, especially in its practical employments. It is the object of this paper to describe powerful electric sparks, substantially similar to lightning discharges, which can be produced in all states of the weather.

I can excite at will electrical discharges in atmospheric air over six feet in length (Fig. 1), which manifest all the peculiarities of lightning, such as the devious path, and the loud, crackling noise accompanying the discharge. When the discharge takes place in a glass tube at a pressure of air about two pounds and one seventh on the square inch, or, in other words, about one seventh the atmospheric pressure, dazzling sparks like lightning-flashes can be obtained, thirty and forty feet in length. At the moment of the discharge an observer standing within four or five feet of the apparatus feels his coat suddenly lift, and is conscious of a movement of the air, as if a window had been quickly opened. At the same instant sparks one inch long can be drawn from the neighboring gas-pipes or other metallic masses, and if one leans against the brick walls of the building, at a distance of five feet, one feels the prickle of sparks through one's coat.

The disruptive or tearing effect of such powerful discharges is also significant, and explains similar actions of lightning discharges. When they are passed through glass tubes six feet long and one inch in diameter, filled with ordinary water, the tubes burst in many pieces. When this phenomenon is carefully examined, it is seen that a discharge passes between the inner surface of the glass and the water, and doubtless vaporizes the water. The steam or expanded air is the explosive agent.

When a green stick, such as the small limb of an apple-tree, is used as a conductor, the discharge bursts over the surface, burning the bark here and there. One of the most beautiful experiments of this nature which can be performed is to place a number of oranges between the discharging points of the apparatus in such a manner that the discharge can enter and leave the oranges by wires. When the discharge passes, each orange glows in the dark like a golden Chinese lantern. This glow is produced by a discharge inside the rind, close to the pulp. The inclosed air is a better conductor for this high electrical state than the liquid of the orange.

The action of lightning in rending trees may therefore be explained by these experiments. The explosion is not a mysterious attribute of the lightning-flash; it is simply the effect of the sudden expansion of air or steam in the cavities and pores of the wood. The explosion is due primarily to the heat developed by the spark. An interesting way to study such explosive effects is to allow the

FIG. 1. ELECTRIC SPARKS SIX AND ONE HALF FEET LONG.

sparks to perforate thick cardboard. When such perforations are examined a bur is seen on both sides of the cardboard. It might be thought that this experiment proves that the electricity, so to speak, travels both ways at once, or, in other words, that at every discharge a positive fluid flows in one direction, and a negative fluid in the opposite. If, however, a large number of such perforations are examined under such conditions that we are sure that no oscillations take place, it is found that the similarity of appearance at the entrance and exit of the spark is not due to any to-and-fro motion, but arises from the explosion of the air which is heated in the tissues of the paper by the spark.

The experiments on the disruptive effect of powerful electric discharges which I have described show, in an interesting manner, that in my examination into the comparatively unknown region of great electrical forces or pressure I have reached a barrier apparently insurmountable with our present knowledge and instrumental appliances. The apparatus which I employ can develop three million volts or units of pressure. Under this force the air, which is a good insulator for ordinary currents such as are employed on telegraph and telephone wires, becomes a fairly good conductor. In order to obtain the full effect of electrical discharges which should be obtained with this enormous voltage, I have been obliged to lift my apparatus to a height of three feet above the floor, and to place it in a large room at a distance from the walls. Even with these precautions, the air about the apparatus is luminous in the dark, showing that a discharge takes place through the air to the floor. One therefore realizes that if one desires to study the full effect of electrical pressure higher than two or three million units or volts, one should place the apparatus thirty or forty feet above the ground, and at a distance from any other mass. One may therefore form but little idea of the force necessary to produce lightning discharges by observations on their apparent length; for much of the energy of the thunder-clouds is drawn off to neighboring strata of air, and to the ground, and the brilliant flash of lightning represents only a portion of the energy developed. Fig. 2 represents the discharge from one of the terminals of my apparatus, consisting of a sphere one foot in diameter, to the other terminal, which in this case was a long linear conductor. The sphere can represent a cloud, and the extended conductor the earth. The photograph represents a lightning-like flash between four and five feet long, accompanied by luminous discharges both from the sphere and the long conductor.

When the pressure of the atmosphere is suddenly reduced, as in the case of great cyclone disturbances, electrical discharges

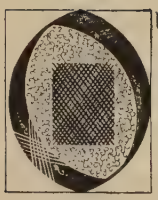
FIG. 2. DISCHARGE BETWEEN A SPHERE ONE FOOT IN DIAMETER AND A LONG CONDUCTOR WHICH MAY REPRESENT THE EARTH. THE MAIN DISCHARGE IS FIVE FEET LONG, AND IS ACCOMPANIED BY BRUSH, OR SUBSIDIARY, DISCHARGES.

may be produced of great length by much smaller electric force than is necessary to produce the same length of discharge in the case of ordinary thunder-storms; for my apparatus will produce sparks of thirty or forty feet in length at a low pressure of the air, while the same character of spark only six or seven feet in length is produced in air at ordinary atmospheric pressure. When such discharges are excited in glass vessels from which the air is still more exhausted, the zigzag, dazzling spark merges into the pink glow which is characteristic of the northern lights, and we may form some conception of the nature of these lights, and of the tenuity of the air in which they arise. They may be conceived as an evidence of electrical storms at great heights.

The study, therefore, of powerful electrical discharges will undoubtedly increase our knowledge of the character of lightning discharges, and add to our knowledge of meteorology. I confess that my respect for their manifest energy constantly increases. It is fortunate that we rarely, if ever, are visited by their full power.

THE PROTECTION OF ELECTRICAL APPARATUS AGAINST LIGHTNING.

BY ALEXANDER JAY WURTS,
Of the Westinghouse Electrical Company.



OUR subject deals largely with the static spark. In the lightning-stroke we see it in its grandest and most powerful form. A step or two across a thick carpet on a dry winter's day, and the spark which may be produced is so small as to be almost invisible. Benjamin Franklin with a key drew static sparks from his kite-string. The lightning and the spark are the same in character, the difference being simply one of degree; moreover, the little snap of the tiny spark differs only in degree from the splitting crash of the lightning-flash.

The static spark, or disruptive discharge, as it is often called, has many interesting characteristics quite different from the ordinary electric current found in our lighting and trolley wires. The latter is a constant and comparatively gentle force which is easily controlled, like the force of wind or of flowing water. The disruptive discharge is sudden and violent, more like the flight of a bullet or the blow of a hammer. It is not easily controlled, and it obeys laws which are but imperfectly understood. The static spark is not, as is commonly supposed, a simple passage from one point to another; it is oscillatory; it surges back and forth with inconceivable rapidity. In lightning-flashes about twelve oscillations may be observed, the time interval being reckoned at about the one hundred thousandth part of a second. The oscillatory character of the discharge gives rise to remarkable phenomena, which are the immediate cause of many idiosyncrasies or lightning freaks.

Those characteristics which more particularly concern us are:

(1) That of surging, already mentioned; (2) that of self-induction, which is a result of surging; (3) that of "side-flash," or selection, this being a result of self-induction; and (finally) that of penetration.

Self-induction is a property which gives rise to a counter-force or choking effect. It is dependent on the oscillatory character of the discharge, and exists to a considerable degree in straight wires, but is vastly more pronounced in coils. Coils of wire, therefore, when used in connection with static discharges, are called choke coils.

Side-flash, the result of self-induction, is commonly called a freak. A disruptive discharge will often leave what would ordinarily be called an excellent conductor and side-flash through the high resistance of the atmosphere to other objects. For example, a disruptive discharge, rather than pass through a coil of bare copper wire, will take a short cut, and jump from one convolution to the other, although, as electrical resistance is ordinarily understood, the path through the copper wire offers an incomparably lower resistance than any single one of the air-spaces between the convolutions. And then, a lightning-flash will not infrequently strike some good conductor, such as a lightning-rod, follow it for a short distance, and then side-flash, selecting its own path through a wall of brick or stone to a neighboring gas-pipe or bell-wire. Ordinarily we should say that the lightning

conductor would not offer a fraction of the resistance offered by a stone wall. It is self-induction which, giving rise to a counter-force or choking effect, causes the discharge to side-flash.

The penetrating power of the discharge is the bugaboo of electricians. The lightning-flash literally bores a hole through the atmosphere, just as a bullet would bore its way through a mass of jelly. Smaller discharges will pass through shorter distances of air. Solid insulating materials are also more or less easily punctured. The discharge brought about by stepping over a thick carpet, as already described, would pierce a sheet of thin paper, whereas sparks from an engine-belt might easily bore a hole through this magazine. If Franklin had held a piece of glass between his key and the kite-string, it is probable that the sparks would have readily pierced the glass with small round holes.

PIECE OF PAPER PERFORATED BY STATIC DISCHARGES FROM THE TROLLEY WIRES OF THE DENVER TRAMWAY CO., COL.

During thunder-storms the atmosphere, and all conducting objects in the immediate neighborhood, become charged with electricity at a constantly increasing potential or intensity as we recede from the earth. At the top of the Washington Monument a potential of three thousand volts has been measured, and at the top of the Eiffel Tower ten thousand volts. Even objects directly on the earth, such as railroad tracks, wire fences, etc., become charged, and in the high altitudes of our western country wet rocks will frequently show signs of electrostatic charge. All such charged objects will spark, and the phenomena above described will in every case be more or less plainly visible.

Now, overhead wires, like the objects already mentioned, become charged during thunder-storms, but the wires themselves are rarely struck by lightning. If they were placed in a vertical position, reaching from the earth toward the clouds, then the lightning would in many cases strike the wires and follow them into the earth. But there is no electrical reason why lightning should pay any especial attention to a horizontal wire, nor does the fact that a wire may be carrying ordinary electric current render it any more liable to atmospheric electric disturbance. Overhead wires then become charged with static electricity, and will spark. These sparks are very penetrating, and will bore through insulating materials of high resistance. A wire thus charged is also liable to side-flash; that is, sparking is liable to occur at one place or another without apparent reason. A reason, of course, exists; but, unfortunately, the explanation of it serves only to show the impossibility of predetermining the point or points at which the discharge will take place. When a lightning-flash occurs, all electrified bodies in the neighborhood undergo a tremendous shaking up, as it were. A new condition of electric equilibrium is at once established, and during this readjustment electric waves are set up in overhead wires, which travel with inconceivable rapidity from end to end, and which, being reflected, interfere with one another very much as water waves do. For example, if a trough of water were raised at one end, and then quickly lowered, the water in the trough would quietly surge back and forth; but if the end of the trough be raised a second time, a new system of surging may be started in such a manner that the two will interfere with each other, and cause splashing at certain points where crests of the two systems combine to form other crests. Calm or smooth surfaces will be noticed at points where a crest of one system has been neutralized by a trough of the other system. In electric wires we have somewhat analogous conditions during thunder-storms; we have what a sailor would call a "choppy sea." It will thus be seen how impossible it would be to predetermine the points at which electric splashing or side-flash would be likely to occur.

With a word or two now about the construction of electrical apparatus, we shall be in a position to understand the particular danger which threatens electric systems during thunder-storms; also the means employed for avoiding this danger.

In general, and as far as our present purpose is concerned, electrical apparatus may be said to consist of coils of insulated copper wire and iron cores placed within the coils. There are, then, three materials present—iron, insulation, and copper. The iron is

usually grounded—that is, connected with the earth. The copper is in contact with the overhead wire; it is electrically a part of it, and the insulating material, which may be of shellacked muslin, fiber, hard rubber, mica, or any similar material, serves to separate the copper from the iron. It serves to confine the current to the copper, forcing it to pass through the convolutions of the coil rather than allow it to take a short cut through the iron, which it would certainly do if the insulating material were not present. Now, during thunder-storms the static or disruptive discharge, in side-flashing from one point or another of the copper wire, frequently perforates the insulating material, establishing thereby electrical communication between the copper and the iron, and through which opening the dynamo current will follow the spark, causing in an instant a destructive and intensely hot electric arc, which will quickly reduce both copper and iron to a blackened mass.

In telephone and telegraph circuits the current is not ordinarily powerful enough to follow the disruptive discharge through the insulation; nevertheless, the discharge itself is quite sufficient to damage the instrument seriously, and interrupt the service.

Having thus far described some of the important phenomena which are associated with electric systems during thunder-storms, and having also shown how electric apparatus may be damaged thereby, we will now consider the means which have been devised for protecting such apparatus.

The instruments used for this purpose are called "lightning-arresters" and "choke-coils." A choke-coil is simply a coil of insulated wire. It may, however, have special forms. A lightning-arrester, in its simplest form, consists of two pieces of metal placed about one thirty-second of an inch apart, the space between them being called a "spark-gap." When in service, one of these pieces of metal is connected with the overhead wire to be protected, the other with the earth. During thunder-storms the static charges are expected to jump over the spark-gap of a lightning-arrester,—that is, side-flash at that point,—and so pass to earth, rather than perforate the insulation of the system. If Franklin had held a sheet of paper between his key and the kite-string, and if a second person had placed a second key in closer proximity to the string than Franklin's key, nearly all the sparks would have passed or have been diverted to the second key. The paper would perhaps not have been perforated at all; the second key would have protected the paper, and could properly have been called a protector or diverter. To-day a similar device is called a "lightning-arrester," which name is obviously a misnomer.

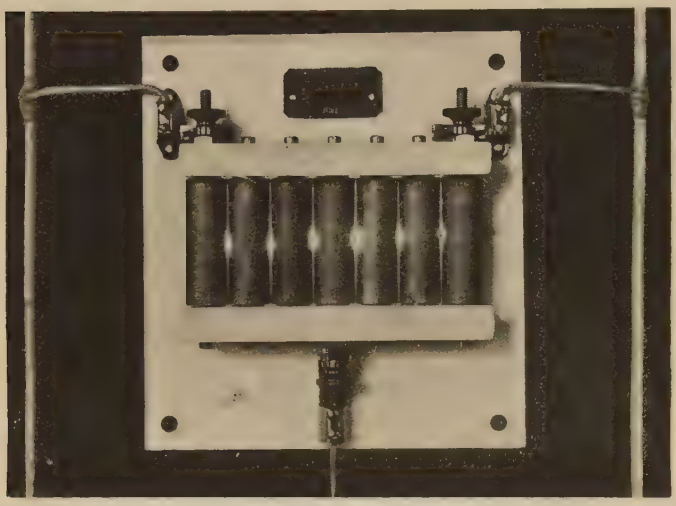
If we strip an electric installation of all its mechanical features save those which immediately concern our subject, we shall find Franklin's kite-string corresponding to the copper, the sheet of paper to the insulating material, and the key to the iron.

A lightning-arrester as above described in its simplest form, while it allows the spark to pass, will also allow the dynamo current to follow the spark, and thereby establish a short circuit, which means an enormous flow of current, a dangerous arc, and possible danger from fire; and, further, by reason of the selective character of discharges,—that is, the tendency to side-flash at one point or another, according to the conditions of our electric "choppy sea,"—the discharge does not always pass over the spark-gap of the arrester; very often it will quite ignore this spark-gap, and pass on to do its destructive work in the electrical apparatus. The latter difficulty is avoided to a very great extent by placing a considerable number of lightning-arresters along the wire, thereby multiplying the opportunities for discharge. The danger to the apparatus is also very much lessened by connecting choke-coils in the wire between the apparatus and the arresters. The coils, then, by virtue of their inductive resistance, tend to choke the discharge back, and force it over one or more of the lightning-arrester spark-gaps. However, should the insulation of the apparatus be weak or defective, the discharge will surely find it out, in spite of all the lightning-arresters and choke-coils that might be employed. In this respect the manufacturers of light and power apparatus are far in advance of the manufacturers of telephone and telegraph apparatus. The former have apparently made a more thorough and searching study of the problem in all its requirements, whereas the latter seem to have confined their efforts more particularly to the construction of a lightning-arrester having a sensitive spark-gap. It is not likely that material advances will be made in the art of protecting telephone and telegraph apparatus until a better grade of insulation is adopted.

After all, it is the formation of the electric arc at the spark-gap of a lightning-arrester which has probably caused more trouble, more study, and has been the cause

of more novel inventions, than all the other details of this problem put together.

A lightning-arrester, to be serviceable, must be capable of discharging the line indefinitely; but the simple form of lightning-arrester which we have described will, when connected to light or power circuits, burn up at the first discharge, unless means are taken to prevent it. In the early days this difficulty was avoided by placing fuses or strips of lead in the lightning-arrester circuit, so that when the electric arc was formed, owing to the passage of the dynamo current, the lead fuse would melt and thereby interrupt the current. But during a thunder-storm it was often a dangerous matter to replace these fuses, so other devices were invented, which had for their object the automatic interruption of the arc, without interfering with the service of the lightning-arrester. These automatic lightning-arresters, however, were generally constructed with moving parts, which were liable to get out of order, and at best they constituted a remedy rather than a preventive. Some of these gave excellent satisfaction for a time; but with the larger currents and higher working pressures of modern light and power plants, it soon became evident that arcs and moving parts were very undesirable features.



A MODERN LIGHTNING-ARRESTER.

The apparatus is shown in operation and protecting two wires. There are no moving parts, and the dynamo arc is suppressed by the use of a certain alloy which has the remarkable property of instantly extinguishing electric arcs.

And so once more the inventors went to work, with the final result that lightning-arresters, as now constructed, have no moving parts, and operate without destructive arcs. In fact, nearly all the difficulties have at last been overcome, and before long it may be that atmospheric electricity, instead of being an enemy, will become a boon to mankind. Is not atmospheric electricity one of the great natural forces? Who can say that it may not some day obey man and do his service?

NEEDLESS ALARM DURING THUNDER-STORMS.

BY ALEXANDER McADIE.

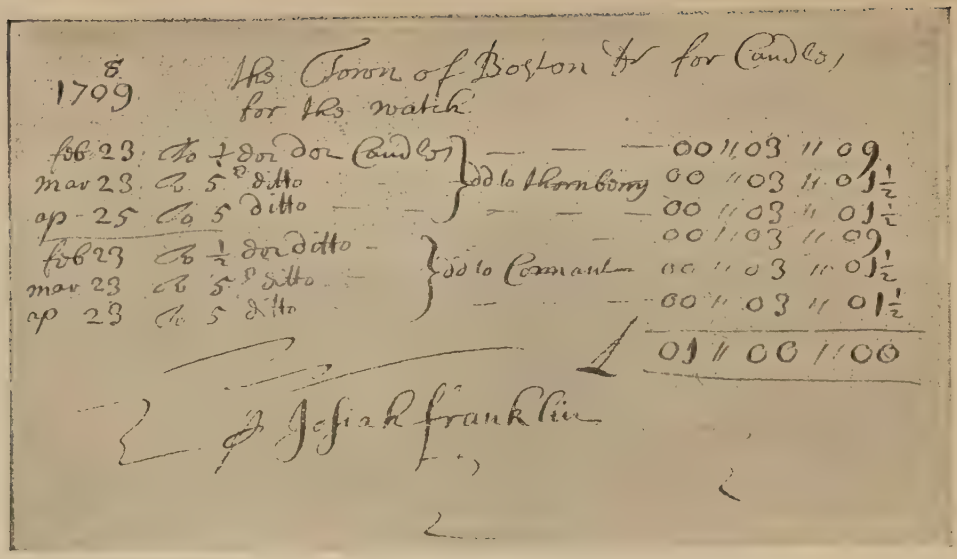
THE year 1753 is memorable in the history of electrical development. The experiments of the colonial philosopher with lightning had awakened a general enthusiasm in the scientific circles of Europe. In at least three capitals philosophers were pressing hard after Franklin, and great activity was shown, when suddenly there occurred in St. Petersburg a mishap which checked the ardor of all investigators, and exerted an influence which has lasted until to-day. During a thunder-storm, while stooping the better to follow the indications of an electrical "gnomon" (in modern phrase, electrometer), Richman met instant death. Coins in his pockets were fused, and many of the tearing and throwing effects associated with high potential, oscillatory discharges were apparent. Richman's companion, standing three feet away, was uninjured, although much damage was done to the doors and woodwork of the room. This escape has been frequently commented upon, but a systematic study of the conditions determining immunity has never been made. The trend of investigation has been in the other direction, and the fatality of lightning has been perhaps unduly emphasized. Voltaire crystallized this

general view by caustically saying, apropos of Richman's death: "There are some great lords whom it does not do to approach too closely, and lightning is one of these." The opinion expressed by Voltaire is to some extent held even at the present day, and this, joined with the fact that no immediate practical use could be made of the electricity of the air, has hampered investigators, and retarded the advance of knowledge in this direction. Investigation must precede practical application, and if we would successfully harness the electricity of the air, we must first know something of its energy. Steadily, though slowly, this measuring process has been carried on.

Repeating, in a way, the experiments of Franklin and Richman, we attempted in 1887, from the top of the Washington Monument, then the highest edifice in the world, to measure the electrical potential of the air during a thunder-storm. Potential values of several thousand volts were indicated by the electrometer. The crackling and hissing of the sparks, with the attendant phenomena, were intensely exciting. With each flash there were marked electrical manifestations, but at no time did the experimenter consider himself to be in great danger. In 1891, at Blue Hill, during experiments in kite-flying in a thunder-storm, the wired kite-string was led into the observatory, connected with an electrometer, and an attempt made to secure a record of the variations in the potential. Here, again, the situation was seemingly critical. As the storm progressed, the electrical phenomena were so marked that we wished ourselves well out of the experiment. But beyond a rather severe shock, experienced while making some necessary connections, there were no harmful results.

Not for a moment do we underestimate the destructive power of lightning. No one should attempt experiments like those mentioned without taking every precaution; for positive danger lurks in the charged cloud, and, as in the handling of explosives, a small omission in details or an imprudence brings disaster. Yet the daily handling of currents far deadlier than ordinary lightning-flashes is a reassuring fact, and points to a coming mastery of the latter.

The keen suffering which many undergo just in advance of or during a thunder-storm is of a dual nature. The sense of impending danger alarms and terrifies; but there is also a depression of spirits which is physical and real, brought about by some as yet unknown relation between the nervous system and conditions of air-pressure, humidity, and purity. The suffering due to depression and partial exhaustion requires, from those who are strong, sympathy rather than ridicule. The suffering due to alarm and fright, however, is unnecessary. It is largely the work of the imagination. To a nervous nature there is something appalling in the wicked, spiteful gleam of the lightning, and the crash and tumult of thunder. But such a one should remember that the flash is almost always far distant, and that thunder can do no more damage than the low notes of a church organ. Counting all the deaths from all the storms during a year, we find that the chance of being killed by lightning is less than one in a hundred thousand. The risk in the city may be said to be five times less than in the country. Dwellers in city houses may be startled by peals of thunder, but owing to the great spread of tin roofing and fair ground connections, there is very little danger. In the country, if buildings are adequately protected, and the momentum of the flash provided for, the occupants may feel secure. A good conductor well grounded is necessary in all isolated and exposed buildings. Barns, especially when filled with green crops, should have good lightning-conductors. The question is often asked, "Do trees protect?" The answer is that the degree of protection will vary with the character of the tree and its distance from a watercourse. An oak is more liable to lightning-stroke than a beech. The character of the wood, the area of leafage, the extent and depth of root, will determine the liability to stroke. Another question which is often asked is whether there is danger aboard a large steamship during a thunder-storm. On the contrary, there are few safer places. Sufficient metal with proper superficial area is interposed in the path of the lightning, and its electrical energy converted into harmless heat and rapidly dissipated. Accidents occur chiefly because the victims ignorantly place themselves in the line of greatest strain, and thus form part of the path of discharge. For this reason, it is not wise to stand under trees, near flag-poles or masts, in doorways, on porches, close to fireplaces, or near barns. Those who are not exposed in any of these ways may feel reasonably safe. It should be remembered, in the event of accident, that lightning does not always kill. It more often results in suspended animation than in somatic death. Therefore, in case of accident, try to restore animation, keep the body warm, and send for a physician without delay.



A BILL OF JOSIAH FRANKLIN FOR CANDLES. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

FRANKLIN AS JACK OF ALL TRADES.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

THE career of Franklin teaches very strongly that general ability, rather than special aptitude, is the quality most potent in winning success; for it is impossible not to conclude that he possessed elements which would have raised him, even had his lot been other than what it was. Several times in his life he changed his vocation or interests, but never with apparent loss, and the main impression that his life leaves on the student is that he was not merely multidexterous, but multiminded.

Franklin came of a working family, and "my elder brothers," he states, "were all put apprentices to different trades." He himself, when ten years old, was taken from school "to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and sope-boiler, a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dying trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc." The lad did not take kindly to the work, and "had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it"; so Benjamin worked on for two years, "destined," he feared, to become a tallow-chandler. "But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehension that if he did not find one more agreeable I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation." The desire for a sailor's life was short-lived, for when, at sixteen, he ran off, he states that "my inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratify'd them." Nor did a longing for it ever recur. On his first visit to England he found, so he chronicles, the voyage "not a pleasant one, as we had a good deal of bad weather," and on the return trip he saw cause for congratulation at "having happily completed so tedious and dangerous a voyage."

Once convinced that his son would not contentedly accept his own handicraft, Josiah Franklin set to work to find out one more suited to his predilection.

> He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. . . . My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

Eventually, as already recorded, the boy of twelve was apprenticed to printing. Yet,

though he considered it from henceforth his special calling, and was ever proud of it, he was at moments easily led away to other vocations, and as soon as he was able he retired from all active plying of the "art and mystery," save as an occasional pastime, giving his time and attention to other occupations.

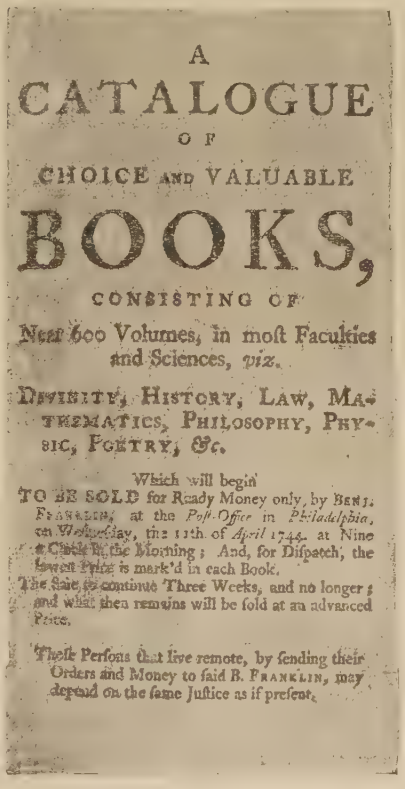
The first inclination to change was during his early London visit. He relates that in the printing-office he was jocosely called the "Water-American," because he preferred that beverage to beer, but the title might more appropriately have been given him because of his extreme liking for aquatics. "I learned early to swim well," he declared, "ever delighted with this exercise," and as a child "practis'd all Thevenot's motions and positions, added some of my own, aiming at the graceful and easy as well as at the useful." Late in life he wrote: "When I was a boy I made two oval palettes, each about ten inches long and six broad, with a hole for the thumb, in order to retain it fast in the palm of my hand. They much resembled a painter's palettes. In swimming I pushed the edges of these forward, and I struck the water with their flat surfaces as I drew them back. I remember I swam faster by means of these palettes, but they fatigued my wrists." In another reminiscence he tells of a second boyish device:

> I amused myself one day with flying a paper kite; and approaching the bank of a pond, which was near a mile broad, I tied the string to a stake and the kite ascended to a very considerable height above the pond while I was swimming. In a little time, being desirous of amusing myself with my kite, and enjoying at the same time the pleasure of swimming, I returned, and loosing from the stake the string with the little stick which was fastened to it, went again into the water, where I found that, lying on my back and holding the stick in my hands, I was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. Having then engaged another boy to carry my clothes round the pond, to a place which I pointed out to him on the other side, I began to cross the pond with my kite, which carried me quite over without the least fatigue and with the greatest pleasure imaginable. I was only obliged occasionally to halt a little in my course and resist its progress when it appeared that, by following too quick, I lowered the kite too much; by doing which occasionally I made it rise again. I have never since that time practised this singular mode of swimming, though I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais. The packet-boat, however, is still preferable.

This skill in the water remained with Franklin all through his life. In 1725, going to Chelsea with some gentlemen by water, "in our return, at the request of the company . . . I stripped and leaped into the river, and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfryar's, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under the water, that surpris'd and pleas'd those to whom they were novelties." As a result,

> I was, to my surprise, sent for by a great man I knew only by name, a Sir William Wyndham, and I waited upon him. He had heard by some means or other of my swimming from Chelsea to Blackfriar's, and of my teaching Wygate and another young man to swim in a few hours. He had two sons, about to set out on their travels; he wish'd to have them first taught swimming, and proposed to gratify me handsomely if I would teach them. They were not yet come to town, and my stay was uncertain, so I could not undertake it; but from this incident I thought it likely that, if I were to remain in England and open a swimming school, I might get a good deal of money; and it struck me so strongly, that, had the overture been sooner made me, probably I should not so soon have returned to America.

A more notable feat than this swim from Chelsea to Blackfriars was performed by Franklin in his voyage back to America, a



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A CATALOGUE, OWNED BY T. J. M'KEE.

few months later, when, in the open ocean, he "leap'd overboard, and swam around the ship to wash myself." There is small wonder, after this exhibition of skill and confidence, that Franklin felt some irritation over an incident which he described to a correspondent only a few months before his death:

The letter of yours enclosed is from the widow of a Jew, who, happening to be one of a number of passengers, that were about forty years ago in a stageboat going to New York, and which, by the unskilful management of the boatman, overset the canoe from whence I was endeavoring to get on board her, near Staten Island, has ever since worried me with demands of a gratia for having, as he pretended, been instrumental in saving my life; though that was in no danger, as we were near the shore, and you know what an expert swimmer I am, and he was no more of any service to me in stopping the boat to take me in than every other passenger; to all whom I gave a liberal entertainment at the tavern when we arrived at New York, to their general satisfaction, at the time; but this Haynes never saw me afterwards, at New York, or Brunswick, or Philadelphia, that he did not dun me for money on the pretence of his being poor, and having been so happy as to be instrumental in saving my life, which was really in no danger. In this way he got of me sometimes a double joannes, sometimes a Spanish doubloon, and never less; how much in the whole I do not know, having kept no account of it; but it must have been a very considerable sum; and as he has neither incurred any risk, nor was at any trouble in my behalf, I have long since thought him well paid for any little expense of humanity he might have felt on the occasion. He seems, however, to have left me to his widow as part of her dowry.

Even in the last years of his life Franklin illustrated his expertness, for at nearly eighty years of age he relates that he "went at noon to bathe in Martin's salt-water hot-bath, and, floating on my back, fell asleep, and slept near an hour by my watch, without sinking or turning! A thing I never did before, and should hardly have thought possible." His fondness for water led him to claim that "the exercise of swimming is one of the most healthy and agreeable in the world. After having swam for an hour or two in the evening, one sleeps coolly the whole night, even during the most ardent heat of summer. Perhaps, the pores being cleansed, the insensible perspiration increases and occasions this coolness. . . . I speak from my own experience, frequently repeated, and that of others, to whom I have recommended this."

From becoming a swimming-teacher Franklin was dissuaded by a Philadelphia merchant, Mr. Denham, who induced him as well to leave Watts's printing-office.

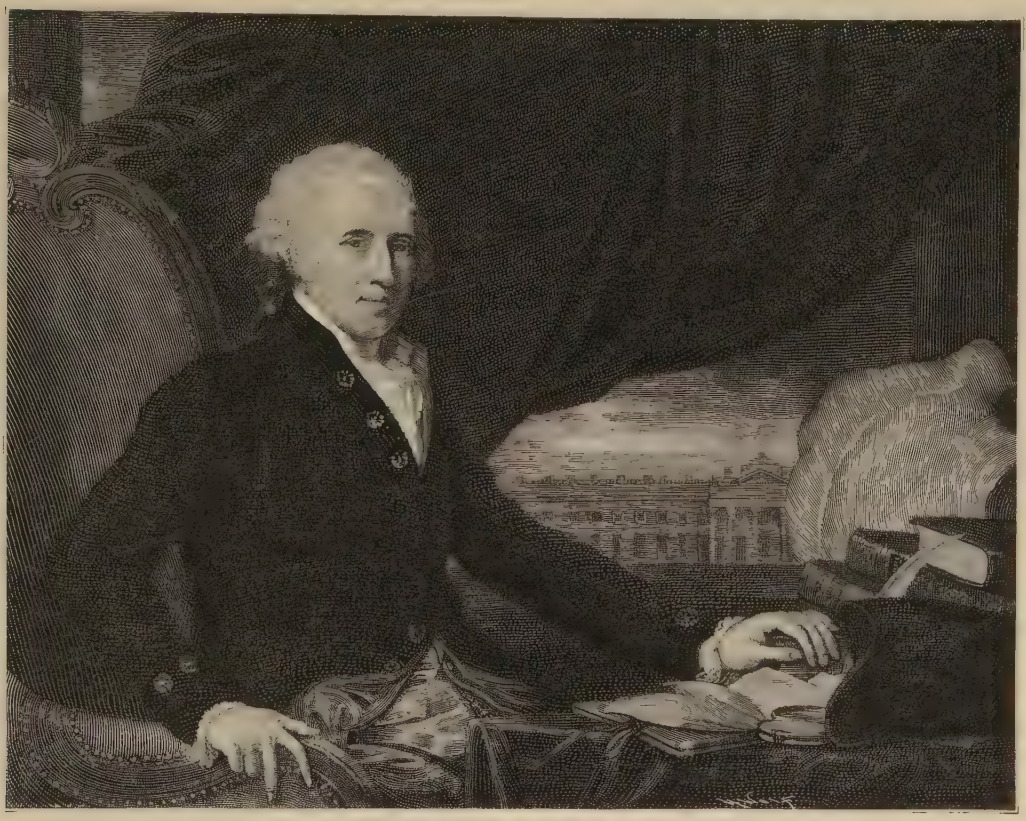
He propos'd to take me over as his clerk, to keep his books, in which he would instruct me, copy his letters, and attend the store. He added, that, as soon as I should be acquainted with mercantile business, he would promote me by sending me with a cargo of flour and bread, etc., to the West Indies, and procure me commissions from others which would be profitable; and, if I manag'd well, would establish me handsomely. The thing pleas'd me; for I was grown tired of London, remembered with pleasure the happy months I had spent in Pennsylvania, and wish'd again to see it; therefore I immediately agreed on the terms of fifty pounds a year, Pennsylvania money; less, indeed, than my present gettings as a compositor, but affording a better prospect. . . . Mr. Denham took a store in Water-street, where we open'd our goods; I attended the business diligently, studied accounts, and grew, in a little time, expert at selling . . . but, in the beginning of February, 1726/7, when I had just pass'd my twenty-first year, we were both taken ill. . . . I forget what his distemper was; it held him a long time, and at length carried him off. He left me a small legacy in a nuncupative will, as a token of his kindness for me, and he left me once more to the wide world; for the store was taken into the care of his executors, and my employment under him ended.

Left in the lurch by this loss of position, Franklin returned to printing for a livelihood, with the success already described. But, though his chief trade, it was not his only one, even when he was most actively engaged in it. As a natural adjunct he established a bindery, and took an interest in a paper-mill, his newspaper informing the public that "Ready Money for old Rags may be had of the Printer hereof." "At the time I establish'd myself in Pennsylvania there was not a bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philad'a the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few books. Those who lov'd reading were oblig'd to send for their books from London." This inconvenience Franklin ended by opening a store for the sale of European works, advertising his importations in the "Pennsylvania Gazette," or by the issue of pamphlet catalogues. He also established "a little stationer's shop" where were to be had "Chapmen's books, Ballads; Good Writing Paper; Choice writing Parchment; Cyphering Slates and Pencils; Holmans Ink Powders; Ivory Pocket Books; Pounce and Pounce boxes; Sealing Wax; Wafers; Pencils; Fountain Pens; Choice English Quills; Brass Ink Horns; Sand Glasses; Fine Mezzotints; A Great Variety

of Maps; Cheap pictures engraved on Copper Plate of all Sorts of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Fruits, Flowers, &c. useful to such as would learn to draw."

These various commodities the shopkeeper kept in stock, but he would trade in anything in which he could see a chance of profit. Despite his aversion to the business, how he sold consignments of the Franklin "Crown Soap" has already been told; but that was only one of many ventures he took, and the "Gazette" informed its readers from time to time that "the Printer hereof" had for sale such merchandise as:

"Very good Sack at 6s per Gallon"; "Glaz'd Fulling-Papers and Bonnet-Papers"; "Very good Lampblack"; "Very good Chocolate"; "Linseed Oil"; "Very Good Coffee"; "Compasses and Scales"; "Seneka Rattlesnake Root, with directions how to use it in the Pleurisy, &c."; "Dividers and Protractors"; "A very good second hand two-wheel chaise"; "A very neat, new fashion'd vehicle, or four wheel'd chaise, very convenient to carry weak or other sick persons old or young"; "Good Rhode Island Cheese and Cod Fish"; "Quadrants"; "Fore staffs"; "Nocturnals"; "Mariners Compasses"; "Season'd Merchantable Boards"; "Coarse and fine edgings"; "Fine broad Scarlet Cloth, fine broad black Cloth, fine white Thread Hose, and English Sale Duck"; "Very good Iron Stoves"; "A Large Horse fit for a Chair or Saddle"; "The True and Genuine Godfrey's Cordial"; "Choice Bohea Tea"; "Very good English Saffron"; "New York Lottery Tickets"; "Choice Makrel to be sold by the Barrel"; "A Large Copper Still"; "Very good Spermacety"; "Fine Palm Oyl"; "Very good Temple Spectacles"; "A New Fishing Net."

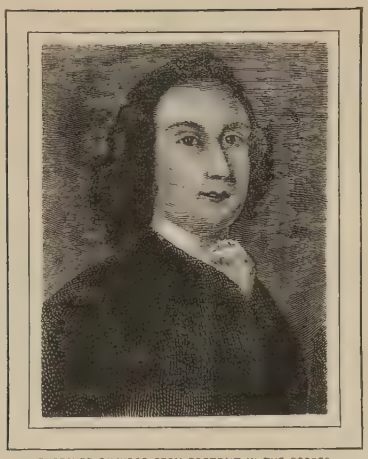


ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, AFTER PORTRAIT IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BENJAMIN WEST. (PAINTED BY HIMSELF.)

A stranger mode of turning a penny was by a venture now and again in indentured or bond servants, being such immigrants as sold their service for a stated number of years in return for a passage to the colonies. Franklin would occasionally purchase "the time," as the expression then was, of some of these, and then the columns of his paper would insert advertisements of which the following are samples:

A Likely Servant Lad's Time to be disposed of. He is fit for Country or Town Business, has four



ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF SAMUEL FRANKLIN EMMONS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SAMUEL FRANKLIN.

Years to serve, and has been in the Country a Year and a Half. Enquire of the Printer.

To Be Sold. A Likely Servant Woman, having three Years and a half to Serve. She is a good Spinner.

To be Sold. A Likely servant lad, about 15 years of age, and has 6 years to serve.

To be sold, a young Servant Welsh Woman, having one Year and a half to serve, and is fit for Town or Country Service. Enquire of the Printer.

To be Sold. A Likely Dutch Servant Girl, about 13 Years of Age, and has 5 Years to serve.

A Likely young Woman's Time to be disposed of, about eighteen Years of Age, fit for Town or Country Business, and can handle her Needle well.

To be Sold, An Irish Servant Girls Time: She has Three Years and Three Quarters to serve; is young, and fit for Town or Country Business.

A somewhat kindred but more regrettable traffic was one in slaves. Though, due to the Friends, there was a very positive public sentiment in Philadelphia against slavery, and still more against the buying and selling of men, Franklin had too much New England canniness to regard it, and made many a venture in the purchase and sale of negroes, his newspaper informing the public that

A Likely Young Negro Wench, who is a good Cook, and can Wash well is to be disposed of. Enquire of the Printer hereof.

To be Sold A Likely young Negroe Wench, about 18 Years of Age, speaks good English, and is fit for either Town or Country. Enquire of the Printer hereof

To be Sold. A Likely Molatto Girl, aged about 16 Years, has had the Small Pox, is fit for either Town or Country, to be disposed of very reasonable, enquire of the Printer hereof.

To be Sold, A Likely young Negroe Fellow, about Twenty-six Years of Age, suitable for any Farming or Plantation Business, having been long accustomed to it and has had the Small-Pox. Enquire of the Printer hereof.

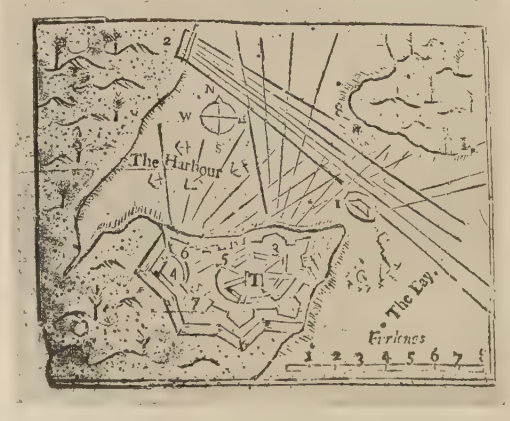
To be Sold. A Negro Man Twenty-two Years of Age, of uncommon Strength and Activity, very fit for a Farmer, or a laborious Trade, he understands the best methods of managing Horses, and is very faithful in the Employment: Any Person that wants such a one may see him by enquiring of the Printer hereof.

To be Sold. A Likely Negro woman, with a man-child, fit for town or country business. Enquire of the Printer hereof.

To Be Sold, A Lusty, young, Negroe Woman, fit for Country Business, she has had the Smallpox, and Meazles. Enquire of the Printers hereof.

To be Sold. A Prime able young Negro man, fit for laborious work, in town or country, that has had the smallpox: As also a middle aged Negro man, that has likewise had the smallpox. Enquire of the printer hereof: Or otherwise they will be expos'd to sale by publick vendue, on Saturday the 11th of April next, at 12 o'clock, at the Indian-king, in Market-street.

Some of these slaves he procured from New England, where, as population grew in density, the need for them passed, leading to their sale in the colonies to the southward; and there was not always a profit, for Franklin, of one purchase of husband and wife, wrote to his mother: "We conclude to sell them both the first good opportunity, for we do not like negro servants," with a result that "We got again about half what we lost." In spite of this prejudice, Franklin took with him two negro servants to England on his second visit, with slight benefit, for one, who "was of little use, and often in



MAP OF THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG. IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

mischief," ran off within a year, and the other behaved only "as well as I could expect, in a country where there are many occasions of spoiling servants, if they are ever so good." "He has as few faults as most of them," the philosopher observed, "and I see with only one eye and hear only with one ear; so we rub on pretty comfortably."

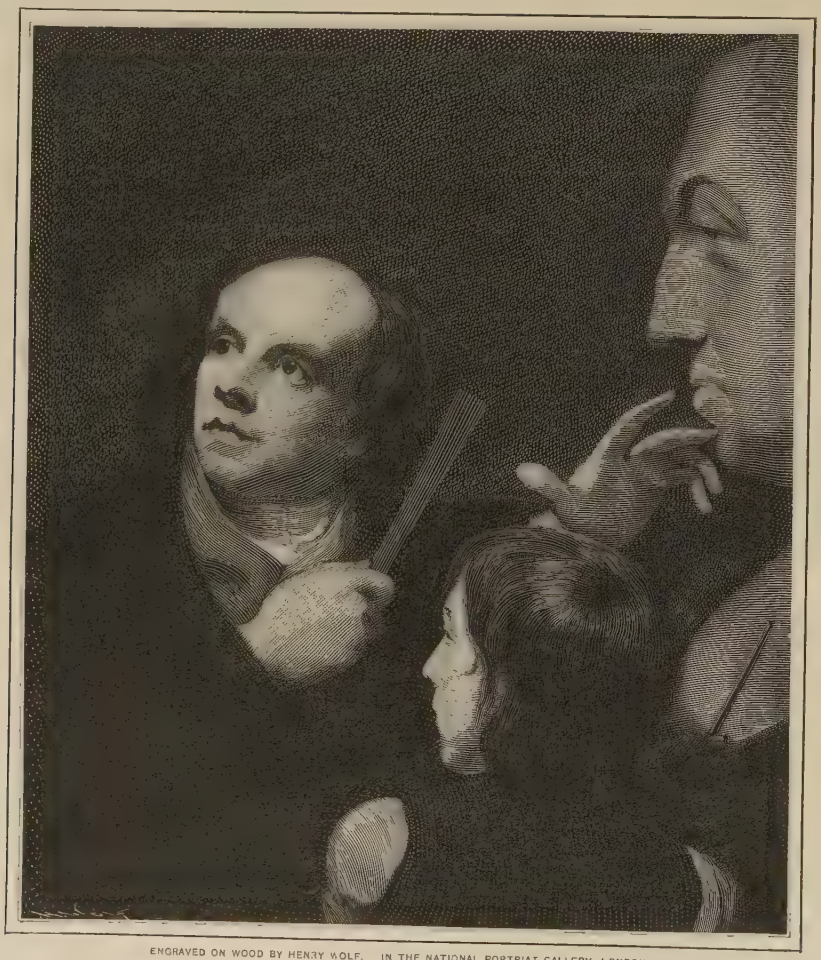
Franklin, as he grew in years, came to disapprove heartily of the whole slave system, and he expressed satisfaction "that a disposition to abolish slavery prevails in

MEDAL COMMEMORATING AMERICAN LIBERTY. DESIGNED AND STRUCK FOR FRANKLIN IN PARIS, 1783. IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

North America, that many Pennsylvanians have set their slaves at liberty, and that even the Virginia Assembly have petitioned the king for permission to make a law for preventing the importation of more into the colony." When the initial abolition society in America was formed, he became its president, and his name was signed to the first petition for the abolition of the slave-trade ever sent to Congress, an act which resulted in his being personally vituperated on the floor of that body, less than a month before his death. The debate on this petition drew from him the last public paper he ever penned, in which, with his usual "Socratic" cleverness, he took all the arguments advanced by the favorers of slavery, and by putting them into the mouth of an Algerine, as reasons for continuing the holding of Europeans in bondage, made each one become a reason for ending the system.

As Franklin was an instinctive trader, so he was a natural artisan. "It has ever . . . been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools," he remarks in his autobiography; "and it has been useful to me, having learnt . . . to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments, while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind." How he, in his printing-office, contrived molds, made printers' ink, constructed a copperplate press, cut ornaments for the paper money, and in other ways proved that his abilities were not merely intellectual, is told elsewhere. His scientific writings continually describe "little machines that I had roughly made for myself." So, too, though almost wholly without an art instinct, he made diagrams and sketches to illustrate and explain his writings, that prove a fair knowledge of perspective and a distinct knack of fingers. He even essayed at times to do an artist's work. Long after his retirement from active printing, the Continental Congress secured his aid in the design of their currency, and he not merely sketched the cuts, but having in some of his studies discovered that the veins of leaves, like the lines of the finger-ends, were never alike, he suggested the use of a different leaf for each denomination, thus making counterfeiting difficult. For his "Gazette" he engraved a crude type-metal map of the siege of Louisburg, which, so far as known, is the first attempt of a paper to illustrate news. So in his pamphlet entitled "Plain Truth" he designed and graved a cut of "Hercules and the Wagoner." During Stamp Act times he made a symbolical print

which had considerable vogue. While serving in the Continental Congress he was appointed a member of the committee to prepare devices for a great seal, and he suggested "Moses lifting up his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharaoh in his chariot overwhelmed by the waters," with the motto, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," which was adopted by the committee, but rejected by



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRIAT GALLERY, LONDON.

JOHN FLAXMAN. (PAINTED BY GEORGE ROMNEY.)

Congress. In 1782, of his own volition and at his own charge, he had struck after his ideas a medal to commemorate the Revolution, which he reports was "mighty well received, and gives general pleasure" in Paris, and which he hopes will be equally liked in America. A greater service he rendered to art was in selecting Houdon for the execution of the bust of Washington voted by Virginia, and in persuading that sculptor to undertake the commission.

However little of an artist he may have been, a number of his most intimate friends were of that profession, and he shows the interest of a cultivated man in their work. With Benjamin West a friendship was formed in Pennsylvania long before the painter was known as such; when he went to London, Franklin gave him letters of introduction that helped him materially, and the two corresponded on terms of close intimacy during the rest of Franklin's life. To Patience Wright, another American, and the Mme. Tussaud of her day, he gave aid and friendship, and helped her son when he came to Paris as a would-be artist, afterward consenting to sit to him for one of the first portraits the artist ever painted. In London he made the acquaintance of John Flaxman, when his career was but just beginning, and he it was who brought the young fellow to the attention of Josiah Wedgwood. Franklin had early in life become interested in the

problem of printing on china, and this served to give him a common interest with Wedgwood, and led to a lifelong friendship with the artist-potter. He even thought himself first in the field in this process, writing an engraver who had sent him some specimens, in reference to the invention:

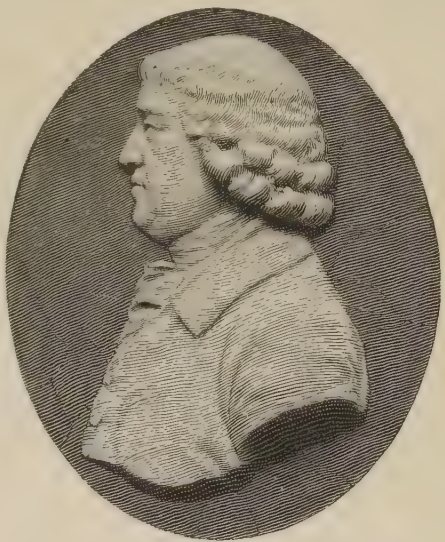
I know not who pretends to that of copper-plate engravings for earthen-ware, and I am not disposed to contest the honor with anybody, as the improvement in taking impressions not directly from the plate, but from printed paper, applicable by that means to other than flat forms, is far beyond my first idea. But I have reason to apprehend, that I might have given the hint on which that improvement was made; for, more than twenty years since, I wrote to Dr. Mitchell from America, proposing to him the printing of square tiles, for ornamenting chimneys from copper plates, describing the manner in which I thought it might be done, and advising the borrowing from the booksellers the plates that had been used in a thin folio, called "Moral Virtue Delineated," for the purpose. The Dutch Delftware tiles were much used in America, which are only or chiefly Scripture histories, wretchedly scrawled. I wished to have those moral prints which were originally taken from Horace's poetical figures, introduced on tiles, which, being about our chimneys, and constantly in the eyes of children when by the fireside, might give parents an opportunity, in explaining them, to impress moral sentiments; and I gave expectations of great demand for them if executed. Dr. Mitchell wrote to me, in answer, that he had communicated my scheme to several of the principal artists in the earthen way about London, who rejected it as impracticable; and it was not till some years after that I first saw an enamelled snuff-box, which I was sure was from a copper plate, though the curvature of the form made me wonder how the impression was taken.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN, AFTER PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

JOSEPH WRIGHT OF DERBY. (PAINTED BY HIMSELF.)

It is a curious fact that Franklin, however much a mechanic, and however fertile-minded, left behind him so few inventions of any great value, his lightning-rod and his stove, elsewhere described, being his only

important discoveries. Yet, as in his idea of printing on china, many of his imperfect ideas could have been developed into very valuable improvements. How he experimented in stereotyping has already been told. Before Argand invented his lamp, Franklin had conceived the idea of a burner which should supply a column of air in the center. He made an essay with a bulrush, without success, and, according to Jefferson, "His occupations did not permit him to repeat and extend his trials to the introduction of a larger column of air than could pass through the stem of a bull-rush." Yet he seems to have achieved a partial success, for a visitor to his house noted "a lamp, which, with only three small wicks gives a luster equal to six candles. A pipe is introduced into the midst, which supplies fresh and cool air to the lights." Having found an account of a "well known practice of the Chinese, to divide the hold of a great ship into a number of separate chambers by partitions tight caulked," he suggested that the system might with advantage be introduced into shipbuilding, as a safeguard to life and property; but the subject is so briefly dwelt upon as to show that he attached little value to what has since come to be of such consequence. So, contending that "men do not act like reasonable creatures when they build for themselves combustible dwellings, in which they are every day obliged to use fire," when he himself built, he evolved a system tending to the modern fire-proof construction by "a few precautions not generally used, to wit: none of the wooden work of one room communicates with the wooden work of any other room, and all the floors, and even the steps of the stairs, are plastered close."



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN, FROM MEDALLION BY FLAXMAN, OWNED BY SIR J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

Of minor improvements Franklin perfected more. He first made, for his own use, the double spectacles with lenses curved for near and far sight. He constructed a clock "with three wheels only, which showed hours, minutes and seconds." Though not the first to make letter-copying presses, he suggested an improvement which made them more effective. For his own convenience he worked out an artificial arm for taking books from shelves out of reach. In his library, "below the grate, on the hearth, there was a small iron plate or trap-door, about five or six inches square, with a hinge and a small ring to raise it by. When this door or valve was raised, a current of air, from the cellar, rushed up through the grate to rekindle the fire." At the head of his bed "there were two cords; one was a bell-pull; and the other, when pulled, raised an iron bolt, about an inch square, and nine or ten inches long, which dropped through staples, at the top of the door, when shut, and until this bolt was raised, the door could not be opened." In 1787 Washington, as he phrased it in his diary, "visited a Machine at Dr. Franklin's (called a Mangle) for pressing, in place of ironing clothes from the wash, which Machine from the facility with which it despatches business is well calculated for Table cloths & such articles as have not pleats & irregular foldings and would be very useful in all large families." Such are samples of his almost numberless devices and improvements.

An invention not to be passed over was a musical instrument, of which Franklin thought so highly as to believe that it would entirely supersede the piano and harpsichord. In London, during his second visit, Franklin heard a Mr. Delaval, "a most ingenious member of our Royal Society," play melodies by rubbing his fingers upon the edges of glass bowls which had been first tuned "by putting into them water more or less, as each note required." "Being charmed by the sweetness of its tones and the music he produced from it," Franklin set about perfecting the idea into an instrument. He had blown a number of glass half-spheres of different sizes, and these he tuned by grinding away the edge until they were in harmony

with the notes of the harpsichord. Having obtained this result, he placed thirty-seven of them, "sufficient for three octaves with all the semi-tones," upon a spindle, which, by means of a wheel and pedal, could be revolved. "This instrument is played upon by sitting before the middle of the set of glasses as before the keys of the harpsichord, turning them with the foot and wetting them with a sponge and clean water, the fingers should be first a little soaked in water, and quite free from all greasiness; a little fine chalk upon them is sometimes useful, to make them catch the glass and bring out the tones more readily. Both hands are used, by which means different parts are played together. Observe, the tones are best drawn out when the glass is turned from the ends of the fingers, not when they turn to them." Franklin named it the armonica, "in honor," so he wrote an Italian, "of your musical language," and claimed that the "advantages of this instrument are that its tones are incomparably sweet beyond those of any other; that they may be swelled and softened at pleasure by stronger or weaker pressures of the finger, and continued to any length; and that the instrument being once well tuned, never again wants tuning." He himself took great pleasure in playing upon it, and an amusing glimpse is obtained of him during his last years by a paragraph of one of his letters, in which he said: "M. Pagin did me the honor of visiting me yesterday. He is assuredly one of the best men possible, for he had the patience to listen to me playing an air on the Armonica, and to hear it to the end." Again, Mme. Brillon, seeking to tempt him to her home, promises that "Father Pagin will play the God of Love on the violin, I the march on the piano, you Little Birds on the harmonica"; and the same writer, in describing their future life in heaven, prophesies that "M. Mesmer will be contented with playing on the harmonica without boring us with electric fluid."

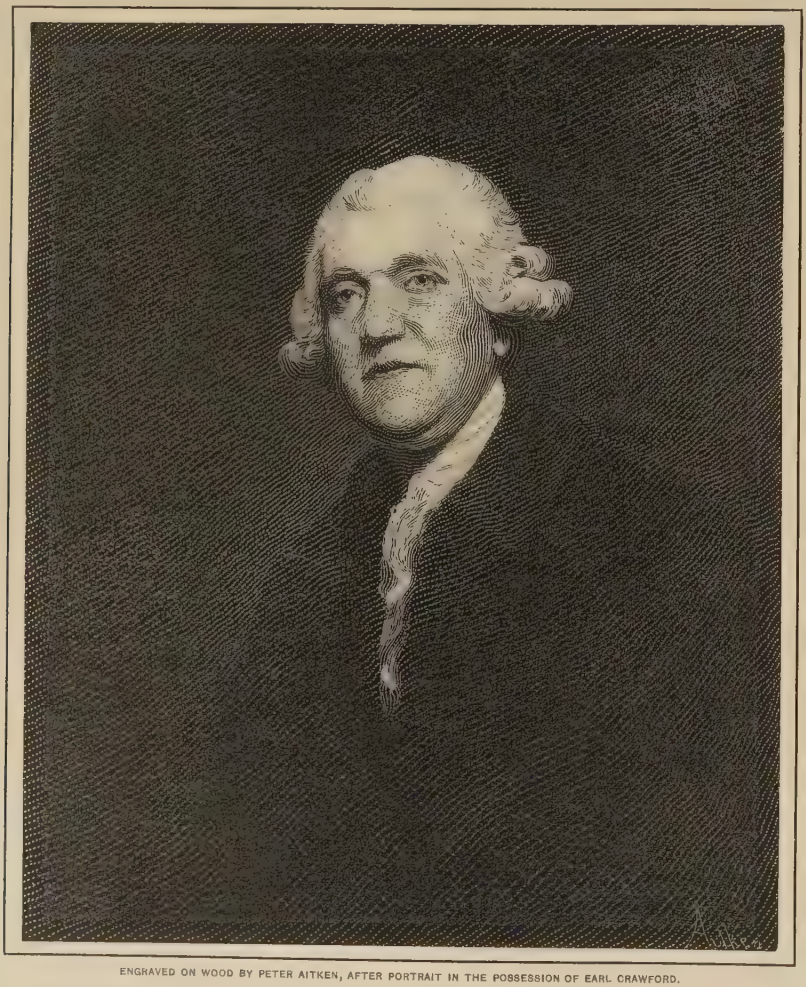
Franklin was more than a performer on the armonica, for, previous to his development of it, he could play on the harp, the guitar, and the violin. Referring to a present, he told the donor that he should "never touch the sweet strings of the British lyre, without remembering my British friends, and particularly the kind giver of the instrument." In France a friend wrote him that he had "searched for harps everywhere without being able to find any," and offers to procure him "a piano forté, if it will supply the place of the harp." This may not have been for his own use, however, for Franklin assured Mme. Brillon that, in the forty years he would probably have in heaven before her advent, he should have time enough "to practise on the armonica, and perhaps I shall play well enough to be worthy to accompany you on your pianoforte"; and in this case "we shall have every now and then some little concerts." He even seems to have turned his hand to composing, for the same lady acknowledged the receipt of "your music engraved in America"; but it has not been possible to identify the piece.

Franklin's taste in music tended to the simple forms. Mme. Brillon's usual bribes, musically, were promises of "carols" and "Scotch airs," and that in this she was trying to please his taste is shown by something he wrote Lord Kames: "The pleasure artists feel in hearing much of [the music] composed in modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope-dancers, who execute difficult things. . . . I have sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part that was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed on to play, gave manifest and general delight."

Give me leave, on this occasion [he wrote to Kames], to extend a little the sense of your position, that "melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful," and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live forever (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament), is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather that their melody is harmony. I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptation, indeed, only an agreeable *succession* of sounds is called *melody*, and only the *coexistence* of agreeable sounds, *harmony*. But, since the memory is capable of retaining for some moments a perfect idea of the pitch of a past sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement or disagreement, there may and does arise from thence a sense of harmony between the present and past sounds, equally pleasing with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tunes is this, that almost every succeeding emphatical note is a third, a fifth, an octave, or in short some note that is in concord with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concords.

I use the word *emphatical* to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles in common speech, to tack the whole together. . . . The connoisseurs in modern music will say, I have no taste; but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song, distinctly articulated, of his auditors; and yet, I think, even *his* playing those tunes would please more, if he gave them less modern ornament.

The inventing faculty is seldom to be found united with a business one; yet Franklin was not merely a good trader, but a good executive. In 1737 he was offered the posi-



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN, AFTER PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF EARL CRAWFORD.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. (PAINTED BY REYNOLDS.)

sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing. Most tunes of late composition, not having this natural harmony united with their melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass, and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confused than aided by it. Whoever has heard James Oswald play them on his violoncello, will be less inclined to dispute this with me. I have more than once seen tears of pleasure in the eyes

tion of postmaster of Philadelphia, "accepted it readily, and found it of great advantage; for, tho' the salary was small, it facilitated the correspondence that improv'd my newspaper, increas'd the number demanded, as well as the advertisements to be inserted, so that it came to afford me a considerable income." His good management of the office led presently to the additional appointment of controller "in regulating several offices," and upon the death of the Postmaster-General, in 1753, he was appointed,

jointly with Mr. William Hunter, to succeed him. "We were to have six hundred pounds a year between us, if we could make that sum out of the profits of the office. To do this, a variety of improvements were necessary; some of these were inevitably at first expensive, so that in the first four years the office became above nine hundred pounds in debt to us. But it soon after began to repay us," and before the British government removed him, for political reasons, in 1774, "we had brought it to yield *three times* as much clear revenue to the crown as the postoffice of Ireland." Concerning this loss of place, Franklin felt extremely bitter, writing:

I received a written notice from the secretary of the general post-office, that his Majesty's postmaster-general *found it necessary* to dismiss me from my office of deputy postmaster-general in North America. The expression was well chosen, for in truth they were *under a necessity* of doing it; it was not their own inclination; they had no fault to find with my conduct in the office; they knew my merit in it, and that if it was now an office of value it had become such chiefly through my care and good management; that it was worth nothing when given to me; it would not then pay the salary allowed me, and unless it did I was not to expect it; and that it now produces near three thousand pounds a year clear to the treasury here. They had beside a personal regard for me. But as the post-offices in all the principal towns are growing daily more and more valuable by the increase of correspondence, the officers being paid *commissions* instead of *salaries*, the ministers seem to intend, by directing me to be displaced on this occasion, to hold out to them all an example, that if they are not corrupted by their office to promote the measures of administration, though against the interests and rights of the colonies, they must not expect to be continued.

To this office he was promptly reappointed by the Continental Congress when it came to organize its posts, and he held it until he sailed for France. As already noted, Franklin, however well he conducted the business, was over-inclined to distribute the offices among his own family.

Nothing better shows Franklin's versatility and capacity than the services he rendered in the three great wars of his time. His first introduction to military affairs was due to a condition peculiar to Pennsylvania. During the War of the Austrian Succession, although French and Spanish privateers sailed boldly into the Delaware, capturing ships and plundering plantations, plead as the governor of that colony would, the Quakers, who controlled the Pennsylvania Assembly, principled against war, refused to raise troops or fortify the river. Nor would the rich and powerful leaders opposed to that sect aid him, their reasoning, according to Franklin, being: "Shall we lay out our money to protect the trade of Quakers? Shall we fight to defend Quakers? No; let the trade perish, and the city burn; let what will happen, we shall never lift a finger to prevent it"; and in genuine indignation the writer continued: "Till of late I could scarce believe the story of him who refused to pump in a sinking ship, because one on board, whom he hated, would be saved by it as well as himself." In this condition of affairs, Franklin turned from his presses and made an appeal to those who, like himself, were "the middling people, the farmers, shop-keepers and tradesmen of our city and country," whose interests were forgotten "through the dissensions of our leaders, through mistaken principles of religion, joined with love of worldly power on the one hand; through pride, envy and implacable resentment on the other."

I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this, I first wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled PLAIN TRUTH, in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights, with the necessity of union and discipline for our defense, and promis'd to propose in a few days an association, to be generally signed for that purpose. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. I was call'd upon for the instrument of association and . . . copies being dispersed in the country, the subscribers amounted at length to upward of ten thousand. These all furnished themselves as soon as they could with arms, formed themselves into companies and regiments, chose their own officers, and met every week to be instructed in the manual exercise, and other parts of military discipline. The women, by subscriptions among themselves, provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, painted with different devices and mottos, which I supplied. The officers of the companies composing the Philadelphia regiment, being met, chose me for their colonel; but, conceiving myself unfit, I declin'd that station, and recommended Mr. Lawrence, a fine person, and man of influence, who was accordingly appointed. I then propos'd a lottery to defray the expense of building a battery below the town, and furnishing it with cannon. It filled expeditiously, and the battery was soon erected; . . . the associators kept a nightly guard while the war lasted, and among the rest I regularly took my turn of duty there as a common soldier.

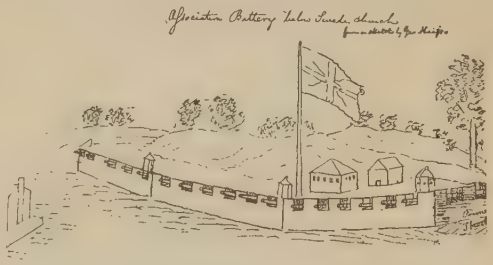
Franklin found that "My activity in these operations was agreeable to the governor and council; they took me into confidence, and I was consulted by them in every measure wherein their concurrence was thought useful to the association." Calling in the aid of

religion, "I propos'd to them the proclaiming a fast, to promote reformation, and implore the blessing of Heaven on our undertaking." Having thus appealed to the religious part of the community, Franklin as well devised a means of influencing the people socially. "It is proposed," he told a correspondent, "to breed gunners by forming an artillery club, to go down weekly to the battery and exercise the great guns. The best engineers against Cape Breton were of such a club, tradesmen and shopkeepers of Boston. I was with them at the Castle at their exercise in 1743."

Having made himself so useful, it was natural that with the outbreak of the French and Indian War his services should once more be in demand. In behalf of the Pennsylvania Assembly he was sent to confer with General Braddock, and finding the British commander in straits for teams and packhorses, he undertook the task of obtaining them for him; with such success that "in two weeks one hundred and fifty wagons, with two hundred and fifty-nine carrying horses, were on their march for the camp," to accomplish which Franklin advanced out of his own pocket upward of two hundred pounds, and, furthermore, gave his bond for their return or payment according to valuation. He also undertook to aid the general in furnishing him with provisions, "advancing for the service, of my own money, upwards of one thousand pounds sterling." Learning that the subaltern officers were having difficulty to obtain a store of provisions for their march through the wilderness, he obtained a vote from the Assembly which furnished each one of them a gift of such supplies as would be of the most value to them. Far more valuable than all this, however, was some unheeded advice he gave Braddock, which is well worth quotation:

> In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolv'd in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them thro' the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceiv'd some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventur'd only to say: "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place, not completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from the ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attack'd by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other." He smil'd at my ignorance, and reply'd: "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplin'd troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression."

Franklin was no better paid for this aid to Braddock than he was for his advice. "As soon as the loss of the wagons and horses



ASSOCIATION BATTERY. FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

was generally known, all the owners came upon me for the valuation which I had given bond to pay"—claims which gave him infinite trouble, but which eventually he cleared himself of. A credit due on another account, however, was never paid.

The disaster to the British army only served to put further labor on the civilian's shoulders. The Assembly appointed him one of the commissioners for raising and expending money for the defense of the frontiers, and he set about this business with his usual energy. He drew up a bill for establishing and disciplining a voluntary militia, and in its behalf wrote a dialogue which had a "great effect"; he planned and carried through a lottery for raising a further sum of money; and this done, "the governor prevail'd with me to take charge of our Northwestern frontier which was infested by the enemy, and provide for the defence of the inhabitants by raising troops and building a line of forts. I undertook this military business, tho' I did not conceive myself well qualified for it." A month on the frontier in the depth of winter served to complete the three forts needed and properly to garrison and pro-

vision them, and Franklin returned to Philadelphia to find that he had been chosen colonel of the regiment just completed in that city, which he now accepted.

The first time I reviewed my regiment they accompanied me to my house, and would salute me with some rounds fired before my door, which shook down and broke several glasses of my electrical apparatus. And my new honour proved not much less brittle; for all our commissions were soon after broken by a repeal of the law in England.

In the Revolutionary War, despite his years, he took an active part. How he was sent as a commissioner to Canada has already been mentioned, and he was one of the committee sent to camp at Cambridge to consult with Washington and "other persons" touching the most effectual method of continuing, supporting, and regulating a Continental army. For the defense of Philadelphia he "projected" a chevaux-de-frise for the river Delaware, which proved of the utmost value, and well-nigh prevented the British from holding that city in 1777. As another element of protection he superintended the construction of row-galleys. A great scarcity of powder in the early period of the war set him to considering some substitute for firearms; he accordingly designed a pike, and, with a curious lack of his usual good sense, sought by arguments to convince himself and others that the bow and arrow was still a serviceable weapon and missile:

1st. Because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket.

2dly. He can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet.

3dly. His object is not taken from his view by the smoke of his own side.

4thly. A flight of arrows seen coming upon them, terrifies and disturbs the enemies' attention to their business.

5thly. An arrow sticking in any part of a man puts him *hors du combat* till it is extracted.

6thly. Bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition.

Energetically as Franklin worked in wartimes, he was a constant advocate of peace. "In my opinion," he more than once reiterated, "*there never was a good war or a bad peace.*" "What repeated follies are these repeated wars!" he exclaimed. "You do not want to conquer and govern one another. Why then should you be continually employed in injuring and destroying one another?" "You are near neighbors," he wrote of Great Britain and France, "and each have very respectable qualities. Learn to be quiet and to respect each other's rights. You are all Christians. One is *The Most Christian King*, and the other *Defender of the Faith*. Manifest the propriety of these titles by your future conduct. 'By this,' says Christ, 'shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.'" He penned a little parable which reveals still more forcibly the unchristianity of war:

In what light we are viewed by superior beings, may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another, he turned angrily to his guide and said: "You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!" "No, sir," says the guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call *humanity*."

Recognizing men "to be a sort of beings very badly constructed, as they are more easily provoked than reconciled, more disposed to do mischief to each other than to make reparation, much more easily deceived than undeceived, and having more pride and even pleasure in killing than in begetting one another," and therefore half in doubt "if the species were really worth producing or preserving," he none the less did his best to mitigate the horrors of war. He argued in favor of the abolition of privateering, claiming that "the practice of robbing merchants on the high seas" was "a remnant of ancient piracy." In 1783, in the framing of the treaty of peace with Great Britain, he advocated that the misery of war should be henceforth limited to the actual belligerents, and proposed to accomplish this result by an article to the following effect:

If war should hereafter arise between Great Britain and the United States, which God forbid, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all fisher-

men, all cultivators of the earth, and all artisans or manufacturers unarmed, and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages, or places, who labor for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, and peaceably follow their respective employments, shall be allowed to continue the same, and shall not be molested by the armed force of the enemy in whose power by the events of the war they may happen to fall; but, if any thing is necessary to be taken from them, for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price. And all merchants or traders with their unarmed vessels, employed in commerce, exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to obtain and more general, shall be allowed to pass freely, unmolested. And neither of the powers, parties to this treaty, shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading ships, or interrupt such commerce.

The proposition ran so far in advance of public opinion that the British envoys refused even to consider it; but later it was made part of the treaty the American commissioners negotiated with Prussia, and in that form received better appreciation in Great Britain, a leading review asserting that it was "The best lesson of humanity which a philosophical king (Frederick II), acting in concert with a philosophical patriot (Franklin), could possibly give to the princes and statesmen of the earth." In yet another way Franklin was far in advance of his own times, for in maintaining that "All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones," he asked: "When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?"

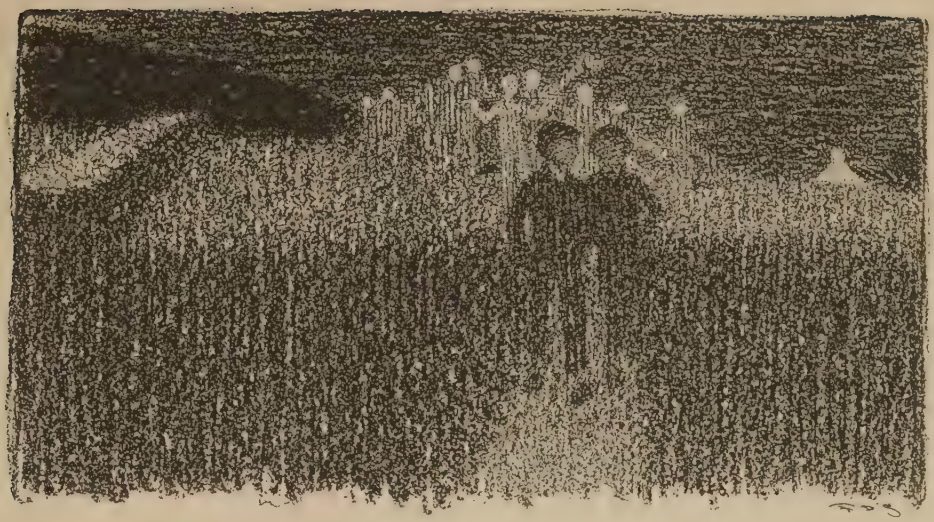
Franklin's humanity was not limited to the abstract, and his gifts in charity were frequent. But knowing that aid of this sort could injure as well as benefit, he adopted a system designed to mitigate the evil as far as possible, without lessening the good.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you [he told a friend]. But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is, that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family.

This method of considering his assistance a loan, and not a gift, is still better shown in a letter to one who had asked his help:

I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to *give* such a sum; I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country with a good character, you cannot fail of getting into some business, that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands, before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a *little*.

Franklin disapproved of public officials having salaries, and in accepting the office of president (or governor) of Pennsylvania, he states that "it was my intention . . . to devote the appointed salary to some public uses. Accordingly, I had already, before I made my will . . . given large sums of it to colleges, schools, building of churches, etc.," and by that instrument, wishing "To be useful even after my death if possible . . . to this end, I devote two thousand pounds sterling, of which I give one thousand thereof to the inhabitants of the town of Boston in Massachusetts, and the other thousand to the inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia in trust," these sums to be lent at interest "to such young married artificers, under the age of twenty-five years, as have served an apprenticeship in the said town, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures, so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respectable citizens who are willing to become their sureties . . . to assist them in setting up in business." As the funds grew, the surplus was to be expended "in public works, which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or a temporary residence." Franklin conceived of these funds eventually reaching millions; but though both cities accepted the gifts, between the strictness of the terms imposed and poor financial management, the trusts have fulfilled only a small part of their testator's wishes, and have proved anew that the philanthropy of the living is better than the philanthropy of the dead.



THE ESKERAGH RASCALS.

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS ("MAC"),
Author of "'T was in Dhroll Donegal," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

I.

AT PADDY McGEEVER'S HEARTH.

THEY were a set of bad boys. It took most of the country a long time to find it out; for our people, in their simplicity thinking every one else a reflex of themselves, were very slow to form unfavorable opinions, and it was only perverse and persistent badness that could force its recognition upon us. So, as the conviction that the Eskeragh boys were bad boys did obtain, however tardily, it may be justifiably concluded that the wickedness of the Eskeragh boys was inordinate.

Skeeg-waggery [1] was their forte and particular line of wickedness. They were born into the enjoyment of the little failings, or what they considered the failings, of their neighbors. The whole country-side was their hunting-ground; and where an exceptionally wise and oracular man appeared, he was their largest game, and to the enjoyment of him they brought their wickedest appetite and greatest relish.

The Eskeragh boys always hunted in bands. It was in the beginning of winter, when the harvest and trouble were done for the year, and the long hours of darkness had set in,—for, like all doers of evil, they loved this,—that they made their descents, and nightly overran, not alone the Bocht and Doorin and the Back-of-the-Hill, but likewise the far country of Fanaghan, and even the remotest limits of the parishes of Killymard and Oiliegh. These were, I allow, long distances for them to go raking; but as they were found out and their true character exposed in the nearer townlands, these townlands were closed to them, so that year by year they had to seek new and more distant districts, into which, they might reasonably suspect, their ill fame had not preceded them.

What made their sins of a deeper dye, too, was the fact that they ever traded on the generosity of the most generous and the hospitality of the most hospitable in the particular townland on which, at a given time, they pushed their designs. Wilfully and with malice aforethought they did so; indeed, they would have regarded themselves with unmitigated contempt if they had not succeeded in imposing on the most worthy, for with the Eskeragh boys rascality was reduced to a system and cultivated as a fine art.

Though, I grant, Paddy McGeever was scarcely to be ranked *dignus*, much less *dignissimus*, in his townland, still, the Eskeragh boys, finding their reputations high and dry over all other parts of the country, fell

[1] A particularly rascally kind of waggishness.

upon Paddy, taking the greater part of a winter out of him—and few other winters' fun surpassed it. But the scoundrels had the vile cleverness of making the conditions where they did not find them. Before the Eskeragh boys began to work Paddy, he had the reputation of being both the crabbedest and most niggardly man in the parish—miserly to meanness. Yet, strange to say, they lifted him up into a generous man and an affable, heart and hand open in like degree.

Besides that Paddy himself was good material upon which to exercise their art, he had a daughter Belle, young, fair, and coy, and much sought after by the more serious-minded boys of her own neighborhood, yet seldom courted; not, indeed, through any fault of Belle's, but because her father guarded her like the grim dragon he was, and allowed her not to dance or raffle, feast or fair. And his gruffness had a decidedly discouraging effect on the bashful young swains of Gorteen who would fain have gone to make their kailie[1] by the hearth that Belle's presence brightened. There was a certain amount of Mark Tapleyism rampant among the Eskeragh boys: had Paddy McGeever been a jolly, good-natured man, who beamed upon all comers,—and always of course provided he had not yet any pet hobby they might goad, or was not looked up to as an oracle by his neighbors,—it is probable that they would have shunned Paddy's as a place inducive of melancholy; but, as things were, they chuckled as they went. They were cold-bloodedly systematic in their treatment of the victim. Quite blind to Paddy's grunts and frowns, their manner, as they introduced themselves to all the seats in the kitchen, betrayed kindly thanks for the hearty welcome they would persist in accepting; and Paddy, despite desperate efforts, could not induce them to see that they were taking too much for granted. While they were profuse, too, in their ill-accepted greetings to Paddy, they showed their usual diplomacy in giving only the merest muttered recognition of the blushing Belle, thus early in the hunt drawing a red herring across the scent. While the body of the Eskeragh boys, with a modesty that, to one who knew them not, they would have seemed born unto, unobtrusively seated themselves back in the shadow by the walls, the two arch-rascals of the gang, to wit, Charley's Micky and Oiney Kittach, carried forward their chairs, and audaciously, with much sang-froid, set them down one in the chimney-corner opposite the scowling Paddy, and the other in front of the fire, where, spreading his legs on each side of the fire, and his hands over the brief and infrequent blaze,—niggardliness with Paddy, like poverty, began at the backstone,—with a delightful shiver he remarked to his fellow in the corner: "Well, Micky, is n't a good warm fire like this a thing to be thankful to God for, on sich a night?"

PADDY McGEEVER.

"Throth, Oiney, it is that, thank God!" said Micky, with a responsive shiver, as if luxuriously feeling the genial glow radiated from the small turf that lay on the hearth creeping through their veins.

"Have yez a fire at home, boys?"

"A fire? Well, Misther McGeever,"—looking admiringly at the one before him,—"the divil a much of a wan to brag of. We 're far from the bog, ye know. Them 's fine thurf, now. Now, wan o' them thurf, howsomiver it is, gives as much hait"—another pleasurable shiver—"as five o' me father's thurf w'u'd."

Oiney, looking hard at the fire, awaited Paddy's response; but he got only a hard look, which he took in with the tail of his eye.

Then he looked over his shoulder, and said,

[1] Visit.

"Boys, why don't yez pull forrid to the fire, an' take a shin-heat?" and at the same time he spread himself still more, so that a small voice from out the shadow, with much demure sarcasm, remarked, "We don't see the way till it."

"Boys,"—Oiney hereupon appealed to the sour-visaged Paddy,—"boys, Misther McGeever, but some of these lads is sharp-witted! If their wit could only earn them as much bread as it could cut, they 'd not be so lanthern-jawed, I 'll give ye me 'davy. What a pity they had n't this wit to the fore when they were undher the hands of their schoolmasther!"

But Paddy, with a contemptuous turning away of his head, disdained being taken into his friends' confidence.

"Well, Oiney," Charley's Micky said, handling the splints of fir which, as substitutes for candles, Paddy had split, and had seasoning in the corner—"Oiney, me son, w'u'd ye luk at the beautiful spails! Misther McGeever, darlin', how did ye manage them, so long an' so evenly?"

"With a knife"—curtly.

"Ha, ha, ha! With a knife! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And the house joined the laugh in hearty appreciation of the caustic wit Charley's Micky had discovered in their unwilling host.

"Now, Misther McGeever, would ye cut that many spails all in the wan night?"—evincing an eager interest.

"In wan night, if I sat in me own house an' did n't go sthreelin' intil, an' thrampin' down, a naybor's house—an' a naybor's house, too, where I seen there was small welkim for me."

Broad as a barn though the hint was, Paddy, to his intense disgust, found it was lost on these stupid villains.

"Och, Misther McGeever, now," Oiney with gentle reproach remonstrated, "of all men in the parish I niver heerd no man accuse you of bein' anyway rambunkshus about yer naybor's house, an' as to yer not bein' welkim, ye 're yerself the first man I iver heerd say unwelkim ye wor. Am I right, boys?"

"Throth, an' ye are, Oiney!" "Sartintly, ye 're right, Oiney!" "Not a welkim for Misther McGeever? Hagh! indeed, aye!" and from a remote corner was squeaked in an evidently disguised tone of voice, "He 's as welkim as the win' that blights the praties!" Though Charley's Micky, by a timely cough, and Oiney, by a felicitous hitching of his chair, thought they had confounded this rather malapropos remark, a suspicious glint flashed from the tail of Misther McGeever's eye, as it furtively sought the corner that harbored the satirist.

"Oiney," Charley's Micky said, "where 's your manners? Why don't ye light the pipe an' give Misther McGeever a dhraw?"

Paddy could not well decide whether this was a sarcasm impudently meant for himself. Although he did not always make practical use of his knowledge, he knew very well what the host's duties were.

"Be jiminy, Micky Cammerlin, ye 're right—I was a'most forgettin' me manners"; and Oiney forthwith produced a pipe, whose only title to respect was its age.

"Whoiver sayed Oiney forgot his manners is a liar," was insinuated from the rear. "Oiney could no more forget his manners than a donkey its dhress-coat—an' for the same reason."

Oiney, ignoring the insult, made a general and successful appeal to the public there assembled for the wherewithal to treat Misther McGeever "to a small dhraw." The pipe, as was stated, was supplied by himself, another tendered a knife, a third man a match, another man half a match,—but the wrong half, which Oiney instantly flung into the fire,—while the tobacco was subscribed in small doles by four further benefactors.

"Now, Misther McGeever, we 'll get to work," Oiney said, as he wrought hard cutting the tobacco and teasing it in the hollow of his hand. "Begobs, Andy Roe"—to one of the donors,—"that chunk o' tibbacky you gi' me is about as tough as Micky Lafferty's conscience, there. An' to give another aiqual for Micky's conscience"—and here he fixed his eye upon the inhospitable host to observe the effect of his witticism on him—"we must get a bit o' his blin' cow Granny, that Peter the Makawn kilt last Chris'mas—afther she died o' oul' age."

But though the rest of the house, heartily appreciating the local hit, laughed loud and boisterously, the obdurate Paddy only hardened his look and deepened his scowl.

"Ye see, Misther McGeever," Oiney remarked between puffs, now that he had it lighted, but awaited its being in good going order before reaching it to Paddy—"ye see, Misther McGeever, we 're a sort of a joint-stock company: wan man gives the match, an' some others stales the tibbacky. Micky Lafferty carries the knife (what betther han'? Ye often heerd, I dar' say, of the cutthroats? Micky's is an offshoot o' that family)"—this in a confidential tone. "An' if the tibbacky

bees any tougher than usual, Con Hilferty, we use him as the tease—for he 'd tease the divil; then I myself supply the pipe. Will you kindly have a dhraw, Misther McGeever?" Wiping the pipe-stem on his sleeve in orthodox fashion, he, with a courteous bow, tendered the venerable and reeking article to Paddy. And as he did so, he sought Paddy's eye to know if that individual was melting.

But no; for any evidence that he gathered there, Paddy might not have smiled since me Paddy"; and to emphasize it he again repeated the impolite remark.

"Misther McGeever," Charley's Micky, from the corner, remarked in a quiet tone of voice—"Misther McGeever, Oiney, w'u'd prefer bein' called Pathrick—an' properly so. Am not I right, Misther McGeever?"

"I prefer that both o' yez—when yez make me say it, in me own house an' all—that both o' yez w'u'd keep yer gabs shut!"

"Now, Micky," Oiney said to his friend, in a tone of gentle and firm reproach, "ye

"'WILL YOU KINDLY HAVE A DHRAW, MISTHER McGEEVER?'"

the day he tasted his first mouthful of stolen sugar, so Oiney mentally summed it. And now Paddy, with a disdainful wave of the hand, waved off Oiney's friendly offer.

"Is it not take a dhraw, Misther McGeever? Arrah, g' 'long with ye, Misther McGeever, an'—"

"I don't want none o' yer infarnal Mistherin'," Misther McGeever said abruptly, more than dubious of the object of these people's assumed politeness.

"Oh, very well, then; ivery man to his tastes. Sure, I 'll call ye Paddy, Misther McGeever, if ye like."

"Well, I 'm ——" here Misther McGeever made use of an expression not usually considered polite, though certainly very forcible —"I 'm —— if ye have any of yer rammed impidence with me, or if ye 're goin' to call ought to feel ashamed o' yerself—vexin' the good man so, an' teasin' him with yer iverlastin' questions. Aye, heartily ashamed o' yerself ye ought to feel."

"Ho-o-o, sor! ye 're the worst yerself," Paddy snappishly said.

"Oh, is it me ye refer to, Misther McGeever? Is it me? Then, Misther McGeever, ye 're welkim. Of your hands I take all insults as compliments. Ye 're very welkim to abuse me to yer heart's content," Oiney said, with the resignation of a martyr. "But whativer objections ye fancy to me, ye can't surely have any to the pipe. Ye 'll take wan dhraw out of it, Misther McGeever, just to show ye 've nothin' ag'in' it."

"Nor nothin' I have ag'in' it; but if you don't have it away from anundher my nose in double-quick time, I 'll have somethin'

harder nor itself ag'in' it"; and here he grasped the tongs.

"Oh, well, I beg yer pardon, Misther McGeever; but, as I said, no offense—no offense. Charley's Micky, you 'll take a dhraw?"

But the instant it was thrust under that person's nose, he started back, his countenance contorted in well-feigned sympathy with an offended nose.

Belle had been moving about, ostensibly attending to house duties, and quietly enjoying the whole matter. And, furthermore, Paddy McGeever being so deeply engrossed with the carryings-on of Oiney and Charley's Micky, there were many opportunities—and they were not let slip—for the boys to have their own little badinage with his pretty daughter, and to say many sweet things to her, and get many smart replies and encouraging looks. This was a strong point made. For the Eskeragh boys were not fortunate in their courtship, and that for two good reasons: the girls who courted to marry did not want the Eskeragh boys, because *they* did not mean to marry; and the girls who courted for amusement did not want them either, because all such girls were dubious (and very properly so) of these boys, ever suspicious that they only wanted "to make a hare of," or, in other words, "take a hand at," the girls, and that they had not even enough seriousness in their composition to court for courtship's sake.

So, as I said, they scored a point, and knew it, when so pretty a girl as Belle confessed by tone and look that she had a heart to let. The crabbedness of Paddy, then, and the amiability of Belle, at once impressed these rascals that the coming winter would be no less fruitful of fun than many a rollicking season gone by.

And they conjectured rightly. By persistent effort, by refusing to see insult in anything Paddy said or did, by evincing an intense and absorbing interest in Paddy, his house, his crops, his cattle, by veiling their wit with a thin veil of stupidity, by laughing long and loud and heartily when Paddy made or stumbled at one of his caustic jokes, and, in short, by every shift that rank hypocrisy and covert knavishness could suggest, these fellows contrived to blindfold Paddy McGeever, the most far-seeing genius (in his own opinion) in that barony, till, at length, before a month had passed, that much-misled individual would feel lonely and get fidgety at night, and cross with Belle, if he found the Eskeragh boys late in coming! Be their shortcomings what they might, the Eskeragh boys were accomplished students of human nature. They could, inside one half-hour, turn the most complicated man inside out, and lay bare his weak points in all their nakedness. So, though people had generally believed that Paddy McGeever had been born into the world without any of the failings common to humanity, the Eskeragh boys soon discovered that there was a mine of vanity, hitherto unworked, within him—and quickly developed it.

Nightly, then, Paddy sat by the fire in the middle of an admiring circle of them, lighting his own pipe for them, and pressing it on them. He who erstwhile would not, it was thought, waste on his own father, if he were alive, as much tobacco as might sit on the point of his penknife, was, this season, astonishing his grocer by the ruinous tobacco bill he was running up. And he who, it was said, had never once before put on as much of a fire as took the building-chill out of the backstone, had now, nightly,

"THEIR OWN LITTLE BADINAGE WITH HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER."

on his hearth a conflagration that would warm a king's parlor. Then, on all subjects under the sun he held forth with much dramatic power, to an audience that hung upon his words with the most absorbing interest ever yet pretended by scoundrels who played upon an unwitting victim.

Thus were a portion of the Eskeragh boys then employed. For while these held Paddy enchained by the spell of his own eloquence, the others were given a most enviable opportunity of paying court to Belle, whom they engrossed and captivated, to the woe and ire of the less audacious, nicer, gentler, and far more worthy and sincere young men of her own immediate neighborhood, whom she now heartlessly joined the Eskeragh boys in "making game of."

That Paddy's interest in them should not abate they took good care, for an occasional stage-whisper of cunning import was a "refresher" which held them secure in Paddy's good will.

"Wondher alive, boys, but Misther McGeever 's the knowledgeable man!" with villainously solemn countenance, one would whisper to his neighbor. With a tail-of-the-eye glance at Paddy's attentive ear, his neighbor would remark, "Knowledgeable! It 's no name for it." And two or three others would say, "Ach!" with a tone and look which signified that it was downright folly to attempt to express the inexpressible.

Then, on their way home, these vagabonds made the hills ring; and decent people, awaked out of their first sleep, raised themselves on their elbows and listened a moment, then turned over, imprecating them: "Bad snuff be to yez! It 's them Eskeragh boys again."

II.

MISTRESS BLAKE'S ARK.

In all Meenticor—and it was noted for hospitality—there was not a more hospitable household, or a kindlier or better-natured couple, than Jaramy Blake and his wife Anne; and the Eskeragh boys, cunning rascals that they were, looking still for fresh fields, and simpler people on whose goodness they might play, learned this, and though they had a tramp of four stiff Irish miles of bog and wilderness coming hither on their kailie, they blessed these good people with their almost nightly presence from Christmas till Candlemas. And as these friendly attentions began suddenly, so, likewise, did they end.

Ellen, the daughter and only child of Jaramy and Anne, was a reputed heiress; not a penny less than fourscore of pounds —not to mention plenishing, and in all probability a cow or a heifer—she was "given out" for. As may well be supposed, then, Ellen had suitors galore. But the Eskeragh boys must see for themselves.

Anne's one failing was family pride. Her people—she was one of the Raineys of Poolbochog—had for generations been noted for their "full and warm" house. Want, in the worst of times, never entered at their door. They were, so, the top of the parish, and they were aware of it. When Anne was so indiscreet as to throw herself away on Jaramy Blake, she was disowned by her own connections; for, while less than seven cows never stood at the Raineys' stakes, Jaramy Blake owned only a (comparatively) pitiful four! And, still worse, his father before him had owned only one, and was a cotter! So the wonder would only have been if her people had not disowned her.

Anne, of course, under the circumstances, fetched Jaramy no other dower than a rich stock of love—and her pride; yes, and family pride. And Jaramy was blessed and elate. Both Jaramy and Anne were vain: Anne vain of her family, and Jaramy vain of her vanity. When the litany of Anne's virtues was being recited to Jaramy by a neighbor or a neighbor's wife over a "treat" at the fair, Jaramy would, in a tone of secret admiration, add to it: "Aye, an' Lucifer himself is n't prouder nor our Anne!" And the response would be: "Throth, an' ye say right there, Jaramy; an' who in the parish has a right to be, if not her?"

Every young man in the county seemed to dote upon "their Ellen," the open delight of Jaramy and Anne. And when the Eskeragh boys, somewhere around Christmas, suddenly crowded their kitchen on a night, and, with that hypocritical sheepishness with which they could so well impose on people of simple faith, sat on the corners of the seats, or stood awkwardly against the remote wall, Jaramy and Anne looked at each other, and then at Ellen, and smiled delightedly. And the oftener the Eskeragh boys came back, the more welcome they were made.

But it happened that, early in the campaign, one of the Eskeragh boys, feeling thirsty, had requested from Anne a drink, and Anne, because the simple soul was perfectly innocent of the character of the boys she was dealing with, gave him, as both pride and custom prompted her, a bowl of sweet milk.

"ANNE'S ONE FAILING WAS FAMILY PRIDE."

Evil was the moment for Anne and Anne's milk-crocks. Henceforward, till the Eskeragh boys quitted Meenticor to prospect new regions, the drafts that were drawn on Anne's high pride and kindly nature nightly made low-tide in the milk-pans. Elsewhere, of course, where the Eskeragh boys were known, and where the very name of the townland they came from bespoke their character, the black water was reached with a grudge. Suddenly, now, the Eskeragh boys were attacked with an epidemic of thirst, which ailment, the more it was pandered to by good-souled Anne, the worse it became, till soon it settled down on the boys as a chronic distemper. Of course one of them had had "salt herrin's" for his dinner that day, and another a bit of "divilishly" salt bacon (the fact was, one of them never saw bacon unless it was on an Easter Sunday or a Christmas day, or at a wedding or christening), and a third was as dhry as the deuce, an' himself could n't well tell why—if it was n't the sthrong moonlight was baitin' down on them as they crossed the hills. Anyhow, each had his own excuse, ingenious enough, and as thin as the said moonlight; but both Anne and Jaramy were above probing their guests' reasons for being thirsty, and only ladled out their sweet milk with the laudable intention of quenching the thirst that was choking the poor boys, "God help them!" Laudable, but vain, it was, for as well might they have poured their tubs of milk down the craters of Vesuvius, and hoped to quench it.

It was in vain that the more practical Ellen nightly remonstrated with her parents when the house was emptied, and the milk-tubs nearly so. The mother was not alone astonished that Ellen should set such slight value upon nice, daicent boys (oh, ever innocent Anne!) who had thramped an' thraveled so far to court her—an' small wondher they 'd be thirsty afther such a journey, poor boys. Moreover, it would be low come down with wan o' the Raineys of Poolbochog when they 'd reach their han' to a Christian with the cowl' black wather!

I said that about Candlemas the Eskeragh boys stopped coming to Jaramy Blake's—stopped suddenly, too. And this was the way.

On a night when Jaramy's kitchen was, as usual, crowded with the Eskeragh boys, Jaramy sat in the corner smoking the pipe of delight and smiling benignly upon his guests. Ellen spun industriously at the opposite side of the fire, and at the same time fascinated the house with her best and most charming little affected smiles and poses, and Anne was making oaten bread at the table.

"Ellen darlin'," the mother said, turning to her, "rise up an' go down an' fetch me up another lock of oatmale out of the room. Go to the ark,"[1] she said—and here she glanced at the Eskeragh boys to see if they

[1] An ark is a particular kind of large meal-chest. Smaller farmers whose stock of oatmeal is limited keep theirs in bags. The "warm" farmer always boasts an ark, but very few can boast two arks, or last year's meal—a sure sign of plenty, and to spare.

were making note of what she was going to say—"go to the ark that has last year's male in it."

The Eskeragh boys did take note, and the moment Mistress Blake's eye was off them, a significant look, that had the most shadowy trace of a smile about it, went around them. And Jaramy, in the corner, looked admiringly at his wife, and smiled more benignly still.

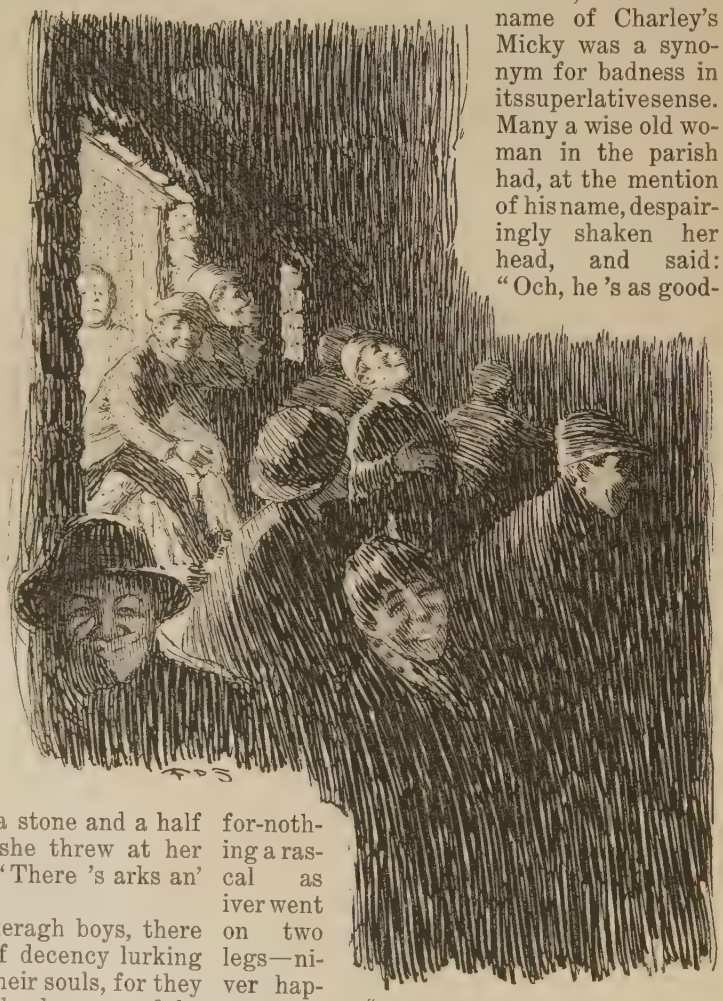
Ellen came out of the room with a basin of meal; but when her mother looked at it she said: "Ellen dear, sure I toul' ye take it out of the ark that had last year's male. That 's out o' this year's ark."

Ellen went again, and came with another basin, which when her mother saw, she said: "Now, Ellen, ye 've gone to the wrong ark again. It 's naither the big ark nor the wee ark—them both has this year's male." Here again the Eskeragh boys looked at each other with that mysterious shade of a smile. "Go to the brown ark—in the corner—don't ye know it?—that has the last year's male, and fetch me a lock out of that."

Ellen, quite in contrast to both her parents, had the temper we call short. Giving her mother a sharp look of annoyance, she turned brusquely on her heel, swept into the room, and in a moment was out again, carrying in each hand a bag that might contain a stone or a stone and a half of meal, both of which she threw at her mother's feet, and said, "There 's arks an' all to ye, now!"

Bad as were these Eskeragh boys, there must have been a hint of decency lurking latent in some corner of their souls, for they rushed pell-mell out of the house, and by desperate restraint got one ditch between them and it before they gave way to the explosions of mirth that shook them, threw them on the ground, and held them there, rolling and tumbling in convulsions.

And for all their audacious coolness, that little spark of presumed decency (it must have been that) forbade them to go on their kailie to Meenticor, and look Jaramy and his good woman in the face more. So they had to cast about for a fresh victim.



"THEY RUSHED PELL-MELL OUT OF THE HOUSE."

III.

THE COURTSHIP OF CHARLEY'S MICKEY.

THERE are more things than crows and curses that come home to roost. Charley's Micky was the biggest mock and the greatest vagabond generally of all the Eskeragh boys. There were degrees of badness among these fellows, and the name of Charley's Micky was a synonym for badness in itssuperlativesense. Many a wise old woman in the parish had, at the mention of his name, despairingly shaken her head, and said: "Och, he 's as good-for-nothing a rascal as iver went on two legs—niver happy only when he 's at his mockin' an' takin' off some innocent body or other—the vagabone!"

Well, Charley's Micky, strange to say, at length discovered that it was necessary for him to look for a wife. Courting for fun must give place to courting in downright

earnest, so in mental review he passed before him all the eligible girls of his acquaintance (and a pretty lengthy parade it was), and the fortune of each; for from Sliabh Liag to Barnesmore there was not a girl whose fortune, down to the hank of yarn, the Eskeragh boys could not tell.

He felt inclined to look with favor on Neil Kennedy's daughter Bridget, of the Burnfoot, and one night, at the head of his band of irregulars, set off the six miles to court her.

Now, Neil Kennedy was one of the warm farmers, and he grew beans. The Eskeragh boys knew this well, for they had often done him the honor of visiting his farm by moonlight for the purpose of patronizing the bean-raising industry. In Eskeragh and all the mountain district the growing of a bean was unknown to history, which was not as it should be, for to the mountain boys generally, and the Eskeragh boys in particular, it was a source of yearly complaint that they had to trudge six long miles down to the seaboard lowlands to steal their beans, with Charley's Micky generally chief of the banditti.

Charley's Micky, on this exceptional occasion, halted his gang when they had got into Neil Kennedy's neighborhood, and, earnestly serious, for once in his life at least, preached a homily to the boys upon the becoming manner in which he expected them to conduct themselves, and thus show themselves a credit to Eskeragh and to him. He did not warn them not to steal Neil's beans, for that would have been wasting time and words; but he did ask and entreat them, while they would be in Neil's, to act as if they were honest lads with not a stolen bean in the company, and thus save him the disgrace they otherwise would be sure to bring upon him in the eyes of those with whom it was now so much to his interest to stand well.

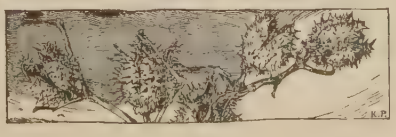
The Eskeragh boys were inwardly much concerned at Charley's Micky turned moralist; but they faithfully promised what he wished, and dashing into Neil's bean-plot, ate and pocketed to their hearts' content. Charley's Micky looked on somewhat sadly, and his mind was filled with forebodings as he saw the bulging pockets with which his comrades marched into the presence of his prospective father-in-law. It is almost unnecessary to state that Micky was a passed master in the art of making a good impression. In Neil Kennedy's he brought forth all his powers, and undoubtedly would have succeeded admirably, had not a furtive crunching of beans begun with Commy Friel, down behind the door, and—for the temptation was too great—soon spread all around the walls, till, as Micky afterward indignantly observed, it was "like a parcel of sheep chewin' turnips." This sadly damped poor Micky's ardor; for he observed that the household, upon this discovery, regarded them with a quiet scorn, which spoiled not one whit the appetite of the boys, but cut poor Micky to the heart. He took an early and despondent leave of Neil and the family, and dejectedly faced toward home. The boys saw well that, for some reason or other, Charley's Micky did not come the speed at his wooing they one and all would have heartily wished him. They trotted along behind him, feeling very sorry for him, and munched their beans. They were somewhat astonished when, on the top of Dhrimgarman Hill, Micky halted, and facing them with a severe eye, rated them roundly.

"I 'm cut to the bone for yez," Micky said in bitter tones. "Yez is a disgrace, boys—a disgrace to the fathers an' mothers that lost their time rearin' yez, a disgrace to the townlan' yez came from, an' a disgrace to me!"

The irony of Charley's Micky, the arch-rascal, lecturing them in this tone, never once dawned on the villain himself, nor yet did it dawn on the boys, who, humbly and remorsefully and respectfully, gave ear to his every syllable, and innocently munched on at Neil Kennedy's beans.

"Yez are a disgrace, I sayed, an' yez have brought" (oh, Micky!) "the name of yer townlan' to be a byword for the barony."

And then Micky stalked on again in dignified silence, followed by the boys, abashed and penitent, but still munching.



THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURE BY R. B. BIRCH.

PART VI.

Including Mr. Crowder's meeting with Moses, his curing Joshua of rheumatism, and his attempts to break up the friendship between Petrarch and Laura.

"AND what did thee do after thee got out of Russia?" asked Mrs. Crowder, the next evening.

Her husband shook his head. "No, no, my dear; we can't go on with my autobiography in that fashion. If I should take up my life step by step, there would not be time enough—" There he stopped, but I am sure we both understood his meaning. There would be plenty of time for *him!*

"Often and often," said Mr. Crowder, after a few minutes' silence, "have I determined to adopt some particular profession, and continue its practice wherever I might find myself; but in this I did not succeed very well. Frequently I was a teacher, but not for many consecutive years. Something or other was sure to happen to turn my energies into other channels."

"Such as falling in love with thy scholars," said his wife.

"You have a good memory," he replied. "That sometimes happened; but there were other reasons which turned me away from the paths of the pedagogue. With my widely extended opportunities, I naturally came to know a good deal of medicine and surgery. Frequently I have been a doctor in spite of myself, and as far back as the days of the patriarchs I was called upon to render aid to sick and ailing people.

"In the days when I lived in a cave and gained a reputation as a wise and holy hermit, more people came to me to get relief from bodily ailments than to ask for spiritual counsel. You will remember that I told you that I was visited at that time by Moses and Joshua. Moses came, I truly believe, on account of his desire to become acquainted with the prophet El Khoudr, of whom he had heard so much; but Joshua wanted to see me for an entirely different reason. The two remained with me for about an hour, and although Moses had no belief in me as a prophet, he asked me a great many questions, and I am sure that I proved to him that I was a man of a great deal of information. He had a keen mind, with a quick perception of the motives of others, and in every way was well adapted to be a leader of men.

"When Moses had gone away to a tent about a mile distant, where he intended to spend the night, Joshua remained, and as soon as his uncle was out of sight, he told me why he wished to see me."

"His uncle!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder.

"Certainly," said her husband; "Joshua was the son of Nun and of Miriam, and Miriam was the sister of Moses and Aaron. What he now wanted from me was medical advice. For some time he had been afflicted with rheumatism in his left leg, which came upon him after exposure to the damp and cold.

"Now, this was a very important thing to Joshua. He was a great favorite with Moses, who intended him, as we all know, to be his successor as leader of the people and of the army. Joshua was essentially a soldier; he was quiet, brave, and a good disciplinarian; in fact, he had all the qualities needed for the position he expected to fill: but he was not young, and if he should become subject to frequent attacks of rheumatism, it is not likely that Moses, who had very rigid ideas of his duties to his people, would be willing to place at their head a man who might at any time be incapacitated from taking his proper place on the field of battle. So Joshua had never mentioned his ailment to his uncle, hoping that he might be relieved of it, and having heard that I was skilled in such matters, now wished my advice.

"I soon found that his ailment was a very ordinary one, which might easily be kept under control, if not cured, and I proceeded at once to apply remedies. Now I will mention that in those days remedies were generally heroic, and I think you will agree with

me when I tell you how I treated Joshua. I first rubbed his aching muscles with fine sand, keeping up a friction until his skin was in a beautiful glow. Then I brought out from the back part of my cave, where I kept my medicines, a jar containing a liniment which I had made for such purposes. It was composed of oil, in which had been steeped the bruised fruit or pods of a plant very much resembling the Tabasco pepper-plant."

"Whoop!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes," said Mr. Crowder, "and Joshua 'whooped' too. But it was a grand liniment, especially when applied upon skin already excited by rubbing with sand. He jumped at first, but he was a soldier, and he bore the application bravely.

"I saw him again the next day, and he assured me with genuine pleasure that every trace of the rheumatism had disappeared. I gave him some of my liniment, and also showed him some of the little pepper pods, so that he might procure them at any time in the future when he should need them.

"It was more than twenty years after this that I again met Joshua. He was then an elderly man, but still a vigorous soldier. He assured me that he had used my remedy whenever he had felt the least twinges of rheumatism, and that the disease had never interfered with the performance of his military duties.

"He was much surprised to see that I looked no older than when he had met me before. He was greatly impressed by this, and talked a good deal about it. He told me he considered himself under the greatest obligations to me for what I had done for him, and as he spoke I could see that a hope was growing within him that perhaps I might do something more. He presently spoke out boldly, and said to me that as my knowledge of medicine had enabled me to keep myself from growing old, perhaps I could do the same thing for him. Few men had greater need of protecting themselves against the advance of old age. His work was not done, and years of bodily strength were necessary to enable him to finish it.

"But I could do nothing for Joshua in this respect. I assured him that my apparent exemption from the effects of passing years was perfectly natural, and was not due to drugs or medicaments.

"Joshua lived many years after that day, and did a good deal of excellent military work; but his life was not long enough to satisfy him. He fell sick, was obliged to give up his command to his relative Caleb, and finally died, in his one hundred and twenty-eighth year."

"Which ought to satisfy him, I should say," said Mrs. Crowder.

"I have never yet met a thoroughbred worker," said Mr. Crowder, "who was satisfied to stop his work before he had finished it, no matter how old he might happen to be. But my last meeting with Joshua taught me a lesson, which in those days had not been sufficiently impressed upon my mind. I became convinced that I must not allow people to think that I could live along for twenty years or more without growing older, and after that I gave this matter a great deal more attention than I had yet bestowed upon it."

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Crowder, "that thy life should have been marred by such constant anxiety."

"Yes," said he; "but this is a suspicious world, and it is dangerous for a man to set himself apart from his fellow-beings, especially if he does it in some unusual fashion which people cannot understand."

"But I hope now," said his wife, "that those days of suspicion are entirely past."

Now the conversation was getting awkward; it could not be pleasant for any one of us to talk about what the world of the future might think of Mr. Crowder when it came to know all about him, and, appreciating this, my host quickly changed the subject.

"There is a little story I have been wanting to tell you," said he, addressing his wife, "which I think would interest you. It is a love-story in which I was concerned."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Crowder, looking up quickly, "a scholar?"

"No," he answered; "not this time. Early in the fourteenth century I was living at Avignon, in the south of France. At that time I was making my living by copying law papers. You see, I was down in the world again."

Mrs. Crowder sighed, but said nothing.

"One Sunday morning I was in the Church of St. Claire, and, kneeling a little in front of me, I noticed a lady who did not seem to be paying the proper attention to her devotions. She fidgeted uneasily, and every now and then she would turn her head a little to the right, and then bring it back quickly and turn it so much in my direction that I could see the profile of her face. She was a good-looking woman, not very young, and evidently nervous and disturbed.

"Following the direction of her quick gaze when she again turned to the right, I saw a

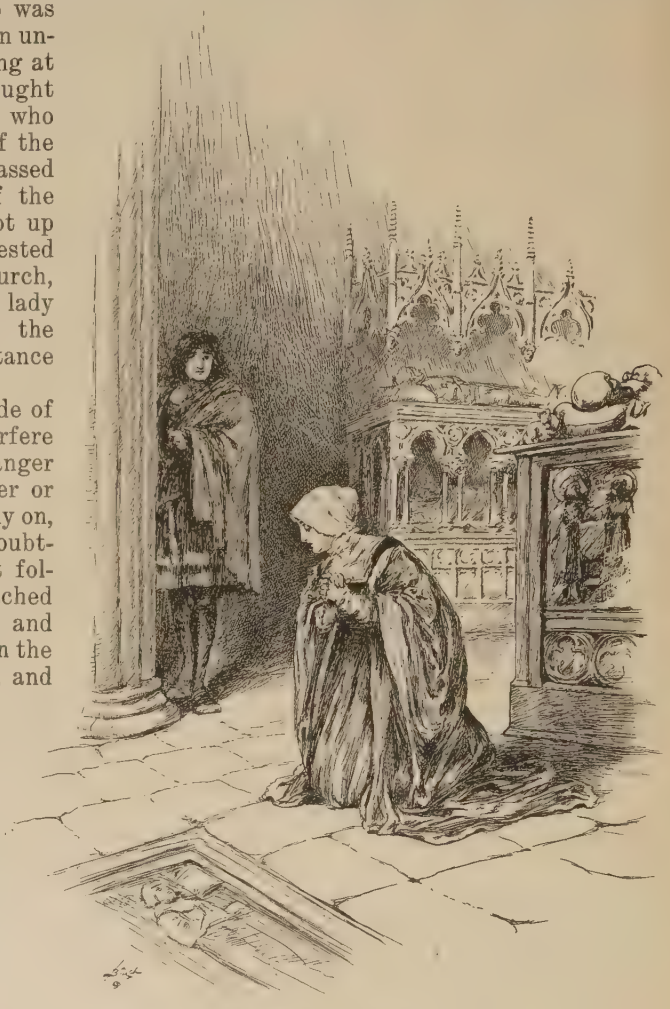
young man, apparently not twenty-five years of age, and dressed in sober black. He was also kneeling, but his eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the lady in front of me, and I knew, of course, that it was this continuous gaze which was disturbing her. I felt very much disposed to call the attention of a priest to this young man who was making one of the congregation unpleasantly conspicuous by staring at her; but the situation was brought to an end by the lady herself, who suddenly rose and went out of the church. She had no sooner passed the heavy leathern curtain of the door than the young man got up and went out after her. Interested in this affair, I also left the church, and in the street I saw the lady walking rapidly away, with the young man at a respectful distance behind her.

"I followed on the other side of the street, determined to interfere if the youth, so evidently a stranger to the lady, should accost her or annoy her. She walked steadily on, not looking behind her, and doubtless hoping that she was not followed. As soon as she reached another church she turned and entered it. Without hesitation the young man went in after her, and then I followed.

"As before, the lady knelt on the pavement of the church, and the young man, placing himself not very far from her, immediately began to stare at her. I looked around, but there was no priest near, and then I advanced and knelt not very far from the lady, and between her and her persistent admirer. It was plain enough that he did not like this, and he moved forward so that he might still get a view of her. Then I also moved so as to obstruct his view. He now fixed his eyes upon me, and I returned his gaze in such a way as to make him understand that while I was present he would not be allowed to annoy a lady who evidently wished to have nothing to do with him. Presently he rose and went out. It was evident that he saw that it was no use for him to continue his reprehensible conduct while I was present.

"I do not know how the lady discovered that her unauthorized admirer had gone away, but she did discover it, and she turned toward me for an instant and gave me what I supposed was a look of gratitude.

"I soon left the church, and I had scarcely reached the street when I found that the lady had followed me. She looked at me as



MR. CROWDER SEES PETRARCH AND LAURA.

if she would like to speak, and I politely saluted her. 'I thank you, kind sir,' she said, 'for relieving me of the importunities of that young man. For more than a week he has followed me whenever I go to church, and although he has never spoken to me, his steady gaze throws me into such an agitation that I cannot think of my prayers. Do you know who he is, sir?'

"I assured her that I had never seen the youth before that morning, but that doubtless I could find out all about him. I told

her that I was acquainted with several officers of the law, and that there would be no difficulty in preventing him from giving her any further annoyance. 'Oh, don't do that!' she said quickly. 'I would not wish to attract attention to myself in that way. You seem to be a kind and fatherly gentleman. Can you not speak to the young man himself and tell him who I am, and impress upon his mind how much he is troubling me by his inconsiderate action?'

"As I did not wish to keep her standing in the street, we now walked on together, and she briefly gave me the facts of the case.

"Her name was Mme. de Sade: she had been happily married for two years, and never before had she been annoyed by impertinent attentions from any one; but in some manner unaccountable to her this young student had been attracted by her, and had made her the object of his attention whenever he had had the opportunity. Not only had he annoyed her at church, but twice he had followed her when she had left her house on business, thus showing that he had been loitering about in the vicinity. She had not yet spoken to her husband in the matter, because she was afraid that some quarrel might arise. But now that the good angels had caused her to meet with such a kind-hearted old gentleman as myself, she hoped that I might be able to rid her of the young man without making any trouble. Surely this student, who seemed to be a respectable person, would not think of such a thing as fighting me."

"Thee must have had a very long white beard at that time," interpolated Mrs. Crowder.

"Yes," said her husband; "I was in one of my periods of venerable age.

"I left Mme. de Sade, promising to do what I could for her, and as she thanked me I could not help wondering why the handsome young student had made her the object of his attention. She was a well-shaped, fairly good-looking woman, with fair skin and large eyes; but she was of a grave and sober cast of countenance, and there was nothing about her which indicated the least of that piquancy which would be likely to attract the eyes of a youth. She seemed to me to be exactly what she said she was—a quiet and respectable lady of a quiet and respectable household.

"In the course of the afternoon I discovered the name and residence of the young man, with whom I had determined to have an interview. His name was Francesco Petrarca, an Italian by birth, and now engaged in pursuing his studies in this place. I called upon him at his lodgings, and, fortunately, found him at home. As I had expected, he recognized me at once as the elderly person who had interfered with him at the church; but, as I did not expect, he greeted me politely, without the least show of resentment.

"I took the seat he offered me, and proceeded to deliver a lecture. I laid before him the facts of the case, which I supposed he might not know, and urged him, for his own sake, as well as for that of the lady, to cease his annoying and, I did not hesitate to state, ungentlemanly pursuit of her.

"He listened to me with respectful attention, and when I had finished he assured me that he knew even more about Mme. de Sade than I did. He was perfectly aware that she was a religious and highly estimable lady, and he did not desire to do anything which would give her a moment's sorrow. 'Then stop following her,' said I, 'and give up that habit of staring at her in such a way as to make her the object of attention to everybody around her.' 'That is asking too much,' answered Master Petrarca. 'That lady has made an impression upon my soul which cannot be removed. My will would have no power to efface her image from my constant thought. If she does not wish me to do so, I shall never speak a word to her; but I must look upon her. Even when I sleep her face is present in my dreams. She has aroused within me the spirit of poetry; my soul will sing in praise of her loveliness, and I cannot prevent it. Let me read to you some lines,' he said, picking up a piece of manuscript which was lying on the table. 'It is in Italian, but I will translate it for you.' 'No,' said I; 'read it as it is written; I understand Italian.' Then he read the opening lines of a sonnet which was written to Laura in the shadow. He read about six lines and then stopped. 'It is not finished,' he said, 'and what I have written does not altogether satisfy me; but you can judge from what you have heard how it is that I think of that lady, and how impossible it is that I can in any way banish her from my mind, or willingly from my vision.'

"'How did you come to know that her name is Laura?' I asked. 'I found it out from the records of her marriage,' he answered.

"I talked for some time to this young man, but failed to impress him with the conviction that his conduct was improper and unworthy of him. I found means to inform Mme.

de Sade of the result of my conversation with Petrarch,—as we call his name in English,— and she appeared to be satisfied that the young student would soon cease his attentions, although I myself saw no reason for such belief.

"I visited the love-lorn young man several times, for I had become interested in him, and endeavored to make him see how foolish it was—even if he looked upon it in no other light—to direct his ardent affections upon a lady who would never care anything about him, and who, even if unmarried, was not the sort of woman who was adapted to satisfy the lofty affection which his words and his verses showed him to possess.

"'There are so many beautiful women,' said I, 'any one of whom you might love, to whom you might sing, and to whom you could indite your verses. She would return your love; she would appreciate your poetry; you would marry her and be happy all your life.'

"He shook his head. 'No, no, no,' he said. 'You don't understand my nature. Marriage would mean the cares of a house—food, fuel, the mending of clothes, a family—all the hard material conditions of life. No, sir! My love soars far above all that. If it were possible that Laura should ever be mine I could not love her as I do. She is apart from me; she is above me. I worship her, and for her I pour out my soul in song. Listen to this,' and he read me some lines of an unfinished sonnet to Laura in the sunlight. 'She was just coming from a shaded street into an open place when I saw her, and this poem came into my heart.'

"About a week after this I was very much surprised to see Petrarch walking with his Laura, who was accompanied by her husband. The three were very amicably conversing. I joined the party, and was made acquainted with M. de Sade, and after that, from time to time, I met them together, sometimes taking a meal with them in the evening.

"I discovered that Laura's husband looked upon Petrarch very much as any ordinary husband would look upon an artist who wished to paint portraits of his wife.

"I lived for more than a year in Avignon with these good people, and I am not ashamed to say that I never ceased my endeavors to persuade Petrarch to give up his strange and abnormal attentions to a woman who would never be anything to him but a vision in the distance, and who would prevent him from living a true and natural life with one who would be all his own. But it was of no use; he went on in his own way, and everybody knows the results.

"Now, just think of it," continued Mr. Crowder. "Suppose I had succeeded in my honest efforts to do good; think of what the world would have lost. Suppose I had induced Petrarch not to come back to Avignon after his travels; suppose he had not settled down at Vaucluse, and had not spent three long years writing sonnets to his Laura while she was occupied with the care of her large family of children; suppose, in a word, that I had been successful in my good work, and that Petrarch had shut his eyes and his heart to Laura; suppose—"

"I don't choose to suppose anything of the kind," said Mrs. Crowder. "Thee tried to do right, but I am glad thee did not deprive the world of any of Petrarch's poetry. And now I want thee to tell us something about ancient Egypt, and those wonderfully cultivated people who built pyramids and carved hieroglyphics. Perhaps thee saw them building the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis."

Mr. Crowder shook his head. "That was before my time," said he.

This was like an electric shock to both of us. If we had been more conversant with ancient chronology we might have understood, but we were not so conversant.

"Abraham! Isaac! Moses!" ejaculated Mrs. Crowder. "Thee knew them all, and yet Egypt was civilized before thy time! Does thee mean that?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Crowder. "I am of the time of Abraham, and when he was born the glories of Egypt were at their height."

"It is difficult to get these things straight in one's mind," said Mrs. Crowder. "As thee has lived so long, it seems a pity that thee was not born sooner."

"I have often thought that," said her husband; "but we should all try to be content with what we have. And now let us skip out of those regions of the dusky past. I feel in the humor of telling a love-story, and one has just come into my mind."

"Thee is so fond of that sort of thing," said his wife, with a smile, "that we will not interfere with thee."

"In the summer of the year 950," said Mr. Crowder, "I was traveling, and had just come over from France into the province of Piedmont, in northern Italy. I was then in fairly easy circumstances, and was engaged in making some botanical researches for a little book which I had planned to write on a medical subject. I will explain to you later

how I came to do a great deal of that sort of thing.

"Late upon a warm afternoon I was entering the town of Ivrea, and passing a large stone building, I stopped to examine some leaves on a bush which grew by the roadside. While I was doing this, and comparing the shape and size of the leaves with some drawings I had in a book which I took from my pocket, I heard a voice behind me and apparently above me. Some one was speaking to me, and speaking in Latin. I looked around and up, but could see no one; but above me, about ten or twelve feet from the ground, there was a long, narrow slit of a window such as is seen in prisons. Again I heard the voice, and it said to me distinctly in Latin, 'Are you free to go where you choose?' It was the voice of a woman.

"As I wished to understand the situation better before I answered, I went over to the other side of the road, where I could get a better view of the window. There I saw behind this narrow opening a part of the face of a woman. This stone edifice was evidently a prison. I approached the window, and standing under it, first looking from side to side to see that no one was coming along the road, I said in Latin, 'I am free to go where I choose.'

"Then the voice above said, 'Wait!' but it spoke in Italian this time. You may be sure I waited, and in a few minutes a little package dropped from the window and fell almost at my feet. I stooped and picked it up. It was a piece of paper, in which was wrapped a bit of plaster to give it weight.

"I opened the paper and read, written in a clear and scholarly hand, these words: 'I am a most unfortunate prisoner. I believe you are an honest and true man, because I saw you studying plants and reading from a book which you carry. If you wish to do more good than you ever did before, come to this prison again after dark.'

"I looked up and said quickly, in Italian, 'I shall be here.' I was about to speak again and ask for some more definite directions, but I heard the sound of voices around a turn in the road, and I thought it better to continue my walk into the town.

"That night, as soon as it was really dark, I was again at the prison. I easily found the window, for I had noted that it was so many paces from a corner of the building; but there was no light in the narrow slit, and although I waited some time, I heard no voice. I did not dare to call, for the prisoner might not be alone, and I might do great mischief.

"My eyes were accustomed to the darkness, and it was starlight. I walked along the side of the building, examining it carefully, and I soon found a little door in the wall. As I stood for a few moments before this door, it suddenly opened, and in front of me stood a big soldier. He wore a wide hat and a little sword, and evidently was not surprised to see me. I thought it well, however, to speak, and I said: 'Could you give a mouthful of supper to a—'

"He did not allow me to finish my sentence, but putting his hand upon my shoulder, said gruffly: 'Come along in. Don't waste your breath talking about supper.' I entered, and the door was closed behind me. I followed this man through a stone passageway, and he took me to a little stone room. 'Wait here!' he said, and he shut me in. I was in pitch-darkness, and had no idea what was going to happen next. After a little time I saw a streak of light coming through a keyhole; then an inner door opened, and a young woman with a lamp came into the room."

"Now does the love-story begin?" asked his wife.

"Not yet," said Mr. Crowder. "The young woman looked at me, and I looked at her. She was a pretty girl with black eyes. I did not express my opinion of her, but she was not so reticent. 'You look like a good old man,' she said. 'I think you may be trusted. Come!' Her speech was provincial, and she was plainly a servant. I followed her. 'Now for the mistress,' said I to myself."

"Thee may have looked like an old man," remarked Mrs. Crowder, "but thee did not think like one."

Her husband laughed. "I mounted some stone steps, and was soon shown into a room where stood a lady waiting for me. As the light of the lamp carried by the maid fell upon her face, I thought I had never seen a more beautiful woman. Her dress, her carriage, and her speech showed her to be a lady of rank. She was very young, scarcely twenty, I thought.

"The lady immediately began to ask me questions. She had perceived that I was a stranger, and she wanted to know where I came from, what was my business, and as much as I could tell her of myself. 'I knew you were a scholar,' she said, 'because of your book, and I believe in scholars.' Then briefly she told me her story and what she wanted of me.

"She was the young Queen Adelheid, the widow of King Lothar, who had recently died, and she was then suffering a series of

harsh persecutions from the present king, Berengar II, who in this way was endeavoring to force her to marry his son Adalbert. She hated this young man, and positively refused to have anything to do with him.

"This charming and royal young widow was bright, intelligent, and had a mind of her own; it was easy to see that. She had formed a scheme for her deliverance, and she had been waiting to find some one to help her carry it out. Now, she thought I was the man she had been looking for. I was elderly, apparently respectable, and she had to trust somebody.

"This was her scheme. She was well aware that unless some powerful friend interfered in her behalf she would be obliged to marry Adalbert, or remain in prison for the rest of her life, which would probably be unduly shortened. Therefore she had made up her mind to appeal to the court of the Emperor Otto I of Germany, and she wanted me to carry a letter to him.

"I stood silent, earnestly considering this proposition, and as I did so she gazed at me as if her whole happiness in this world depended upon my decision. I was not long in making up my mind on the subject. I told her that I was willing to help her, and would undertake to carry a letter to the emperor, and I did not doubt, from what I had heard of this noble prince, that he would come to her deliverance. But I furthermore assured her that the moment it became known that the emperor was about to interfere in her behalf, she would be in a position of great danger, and she would probably disappear from human sight before relief could reach her. In that prison she was utterly helpless, and to appeal for help would be to bring down vengeance upon herself. The first thing to do, therefore, was to escape from this prison, and get to some place where, for a time at least, she could defend herself against Berengar, while waiting for Otto to take her under his protection.

"She saw the force of my remarks, and we discussed the matter for half an hour, and when I left—being warned by the soldier on guard, who was in love with the queen's black-eyed maid, that it was time for me to depart—it was arranged that I should return the next night and confer with the fair Adelheid.

"There were several conferences, and the unfaithful sentinel grumbled a good deal. I cannot speak of all the plans and projects which we discussed, but at last one of them was carried out. One dark, rainy night Adelheid changed clothes with her maid, actually deceived the guard—not the fellow who had admitted me—with a story that she had been sent in great haste to get some medicine for her royal mistress, and joined me outside the prison.

"There we mounted horses I had in readiness, and rode away from Ivrea. We were bound for the castle of Canossa, a stronghold of considerable importance, where my royal companion believed she could find refuge, at least for a time. I cannot tell you of all the adventures we had upon that difficult journey. We were pursued; we were almost captured; we met with obstacles of various kinds, which sometimes seemed insurmountable; but at last we saw the walls of Canossa rising before us, and we were safe.

"Adelheid was very grateful for what I had done, and as she had now learned to place full reliance upon me, she insisted that I should be the bearer of a letter from her to the Emperor Otto. I should not travel alone, but be accompanied by a sufficient retinue of soldiers and attendants, and should go as her ambassador.

"The journey was a long and a slow one, but I was rather glad of it, for it gave me an opportunity to ponder over the most ambitious scheme I have ever formed in the whole course of my life."

"Greater than to be autocrat of all the Russias?" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder.

"Yes," he replied. "That opportunity came to me suddenly, and I accepted it; I did not plan it out and work for it. Besides, it could be only a transitory thing. But what now occupied me was a grand idea, the good effects of which, if it should be carried out, might endure for centuries. It was simply this:

"I had become greatly attached to the young queen widow whose cause I had espoused. I had spent more than a month with her in the castle at Canossa, and there I learned to know her well and to love her. She was, indeed, a most admirable woman and charming in every way. She appeared to place the most implicit trust in me; told me of all her affairs, and asked my opinion about almost everything she proposed to do. In a word, I was in love with her and wanted to marry her."

"Thee certainly had lofty notions; but don't think I object," said Mrs. Crowder. "It is Chinese and Tatars I don't like."

"It might seem at first sight," he continued, "that I was aiming above me, but the more I reflected the more firmly I believed

that it would be very good for the lady, as well as for me. In the first place, she had no reason to expect a matrimonial union worthy of her. Adalbert she had every reason to despise, and there was no one else belonging to the riotous aristocratic factions of Italy who could make her happy or give her a suitable position. In all her native land there was not a prince to whom she would not have to stoop in order to marry him.

"But to me she need not stoop. No man on earth possessed a more noble lineage. I was of the house of Shem, a royal priest after the order of Melchizedek, and King of Salem! No line of imperial ancestry could claim precedence of that."

Mrs. Crowder looked with almost reverent awe into the face of her husband. "And that is the blood," she said, "which flows in the veins of our child?"

"Yes," said he; "that is the blood."

After a slight pause Mr. Crowder continued: "I will now go on with my tale of ambition. A grand career would open before me. I would lay all my plans and hopes before the Emperor Otto, who would naturally be inclined to assist the unfortunate widow; but he would be still more willing to do so when I told him of the future which might await her if my plans should be carried out. As he was then engaged in working with a noble ambition for the benefit of his own dominions, he would doubtless be willing to do something for the good of lands beyond his boundaries. It ought not to be difficult to convince him that there could be no wiser, no nobler way of championing the cause of Adelheid than by enabling me to perform the work I had planned.

"All that would be necessary for him to do would be to furnish me with a moderate military force. With this I would march to Canossa; there I would espouse Adelheid; then I would proceed to Ivrea, would dethrone the wicked Berengar, would proclaim Adelheid queen in his place, with myself as king consort; and, with the assistance and backing of the imperial German, I would no doubt soon be able to maintain my royal pretensions. Once self-supporting, and relying upon our Italian subjects for our army and finances, I would boldly reëstablish the great kingdom of Lombardy, to which Charlemagne had put an end nearly two hundred years before. Then would begin a grand system of reforms and national progress.

"Pavia should be my capital, but the beneficent influence of my rule should move southward. I would make an alliance with the Pope; I would crush and destroy the factions which were shaking the foundations of church and state; I would still further extend my power—I would become the imperial ruler of Italy, with Adelheid as my queen!

"Over and over again I worked out and arranged this grand scheme, and when I reached the court of the Emperor Otto it was all as plain in my mind as if it had been copied on parchment.

"I was very well received by the emperor, and he read with great interest and concern the letter I had brought him. He gave me several private audiences, and asked me many questions about the fair young widow who had met with so many persecutions and misfortunes. This interest greatly pleased me, but I did not immediately submit to him my plan for the relief of Adelheid and the great good of the Italian nation. I would wait a little; I must make him better acquainted with myself. But the imperial Otto did not wait. On the third day after my arrival I was called into his cabinet and informed that he intended to set out himself at the head of an army; that he should relieve the unfortunate lady from her persecutions and establish her in her rights, whatever they might prove to be. His enthusiastic manner in speaking of his intentions assured me that I need not trouble myself to say one word about my plans.

"Now,—would you believe it?—that intermeddling monarch took out of my hands the whole grand, ambitious scheme I had so carefully devised. He went to Canossa; he married Adelheid; he marched upon Berengar; he subjugated him and made him his vassal; he formed an alliance with Pope John XII; he was proclaimed King of the Lombards; he was crowned with his queen in St. Peter's; he eventually acquired the southern portion of Italy. All this was exactly what I had intended to do."

Mrs. Crowder laughed. "In one way thee was served quite right, for thee made all thy plans without ever asking the beautiful young ex-queen whether she would have thee or not."

In the tones of this fair lady's voice there were evident indications of mental relief. "And what did thee do then?" she asked. "I hope thee got some reward for all thy faithful exertions."

"I received nothing at the time," Mr. Crowder replied; "and as I did not care to accompany the emperor into Italy,— for probably I would be recognized as the man

who had assisted Adelheid to escape from the prison at Ivrea,—and as I was not at all sure that the emperor would remember that I needed protection, I thought it well to protect myself, and so I journeyed back into France as well as I could.

"This was not very well; for in purchasing the necessary fine clothes which I deemed it proper to wear in the presence of the royal lady whose interests I had in charge, in buying horses, and in many incidental expenses, I had spent my money. I was too proud to ask Otto to reimburse me, for that would have been nothing but charity on his part; and of course I could not expect the fair Adelheid to think of my possible financial needs. So, away I went, a poor wanderer on foot, and the imperial Otto rode forward to love, honor, and success."

"A dreadful shame!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder. "It seems as if thee always carried a horn about with thee so thee might creep out of the little end of it."

"But my adventures with Adelheid did not end here," he said. "About fifty years after this Adelheid was queen regent in Italy, during the infancy of her grandchild Otto III. Being in Rome, and very poor, I determined to go to her, not to seek for charity, but to recall myself to her notice, and to boldly ask to be reimbursed for my expenses when assisting her to escape from Ivrea, and in afterward going as her ambassador to Otto I. In other words, I wanted to present my bill for enabling her to take her seat upon the throne of the 'Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation.'

"As a proof that I was the man I assumed to be, I took with me a ring of no great value, but set with her royal seal, which she had given me when she sent me to Otto.

"Well, I will not spend much time on this part of the story. By means of the ring I was accorded an interview with the regent. She was then an old woman over seventy years of age. When I introduced myself to her and told her my errand, she became very angry. 'I remember very well,' she said, 'the person you speak of, and he is long since dead. He was an old man when I took him into my service. You may be his son or some one else who has heard how he was employed by me. At any rate, you are an impostor. How did you come into possession of this ring? The man to whom I gave it had no right to keep it. He should have returned it to me when he had performed his duties.'

"I tried to convince her that there was no reason to suppose that the man who had assisted her could not be living at this day. He need only be about one hundred years old, and that age was not uncommon. I affirmed most earnestly that the ring had never been out of my possession, and that I should not have come to her if I had not believed that she would remember my services, and be at least willing to make good the considerable sums I had expended in her behalf.

"Now she arose in royal wrath. 'How dare you speak to me in that way!' she said. 'You are a younger man at this moment than that old stranger you represent yourself to be.' Then she called her guards and had me sent to prison as a cheat and an impostor. I remained in prison for some time, but as no definite charge was made against me, I was not brought to trial, and after a while was released to make room for somebody else. I got away as soon as I could, and thus ended my most ambitious dream."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

IF man but held the key
Of woman's heart, if she
Could unlock his, 't would be
End of love's history.

So, 't is a wise decree
That man and woman be,
As are the land and sea,
A mutual mystery.

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN CUBA.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD,
Military Governor of the Province of Santiago.

A GREAT deal of misapprehension seems to exist at present among the people of the United States as to the real condition of affairs in Cuba. The condition is a simple one, and the remedy apparent, and, I believe, extremely simple in its application.

In the first place, those in charge of the Cuban situation must remember that they are dealing with a people who, like all others, have their strong and their weak points. It was not to be expected that we should find stability, independence of thought, and freedom of action among people who have lived for many generations under conditions which, from our standpoint, are entirely destructive of these qualities. We find the Cubans to-day possessing many good qualities. They are impulsive, generous, and easily led and controlled by those whom they trust. That their suspicions are easily aroused is not to be wondered at. In fact, this is to be expected, and it is going to take some time to overcome this mental habit, which has been developing for generations. The cause of it we all understand, and our present duty is not to dilate upon and emphasize this condition, but rather to go to work intelligently and frankly to remedy it.

I believe the problem which confronts the United States to-day in Cuba to be a simple one. The Cuban people, as a class, are anxious to work, and there is not the slightest difficulty in getting all the men necessary to do any work, excepting labor in the mines. For some unknown reason it is extremely difficult to get Cuban laborers to go into the mines. They are anxious and willing to take any other kind of work, but against mining there seems to be a curious and unaccountable antipathy. In fact, the problem has been rather to find something for them to do, and the money to do it with. For the last ten months I have had a constant stream of requests for labor—daily applications from the mayors of different towns to have necessary public work in their immediate vicinity begun in order to remedy bad conditions and give employment to those needing and desiring it. They are anxious to have a thorough reorganization of their school system and to have the schools started. Without exception all desire—I might say demand—American teachers. They are anxious to learn English; they are anxious to become Americanized; they are not anxious to continue under the former educational, judicial, and administrative conditions. The simple hoisting of the American flag over Spanish institutions and Spanish laws is not satisfactory to the people of Cuba. So far as I can learn, the discontent we have in the island to-day arises from the fact that the reforms which they expected under our control have not materialized. We are giving them an honest government so far as it goes, but we are not teaching them those things which they wish to learn, and it is the failure to do this which is causing the present discontent. If we put every dollar of available public revenue into absolutely necessary public works, reorganize and reëstablish the school system and put in a sufficient number of English-speaking teachers to supply the demand in this particular, revise the existing administration of the law, modifying and humanizing especially the process of criminal procedure, stop talking politics and crossing bridges long before we come to them, the situation in Cuba will take care of itself, capital will go to the island, and business will be resumed. The building up of the civil government must begin at the bottom. The municipalities should be reorganized and established upon the most economical basis consistent with efficiency, and they should be given the greatest degree of municipal autonomy consistent with military supervision and control. We must remember that while the supreme authority is unavoidably and properly military during the establishment of the civil government in Cuba, yet it is not desirable to parade this authority constantly and use it unnecessarily, and we must not confuse puerile intermeddling with an absolutely firm and dignified control of affairs.

I can speak only from my own experience in regard to the condition of affairs in Cuba, but basing my conclusions upon that experience, I can state positively that if we give the Cubans an honest, economical, non-political government under military control, and use every means to put the most desirable and competent Cubans in office, liberalize and Americanize their institutions, improve the sanitary and other conditions of their towns, organize and put in effect a suitable school system, get rid of the present intolerable administration of criminal law, and put in operation an equitable system of taxation, we shall find that there is no Cuban question left, and that we are dealing, not with a distrustful, suspicious, and resentful people, but with a people who will appreciate what we are doing for them and will give us their cordial support. This has been my experience in the province of Santiago, and I think that I can say without exaggeration that the conditions in that province were as difficult, if not more difficult than those existing in any other portion of Cuba, for we had nearly half the Cuban army and found the province in a condition of complete disorganization so far as its civil government was concerned. I have never yet proposed any measure intended to benefit or improve the condition of the people which has not met their warmest approval. They have worked enthusiastically in all school reforms, they have supported every effort to improve the sanitary conditions, and they have used all their influence in supporting the measures introduced to guarantee public and impartial trial of all persons charged with criminal offenses. There have been virtually no disorders of any consequence, and in the province of Santiago (and this province includes 29.4 per cent. of all Cuba, including the islands, and has over one fifth of the total population of the island) I have found the people to be with me on all projects in which I could have expected the support of an honest and self-respecting people. Of course it would be foolish to claim for the people of Cuba to-day all those sturdy qualities which we expect to find in a people accustomed to self-government and control. We did not expect to find these conditions when we went there, and it is poor policy to dilate upon the fact that they are not, perhaps, as conspicuous as among well-established peoples. We are there to develop those latent qualities and to establish a government which shall be creditable to the United States; for the government established will be established under our auspices and control, and whatever its form may be we are responsible, and shall be held strictly responsible for it. The people of the island desire that it shall be as nearly like our own as possible, and I know that we can establish a government which will render life and property safe to all the inhabitants of the island of Cuba, whoever they may be or wherever they may come from. This we must do, or we shall stand in an unenviable position before the world at large. In doing it we can count upon the support and approval of the inhabitants of the island. There are, of course, agitators and dissenters, seekers after notoriety and position by lawful means and otherwise; there are robbers and murderers and all classes of people: but the majority of the people of Cuba want a good government, liberal in form, and they look to us for it. This government must be under military control until it is completely established.

THE CUBAN AS A LABOR PROBLEM.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD,
General Manager of the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund.

MR. HOWARD writes from Matanzas, where he is opening the relief farms:

The attitude of the proprietors of large plantations is easily understood. If the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund enables one hundred thousand small farmers to return to a state of self-support on their own lands, we shall reduce the visible labor-supply of Cuba just one hundred thousand. These small farms will be competitors of the large plantations, not only in the cultivation of tobacco and sugar-cane, but in the employment of farm laborers. It is altogether likely, therefore, that the large plantations will be compelled to pay higher wages than the beggarly pittance that they now pay.

It is to the material interest of the large plantations to keep the labor-market where it now is, to keep men in that species of slavery which has existed in this island since the Spanish occupation.

Any movement, therefore, that tends to uplift the condition of the Cuban laborer will be in direct opposition to the special interests of the large plantations.

There is still another point that may be taken into consideration. If syndicates and large speculators can prevent or limit the expected rush of capital into Cuba, it will be possible to purchase lands at half their real value. In that way immense estates can be acquired at a moderate cost. Stories published broadcast in the United States reflecting upon the character of the Cuban laborer will tend to limit the inrush of American capital. If American capital can be frightened away from Cuba, the lands of the small farmers, who have no means of returning to a state of self-support on their own properties, may be bought at a low price; for eventually the small farmer must sell, either to provide food for his family, or to pay off the mortgage which he has given to the Spanish storekeeper.

I am aware that our work is not approved of by some of the large plantation-owners, but by the small farmers it is hailed as a godsend. There has come into my hands a letter from General Wilson, commanding the Department of Matanzas and Santa Clara, referring to me a communication which he had received from the mayor of Colon, inclosing a resolution of the Board of Aldermen of Colon asking for a share in the distribution of agricultural implements and seeds to small farmers.

Our duty in the matter is quite clear. We are working for humanity. We are bound to do the greatest good to the greatest number of our fellow-men, to those men and women whom circumstances have rendered unable to help themselves. In uplifting the poor of Cuba we shall undoubtedly raise the labor standard, and probably increase the rate of wages. I hope so. In that we shall run counter to the financial interests of the large plantations, as they are now operated. But in the long run we shall benefit the large plantations also, for the increase in the price of labor will compel these to adopt more modern methods of labor, to introduce labor-saving machinery, and to train their workmen to a higher standard of skill and intelligence.

This labor problem is not new. It has been fought out time after time during the last two hundred years, and always with the same result. No man or combination of men can stand in the path of industrial progress. The tendency of the age is toward a higher standard for labor. We shall simply be fulfilling destiny in our work in Cuba. We are here to uplift, not to degrade. If we help to shove these small farmers back into the condition of farm laborers, we shall be degrading our fellow-man instead of uplifting him. We are trying to abolish industrial slavery in the island of Cuba. . . . We expect the opposition of Spanish landowners and Spanish shopkeepers, but we have not counted on the opposition of Americans, whether owners of Cuban plantations or not.

The assertion that there is a scarcity of labor in Cuba is idle folly. To say the Cubans will not work is a cruel slander on a deserving people. I can supply the plantation-owners with all the laborers they desire. The only conditions I shall impose are the following:

1. They shall pay transportation and food of these men from their present homes to the plantation.

2. They shall pay them the current wages of the country.

3. They shall provide suitable quarters in which the men may live.

4. Steady work shall be given these men as long as they prove efficient and faithful. They shall be treated properly, and not discharged for any trivial reason.

5. The men shall be paid weekly in cash, and shall not be compelled to buy anything at the so-called "company store" or commissary.

I am perfectly able to make good my offer. I know of one village in which are twelve hundred men who have recently been thrown out of employment. There are many, many others. . . . Our purpose is to find work for the idle. It will give me great pleasure to act as employment agent for the large plantations of Cuba, and I will make no charge for this service.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

In the Long Run.

THROUGH all known history there have been sounds that deeply stirred the blood either when addressed to the actual hearing or to the ear of thought alone; these are the calls to arms either by drum or trumpet, or by whatever instrument is used to summon the warrior to battle. The dwellers in modern cities are familiar with a sound that has in it the same suggestion of hurry and of strenuous demand. This is the clang of the bell of the hospital wagon as it tears along the city street in answer to a call. Like the noise of the rushing fire-engine, the sound has something of the terror and hurry of the battle-call; but in this case the music means "hurry to save," not "hurry to kill." The flying wagon and engine are furiously bent, not upon destroying, but upon saving life. And

the music of rescue, does it not, too, touch the heart and stir the blood?

The alarm-gong of the surgeons and the firemen brings to mind the nobilities, the heroisms of peace. So great is the glamour of military success and so general is the virtue of military courage that these need little enforcement in a nation like ours; whereas the heroisms, the plain virtues of peace are the things that make nations happy and permanently successful, and these are the virtues that need continual and urgent cultivation.

THE CENTURY has been publishing a series of articles on peace heroes; but every few days such groupings of heroic deeds are supplemented by fresh instances in the daily press—like that of Warren Guion, the elevator-man in the Windsor Hotel fire, who risked and lost his own life in endeavoring to save a few more lives, and that of Mary Rogers, stewardess of the *Stella*, who surrendered her own chance for life in favor of the passengers whom she considered to be under her charge.

But, as has been said here before, there is a silent and unpicturesque heroism that obtains scant recognition. There is, indeed, a heroic mood which is not recognized as such by the hero himself. And there are lives devoted to the simple doing of duty, —lives with little or no reputation,—which are as praiseworthy as many ranked well up on the roll of fame. The passion for wide recognition and applause has great uses in the evolution of civilization; but if there were not something that kept men hammering away along the simple lines of clean and upright performance of duty, society could hardly hold itself together. If there were not any number of men at home going about the ordinary duties of business and of citizenship, in the most commonplace sort of way, what would become of that "country" for which the heroes go out to fight?

We thought of this not long ago, at the time of the death of an old New-Yorker who was born near the other end of our wonder-working century. He was not without a warlike side in his long connection with the militia, but, on the whole, he stood during his ninety-three years preëminently for peace and its duties, his main activity being in the field of finance. Foremost in every good work to which he laid his hand,—secretary of our Historical Society, president of a savings bank, secretary and treasurer of philanthropical institutions, working with our best men for the best good of the community, a public official in the old days, content with the city of his birth and hardly ever leaving it,—he was indeed one of the makers and preservers of our "better New York," though Colonel Andrew Warner's name is scarcely known to the wide public of a city that gives notoriety to every leading member of a disreputable political ring of partly imported "toughs" who rule us to their own avowed profit and to our unspeakable shame.

The reason for referring here to such a life of obscure duty-doing is that it represents a type that is in danger of being overlooked and underrated. The appetite of the times demands the altogether obvious and picturesque "hero." Said a writer in the New York "Times," in referring to the death of this same typical old New-Yorker: "After an era of psychology in the modern novel, we are in an era of action; the popular writers are those who depict the man of superabundant energy, for whom his own country, however large, is all too narrow. He must play an active part in war, or cross Africa with slaughter of men and wild beasts, or indulge in a bit of amateur bucaneering in the South Seas. The stay-at-home, the man who finds sufficient for his energies in the ordinary tasks that claim him in his family and community, is nowhere! People know that he exists, for he forms the staple that gets in the crops, mans the machine-shops, buys and sells goods, attends to the manifold needs of the courts and hospitals, banks and insurance companies, drills with militia and naval reserve, and goes on jury duty. Just now the 'average citizen' is at a discount in novels, for the taste for romance has revived."

The appetite for the romantic and the violent is far from being altogether bad; it is only evil when, fed exclusively on "scare-head" sensationalism, it grows morbid and leads the soul to refuse all other mental aliment. Under a diet of stimulating spices, the spirit of man will finally languish and fail. There will be no stomach for the plain home duties and honesties that, in the long run, are the test of a nation's vitality.

"In the Interest of Labor!"

WE were present once in one of the houses of the legislature of New York when some question was debated concerning the threatened destruction of the Palisades of the Hudson. The most remarkable speech of the occasion was that of a statesman who saw, and was naturally horrified at seeing, a kid glove on the hand raised to save this world-famous natural monument. He was eloquent indeed in his denunciation of the interference of the esthete and the dude with the daily occupation and wages of the poor man. He explained clearly that in the interest of the poor man the Palisades must go. And they are going.

We were reminded of the great man's speech the other day, when the news came of the gratifying success of the blast that tumbled down the last of Indian Head—a picture of which by Castaigne will be found on page 489 of THE CENTURY for August, 1897.

It seems to us that the argument in the interest of the laboring man ought to be carried a little further in order to be effective. The fact that Washington's name is, in a way, associated with the neighborhood the features of which are undergoing such rapid change suggests that there is a good deal of stone going to waste in the Washington monument at Washington. In the interest of labor we respectfully suggest that the Washington monument be turned into a quarry, and worked up, at living wages, into stones suitable either for smaller (and more useful) buildings or else for paving. If this is approved, why should not the pedestal to the Washington monument in

Union Square, along with the pedestals of the Lincoln, Lafayette, and Farragut monuments, give occupation to a number of working-men who might be employed at once to break them up into road foundations? Then there are the Bunker Hill monument, and Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park. Money spent in leveling Bunker Hill itself would go into the pockets of the workmen employed. And this suggests the reflection that after we have done away with the Palisades, in the interest of labor, there remain Storm King and other possible quarries all through the Highlands of the Hudson, the reduction of which would not only be a boon to labor, but what politicians call a "dose to the high-toners" and esthetes generally.

Any laboring man who should object to having this part of the earth robbed of its natural and artificial monuments, and should declare that, though poor, he had a right to enjoy these beauties of nature and art as well as any kid-gloved devotee of esthetics — any laboring man who would talk that way would be capable of suggesting not only that the statesman referred to above had openly insulted laboring men in general, but that such a statesman was doing good work in the interest of the "capitalists" who were selfishly and ruthlessly bent upon destroying one of the most celebrated features of one of the most beautiful rivers of the world.

Backward Steps.

In the month of President McKinley's inauguration, with implicit faith in his letter of acceptance, and his declarations on the floor of the Capitol in favor of the merit system, we greeted him as its friend and supporter. One does not expect perfection in a President, or infallibility in his appointments, and in every occupant of the White House there have been individual mistakes, for which the executive has not been held to strict accountability. But the events of the past year have forced us to the belief that the President's attitude toward the merit system has undergone a radical change. He promised that there should be "no backward step," and there have recently been three of the most marked character, in spite of his party's promise, which he was pledged to uphold, that the merit system "should be extended where practicable": (1) the failure to provide for the administration of the forest reserves on reform principles; (2) the turning over of the enormous patronage of the Census Bureau *en bloc* to the politicians; and (3) the Exclusion Order of May 29, 1899, by which over ten thousand offices were thrown back into the sorry scramble, and the only admirable feature of which is a repetition, with probably improved modifications, of his own order of July, 1897, providing that removal shall not be made without the opportunity of a hearing. In the first and second instances the President is not relieved from responsibility by the statement that Congress failed to place the offices in the classified service. In these instances he has simply failed to do what he could to insure a non-political system of appointments.

His severest critics declare that either he has abandoned his conviction of the fundamental need of the merit system, or has been unable to "resist the pressure" of the politicians. This latter conclusion is the one arrived at by some of the leading newspapers of the President's party. It is our own belief that his action is rather to be described as the compromises of an official who still holds, in large degree, to his original belief, but who has been led to act on the theory that too strenuous opposition to the professional spoilsmen will bring defeat to the reform.

The announcement of sweeping exceptions has at once heartened the spoilsmen and disheartened the friends of the merit system throughout the country. Nor have the official apologies and explanations set forth in any degree satisfied or convinced the principal critics of the President's order.

This last backward step is a very long one. The character of executive administration has been weakened in America, just as our executive system is to be submitted to a new and heavy strain in the eyes of the world. We are imitating England in our ambition for "empire," but are at the same moment ignoring her splendid administrative example.

Wanted: A Retiring Board for Amateurs.

We have had occasion heretofore to comment on the extraordinary ease of access to print which is afforded to writers in this country. Every publication house, every periodical, has its "reader" who, in the search for a budding genius, spends laborious days and nights in wading through trash, written by people of whom he never heard before, and, curiously enough, for the most part, will never hear again. The publishers' pilot-boats are in every offing, and engage in a perpetual race for every coming prize. The press also is on the *qui vive* to recognize whatever may be admirable or novel in each new volume. In some respects all this alertness may be advantageous to good writers, though there are signal instances even among American story-tellers in which success has come so quickly as to make them indifferent to the literary drill which evolves style—the one quality which distinguishes literature from mere books. Such writers have vogue without fame. They have not taken time to learn their art, and their superficial success has even bred in them a certain contempt for style, as something one may do without. And yet in literature "style is of the man himself," and writers are great and lasting in proportion to their style. It is the hope in editors of finding such a masterful utterance that gives this excellent chance to the average writer. Unfortunately, the average writer is usually an amateur. It is astonishing how free a field he has and how easy it is for him to get a certain prominence, while established writers of artistic quality and continuous—as opposed to accidental—excellence are for the time less sought for. This is largely the fault of those who, for extraneous reasons, lay accent upon the "taking" and facile but ephemeral work of those who by no chance will ever produce a work of art. A little higher standard in literary

criticism, or rather a little more rigid application of the existing standards, would do much for the encouragement of the artist and the discouragement of the amateur.

When we come to painting and music, what a pitiful swath the amateur cuts! There is hardly a community in the United States which has not contributed one or more to the vast army of the fatuous possessors of a small talent who, misled by the flattery or the ignorant praise of friends, waste their best years in the headlong pursuit of fame, as though the kingdom of art were to be taken by violence! Two thirds of the victims of this illusion are young women, who, with a pretty voice or a little knack at drawing, spend in Europe years of hardship and of sacrifice at home, only to discover, when money and the flower-like years of youth are gone, that it has all been a mistake. The top floors of the *pensions* of Paris contain many an ambitious and devoted art student who, too proud to give up the fight, remains so long that when she does come home she is unfitted for the wholesome work that was all the time waiting for her to do in her native town. And what good wives and mothers these young women might have made! Alas! the amateur type of mind soon becomes almost impervious to criticism, and heavy is the responsibility of those who at the start pay the young the delusive compliment. Of course occasionally a woman of marked talent comes out of this life, but in such instances usually the young artist's ability has been so noteworthy as first to have been authoritatively recognized in this country. What is needed is more "brutal frankness" toward mediocrity, and a studious exclusion of the idea that there can be any higher or more honorable service than the joy-giving performance of the duties that lie nearest one's hand.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Girls.

HALF-BLOWN rosebuds, rich and sweet,
Fairest form of the incomplete,
How should one with a heart to spare
Choose between you, dark and fair?

Only when the bud uncloses,
Takes its rank among the roses,
Only then we may behold
Cankered core or heart of gold.

Jeanie Peet.

"Howdy."

DE grasshopper wipe his mouf en de road,
An' unner his umberel met wid de toad;
His back was so hot dat de toad had er fit,
An' de grasshopper 'lowed dat he des could n' spit;
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' dey bofe said, "Howdy do!"

Says de toad ter de hopper: "Hit 's mighty hot wedder,
An' bein' hit 's you, we mout walk tergedder."
An' de hopper he 'lowed, "Hit er mighty hot spell!"
An' he hopped on unner de toad's umberel;
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' dey bofe said, "Howdy do!"

Bimeby, de toad he squinch up he eye,
An' he 'gin ter talk big an' ter argufy,
An' des es de rain was berginnin' ter fall,
He swallered de hoppergrass, legs an' all;
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' dey bofe said, "Howdy do!"

But des es he tu'n en de road ter de spring,
En feelin' mighty dry, 'case he done er mean thing,
Er duck she say: "What er little bitter toad!
Run here, my son, an' fill up my gode!"
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' dey bofe said, "Howdy do!"

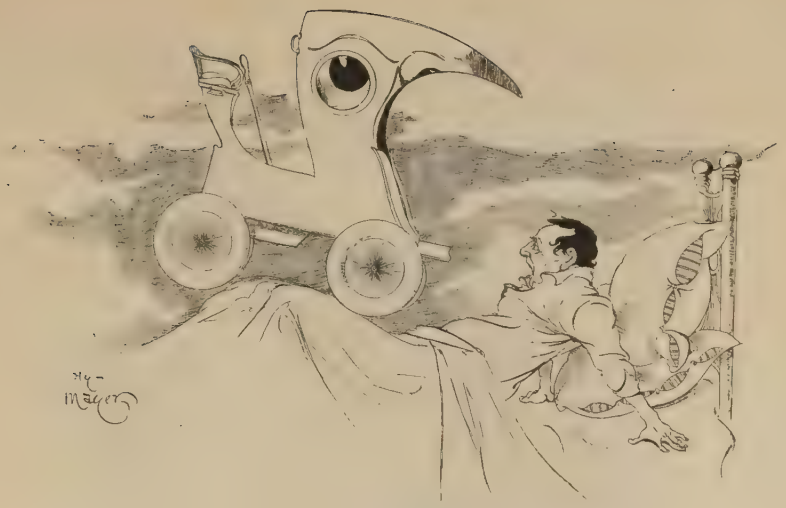
De duck she look frough her specs erg'in,—
She were ole an' tough, an' were deep in sin,—
An' she retch fer de gode, lack she faint an' fall;
An' dar wa'n't no little toad dar ertall!
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' dey bofe said, "Howdy do!"

But 'struction is waitin', es sho 's she 's born;
Fer er boy 's got er feeshin'-hook unner dat corn,
An' he tow dat duck wid his ole feeshin'-line,
An' hit lead ter de roas'in'-pan, hot an' fine;
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' dey bofe said, "Howdy do!"

ENVOY.

Hit 's er mighty easy thing fer ter claim what 's *you'n*,
But de worrymint wid man is ter let *mine* erlone.
Hit got Ebe in trouble, an' hit mek Adam fall,
An' hit fotch mos' de cusses er de yeth on we all!
Said, "Howdy, howdy, howdy,"
An' we all said, "Howdy do!"

Virginia Frazer Boyle.



AN UP-TO-DATE NIGHTMARE.

English as She Looks to a Teuton.

A NUMBER of booklets have recently been published in Germany which profess to show the uninitiated how they may learn a foreign language in the cheapest and easiest fashion. Their general title is "Polyglott Kuntze. Schnellste Erlernung jeder Sprache. Ohne Lehrer!"

Of these booklets one is dedicated to the "Amerikanisch" language, and is decorated on the outside with flaring red and white stripes, liberally sprinkled with blue stars.

After giving some directions to the intending emigrant as to his passage across the ocean, his landing at Ellis Island, etc., the little book gives various phrases which the emigrant who knows one language only is supposed to need. First the phrase is given in German, then its equivalent in English, and in the third column of the same page the words are printed as they are supposed to be pronounced by the Teuton in a new land.

Naturally, as our friends for whom this book was written come from Germany, the first column is devoted to their familiar salutations; for the Germans are very particular about their greetings.

Our Teuton is supposed to wish to say first of all "How do you do?" and this is the way our familiar greeting looks to him:

"Hau du ju du?"

When night comes, of course he says to his son, "Good evening, my boy," and this is the phrase on which he practises:

"Gudd ihwening, mei beu."

If there is more than one child in the family, he says:

"Gudd neiht, tschildren."

When he wakes up in the morning, he is naturally thirsty, and so is supposed to call his friend and say to him:

"Szah, dihr fränd, ei am szörsti. Giw mi szommszing tu drink."

To this pathetic appeal for "something to drink," and to the further question relating to what he has to drink, the friend replies:

"Yes, sir; we have beer."

This is the way the remark looks:

"Jes, szörr; ui häw bihr."

Afterward he asks for a "ham sänduitsch" to go with his "bihr." Of course, too, he wants a sausage, some cheese, and a morsel of bread, and this is how he asks for them:

"Plihs giw mi szomm szöhssetsch, szomm tschihs, and szomm bräd."

After receiving this substantial repast, the natural question is:

"Hau mötsch iss it?"

Evidently the reply received is not an exorbitant demand, for our Teutonic friend responds:

"Szätt iss tschihp."

The writer informs the newly arrived immigrant how he may ask for "pork chops and *beans:*"

"Szomm pork tschopps uisz bihns"?

Apparently our friend expects to visit the "pie belt," for he is instructed to reply, "No, szänk ju," if any one says to him: "Uill ju tähk annoszer pihsz of pei?"

As our Teuton may go into the country, he is told how to inquire concerning all living animals, like the wildcat (ueildkatt), the weasel (uihsel), the snake (snehk), and the snail (snehl).

When he wishes to know how to find the railway-station, this is the way he is told to ask for it:

"Kudd ju tell mi uehr ei kudd feind sze stähschen of sze elewäted rählrohd?"

The person whom he accosts is supposed to say:

"Törrn sze först striht tu juhr reiht, go sträht onn, äkrosz ä plähsz ju uill szih sze stähschen."

We are glad to know that our immigrant is supposed to have some money in his pocket when he lands upon our shores—at least enough to warrant him in asking some one to change his piece of money into smaller coin. This is the way he is told to request the favor:

"Wudd ju tschähnsch mi szisz pihsz of monnay?"

After receiving many directions of this sort concerning the way in which he should go, concerning his food and lodgings, our little book

A Child's Primer of Natural History.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

(TENTH SERIES.)

A Mole.

See, chil-dren, the mis-guid-ed Mole.
He lives down in a deep, dark hole;
Sweet-ness, and Light, and good Fresh Air
Are things for which he does not care.
He has not e-ven that make-shift
Of fee-ble minds—the *so-cial gift.*

But say not that he has no soul,
Lest hap-ly we mis-judge the Mole;
Nay, if we mea-sure him by Men,
No doubt he sits in his dark den
In-struct-ing oth-ers blind as he
Ex-act-ly how the world *should* be.

---

gives its readers some information concerning the land across the sea. It tells them that "tscherries," "pihtsches," and "grähpsz" grow in this favored land, as well as "pihnotts" and "tschesznotts." In fact, the author goes on to say that the fruit is not only splendid, but cheap, and he correctly gives the nationalities of most of the fruit-sellers in the following words:

"Sze fruht is splenndidd and tschihp. In sze szitties of sze Juhnien mohst of sze fruht-selers ahr Grihks or Itallians."

Most of the immigrants, of course, to whom this little book is supposed to be of use are looking for work. The immigrant remarks, on his arrival:

"Have you a job for me? I am only a short time in America, and look for a job."

His prospective employer inquires:

"Can you do the work?"

"Yes, sir; certainly. I always have done this kind of work in the old country."

This is the way the dialogue looks to the bewildered Teuton seeking work:

TEUTON. Häw ju ä dschob fohr mi? Ei am only ä schort teim in Ämärrikä, and lukk fohr ä dschob.

AMERICAN. Kann ju du sze uork?

TEUTON. Jes, szörr; szertanli. Ei ohlwäs häw donn szisz keind of uork in sze ohld konntri.

AMERICAN. Hau mötsch du ju ahsk ä däh?

TEUTON. Ei gess tu dollers uill not bi tu mötsch.

AMERICAN. Ei uill päh it tu ju, and räsz juhr uähdsches uenn ei szih szätt juhr uork iss tu mei satisfäktschin.

We need not carry these conversational aber-

The Pig-Pen.

Oh, turn not from the hum-ble Pig,
My child, or think him in-fra dig.
We oft hear lit-er-a-ry men
Boast of the in-flu-ence of the Pen;
Yet when we read in His-to-ry's Page
Of Hu-man Pigs in ev-er-y age,
From Crœ-sus to the pres-ent day,
Is it, my child, so hard to say
(De-spite the Scribes' vain-glo-ri-ous boast)
What Pen has in-flu-enced Man the most?

---

rations further to show how the language of Shakspere looks to the learner from the land of Goethe. When next our readers struggle with German gutturals and German tenses and genders, they may, perhaps, have a little more sympathy with the new arrival from the Fatherland who has undertaken the enormous "dschob" of learning "Amerikanisch."

Francis E. Clark.

De Tree-Toad.

De tree-toad only knows one song,
  An' dat 's, "De Rain 's a-Comin'."
His voice ain't purty, but it 's strong,
  An' while de bee am hummin',
He sets on some ole fence er tree,
In de hot sun, an' solemnly
Croaks ob de sto'm dat 's gwine to be:
  "De rain—de rain 's a-comin'!"

De pop'lah a'rs am not his choice,
  An' he don't sing 'em, nuther.
He knows de tune dat fits his voice,
  An' sticks right to it, brother;
An' dat 's de way fuh me an' you
To l'arn ouh song an' sing it th'u',
Exackly lak de tree-toad do—
  An' never sing no other.

Dat 's why I laks de tree-toad so—
  He sticks to his profession.
No diff'unce whut may come er go,
  Dey 's never no digression.
An', bymeby, down 'll drap de rain;
De cows 'll scamper up de lane:
But he 'll keep up de same ole strain,
  An' 'scuss no other question.

James D. Corrothers.

Larry Kisses the Right Way.

How do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way.

"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?"
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Matinée Criticism.

Scene: *Street-car.* Young man is seated, reading. Enter young woman. She has just come from a matinée at a Broadway theater. Recognizes young man. He gives her his seat.

She. Thanks, awfully. Oh, I 've been having the very loveliest time that ever happened.

He. What have you been doing—dancing?

She. No, indeed; dancing is n't in it. I 've been to see that lovely Montague Pierrepont in that new play.

He. What 's the name of it? Oh, yes, I know. I read a very able and commendatory criticism of it in the "Radiator." It 's by Sardou, is n't it?

She. I don't know. I never look at the name of the author. But Pierrepont is just too lovely for any use.

He. I hope to go and see it. Very strong, is it not?

She. I should think it was! Why, that scene where Pierrepont stands by a mantel and twirls his mustache is just too much for words.

He. What happens?

She. Oh, nothing; but then, he looks so handsome, and his face is reflected in the mirror, and you see him twice, and I just felt like kissing it.

He. What—the reflection?

She. No, no; his face. Oh, he is so lovely.

He. The dialogue is very witty, is n't it?

She. Mmm. I guess so. (*Laughs.*) I did n't pay much attention to that; I was thinking about him. The way he says "Heigh-ho" is really too pathetic. All the girls were crying.

He. Marie Dobson has a fine part, I understand, and, as usual, makes a careful character-study of it.

She. I believe so. She plays an ugly old woman, I think. But it 's just too splendid where Pierrepont changes his necktie right before the audience, so the villain won't recognize him, you know. He did it just as naturally as my brother Tom does in real life. I think he 's the greatest actor I ever saw, besides being simply the handsomest man in the world.

He. What did you think of Le Roy Thompson? The "Radiator" says that he brings as much art to the delineation of his small rôle of the actor as if he were depicting the chief character.

She. Oh, I guess he was all right. He had a scene with Pierrepont.

He. The one where he has to simulate merriment while his wife is dying in the next room?

She. Yep. Pierrepont smokes a cigarette in that scene. He was perfectly gorgeous.

He. Who—Thompson?

She. No; Pierrepont. The audience called Thompson out, and I thought it was awfully unfair, as Pierrepont is the leading man, you know. Why, the smoke curled up just as naturally from that cigarette as if he was here, you know.

He. I think the conductor would have something to say about its curls in that case.

She. Well, speaking of curls, his hair is just as curly as anything at all. And in the last act, where he hands his wife the letter, oh, I think that was just the grandest scene of all!

He. She has a fine death there, does n't she?

She. Huh! huh! But he holds the letter out, and he smiles, and—well, if he smiled that way at me, I 'd just think I was in—

Conductor. Fiftieth street!

(*She bows, and exits hurriedly.*)

CURTAIN.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Two Poets.

He writes great odes which critics praise
And friends place on their table,
While I turn every thought and phrase
To make a song to Mabel.

Fame is his guerdon, art his creed,
He wears distinction's label;
But I—I have the greater meed
When I win praise from Mabel.

Fair is the maid, more fair by far
Than aught in fact or fable;
There ne'er had been a Trojan war
Had Paris first seen Mabel.

Oh, were my castles *not* in Spain,
What gems and costly sable
And priceless lace would I obtain
As fitting gifts to Mabel!

So when I read how papers vie
For news of him, by cable,
"Poor fellow!" I can only sigh,
"*You* are not loved by Mabel."

Though fame attaches to his name
In all the tongues of Babel,
My own shall greater honor claim
When it is borne by Mabel.

And though he 's reached Parnassus' height,
Though critics call him able,
Some much prefer the songs I write—
I do, and so does Mabel.

Beatrice Hanscom.

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A PAINTER OF THE SEA.

TWO PICTURES BY WINSLOW HOMER.

BY WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

THERE are masters in art to-day as there were in the days of old, but it is not so often as to be a common occurrence that we find a picture which may be justly called a masterpiece. It is a weighty word, and it should not be used unless we are sure that the work to which we apply it is irreproachably good, and contains the best qualities possible in the particular kind of achievement belonging to the subject the artist has chosen to depict. The portrait of Bertin by M. Ingres, Bonnat's portrait of Thiers, Corot's "Biblis," Meissonier's "1814," Millet's "Gleaners," Baudry's "Count of Palikao," Rousseau's "Le Givre," Sargent's "Beatrice," are modern masterpieces. Each of these pictures is in its way so good that there is not only nothing to find fault with, —a negative merit,—but each of them gives us a conception and a rendering presented with skill, force, individuality, and certain special qualities that make in their ensemble something better than the merely very good works of others, to which we are glad to accord high praise, but which, as we are not convinced, we hesitate to call masterpieces. The masterpiece carries conviction. When we see one we feel that it is hardly possible to do better, and as we run over in our minds certain great works, the work that is before us is so fine that it takes rank, in our estimation, with them. Winslow Homer's "Maine Coast" is a picture that convinces us in this way, and I call it a masterpiece, with a full sense of what the term implies.

Mr. Homer is an American artist who received little instruction from masters or in art schools. He has studied nature faithfully, and he has found his way to complete expression almost alone. He is not primarily a painter of the figure, as Millet was; but there is some analogy in the methods of the two men, and considerable similarity, judging from their works, in their points of view. Millet did excellent academic

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PAINTED BY WINSLOW HOMER.

"THE MAINE COAST."

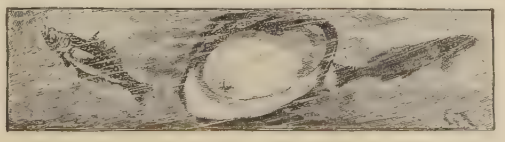
OWNED BY FREDERIC A. BELL.

work in his school-days, painted some wonderful portraits soon afterward, and finally, at Barbizon, developed his synthetic interpretation of rustic subjects. Homer has not made much of the figure part of his compositions, except in a few cases; but in so far as he has painted figures he has treated them synthetically, as Millet did. But he has much less grasp of form. His best works are pictures of the sea. In some of them there are figures. In this category belong the five or six masterly works, exhibited at the World's Fair in 1893, which depict fishermen in their boats on the Grand Banks, and the celebrated "Eight Bells." The others are simple marines, shore motives principally, that have been painted of late years. "Maine Coast" is one of them.

The composition shows some dark rocks in the foreground, one or two of which are covered with seaweed, and swirling, foaming water rushing through after the receding of a mighty wave that has just pounded over them. Beyond is the sea, with great rolling mountains of water, breaking at their crests into white spray. The rain-beaten expanse of the ocean rises high in the picture, and meets a sky of lowering gray. The impression of a wild, squally day is admirably given, and the handling of the subject, quite apart from the technical requirements, is comprehensive and lofty. As to the painting, it is this, of course, which makes the picture such a triumph of art. It is virile and broad. The drawing is simple and big, and the color, while veracious, is exceedingly distinguished. The truthful aspect of the work—the result of highly trained artistic powers of observation—and the effect of the picture as a whole, attracting by its pure pictorial quality, are equally remarkable.

"The Lookout—'All 's Well,'" is one of those compositions in which Mr. Homer depicts with poetic sensibility, as well as with artistic strength, a picture of life at sea. The mariner who calls out the familiar "All 's Well" is a type, not an individual. The ship's bell, with its ornamental metal fixtures, above his head, the starry sky, and, just over the rail, the white foam of a wave breaking as it slides into the place where, a moment before, another broke, are elements in the composition so rightly disposed and so sensitively rendered as to give the sentiment characteristic of the vastness of the deep and the loneliness of the hour. It is not worth while to find fault with the drawing of the sailor's head and hand, which might be criticized from the academic point of view. They are not faultless in construction, but they are sufficiently right to play their part in the general scheme without jarring. The effect of moonlight is admirably rendered, and the figure, so well placed on the upright canvas, looms up in the night with the grave impressiveness of a storied bronze. The poetry of a humble but free and manly calling is put before us with simplicity, directness, and a sincerity that is as convincing in its expression as it is beautiful in pictorial aspect. There is a breath of great art in this picture, and if the artist had produced nothing but "The Lookout" and "Eight Bells," these two great works would be sufficient to give him a place in the first rank of the world's painters of the poetry of toil on sea and land.

Sometimes it is asked, "What might not Winslow Homer have done if he had had a thorough art education at the beginning of his career?" I fancy that those who ask this question do not know what a great school nature is when the pupil is a persistent searcher for truth, and has the strength of purpose that has enabled Mr. Homer to find adequate forms of expression in his own way. In finding them he has become an artist whose work possesses a rare quality, which many who have been well trained to see, and yet do not know how to look, are prone to miss. This quality is individuality.



PAINTED BY WINSLOW HOMER.

OWNED BY THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

"THE LOOKOUT—'ALL 'S WELL!'"

SALVAGE.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

SHE had a large crew, abnormally large hawse-pipes, and a bad reputation—the last attribute born of the first. Registered as the *Rosebud*, this innocent name was painted on her stern and on her sixteen dories; but she was known among the fishing-fleets as the *Ishmaelite*, and the name fitted her. Secretive and unfriendly, she fished alone, avoiding company, answered few hails, and, seldom filling her hold, disposed of her catch as her needs required, in out-of-the-way ports, often as far south as Charleston. And she usually left behind her such bitter memories of her visit as placed the last port at the bottom of her list of markets.

No ship-chandler or provision-dealer ever showed her receipted bills, and not a few of them openly averred that certain burglaries of their goods had plausible connection with her presence in port. Be this as it may, the fact stood that farmers on the coast who saw her high bow and unmistakable hawse-pipes when she ran in for bait invariably double-locked their barns and chicken-coops, and turned loose all tied dogs when night descended, often to find dogs and chickens gone in the morning.

Once, too, three small schooners had come home with empty holds, and complained of the appearance, while anchored in the fog, of a flotilla of dories manned by masked men, who overpowered and locked all hands in cabin or forecastle, and then removed the cargoes of fish to their own craft, hidden in the fog. Shortly after this the *Ishmaelite* disposed of a large catch in Baltimore, and the piracy was believed of her, but never proved.

Her luck at finding things was remarkable. Drifting dories, spars, oars, and trawl-tubs sought her unsavory company, as though impelled by the inanimate perversity which had sent them drifting. They were sold in port, or returned to their owners, when paid for. In the early part of her career she had towed a whistling buoy into Boston, and claimed salvage of the government, showing her log-book to prove that she had picked it up far at sea. The salvage was paid; but as her reputation spread, there were those who declared that she had sent it adrift herself.

As poets and sailors believe that ships have souls, it may be that she gloried in her shame, like other fallen creatures; for her large, slanting oval hawse-pipes and boot-top stripe gave a fine Oriental sneer to her face-like bow, and there was slur and insult to respectable craft in the lazy dignity with which she would swash through the fleet on the port tack, compelling vessels on the starboard tack to give up their right of way or be rammed; for she was a large craft, and there was menace in her solid bowsprit-boom, as thick as an ordinary mainmast. An outward-bound coasting-schooner, resenting this lawlessness on one occasion, attempted to assert her rights, and being on the lawful starboard tack, bore steadily down on the *Ishmaelite*, who budged not a quarter-point, and losing heart at the last moment, luffed up all shaking in just the position to allow the ring of her port anchor to catch on the bill of the *Ishmaelite's* starboard anchor. As her ring-stopper and shank-painter were weak, the patent windlass unlocked, and the end of the cable not secured in the chain-locker, the *Ishmaelite* walked calmly away with the anchor and a hundred fathoms of chain, which, at the next port, she sold as legitimate spoil of the sea.

As her reputation increased, so did the hatred of men, while the number of ports on the coast which she could safely enter became painfully small. She had hurried to sea without clearing at the custom-house from Boston, Bangor, Portland, and Gloucester, to avoid conflict with local authority. She had carried local authority in the persons of distressed United States marshals to sea with her from three other ports, and landed it on some outlying point before the next meal-hour. She had prodded a hole with her blunt jib-boom in the side of a light-house supply-boat, and sailed away without answering questions. The government was taking cognizance, and her description was

written on the fly-leaves of several revenue cutters' log-books, while Sunday newspapers in the large cities began a series of special articles about the mysterious schooner-rigged pirate of the fishing-fleet.

The future looked dark for her, and when the time came that she was chased away from Plymouth harbor, which she had entered for provisions, by a police launch, it seemed that the end was at hand; for she had done no wrong in Plymouth, and the police boat was evidently acting on general principles and instructions, which were vital enough to extend the pursuit to the three-mile limit. Her trips had become necessarily longer, and there was only two weeks' supply of food in the lazarette. The New England coast was an enemy's country, but in the crowded harbor of New York was a chance to lie unobserved at anchor long enough to secure the stores she needed, which only a large city can supply. So Cape Cod was doubled on the way to New York; but the brisk offshore wind, which had helped her in escaping the police boat, developed to a gale that blew her to sea, and increased in force as the hours passed by.

"THE PIRACY WAS COMPLETE."

Hard-headed, reckless fellows were these men who owned the *Rosebud*, and ran her on shares and under laws of their own making. Had they been of larger, broader minds, with no change of ethics they would have ac-

quired a larger, faster craft, with guns, hoisted the black flag, and sailed southward to more fruitful fields. Being what they were, fishermen gone wrong, they labored within their limitations and gleaned upon known ground.

There were eighteen in all, and they typified the maritime nations of the world. Americans predominated, of course, but English, French, German, Portuguese, Scandinavian, and Russian were among them. The cook was a West India negro, and the captain, or their nearest approach to a captain, a Portland Yankee. Both were large men, and held their positions by reason of special knowledge and a certain magnetic mastery of soul which dominated the others against their rules, for in this social democracy captains and bosses were forbidden. The cook was an expert in the galley and a thorough seaman; the other an equally good seaman and a navigator past the criticism of the rest.

His navigation had its limits, however, and this gale defined them. He could find his latitude by meridian observation, and his longitude by morning sights and chronometer time; his dead-reckoning was trustworthy, and he possessed a fair working conception of the set and force of the Atlantic currents, and the heave of the sea in a blow. But his studies had not given him more than a rudimentary knowledge of meteorology and the laws of storms. A gale was a gale to him, and he knew that it would usually change its direction as a clock's hands will in moving over the dial, and if, by chance, it should back around to its former point, he prepared for heavier trouble, with no reference to the fluctuations of the barometer, which instrument to him was merely a weather-glass—about as valuable as a rheumatic big toe.

So, in the case we are considering, not knowing that he was caught by the southern fringe of a St. Lawrence valley storm, with its center of low barometer to the northwest and coming toward him, he hove to on the port tack to avoid Cape Cod, and drifted to sea, shortening sail as the wind increased, until, with nothing set but a small storm-mainsail, he found himself in the sudden calm of the storm-center, which had overtaken him. Here, in a tumultuous cross-sea, fifty miles off the shore, deceived by the light, shifty airs and the patches of blue sky showing between the rushing clouds, he made all sail and headed west, only to have the masts whipped out as the whistling fury of wind on the opposite side of the vortex caught and jibed the canvas.

It was manifestly a judgment of a displeased Providence, and, glad that the hull was still tight, they cut away the wreck and rode out the gale, now blowing out of the north, hanging to the tangle of spar and cordage which had once been the foremast and its gear. It made a fairly good sea-anchor, with the forestay, as strong as any chain, for a cable, and the vessel lay snug under the haphazard breakwater and benefited by the protection, as the seas must first break their heads over the wreckage before reaching her. The mainmast was far away, with all that pertained to it; but the solid, hard-pine bowsprit was still intact, and not one of the sixteen dories piled spoon-fashion in the four nests had been injured when the spars went by the board. So they were content to smoke, sleep, and kill time as they could, until the gale and sea should moderate, and they could rig a jury-foremast of the wreck.

But before they could begin, while there was still wind enough to curl the head of an occasional sea into foam, a speck which had been showing on the shortened horizon to windward, when the schooner lifted out of the hollows, took form and identity—a two-masted steamer with English colors, union down, at the gaff. High out of water, her broadside drift was faster than that of the dismasted craft riding to her wreckage, and in a few hours she was dangerously near, directly ahead, rolling heavily in the trough of the sea. They could see shreds of canvas hanging from masts and gaffs.

"Wunner what 's wrong wid her," said the cook, as he relinquished the glasses to the next man. "Amos," he called to another, "you 've been in de ingine-room, you say. Is her ingine bus' down?"

"Dunno," answered Amos. "Steam 's all right; see the jet comin' out o' the stack? There! She 's turnin' over—kickin' ahead. 'Bout time if she wants to clear us. She 's signalin'. What 's that say, Elisha?"

The ensign was fluttering down, and a string of small flags going aloft on the other part of the signal-halyards, while the steamer, heading west, pushed ahead about a length under the impulse of her propeller. Elisha, the navigator, went below, and returned with a couple of books, which he consulted.

"Her number," he said—"she 's the *Afghan Prince* o' London." As the schooner carried no signal-flags, he waved his sou'-

wester in answer, and the flags came down, to be replaced by others.

"Rudder carried away," he read, and then looked with the glasses. "Rudder seems all right. Must mean his steerin'-gear. Why don't they rig up suthin', or a drag over the stern?"

"Don't know enough," said an expatriated Englishman of the crew. "She 's one o' them bloomin', undermanned tramps, run by apprentices an' Thames watermen. They 're drivin' sailors an' sailin'-ships off the sea—blarst 'em!"

"Martin," said Elisha to the cook, "what 's the matter with our bein' a drag for her?"

"Dead easy, if we kin git his line an' he knows how to rig a bridle."

"We can show him if it comes to it. What ye say, boys? If we steer her into port we 're entitled to salvage. She 's helpless; we 're not, for we 've got a jury-rig under the bows. Hello! what 's he sayin' now?" don't now, but it 's a big help in a salvage claim. What ye say? Can't we get our hemp cable to him with a dory?"

Why not? They were fishermen, accustomed to dory work. A short consultation settled this point; a dory was put overboard, and Elisha and Martin pulled over to the steamer, which was now abreast, near enough for the name which Elisha had read to be seen plainly on the stern, but not near enough for the men shouting from her taffrail to make themselves heard on the schooner. Elisha and Martin, in the dory, conferred with these men and then returned.

"Badly rattled," they reported. "Tiller-ropes parted, an' not a man aboard can put a long splice in a wire rope; an' o' course we said we could n't. They 'll take our line, an' we 're to chalk up the position an' the course to New York. Clear case o' salvage. We furnish everything, an' sacrifice our jury-material to aid 'em."

"'SHE 'S THE "AFGHAN PRINCE."'"

Other flags had gone aloft on the steamer, which asked for the longitude. Then followed others which said that the steamer's chronometer was broken.

"Better 'n ever!" exclaimed Elisha, excitedly. "Can't navigate. Our chronometer 's all right. We never needed it, an'

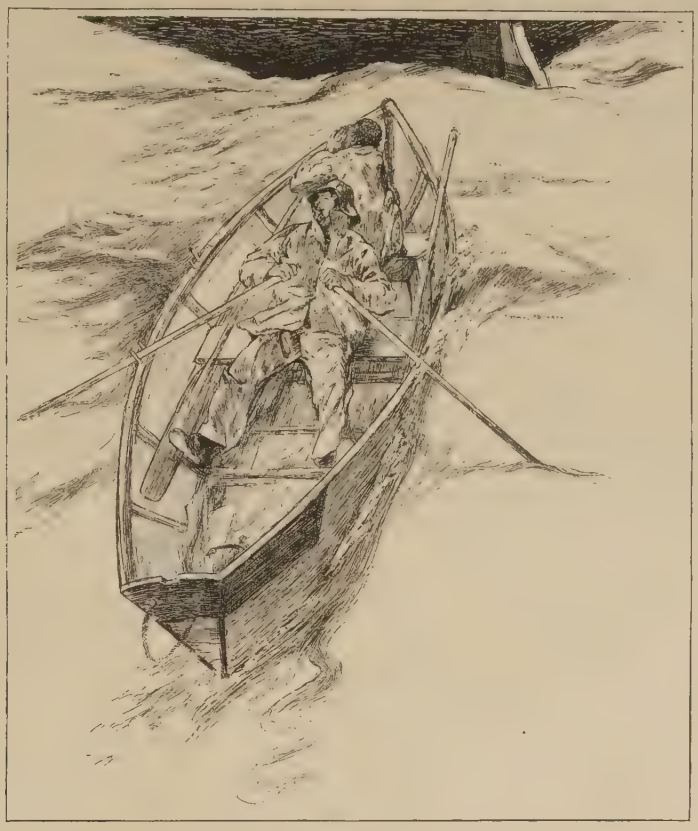
"What 'll be our chance in court, I 'm thinkin'," said one, doubtfully. "Had n't we better keep out o' the courts? It 's been takin' most of our time lately."

"What 's the matter wi' ye?" yelled Elisha. "We owe a few hundred, an' mebbe a fine or two, an' there 's anywhere from one

to two hundred thousand—hull an' cargo—that we save. We 'll get no less than a third, mebbe more. Go lay down, Bill."

Bill subsided. They knotted four or five dory rodings together, coiled the long length of rope in the dory, unbent the end of their out the opposite quarter-chocks to the end of the cable, was quickly rigged by the steamer's crew.

With a warning toot of the whistle she went ahead, and the long tow-line swept the sea-tops, tautened, strained, and creaked on



"ELISHA AND MARTIN PULLED OVER."

water-laid cable from the anchor, and waited until the wallowing steamer had drifted far enough to leeward to come within the steering-arc of a craft with no canvas; then they cut away the wreck, crowded forward, all hands spreading coats to the breeze, and when the schooner had paid off, steered her down with the wind on the quarter until almost near enough to hail the steamer, where they rounded to, safe in the knowledge that she could not drift as fast as the other.

Away went the dory, paying out on the roding, the end of which was fastened to the disconnected cable, and when it had reached the steamer a heaving-line was thrown, by which the roding was hauled aboard. Then the dory returned, while the steamer's men hauled the cable to their stern. The bridle, two heavy ropes leading from the after-winch the windlass-bitts, and settled down to its work, while the schooner, dropping into her wake, was dragged westward at a ten-knot rate.

"This is bully," said Elisha, gleefully. "Now I 'll chalk out the position an' give her the course—magnetic, to make sure."

He did so, and they held up in full view of the steamer's bridge a large blackboard, showing in six-inch letters the formula: "Lat. 41–20. Lon. 69–10. Mag. Co. W. half S."

A toot of the whistle thanked them, and they watched the steamer, which had been heading a little to the south of this course, painfully swing her head up to it by hanging the schooner to the starboard leg of the bridle; but she did not stop at west-half-south, and when she pointed unmistakably

as high as northwest, still dragging her tow by the starboard bridle, a light broke on them.

"She 's goin' on her way with us," said Elisha. "No, no; she can't. She 's bound for London," he added. "Halifax, mebbe."

They waved their hats to port, and shouted in chorus at the steamer. They were answered by caps flourished to starboard from the bridge, and outstretched arms which pointed across the Atlantic Ocean, while the course changed slowly to north, then faster as wind and sea bore on the other bow, until the steamer steadied and remained at east-by-north.

"The rhumb course to the Channel," groaned Elisha, wildly. "The nerve of it! And I 'm supposed to give the longitude every noon. Why, blank it, boys, they 'll claim they rescued us, and like as not the English courts 'll allow them salvage on our little tub."

"Let go the tow-line! Let 'im go to ——!" they shouted angrily, and some started forward, but were stopped by the cook. His eyes gleamed in his black face, and his voice was a little higher pitched than usual, otherwise he was the steadiest man there.

"We 'll hang right on to our bran-new cable, men," he said. "It 's ours, not theirs. 'Course we kin turn her adrif' ag'in, an' be wuss off, too; we can't find de foremast now. But dat ain't de bes' way. John," he called to the Englishman of the crew, "how many men do you' country tramp steamers carry?"

John computed mentally, then muttered: "Two mates, two ash-cats,—six altogether, —two flunkies, two quartermasters, watchman, deck-hands—oh, 'bout sixteen or seventeen, Martin."

"Boys, le' 's man de win'lass. We 'll heave in on our cable, an' if we kin git close enough to climb aboard, we 'll reason it out wid dat English cap'in, who can't fin' his way roun' alone widout stealin' little fishin'-schooners."

"Right!" they yelled. "Man the windlass! We 'll show the lime-juice thief who 's doin' this!"

"Amos," said Martin to the ex-engineer, "you try an' 'member all you forgot 'bout ingines in case anything happens to de crew o' dat steamer; an', Elisha, you want to keep good track o' where we go, so 's you kin find you' way back."

"I 'll get the chronometer on deck now. I can take sights alone."

They took the cable to the windlass-barrel and began to heave. It was hard work,—equal to heaving an anchor against a strong head wind and ten-knot tideway,—and only half the crew could find room on the windlass-brakes; so, while the first shift labored and swore, and encouraged one another, the rest watched the approach of a small tug towing a couple of scows, which seemed to have arisen out of the sea ahead of them. When the steamer was nearly upon her, she let go her tow-line and ranged up alongside, while a man leaning out of the pilot-house gesticulated to the steamer's bridge, and finally shook his fist. Then the tug dropped back abreast of the schooner. She was a dingy little boat, the biggest and brightest of her fittings being the sign-board on her pilot-house, which spelled in large gilt letters the name *J. C. Hawks*.

"Say!" yelled her captain from his door, "I 'm blown out wi' my barges, short o' grub an' water. Can you gi' me some? That lime-juice sucker ahead won't."

"Can you tow us to New York?" asked Elisha, who had brought up the chronometer and placed it on the house, ready to take morning sights for his longitude if the sun should appear.

"No; not unless I sacrifice the barges an' lose my contract wi' the city. They 're garbage-scows, an' I have n't power enough to hook on to another. Just got coal enough to get in."

"An' what do you call this—a garbage-scow?" answered Elisha, ill-naturedly. "We 've got no grub or water to spare. We 've got troubles of our own."

"Blank it, man, we 're thirsty here. Give us a breaker o' water. Throw it overboard. I 'll get it."

"No; told you we have none to spare, an' we 're bein' yanked out to sea."

"Well, gi' me a bottleful; that won't hurt you."

"No; sheer off! Git out o' this! We 're not in the Samaritan business."

A forceful malediction came from the tug captain, and a whirling monkey-wrench from the hand of the engineer, who had listened from the engine-room door. It struck Elisha's chronometer and knocked it off the house, box and all, into the sea. He answered the profanity in kind, and sent an iron belaying-pin at the engineer; but it only dented the tug's rail, and with these compliments the two craft separated, the tug steaming back to her scows.

"That lessens our chance just so much," growled Elisha, as he joined the rest. "Now we can't do all we agreed to."

"Keep dead-reckonin', 'Lisha," said Martin; "dat 's good 'nough for us; an', say, can't you take sights by a watch—jes for a bluff, to show in de log-book?"

"Might; 't would n't be reliable. Good enough, though, for log-book testimony. That 's what I 'll do."

Inch by inch they gathered in their cable and coiled it down, unmoved by the protesting toots of the steamer's whistle. When half of it lay on the deck, the steamer slowed down, while her crew worked at their end of the rope; then she went ahead, and the schooner dropped back to nearly the original distance, and they saw a long stretch of new Manila hawser leading out from the bridle and knotted to their cable. They cursed and shook their fists, but pumped manfully on the windlass, and by nightfall had brought the knot over their bows by means of a "messenger," and were heaving on the new hawser.

"Weakens our case just that much more," growled Elisha. "We were to furnish the tow-line."

"Heave away, my boys!" said Martin. "Dey 's only so many ropes aboard her, an' when we get 'em all we 've got dat boat an' dose men."

So they warped their craft across the Western Ocean. Knot after knot, hawser after hawser, came over the bows and cumbered the deck.

They would have passed them over the stern as fast as they came in, were they not salvors with litigation ahead; for their hands must be clean when they entered their claim, and to this end Elisha chalked out the longitude daily at noon and showed it to the steamer, always receiving a thankful acknowledgment on the whistle. He secured the figures by his dead-reckoning; but the carefully kept log-book also showed longitude by chronometer sights, taken when the sun shone, with his old quadrant and older watch, and corrected to bring a result plausibly near to that of the reckoning by log and compass. But the log-book contained no reference to the loss of the chronometer. That was to happen at the last.

On stormy days, when the sea rose, they dared not shorten their tow-line, and the steamer-folk made sure that it was long enough to eliminate the risk of its parting. So these days were passed in idleness and profanity, and when the sea went down they would go to work, hoping that the last tow-line was in their hands. But it was not until the steamer had given them three Manila and two steel hawsers, four weak—too weak—mooring-chains, and a couple of old warping-lines, that the coming up to the bow of the end of an anchor-chain of six-inch link told them that the end was near, that the steamer had exhausted her supply of tow-lines, and that her presumably sane skipper would not give them his last means of anchoring—the other chain.

They were right. Either for this reason, or because of the proximity to English bottom, the steamer ceased her coyness, and her crew watched from the taffrail, while those implacable, purposeful men behind crept up to them. It was slow, laborious work, for the heavy links of the chain would not grip the small windlass, and they must needs climb out a few fathoms and make fast messengers to heave on, while the idle half of them gathered in the slackened links by hand.

On a calm, still night they finally unshipped the windlass-brakes and looked up at the round, black stern of the steamer not fifty feet ahead. They were surrounded by lights of outgoing and incoming craft, and they knew by soundings taken that day, when the steamer had slowed down for the same purpose, that they were within the hundred-fathom curve, close to the mouth of the Channel, but not within the three-mile limit. Rejoicing at the latter fact, they armed themselves with belaying-pins from their still intact pin-rails, and climbed out on the cable, the whole eighteen of them, man following man, in close climbing order.

"Now, look here," said a portly man with a gilt-bound cap to the leader of the line, as he threw a leg over the taffrail, "what 's the meaning, may I ask, of this unreasonable conduct?"

"You may ask, of course," said the man, —it was Elisha,—"but we 'd like to ask something, too" (he was sparring for time until more should arrive); "we 'd like to ask why you drag us across the Atlantic Ocean against our will."

Another man climbed aboard, and said:

"Yes; we 'gree to steer you into New York. You 's adrif' in de trough of de sea, an' you got no chronometer, an' you can't navigate, an' we come 'long—under command, mind you—an' give you our tow-line, an' tell you de road to port. Wha' you mean by dis?"

"Tut, tut, my colored friend!" answered the man of gilt. "You were dismasted and helpless, and I gave you a tow. It was on the high seas, and I chose the port, as I had the right."

Another climbed on board.

"We were not helpless," rejoined Elisha; "we had a good jury-rig under the bows, and we let it go to assist you. Are you the skipper here?"

"I am."

Martin's big fist smote him heavily in the face, and the blow was followed by the crash of Elisha's belaying-pin on his head. The captain fell, and for a while lay quiet. There were four big, strong men over the rail now, and others coming. Opposing them were a second mate, an engineer, a fireman, coal-passer, watchman, steward, and cook, easy victims to these big-limbed fishermen. The rest of the crew were on duty below decks or at the steering-winch. It was a short, sharp battle; a few pistols exploded, but no one was hurt, and the firearms were captured, and their owners well hammered with belaying-pins; then, binding all victims as they overcame them, the whole party raided the steering-winch and the engine-room, and the piracy was complete.

But from their standpoint it was not piracy—it was resistance to piracy; and when Amos, the ex-engineer, had stopped the engines and banked the fires, they announced to the captives bound to the rail that, with all due respect for the law, national and international, they would take that distressed steamboat into New York and deliver her to the authorities, with a claim for salvage. The bargain had been made on the American coast, and their log-book not only attested this, but also the well-doing of their part of the contract.

When the infuriated English captain, now recovered, had exhausted his stock of adjectives and epithets, he informed them (and he was backed by his steward and engineer) that there was neither food nor coal for the run to New York, to which Elisha replied that, if so, the foolish and destructive waste would be properly entered in the log-book, and might form the basis of a charge of barratry by the underwriters, if it turned out that any underwriters had taken a risk on a craft with such an "all-fired lunatic" for a skipper as this. But they would go back; they might be forced to burn some of the woodwork fittings (her decks were of iron) for fuel, and as for food, though their own supply of groceries was about exhausted, there were several cubic yards of salt codfish in the schooner's hold, and this they would eat: they were used to it themselves, and science had declared that it was good brain-food—good for feeble-minded Englishmen who could not splice wire nor take care of their chronometer.

Before starting back they made some preliminary and precautionary preparations. While Martin inventoried the stores and Amos the coal-supply, the others towed the schooner alongside and moored her. Then they shackled the schooner's end of the chain cable around the inner barrel of the windlass and riveted the key of the shackle. They transhipped their clothing and what was left of the provisions. They also took the log-book and charts, compass, empty outer chronometer-case,—which Elisha handled tenderly and officiously by its strap in full view of the captives,—windlass-brakes, tool-chest, deck-tools, axes, handspikes, heavers, boat-hooks, belaying-pins, and everything in the shape of weapon or missile by which disgruntled Englishmen could do harm to the schooner or their rescuers.

Then they passed the rescued ones down to the schooner, and Martin told them where they would find the iron kettle for boiling codfish, with the additional information that with skill and ingenuity they could make fish-balls in the same kettle.

Martin had reported a plenitude of provisions, and had anathematized the lying captain and steward; and Amos had declared his belief that, with careful economy in the use of coal, they could steam to the American coast with the supply in the bunkers; so they did not take any of the codfish, and the hawsers, valuable as fuel in case of a shortage, were left where they would be more valuable as evidence against the lawless, incompetent Englishmen. And they also left the dories, all but one, for reasons in Elisha's mind which he did not state at the time.

They removed the bonds of one man—who released the others—and cast off the fastenings; then, with Amos and a picked crew of pupils in the boat's vitals, they went ahead and dropped the prison-hulk back to the full length of the chain, while the furious curses of the prisoners troubled the air. They found a little difficulty in steering by the winch and deck-compass (they would have mended the tiller-ropes with a section of backstay had they not bargained otherwise), but finally mastered the knack, and headed westerly.

You cannot take an Englishman's ship from under him—homeward bound and close to port—and drag him to sea again on a diet of salt codfish without impinging on his sanity. When day broke they looked and saw the hawsers slipping over the schooner's rail, and

afterward a fountain of fish arising from her hatches to follow the hawsers overboard.

"What 's de game, I wunner?" asked Martin. "Tryin' to starve deyselves?"

"Dunno," answered Elisha, with a serious expression. "They 're not doin' it for nothin'. They 're wavin' their hats at us. Somethin' on their minds."

"We 'll jes let 'em wave. We 'll go 'long 'bout our business."

So they went at eight knots an hour, for, try as he might, Amos could get no more out of the engine. "She 's a divil to chew up coal," he explained; "we may have to burn the boat yet."

"Hope not," said Elisha. "'Tween you and me, Amos, this is a desperate bluff we 're makin', an' if we go to destroyin' property we may get no credit for savin' it. We 'd have no chance in the English courts at all, but it 's likely an American judge 'u'd recognize our original position—our bargain to steer her in."

"Too bad 'bout that tarred cable of ours," rejoined Amos; "three days' good fuel in that, I calculate."

"Well, it 's gone with the codfish, and the fact is properly entered in the log as barratrous conduct on the part of the skipper. Enough to prove him insane."

And further to strengthen this possible aspect of the case, Elisha found a blank space on the leaf of the log-book which recorded the first meeting and bargain to tow, and filled it with the potential sentence, "Steamer's commander acts strangely." For a well-kept log-book is excellent testimony in court.

Elisha's knowledge of navigation did not enable him to project a course on the great circle—the shortest track between two points on the earth's surface, and the route taken by steamers; but he possessed a fairly practical and ingenious mind, and with a flexible steel straight-edge rule, and a classroom globe in the skipper's room, laid out his course between the lane-routes of the liners, which he would need to vary daily, as it was not wise to court investigation. But he signaled to two passing steamships for Greenwich time, and set his watch, obtaining its rate of correction by the second favor, and with this, and his surely correct latitude by meridian observation, he hoped to make an accurate landfall in home waters.

And so the hours went by, with their captives waving caps ceaselessly, until the third day's sun arose to show them an empty deck on the schooner, over a dozen specks far astern and to the southward, and an eastbound steamship on their port bow. The specks could be nothing but the dories, and they were evidently trying to intercept the steamship. Elisha yelled in delight.

"They 've abandoned ship—just what I hoped for—in the dories. They 've no case at all now."

"But what for, Elisha?" asked Martin. "They mus' be hungry, I think."

"Mebbe, or else they think that liner, who can stop only to save life,—carries the mails, you see,—will turn round and put 'em in charge here. Why, nothin' but an English man-o'-war could do that now."

They saw the steamship slow down, while the black specks flocked up to her, and then go on her way. And they went on theirs; but three days later they had reasoned out a better explanation of the Englishmen's conduct. Martin came on deck with a worried face, and announced that, running short of salt meat in the harness-cask, he had broken out the barrels of beef, pork, and hard bread that he had counted upon, and found their contents absolutely uneatable—far gone in putrescence, alive with crawling things.

"Must ha' thought he was fitting out a Yankee hell-ship when he bought this," said Elisha, in disgust, as he looked into the ill-smelling barrels. "Overboard with it, boys!"

Overboard went the provisions; for starving animals could not eat of them, and the odor permeated the ship. They resigned themselves to a gloomy outlook—gloomier when Amos reported that the coal in the bunkers would last only two days longer. He had been mistaken, he said. He had calculated to run compound engines with Scotch boilers, not a full-powered blast-furnace with six inches of scale on the crown-sheets.

"And they knew this," groaned Elisha. "That 's why they chucked the stuff overboard—to bring us to terms, and never thinkin' they 'd starve first. They were dead luny, but we 're lunier."

They stopped the engines and visited the schooner in the dory. Not a scrap of food was there, and the fish-kettle was scraped bright. They returned and went on. With plenty of coal there was still six days' run ahead to New York. How many days with wood fuel, chopped on empty stomachs and burned in coal-furnaces, they could not guess. But they went to work. There were three axes, two top-mauls, and several handspikes and pinch-bars aboard, and with these they attacked bulkheads and spare wood-

work, and fed the fires with the fragments; for a glance down the hatches had shown them nothing more combustible and detachable in the cargo than a few layers of railroad iron, which covered and blocked the openings to the lower hold.

With the tools at hand they could not supply the rapacious fires fast enough to keep up steam, and the engines slowed to a five-knot rate. As this would not maintain a sufficient tension on the dragging schooner to steer by, they were forced to sacrifice the best item in their claim for salvage: they spliced the tiller-ropes and steered from the pilot-house. They would have sacrificed the schooner, too, for Amos complained bitterly of the load on the engines; but Elisha would not hear of it. She was the last evidence in their favor now, their last connection with respectability.

"She and the pavement o' ——," he growled fiercely, "are all we 've got to back us up. Without proof we 're pirates under the law."

However, he made no entry in the log of the splicing, trusting that a chance would come in port to remove the section of wire rope with which they had joined the broken ends.

And, indeed, it seemed that their claim was dwindling. The chronometer which they were to use for the steamer's benefit was lost; the tow-line which they were to furnish had been given back to them; the course to New York which they chalked out had not been accepted; the abandoning of their ship by the Englishmen was clearly enforced by the pressure of their presence; and now they had been forced themselves to cancel from the claim the schooner's value as a necessary drag behind the steamer, by substituting a three hours' splicing-job, worth five dollars in a rigging-loft, and possibly fifty if bargained for at sea. Nothing was left them now but their good intentions, duly entered in the log-book.

But fate, and the stupid understanding of some one or two of them, decreed that their good intentions also should be taken from them. The log-book disappeared, and the strictest search failing to bring it to light, the conclusion was reached that it had been fed to the fires among the wreckage of the skipper's room and furniture. They blasphemed to the extent that the occasion required, and there was civil war for a time, while the suspected ones were being punished; then they drew what remaining comfort they could from burning the steamer's log-book and track-chart, which contained data conflicting with their position in the case, and resumed their labors.

Martin had raked and scraped together enough food to give them two scant meals; but these eaten, starvation began. The details of their suffering need not be given. They chopped, hammered, and pried in hunger and fear, and with lessening strength, while the days passed by—fortunately spared the torture of thirst, for there was plenty of water in the tanks. Upheld by the dominating influence of Elisha, Martin, and Amos, they stripped the upper works and fed to the fires every door and sash, every bulkhead and wooden partition, all chairs, stools, and tables, cabin berths and forecastle bunks. Then they attempted sending down the topmasts, but gave it up for lack of strength to get mast-ropes aloft, and attacked instead the boats on the chocks, of which there were four.

It was no part of the plan to ask help of passing craft and have their distressed condition taken advantage of; but when the hopelessness of the fight at last appealed to the master spirits, they consented to the signaling of an east-bound steamer, far to the northward, in the hope of getting food. So the English ensign, union down, was again flown from the gaff. It was at a time when Elisha could not stand up at the wheel, when Amos at the engines could not have reversed them, when Martin, man of iron, staggered weakly around among the rest, and struck them with a pump-brake, keeping them at work. (They would strive under the blows, and sit down when he had passed.) But the flag was not seen; a haze arose between the two craft and thickened to fog.

By Elisha's reckoning they were on the Banks now, about a hundred miles due south from Cape Sable, and nearer to Boston than to Halifax; otherwise he might have made for the latter port and defied alien prejudice. But the fog continued, and it was not port they were looking for now; it was help, food: they were working for life, not salvage, and, wasting no steam, they listened for whistles or fog-horns, but heard none near enough to be answered by their weak voices.

And so the boat, dragging the dismal mockery behind her, plodded and groped her way on the course which Elisha had shaped for Boston, while man after man dropped in his tracks, refusing to rise, and those left nourished the fires as they could until the afternoon of the third day of fog, when the thumping, struggling engines halted,

started, made a half-revolution, and came to a dead stop. Amos crawled on deck and forward to the bridge, where, with Elisha's help, he dragged on the whistle-rope, and dissipated the remaining steam in a wheezy, gasping howl, which lasted about a half-minute. It was answered by a furious siren-blast from directly astern, and out of the fog at twenty knots an hour came a mammoth black steamer. Seeming to heave the small tramp out of the way with her bow wave, she roared by at six feet distance, and in ten seconds they were looking at her vanishing stern. But ten minutes later the stern appeared in view, as the liner backed toward them. The reversed English ensign still hung at the gaff, and the starving men, some prostrate on the deck, some clinging to the rails, unable to shout, had pointed to the flag of distress and beckoned as the big ship rushed by.

"THERE 's a chance," said the captain of this liner to the pilot, as he rejoined him on the bridge an hour later, "of international complications over this case, and I may have to lose a trip to testify. That 's the *Afghan Prince* and consort that I was telling you about. Strange, is n't it, that I should pick up these fellows after picking up the legitimate crew going east? I don't know which crew was the hungriest. The real crew charge this crowd with piracy. By George! it 's rather funny."

"And these men," said the pilot, with a laugh, "would have claimed salvage?"

"Yes, and had a good claim, too, for effort expended; but they 've offset it by their violence. Their chance was good in the English courts, if they 'd only allowed the steamer to go on; and then, too, they abandoned her in a more dangerous position than where they found her. You see, they met her off Nantucket with sea-room, and nothing wrong with her but broken tiller-ropes, and they quit her here close to Sandy Hook, in a fog, more than likely to hit the beach before morning. Then, in that case, she belongs to the owners or underwriters."

"Why did n't they make Boston?" asked the pilot.

"Tried to, but overran their distance. Chronometer must have been 'way out. I talked to the one who navigated, and found that he 'd never thought of allowing for local attraction,—did n't happen to run against the boat's deviation table,—and so, with all that railway iron below hatches, he fetched clear o' Nantucket, and 'way in here."

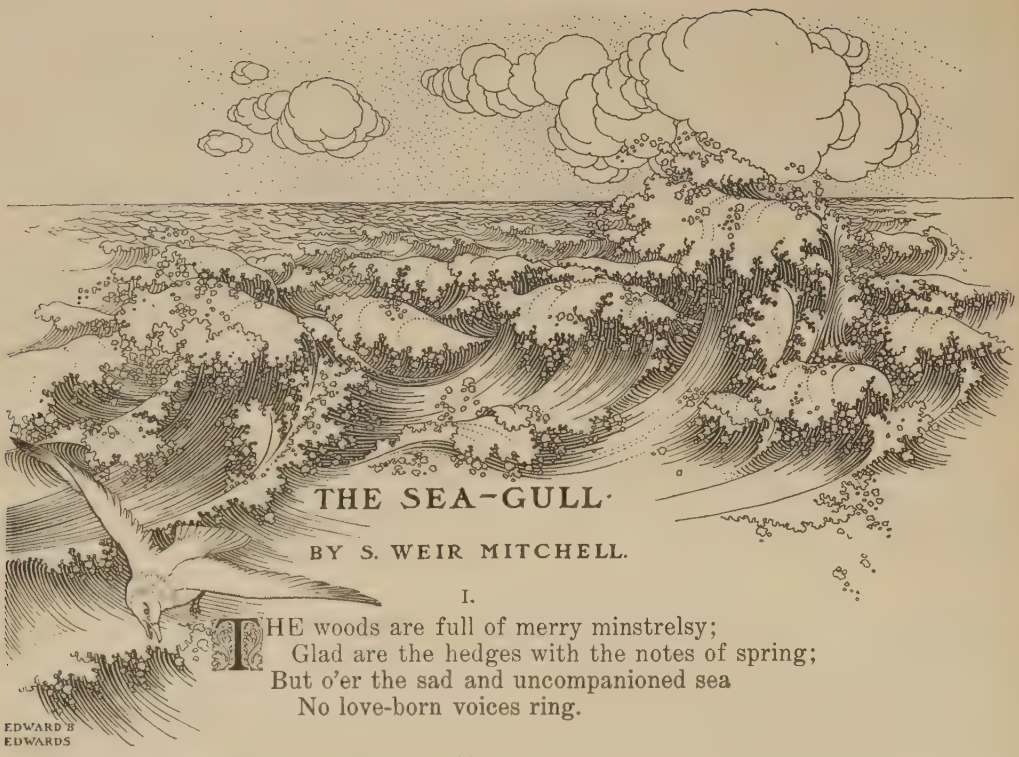
"That 's tough. The salvage of that steamer would make them rich, would n't it? And I think they 'd have got it if they could have held out."

"Yes; think they would. But here 's another funny thing about it. They need n't have starved, they need n't have chopped her to pieces for fuel. I just remember now; her skipper told me there was good anthracite coal in her hold, and Chicago canned meats, Minnesota flour, beef, pork, and all sorts of good grub. He carried some of the rails between-deck for steadying ballast, and I suppose it prevented them looking farther. And now they 'll lose their salvage, and perhaps have to pay it on their own schooner if anything comes along and picks them up. That 's the craft that 'll get the salvage."

"Not likely," said the pilot; "not in this fog, and the wind and sea rising. I 'll give 'em six hours to fetch up on the Jersey coast. A mail contract with the government is sometimes a nuisance, is n't it, captain? How many years would it take you to save money to equal your share of the salvage if you had yanked that tramp and the schooner into New York?"

"It would take more than one lifetime," answered the captain, a little sadly. "A skipper on a mail-boat is the biggest fool that goes to sea."

The liner did not reach quarantine until after sundown, hence remained there through the night. As she was lifting her anchor in the morning, preparatory to steaming up to her dock, the crew of the *Rosebud*, refreshed by food and sleep, but still weak and nerveless, came on deck to witness a harrowing sight. The *Afghan Prince* was coming toward the anchorage before a brisk southeast wind. Astern of her, held by the heavy iron chain, was their schooner. Moored to her, one on each side, were two garbage-scows, and at the head of the parade, pretending to tow them all—puffing, rolling, and smoking in the effort to keep a strain on the tow-line—and tooting joyously with her whistle, was a little, dingy tug-boat with a large gilt name on her pilot-house—*J. C. Hawks.*



THE SEA-GULL.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

I.

THE woods are full of merry minstrelsy;
Glad are the hedges with the notes of spring;
But o'er the sad and uncompanioned sea
No love-born voices ring.

II.

Gray mariner of every ocean clime,
If I could wander on as sure a wing,
Or beat with yellow web thy pathless sea,
I too might cease to sing.

III.

Would I could share thy silver-flashing swoop,
Thy steady poise above the bounding deep,
Or buoyant float with thine instinctive trust,
Rocked in a dreamless sleep.

IV.

Thine is the heritage of simple things,
The untasked liberty of sea and air,
Some tender yearning for the peopled nest,
Thy only freight of care.

V.

Thou hast no forecast of the morrow's need,
No bitter memory of yesterdays;
Nor stirs thy thought that airy sea o'erhead,
Nor ocean's soundless ways.

VI.

Thou silent raider of the abounding sea,
Intent and resolute, ah, who may guess
What primal notes of gladness thou hast lost
In this vast loneliness!

VII.

Where bides thy mate? On some lorn ocean rock
Seaward she watches. Hark! the one shrill cry,
Strident and harsh, across the wave shall be
Her welcome—thy reply.

VIII.

When first thy sires, with joy-discovered flight,
High on exultant pinions sped afar,
Had they no cry of gladness or of love,
No bugle note of war?

IX.

What gallant song their happy treasury held,
Such as the pleasant woodland folk employ,
The lone sea thunder quelled. Thou hast one note
For love, for hate, for joy.

X.

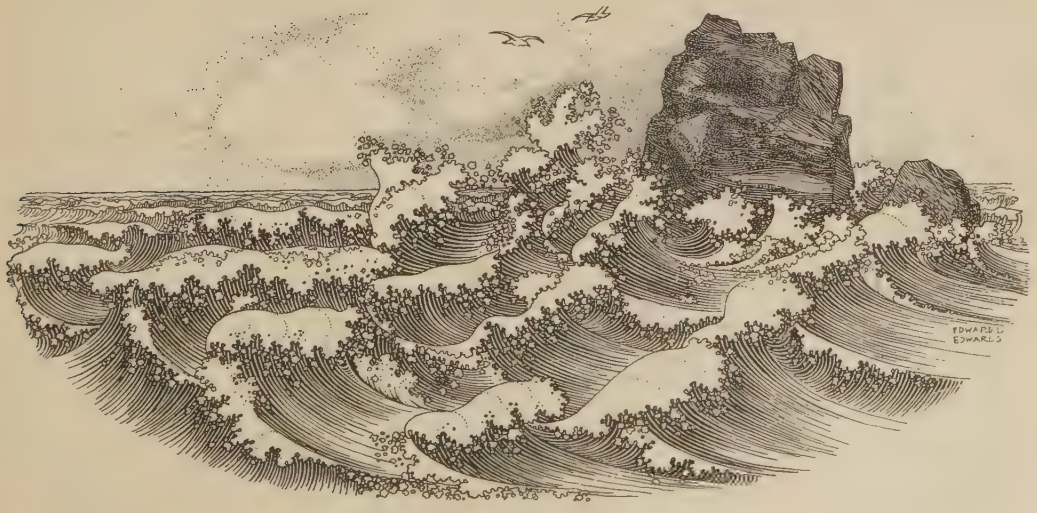
Yet who that hears this stormy organ voice
Would not, like them, at last be hushed and stilled,
Were all his days through endless ages past
With this stern music filled?

XI.

What matters it? Ah, not alone are loved
Leaf-cloistered poets who can woo in song.
Home to the wild-eyed! Home! She will not miss
The music lost so long.

XII.

Home! for the night wind signals, "Get thee home";
Home, hardy admiral of the rolling deep;
Home from the foray! Home! That silenced song
Love's endless echoes keep.



CRUISING UP THE YANGTSZE.[1]

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE,
Author of "Jinrikisha Days," "Java, the Garden of the East," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN AND OTTO H. BACHER, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

ABOVE Hankow the Yangtsze River tests all of a fresh-water navigator's skill and patience; and changing to small, light-draft steamers, we were three days in accomplishing the four hundred miles to I-chang, sounding and feeling the way among sand-bars by day, and anchoring at night.

The picturesque old walled town of Yochau, at the edge of Tung-ting Lake, was declared an open port in April, 1898; but its people have a bad name, and its future only a stormy promise. The Hunan brave is the most disorderly of all Chinese; Hunan literati have sent out the shameful pamphlets and led the anti-foreign crusades for years; and Hunan has so reeked with the blood of martyred priests for a century past that, had France been so disposed, she might have taken possession of the whole province, and, indeed, all the provinces of China, *more Germanico*, long ago. The opening of Yochau, with the free navigation of this inland sea of three hundred square miles, secures great prosperity for the region, and some illumination for its bigoted and unreasonable people. An old trade route crosses from the lake by the Meiling Pass to the river above Canton. On great Kiu Shan, or Golden Island, tea-culture has been made the finest art, and this tea, possessing, along with other virtues, the gift of longevity, is all reserved for the Emperor of China. The first crop of this choice tea of immortality would be worth eight Mexican dollars a pound, by commercial estimates, if it could be bought; but the priests guard each sacred leaf-bud, and send it all to Peking, though, by common gossip in the Purple Forbidden City, the emperor drinks something less rare. The argument in that imperial topsy-turvydom is that, as the emperor never visits any one or drinks any one else's tea, he cannot know the difference, and that if the Kiu Shan tea was ever exhausted, heads would fall when a substitute was offered.

Above the outlet of Tung-ting Lake, the Yangtsze is a broad, shallow, wandering stream, half the volume of the river being diverted through the lake by a canal at its western end. The lead was swung, and the monotonous chant of the man at the line rang all afternoon, and the tiniest of steam-launches skimmed the surface like a frantic water-insect, the pilot probing the mud with a bamboo pole, and marking the six-foot channel by a line of staves.

The next day there were the same monotonous mud-banks again, protective dikes that run for three hundred miles above Hankow. Country-folk used the embankment as a highway, processions of men, women, and children, buffaloes, pack-horses, carts, and sledges filing along in silhouette against the sky. Lone and ragged fishermen inhabited burrows in the bank, or from a platform over the water worked big, square dip-nets by levers; and for fifty times that I watched the big, square cobweb drop beneath the waters, once a small silverfish was dipped up. Children with flying pigtails, as near to young apes as their earliest ancestors could have been, shrieked at the fire-boat, and ran along to watch the foreigners on deck. "Look! see! Look! see!" they screamed joyfully; and "Foreign devil! oh, foreign devil!" they bawled, with menacing gestures. "Oh, give me a bottle! Quick! Give me a bottle, foreign devil!" other frantic ones cried. Chinese passengers on the lower deck found amusement in holding out bottles to induce the poor, tired little apes to run for miles along the mud-banks, only to have the boat veer away to the baboon laughter of the inhuman teasers of the wretched little country-children, to whom a glass bottle is a treasure. In revenge, the children have learned to fasten a mud ball on the end of a bamboo, and with a quick jerk shoot the pellet to the steamer-decks. The fusillade

[1] See also "The River of Tea," in the preceding number of THE CENTURY.

is unpleasant, often dangerous; and as the young imps master the science of projectiles, there are bits of inshore navigation beset with uncharted perils.

We came to larger towns with stone embankments, conspicuous temples, and yamuns where inverted fish-baskets on tall poles proclaimed the official residence. When we reached the Taiping Canal, which cuts away to Tung-ting Lake and drains the Yangtsze of half its flood, the lonely river was enlivened. Here two great trade routes, the land route from north to south, and the river route from west to east, cross. Great Szechuen cargo-junks came down with the current, their chanting crews steering by a broad projecting sweep or oar at the bows, and great junks went up, sailing and tracking, with gangs of ragged creatures straining at their bricole thongs, like the beasts of burden they are. Brown sails and blue-and-white striped sails ornamented the water, and hills beyond hills rose in the west, with needle-spired pagodas pricking the sunset sky, and bold headlands coming to the river's bank. It was six o'clock and all blue-black darkness when we crept close to the twinkling lights of Shashi's bund, and dropped the heaviest anchors. The current races there at the rate of several miles an hour, and passenger-boats that ventured out for prey came whirling at us broadside on, stern first, bow first, any way at all, and banged the steamer's hull alarmingly. A hundred boatmen squawked, screeched, and chattered madly, and if one of them failed to grapple the chains and lines along the free-board at the moment, the current swept him astern and far down-stream before he could recover headway with the oars. The frantic ki-yi-ings of these disappointed ones, swept away into distant darkness, filled the night air along with the noises on shore.

Shashi is an old city with a deservedly bad name. The opening of this port was secured by the Japanese in the treaty of Shimonoseki (1895), and as soon as a Japanese consulate could be built, the Shashi spirit broke out and the building was destroyed, the four ringleader assailants afterward executed, the consulate rebuilt at local expense, and further concessions granted in reparation. The customs officers, occupying house-boats moored to the bund, barely escaped with their lives, and the floating British consulate was set adrift and with difficulty rescued from burning. The town is behind the embankment, and one sees only a few roofs to tell of a city of seventy-three thousand inhabitants; but Shashi is, after all, only the port and place of junk transhipment for King-chau, the provincial capital, which lies back from the river a mile above the rowdy water-town.

We had toiled three hundred miles upstream to reach this great cross-roads of provincial trade, yet we could have returned to Hankow by a hundred-mile journey, either on foot or by boat, through a line of creeks and small canals. For a last day we had bright, mild December sunshine. Mud-banks gave way to clay and gravel banks, and conglomerate, red sandstone, and limestone cropped out. Fields were green with winter wheat, tallow-trees glowed with rich red autumnal foliage, and men in dull blue garments at work on those trees added another color-note to the picture. Pagodas spired the crests of near and distant hills. Temples, dagobas, and shrines told of the great religion which came by this route from Tibet and India. The Yangtsze is a broad, deep stream in this upper limestone region; the landscape is attractive; and the Tiger Tooth Gorge, first in scenic attractions, was followed by a remarkable natural or fairy bridge spanning a ravine between two rocky hills. Four miles below I-chang and a mile back from the river, a palisade wall rises a sheer thousand feet, extends for a mile or more, and the Chih Fu Shan monastery crowns a pinnacle rock that is joined to the palisade wall by a masonry bridge. This neglected old Buddhist fane is as remarkable as any of Thessaly's "monasteries in the air," and one needs a clear head and steady nerves to walk, or be carried in an open "hill-chair," up the narrow goat-path on the rock's face and along a knife-edged ridge, and across "the bridge in the sky" to the needle rock. There is a dizzier path still up rock-hewn staircases around to the monastery door. A few miserably poor and ignorant priests crouch on the summit of the rock. The altars are stripped and deserted, and imagination must supply any legends or splendors attaching to this aërial shrine.

A great graveyard extends from I-chang's city walls for a mile along the river-bank and a half-mile inland, and the foreign settlement is in the midst of this gruesome suburb. French, Scotch, Canadian, and American mission establishments, the consulates, customs buildings, and a few hongs, all solid brick-and-stone buildings in high-walled compounds, constitute the settlement, which dates from 1887, although

conceded as an open port in the Chifu convention of 1876. The foreigners even manage to play golf in this graveyard, a course of a thousand bunkers and hazards, with fine drives insured from teeing-grounds fixed on certain superior mandarin mounds.

I-chang, one thousand miles from the sea, and in the shadow of the great central mountain-range, which crosses China from Siam to the Amur, is the head of steam-navigation and port of transhipment for all the products arriving from the provinces beyond the range. The famous gorges and rapids of the Yangtsze begin there, the river running through the Mountains of the Seven Gates, as its flood has cut seven deep cañons through the uplifted rocks, and carved their walls to a scenic panorama for the four hundred miles between I-chang and Chung-king. Despite conventions and promises, I-chang remained the end of steam-navigation for twenty years after the privilege of such navigation was conceded on the Upper Yangtsze. Obstructive mandarins resorted to every subterfuge and device to prevent the march of progress and the inevitable end of their extortions, and even that arch-pretender to progress, Li Hung Chang, gravely assured negotiators that the monkeys on the banks would throw stones at the steamers in the gorges, and he could not let foreigners run such risks! The privilege of steam-navigation on the upper river was again conceded in the treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895, but clumsy junks and *kwatsze* continued to mount the rapids at the end of bamboo tow-ropes, with all navigation suspended in the weeks of flood, until, in March, 1898, Mr. Archibald Little, who had clung to the intention for twenty years, took a small steamer to Chung-king. In June, 1898, the free navigation of all waterways was enjoyed through British diplomacy, and steam-whistles have echoed in all the great gorges.

The prize in view on the Upper Yangtsze has been the trade of Szechuen, the richest, most fertile, and best-governed province of China, the twenty million inhabitants of which have been praised by every traveler from Marco Polo to the present day of Lord Charles Beresford's commercial mission. Szechuen's fertile plains and valleys have earned it the name of "the Granary of China," and proverbs relate that "Szechuen grows more grain in one year than it can consume in ten years," and the boast is made that "you never see an ill-dressed man from Szechuen." It is one of the great silk provinces, and the seat of opium-culture in China, patches of poppies flaunting in the gorges, and great plains and valleys above ablaze with the seductive flowers which furnish three fourths of China's opium-supply.

With the assistance of all kindly and hospitable I-chang,—and they offered and brought, sent and lent and gave, every possible thing that could be thought of for our comfort,—our kwatsze, a lumbering Noah's ark of a house-boat, got away late in the afternoon of our first day ashore. On a flatboat fifty feet long a two-room cabin had been built amidships, leaving a space at the bows for the crew to work, cook, sleep, and eat, and a space behind the cabin where our boy and cook lived and worked, dodging the sweep of a giant tiller, which reached up above the roof of our cabin, where the master stood to command the craft. A projecting cabin at the stern, the most ridiculous flying-poop, was the captain's cabin, where he immured a rather pretty, flat-faced wife with small feet and a dirty blue coat, whose life seemed spent in sitting on a stool and smiling at space.

This tipsy, top-heavy, crazy craft was ours for so much each day that we chose to keep it, and a crew of ten men were engaged to take us the thirty-nine miles to Kui, through the three greatest scenic gorges and back, any farther travel a matter of fresh bargain, the whole expense of boat, crew, provisions, and gratuities for the week's trip being less than thirty dollars in silver. All books of Yangtsze travel are full of delayed starts and long waits by the way because of the dilatory and missing cook, and we were complacent at sight of our chef smilingly picking duck-feathers as we poled out into the stream, to cross and tie up far from city temptations, and enter the I-chang Gorge at sunrise. While we had tea the boatmen crept up and in among the maze of junks off the city-front, and began to make fast for the night. Then we found that a cook in the boat was not everything. The captain was not on board—buying rice, the substitute said, and plainly intending to put us through all that our predecessors had endured of missing crews and delayed starts. The captain's "cousin," a Szechuen soldier with the word "brave" sewed in gory red letters on the back of his coat, was playing captain overhead, and, at our discovery of the situation, went leaping along from junk to anchored junk to find his relative. We held parley with our companion kwatsze, and to the amazement of the crew, they found themselves rowing across the river and tying

up to the bank beyond the other fishers' village. We had a delightful dinner on board, as regularly ordered and perfectly served as if on shore; and in our snug fore-cabin, with its carved and gilded partitions and window-frames, our rug portières and American oil-stove to offset the pitiless drafts of river-damp, we congratulated ourselves on a first naval victory. At daylight the lost captain himself roused the crew, the octogenarian fo'c's'le cook dealt them bowls of rice and green stuff, the braided bamboo ropes were uncoiled, and the draft-creatures began hauling us up-stream. The captain greeted us smilingly, without embarrassment or apologies, and no strained relations followed the incident of the night before; but the Szechuen soldier with his red-lettered, decorative back was missing, still hunting for the lost captain on the other shore.

The first or I-chang Gorge begins two miles above the city, the river, narrowed to less than three hundred yards, flowing for nine miles in a deep chasm five hundred and a thousand feet deep. Two great conglomerate cliffs form an entrance gateway, at one side of which a torrent has cut out the picturesque San Yu Tung Ravine, at the mouth of which I-chang residents maintain a summer club on a large house-boat moored in the cool drafts of the gorge. There is a cave-temple of great antiquity in the side-wall of this ravine, and by following a path along rock-hewn shelves and through tunneled archways that furnished three gateways of defense in militant times, one comes to the broad balustraded space at the front of the shrine, a noble *loge* commanding a set scene of classic Chinese landscape, the very crags and clefts and stunted trees of ancient kakemono. The cave arches back in a great vault with a central column or supporting mass, and in the farther darkness there is a sanctuary full of gilded images, guarded by carved dragons, gnomes, and fantastic bird-creatures, that peer out from dark crevices. Poems and inscriptions are carved on the walls, and incense-burners, urns, and bells tell of better days when Buddhism flourished from Tibet to the sea. The few poor priests boil their miserable messes of pottage, and live in small chambers at one side of the vaulted hall—mere dens and caves, which, half lighted on that sunless side of the ravine, are comfortably cool in summer and as cold as Siberia in winter.

The I-chang Gorge cuts straight westward for five or six miles, and then turns at a right angle northward, an arrowy reach between gray, purple, and yellowed limestone walls overhung with the richest vegetation. Tiny orchards and orange-groves are niched between the buttresses of these storied strata walls, and cling to terraces; quarries and lime-kilns show, and mud houses are left behind, stone huts and houses being cheaper beside the quarry than the wattle and dab of the plains. Brown junks floated in mid-stream, and junks with square and butterfly and striped sails were dwarfed at the foot of the cliffs. All day our trackers strained at the braided bamboo ropes, crawling up and down and over rocks where bamboo hawsers have cut deep, polished grooves in the conglomerate and limestone banks by the friction of centuries. Lookout men at the water's edge kept the line free from rocks, throwing it off from any projections, and wading out to release it from hidden snags. Where foothold was wanting, the trackers scrambled on board and rowed around the obstacle or across stream to tracking-ground again. Their whole performance was the burlesque of navigation, the climax of stupidities, and nothing ingenious or practical seems to have resulted from the three thousand years of "swift-water" navigation on the Upper Yangtsze. The ridiculous, top-heavy, tilting kwatsze is wholly unsuited to such a flood-river, and the trackers tow by a rope fastened to the top of the mast, as on the Peiho, the mast shivering, springing, and resounding all the while. They rowed us with poles, round sapling stems held to the gunwale by a string or straw loop, and it was a marvel that the kwatsze responded to these bladeless oars, even when all hands, including the cook, rowed madly, screaming and stamping in chorus, and the captain on the roof raging and shrieking, and threatening to drop through upon us. The kwatsze would reel and wabble, gain by inches, and round the ripple or point, and the ragamuffin crew would drop off with the tow-line and fasten it by a flat metal button at the end of their bricole thongs. With a deft loop, that can be detached with the least slackening, the cotton thongs hold firmly to the slippery cable. In all these thousands of years they have never learned to "line up," either by a capstan on board or a winch on shore, nor to invent other compelling swift-water fashions of the Nile, the St. Lawrence, the Snake, the Columbia, or the Stickeen. Some years ago Admiral Ho was ordered to these river precincts, where lawlessness had been rife, and

he, unprecedented in this century in China, took an interest in his work, and attempted to better things. He established a system of life-boat patrol in the gorges, and his little red rowboats waiting above and below rapids and eddies, and moving alongshore to render assistance, had a salutary effect on the wild river-folk. Any traveler of distinction,—and all foreigners are that,—or "explorer" in the by-parts of Asia, can have a life-boat detailed to accompany his kwatsze through the gorges, adding to his prestige, compelling precedence, and insuring safety at the river-towns, where the scum of the Yangtsze rob and batter at every opportunity. Admiral Ho, moreover, compiled a "Traveler's Guide to the Upper Yangtsze," which pictures the river's surface from I-chang to Chung-king, with the profile of each bank as seen from the water, and gives pilots directions for every rock and eddy.

We varied our time in the lower end of I-chang Gorge by many walks ashore, where familiar flowers and leaves grew among the strange plants, and bouquets of bittersweet, wild chrysanthemums, asters, and maiden-hair ferns went to our cabin tables. Where the water trickles through beds of spongy sandstone, the whole rock face is covered with a fine mantle of ferns, and this soft stone, cut off in slabs, makes a fairy fern wall or wainscoting in garden-spaces and conservatories at I-chang. In midsummer, when the river is in flood, and the accumulated rain and melted snows cannot race through the gorges fast enough, weeks pass without a craft showing off Pin-shan-pa, as deserted a river as the Fraser in its cañons, although the Yangtsze above I-chang presents no greater difficulties than the Snake, the Upper Columbia, the Stickeen, and other swift-water rivers of the United States, and the sheik of the first cataract of the Nile and a Lachine pilot would scorn the small ripples in these Chinese gorges.

The I-chang Gorge seems to end in a cul-de-sac, a vertical barrier-wall blocking the cañon squarely; but we turned a sharp point, and saw a narrower and deeper gorge cutting straight to the face of another transverse barrier. This upper end of I-chang Gorge, flooded with the golden sunlight of an autumn afternoon, each bank lined with processions of striped and tilting sails, and the great walls rising sheer two or three thousand feet, was one of the most beautiful pictures that I can remember. The western wall was bold and precipitous, the eastern barrier broken by fantastic pinnacles, needles, spires, and arches, with natural bridges, cave-temples, and great rock inscriptions on its face. The natural or fairy bridge, from which a pious hermit flew directly to the sky, once led to a great temple, which marked where the ancient four kingdoms met. The steep wall of rock at the end of the gorge was topped by a second ridge, and a further, higher pinnacle aspired to the very sky, capped with a white temple that played hide-and-seek with us among the gorges for the next three days.

As there was no foothold on the rock walls of the upper gorge, sail was spread, and the ridiculous oars went hit and splash to a frenzied chorus, every man stamping and shrieking, and the captain on the roof outdoing them all as we worked against the current. A puff of wind filled the sail, and the crew dropped their pole-oars, and crouched on their heels to rest. Suddenly a mournful "Ki-yi," the wail of a Sioux brave, was given by the most leather-lunged ragamuffin of the lot; and all the rest let off ki-yis and war-whoops, together, singly, and at intervals, without moving from their "stand-at-ease" position. "Why do they make that noise?" I asked our boy; and after much gabbling with the band of water-braves, he answered for them: "To make wind come. He talkee wind-joss." But the wind-joss was inattentive, and at every swirling stretch they had to row and stamp their way again.

The I-chang Gorge has an even finer gateway entrance at the upper end than where it opens to the Hu-peh plain; and as we passed through the stupendous gates, the great columnar "Needle of Heaven" spired the north bank, and the last of sunset glory filled the valley ahead. Beyond Nanto village, where the smooth, oily river was olive and purple as it swirled around black boulders, we crossed the sheeny stretch, and made fast bow- and stern-lines to stakes driven in the sandy shore. The kwatsze was braced off from shore by the longest poles to guard against a sudden fall of the river in the night grounding us on sharp rocks that would pierce the thin hull. We dined in quiet after the exciting day of landscapes and navigation, having covered twelve miles in twelve hours of frantic exertion. The trackers had a fifth round of rice and greens, rigged up a mat awning over the bows, produced some ragged quilts from the hold, and laid themselves in close mummy rows on the deck-planks for the night.

In early starlight a cock, which was part of our live provisions in the forecastle's

depths beneath the sleeping crew, let off a resounding pæan from its dark prison, and we could hear old Wrinkles, the venerable river-cook, snap the twigs, start his charcoal fire, and begin his day's routine of washing and boiling rice. In that deathly, breathless stillness every sound told, and we could follow his processes as well as if we saw them. many rocks, and from the breakfast-table we watched the trackers straining at the lines, heads hanging forward and arms swinging uselessly from their brute bodies as they hung in harness. Surely, in all the scale of lower humanity, no creature can be sunk to such a mere brute life and occupation as a Yangtsze tracker.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT OF I-CHANG AND THE GRAVEYARD GOLF-LINKS.

Later we saw red life-boats and fishermen's boats hanging around the rocks in the stream, and a gray-and-white stork, posing on single leg, stretched itself and idly floated away; another and another stork launched itself off, until their line in the sky against the crags completed the ideal Chinese landscape picture. Huge cargo-junks came by, veritable ships or caravels of Columbian cut, with seventy and a hundred trackers straining in leash and yelping as they ran, their masters or drivers running beside them, beating the air and the sand, with feints at belaboring them, and rivaling our captain in the flow of frenzied vituperations. Their tow-lines cleared our mast by a toss, or were dropped and drawn under our keel with a drubbing noise that was a novelty to nerves in navigation. There was swift water there among

In this Egyptian valley of sand and boulders our dahabiyeh came early to the temple of the red dragon, Hwang Ling Miao, built high above the sand-levels, with an attendant village spread below it, where all the wants of junks and trackers may be supplied. Sand terraces held rows of houses, sheds, and booths on stilts, where bean-curd, dried fish, meat, fowls, eggs, rice, vegetables, and charcoal tempted one, while rope-weavers on high platforms like dove-cotes or martin-boxes braided stiff bamboo strands into the shining yellow ropes that are so nearly indestructible. Bamboo ropes do not rot or fray like hemp or cotton, and water and dampness only improve their qualities. The strands for weaving and the coils of finished cable are kept buried in wet sand, and it is usually only the old, dry, and brittle bamboo rope

that snaps under sudden strain. The country-people carried their burdens in deep baskets on their backs like Koreans. An old priest took us in the temple's side-gate, and showed us the great columned hall, with its gilded shrine guarded by carved dragons writhing in chase of jeweled balls. There was an inner sanctuary and court, with curious plants, a few fine vases, and incense-burners before the altar; but the living spark, the splendor and dignity of the great religion, had departed from Hwang Ling Miao.

The autumn nights were chill and damp in the gorges, but the days were those of the most perfect Indian summer, a mild, warm, golden air filling all space, soft September hazes hanging in the distance; and after the radiant, glowing yellow afternoons there were sunset pageants that lifted the Yang-tsze gorges to higher scenic rank in one's mind than they perhaps deserve.

over and between great rocks. Our turn came, and we swung out and crept up the foaming incline, and all afternoon we inched along up this reach of rapids, with moments of suspense and hairbreadth escapes; and just as we rounded the danger-point, with a last tug and yell from the trackers, the mast at our door-sill gave way, toppling shoreward with the strain, and nearly carrying the cabin with it. Then bedlam was ten times let loose; but somehow, in the general chaos of things, we were drawn slowly inshore and on into a snug little bight cut back into the high sand-bank. It was then sunset, the glowing west hidden by the purple precipice walls that rose three thousand feet to the splendid sky-lines overhead, the east all melting rose and blue, and the great gray Yosemite walls southward dim in shadows.

A dense fog shut us in until ten o'clock the next morning, when we poled out from our sand slip, ran along the bank a bit, and

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

APPROACH AND MASONRY FRONT OF CAVE TEMPLE NEAR I-CHANG.

Where the river turned almost at a right angle again, we came to the first rapids, the Siau Lu Chio and the Ta Lu Chio (the Little and Great Deer-Horns), and swung into line behind other craft, and waited our turn to be dragged up a short mill-race that ran were at the foot of the Ta Dung, or Otter Cave, Rapids. As we grappled and were hauled up a chute between two rock masses, a figure came leaping along the boulders, made a desperate slide down a rock shelf, and landed on our deck—our long-lost, red-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

SAILS IN THE GORGE OF I-CHANG, WITH A RED LIFE-BOAT IN THE FOREGROUND.

lettered Szechuen soldier, who had followed by foot-paths and short cuts overland from I-chang, hunting the kwatsze with the flowery flag.

We worked through another narrow mill-race among the rocks, swung across to another bit of compressed current, and, with thumps and bangs along every plank of the kwatsze's infirm old body, reached the foot of the real rapid, and lined up behind big junks hung over with coils of rope, crates of cabbages, and cackling fowls. A junk swung out, and had just begun to work up the white-capped incline when a big boat came speeding down-stream, sixty or eighty men chanting at the sweep. The resistless current spun it around like a toy, shot it this way and that way, and after three whirls in mid-stream, sent it, head on, in air-line toward the junk hanging in mid-rapids at its tow-ropes' ends. Just when we should have heard the crash, and both junks should have gone to splinters, when all the air rang with Chinese yells, the runaway veered off at an acute angle, and was soon diminishing in far perspective.

Old Wrinkles was in command forward; the Szechuen soldier was on deck; even our silk-clad boy lent a hand; and during certain seconds, or seeming hours, of agonizing suspense, when our bow-line caught, and a tracker with a life-line around him swam out into the lashing waters to disentangle it, our cabin cook woke from his opium dream, clambered to the roof, and outyelled the captain on his own stamping-ground. Then a red life-boat rowed across our sunken line, which, suddenly tautened, gave the rescue corps a shock of which they volubly informed the village, the valley, and the whole welkin space. The captain's pretty, moon-faced wife crept from the coop of a cabin, lifted up the deck-planks, and sat ready to bail out with a wooden scoop clumsier than anything Fuegians or prehistoric man ever used.

We triumphantly breasted the stiff flume, all whitecaps and billows for a hundred yards. Then the din ceased, and the trackers drew us in beside a sandy reach covered with patches of raw cotton salved from two wrecks, whose masts alone were visible. Other wrecks were laid up on the sands, with all hands mending ribs, calking seams, spreading piece-goods out to dry, and dip-netting tufts of cotton down from eddies and back-water pools.

All the mellow, radiant afternoon, from rock to rock, we banged along among incipient rapids, the shaky old kwatsze miraculously holding together, the trackers in and out of water splashing stork-like in long,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ENTRANCE OF I-CHANG GORGE, UPPER END.

single files through shallows, or scrambling like a pack of beagles over sand and boulders. Through it all old Wrinkles went on boiling rice, the most restful, delightful old creature in China.

We tied up at the end of this exciting day below Lao Kwan Miao, an ancient temple on a terrace, where five white stone cube and pyramid pedestals used to show fire-beacons to tell benighted travelers of another temple stage in the river journey, as at Hwang Ling Miao.

They had bailed the boat every few hours that day. The captain had gone below with a candle, and stuffed rags and pitch into the yielding seams of the boat, and twice in the night he came to examine the hold. While we waited for the dense morning fog to clear, I took a look below, and found that the severe knocking about that the old kwatsze had endured, in the two days' straining up the valley of rapids, had loosened seams from stem to stern along one whole side, through which the water slowly seeped. A transverse partition had sagged away two or three inches from the side-frames when the mast wrenched loose, and only the special providence that keeps crazy Yangtsze craft afloat had saved us as we bumped and banged our way along the rocky shores. It was madness to think of straining the kwatsze up any more rapids, and there was risk enough in rowing through the great Liu-kan Gorge to Tsin Tan village, where we could repair or secure a new kwatsze. It depressed my spirits and dulled all anticipation and realization of this finest of all the Yangtsze gorges to see it at such risk of life, and every eddy and jutting rock and swirl of current made my heart sink deeper as we tracked up toward the towering entrance cliffs. A turn, and we were within the deep-cut, dull red and purplish cliffs towering perpendicularly one, two, and three thousand feet, and the muddy river swirling at their base. For two miles there is no ledge or shelf or tracker's foothold within that royal gorge, that closely approaches that of the Arkansas above Cañon City.

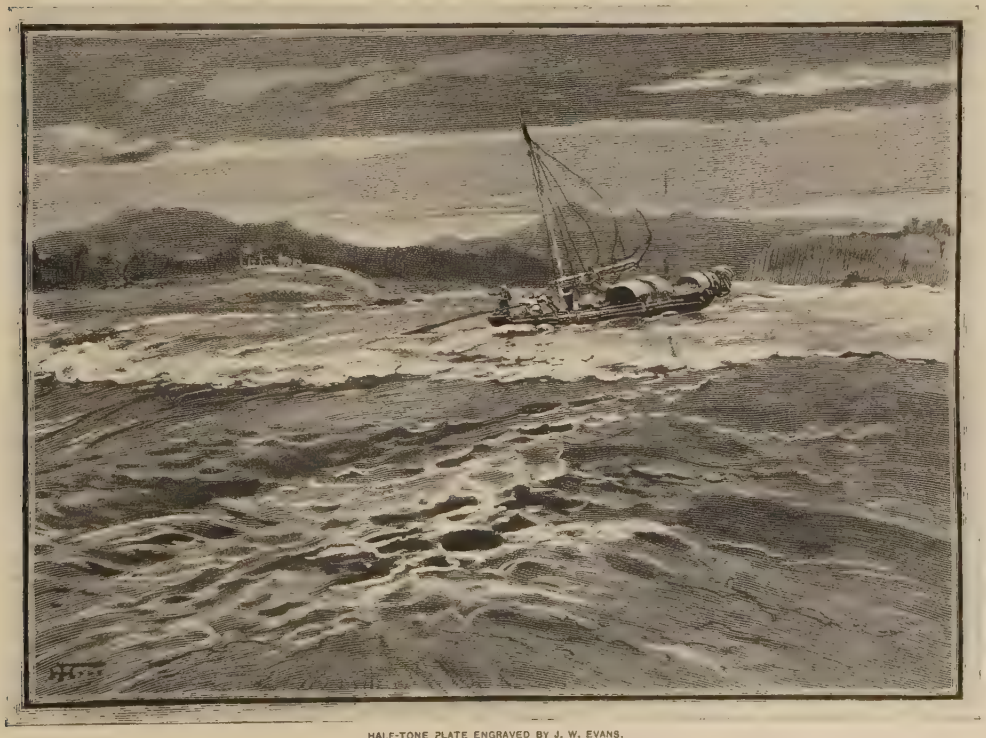
The men had rowed frantically into the deep cañon, the body of the infirm kwatsze shivering and rocking as if about to fall apart; but when the upward draft of a breeze caught our sail, we went silently upward

against the flood through a cañon worthy to match with the Fraser's and the Arkansas's best.

The great walls part for a space, and make room for a sloping hillside, which the village of Tsin Tan climbs in rock-piled terraces, stretching along for a half-mile's length. A temple and a few houses cling to the steeper opposite bank, and between the Yangtsze roars and dashes over a ledge of rocks, where a steep fall in the river-bed causes the Tsin Tan Rapids, the most dreaded of the river's obstructions. Above the echoing roar of the river the cañon resounded with the beat of gongs and the wild chant of trackers on each shore, as junks hung quivering in the rapids.

We did not need to watch the straining trackers and the junks in the rapids, or to see two junks part cables and sweep back, for us to know that one long pull at our masthead in that current would scatter the kwatsze planks like jack-straws. As the crew had been definitely engaged to go as far as Kui, two or three days farther in time, we dreaded mutiny, or at least "bobbery," when we announced that the kwatsze should go no farther, since the Chinese mind is always aflame with suspicions at any deviation from an original plan or bargain—at anything that does not "b'long custom." We were willing to pay a pacifying indemnity, even, for releasing them from the contract to track and row those additional miles to Kui; but knowing the lingual possibilities of the captain, it required courage to break the decision to that inflammable person. His looks were lowering, storm-signals flew from each eye, and the blue-cotton Szechuen turban had a contradictory twist and cant. He was told that we would not risk our lives any farther up-stream in his kwatsze; that he could have a day to calk and pitch and mend, and must then return to I-chang; and the face was illumined, the master mariner more relieved than we. "The kwatsze stays here. We will take a light sampan with a sail at the other end of the village, and push as far beyond Mitsang Gorge as we can in a day"; and the captain leaped with joy, and the crew begged to man the sampan.

Tsin Tan is so picturesquely placed, with the lines of the Liu-kan and the Mitsang gateways both in view from the village, that when steam-navigation is the regular thing Tsin Tan's outlook will be far-famed. Rows of village women gaped and grinned at us,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

DESCENDING TA DUNG RAPIDS.

OLD WRINKLES, THE FO'C'S'LE COOK.

their children's red, green, and orange coats the only touches of color in town, save for the heaped oranges and pomelos for sale by the river-bank. Swine roamed everywhere, and men staggered up and down steep paths with baskets of coal and country produce on their backs.

Once embarked on the river above the rapids in a sampan, that seemed to skim like a bird after the clumsy creep of the kwatsze, we could enjoy the wild scenery without distraction or panic. When well within the walls of the Mitsang (Rice-Granary) Gorge, the breeze took the sail and floated our speck of a boat up the flooded crevice between stupendous cliffs.

When we had shot down-stream in the late afternoon, and into the gulf of blue gloom within the Mitsang's steep walls, the wind, in regular Alaskan williwaws, played with our sampan alarmingly. Gusts struck spray from the water, made swirls, and bored eddies that sucked down our bow and sent us reeling down the cañon. We met many such small maelstroms, rowed through chow-chow water in stretches, but finally reached Tsin Tan beach, and the protection of the American flag in our kwatsze beyond. The relic had been patched and mended a bit, tacked and pasted together, and we promised presents all round if, starting at six in the morning, the crew could reach I-chang by six at night.

When the early tea-tray was pushed in, the boy answered that the cook and crew were all on board. We counted ten men at the bows gobbling down their first rice, and the captain was told to shove off at once. Then our boy said with embarrassment, "One piece cook no have got." The piece of a cook had just gone up-town to get some money that a cousin owed him, he said. We waited a quarter of an hour, then ten minutes of the soft, still, warm, early day, smoke rising straight in air from each village, and every detail of cañon walls and distant peaks exquisitely clear in that pure, pale light. No one was in sight on the shining shingle, and we told the captain to let go, he incredulous, and the crew grinning in foolish amaze at the idea of white travelers severed from a cook. Although bewildered, they bent to their poles, and, once in mid-stream, the boy recovered from stupefaction and admitted that the cook had gone ashore the night before, to return before daybreak, and that the debtor-cousin story was a fiction and excuse of the moment. The cook was probably asleep in some opium den, the boy said, as he had smoked and slept all the way upstream, leaving the boy, with the aid of the captain's wife, to do nearly all the cooking; thus the miracle of our well-served dinners was all the more amazing. While the boy and the captain's wife looked to coffee, toast, and bacon, one of the little mud stoves of the country was brought to the front, its lumps of charcoal glowing, and in that primitive chafing-dish eggs scrambled in boiling milk at last materialized. While I stirred the frothing mass, the whole crew watched agape, and the captain's head hung down from overhead to witness the amazing spectacle of a foreigner acting as cook. It was a cheerful ship's crew all day long as they urged and drove the kwatsze on toward their extra gratuities, and at the very mention of cook all burst into laughter, and old Wrinkles wiped tears away.

There were such pale-blue mists and lilac lights in the Liu-kan Gorge that the splendid precipice walls were transfigured, the great cañon far more impressive than when we had passed through before, dejected, in a sinking kwatsze. We raced down the valley

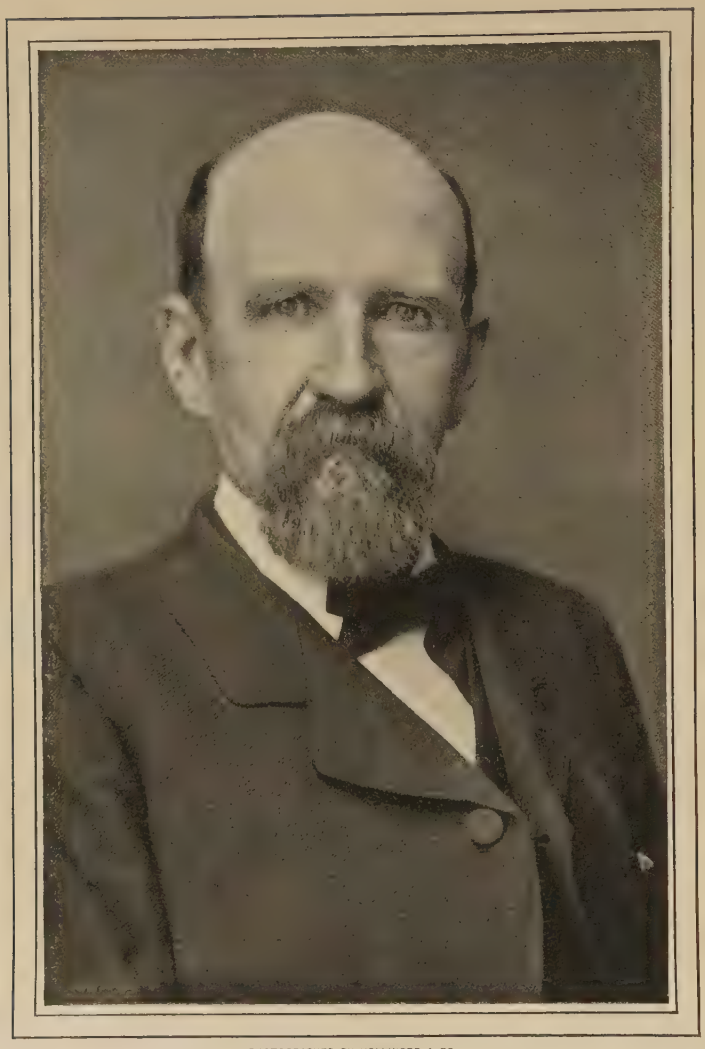
of rapids in contrast to our toilsome ascent, whizzing past rocks and through mill-races, plunging and spinning around as we had enviously watched other downward craft do when we were hanging inert at the ropes' ends. We made a headlong dash at a junk in Ta Dung Rapids, shot away one second before the collision was due, and went pirouetting down-stream. The crew worked a great sweep-oar rigged at the bow to keep the kwatsze's head on its course, the captain swung the clumsy tiller-beam without exhortations, and the current did the rest.

By noon the upward wind was felt. Gusts swooped down from the heights, spun the kwatsze round, and bored whirlpools at our bows. We had retraced five days' journeys then, and while we drifted in aimless circles the crew fortified themselves with a vegetarian lunch, bowl after bowl of cabbage-soup and rice restoring their brawn and tissue. Then they laid to their oars, or hop-poles, with a will, even a pale Szechuen scholar, who was working his passage down-stream, stamping with the rest. Once an oar snapped, and it took a miserable quarter of an hour to put about and manœuver to recover it in that bottomless gorge where none dared swim. Old Wrinkles squared the splintered ends with his cleaver, spliced them firmly, and the crew resumed chant and stamp, vexing the Yangtsze with their broken strokes until the current caught us. It was the rarest of all our autumn days, and we basked in the sun, and feasted eyes again on the splendidly splintered and buttressed walls, the caves and high-hung temples, the bridges and rock inscriptions on the walls, and the procession of striped sails creeping at their feet. We dipped the ensign and flew past Pin-shan-pa customs station, behind which the palisade of seamed and broken marble strata, overgrown with vines, so easily suggests a tropical temple ruin. We passed the gateway at full speed at sunset hour, and were fast at I-chang jetty at the appointed time, ready to kneel with flag in thanksgiving, like Columbus in the picture.

At ten o'clock the next night the boy came grinning to us. "That cook want money; just now come." And then it was related how the cook, strolling down to Tsin Tan's shore at his leisure, found the kwatsze gone hours before. Giving his coat as security for his passage-money, he embarked on a downward junk, sure of finding us tied up and waiting around some corner for the cook to prepare the tiffin. He had dealt with foreigners before, and knew their feints and helplessness. Another garment went to a second and swifter craft, until, changing from junk to junk, he had arrived shivering in his last thin garments, a full day behind us, but asking to be paid for that day and his down-stream traveling expenses.

While it was swift and easy to descend the Yangtsze by kwatsze, our difficulties began with steam-navigation. It was *difficilis descensus* Yangtsze then. After vexatious delays, we twice embarked, twice had the machinery break down, and twice were taken back to I-chang, arriving finally in Hankow on a third steamer, which lost one propeller on the tedious down trip. From palm-trees and orange-trees in the gorges of the far interior range, we traveled to snow-striped hills around Nanking, and to hard frost at Shanghai, 31° 15′ N., which latter lies thirty-three seconds north of and a thousand miles nearer the sea-coast than I-chang, 30° 42′ N.

TRACKERS ON THE UPPER YANGTSZE.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & CO.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY" ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

PART I. TWICE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

IN the fair land of Nova Scotia, a maritime province, there is a ridge called North Mountain, overlooking the Bay of Fundy on one side and the fertile Annapolis valley on the other. On the northern slope of the range grows the hardy spruce-tree, well adapted for ship-timbers, of which many vessels of all classes have been built. The people of this coast, hardy, robust, and strong, are disposed to compete in the world's commerce, and it is nothing against the master mariner if the birthplace mentioned on his certificate is Nova Scotia. I was born in a cold spot, on coldest North Mountain, on a cold February 20, though I am a citizen of the United States—a naturalized Yankee, if it may be said that Nova Scotians are not Yankees in the truest sense of the word. On both sides my family were sailors; and if any Slocum should be found

not seafaring, he will show at least an inclination to whittle models of boats and contemplate voyages. My father was the sort of man who, if wrecked on a desolate island, would find his way home, if he had a jackknife and could find a tree. He was a good judge of a boat, but the old clay farm, which some calamity made his, was an anchor to him. He was not afraid of a capful of wind, and he never took a back seat at a camp-meeting or a good, old-fashioned revival.

As for myself, the wonderful sea charmed me from the first. At the age of eight I had already been afloat along with other boys on the bay, with chances greatly in favor of being drowned. When a lad I filled the important post of cook on a fishing-schooner; but I was not long in the galley, for the crew mutinied at the appearance of my first duff, and "chucked me out" before I had a chance to shine as a culinary artist. The next step toward the goal of happiness found me before the mast in a full-rigged ship bound on a foreign voyage. Thus I came "over the bows," and not in through the cabin windows, to the command of a ship.

My best command was that of the magnificent ship *Northern Light*, of which I was part-owner. I had a right to be proud of her, for at that time—in the eighties—she was the finest American sailing-vessel afloat. Afterward I sailed the *Aquidneck*, a little bark which of all man's handiwork seemed to me the nearest to perfection of beauty, and which in speed, when the wind blew, asked no favors of steamers. I had been nearly twenty years a shipmaster when I quit her deck on the coast of Brazil, where she was wrecked. My home voyage to New York with my family was made in the canoe *Liberdade*, without accident.

My voyages were all foreign. I sailed as freighter and trader to China, Australia, and Japan, and among the Spice Islands. Mine was not the sort of life to make one long to coil up one's ropes on land, the customs and ways of which I had almost forgotten. And so when times for freighters got bad, as at last they did, and I tried to quit the sea, what was there for an old sailor to do? I was worn in the breezes, and I had studied the sea as perhaps few men have studied it, neglecting all else. If anything was to me more attractive than seafaring, it was shipbuilding. I longed to be master in both professions, and in a small way, in time, I accomplished my desire. From the decks of stout ships in the worst gales I had made calculations as to the size and sort of ship safest for all weather and all seas. Thus the voyage which I am now to narrate was a natural outcome not only of my love of adventure, but of my lifelong experience.

One midwinter day of 1892, in Boston, where I had been cast up from the sea, so to speak, a year or two before, I was cogitating whether I should apply for a command, and again eat my bread and butter on the sea, or go to work at the shipyard, when I met an old acquaintance, a whaling-captain, who said: "Come to Fairhaven and I 'll give you a ship. But," he added, "she wants some repairs." The captain's terms, when fully explained, were more than satisfactory to me. They included all the assistance I would require to fit the craft for sea. I was only too glad to accept, for I had already found that I could not obtain work in the shipyard without first paying fifty dollars to a society, and as for a ship to command—there were no ships! Nearly all our tall vessels had been cut down for coal-barges, and were being ignominiously towed by the nose from port to port.

The next day I landed at Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford, and found that my friend had something of a joke on me. For seven years the joke had been on him. The "ship" proved to be a very antiquated sloop called the *Spray*, which the neighbors declared had been built in the year 1. She was affectionately propped up in a field, some distance from salt water, and was covered with canvas. The people of Fairhaven, I hardly need say, are thrifty and observant. For seven years they had asked, "I wonder what Captain E—— is going to do with the old *Spray?*" The day I appeared there was a buzz at the gossip exchange: at last some one had come and was actually at work on the old *Spray*. "Breaking her up, I s'pose?" "No; going to rebuild her." Great was the amazement. "Will it pay?" was the question which for a year or more I answered by declaring that I would make it pay.

I rigged a steam-box and a pot for a boiler. The timbers for ribs, being straight saplings, were dressed and steamed till supple, and then bent over a log, where they were secured till set. Something tangible appeared every day to show for my labor, and the neighbors made the work sociable. It was a great day in the *Spray* shipyard when her new stem was set up and fastened. Whaling-captains came from far to survey it. With one voice they pronounced it "A 1," and in their opinion "fit to smash ice." The oldest

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

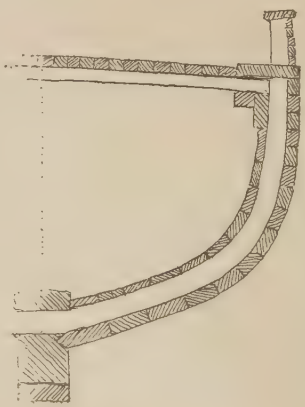
THE "NORTHERN LIGHT," CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM, BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, 1885.

captain shook my hand warmly when the breast-hooks were put in, declaring that he could see no reason why the *Spray* should not "cut in bow-head" yet off the coast of Greenland. The much-esteemed stem-piece was from the butt of the smartest kind of a pasture oak. It afterward split a coral patch in two at the Keeling Islands, and did not receive a blemish. Better timber for a ship than pasture white oak never grew. The breast-hooks, as well as all the ribs, were of this wood, and were steamed and bent into shape as required. It was hard upon March when I began work in earnest; the weather was cold; still, there were plenty of inspectors to back me with advice. When a whaling-captain hove in sight I just rested on my adz awhile and "gammoned" with him.

New Bedford, the home of whaling-captains, is connected with Fairhaven by a bridge, and the walking is good. They never "worked along up" to the shipyard too often for me. It was the charming tales about arctic whaling that inspired me to put a double set of breast-hooks in the *Spray* that she might shunt ice.

The seasons came quickly while I worked. Hardly were the ribs of the sloop up before apple-trees were in bloom. Then the daisies and the cherries came soon after. Close by the place where the old *Spray* had now dissolved rested the ashes of John Cook, a revered Pilgrim father. So the new *Spray* rose from hallowed ground. From the deck of the new craft I could put out my hand and pick cherries that grew over the little grave. The planks for the new vessel, which I soon came to put on, were of Georgia pine an inch and a half thick. The operation of putting them on was tedious, but, when on, the calking was easy. The outward edges stood slightly open to receive the calking, but the inner edges were so close that I could not see daylight between them. All the butts were fastened by through bolts, with screw-nuts tightening them to the timbers, so that there would be no complaint from them. Many bolts with screw-nuts were used in other parts of the construction, in all about a thousand. It was my purpose to make my vessel stout and strong.

Now, it is a law in Lloyd's that the *Jane* repaired all out of the old until she is entirely new is still the *Jane*. The *Spray* changed her being so gradually that it was hard to say at what point the old died or the new took birth, and it was no matter. The bulwarks I built up of white-oak stanchions fourteen inches high, and covered with seven-eighth-inch white pine. These stanchions, mortised through a two-inch covering-board, I calked with thin cedar wedges. They have remained perfectly tight ever since. The deck I made of one-and-a-half-inch by three-inch white pine spiked to beams, six by six inches, of yellow or Georgia pine, placed three feet apart. The deck-inclosures were one over the aperture of the main hatch, six feet by six, for a cooking-galley, and a trunk farther aft, about ten feet by twelve, for a cabin. Both of

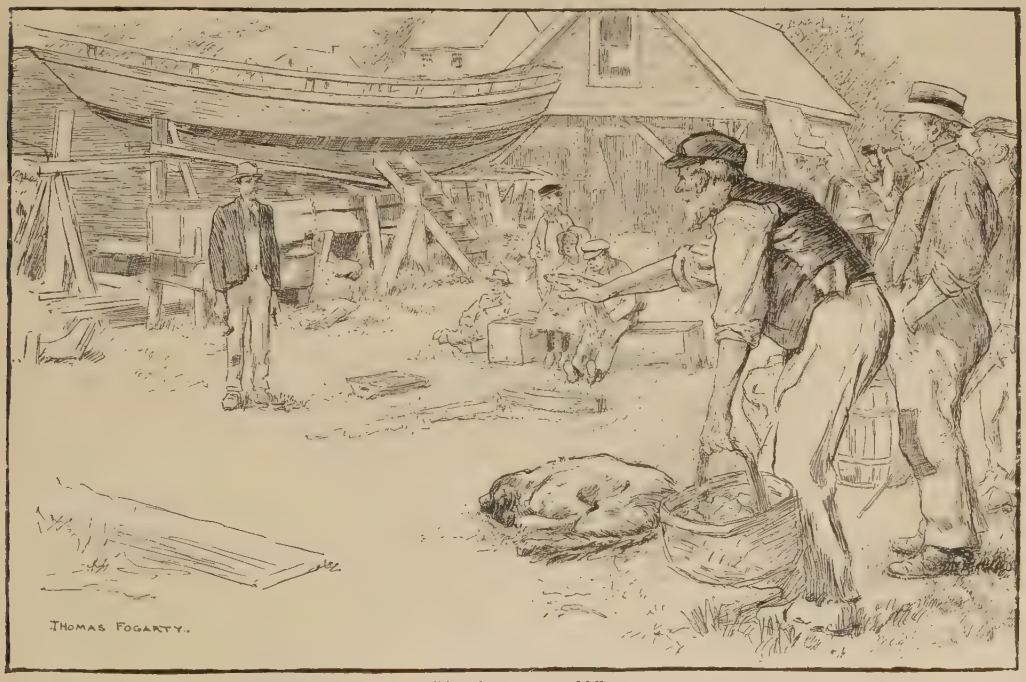


CROSS-SECTION OF THE "SPRAY."

these rose about three feet above the deck, and were sunk sufficiently into the hold to afford head-room. In the spaces along the sides of the cabin, under the deck, I arranged a berth to sleep in, and shelves for small storage, not forgetting a place for the medicine-chest. In the midship hold, that is, the space between cabin and galley, under the deck, was room for provision of water, salt beef, etc., ample for many months.

The hull of my vessel being now put together as strongly as wood and iron could make her, and the various rooms partitioned off, I set about "calking ship." Grave fears were entertained by some that at this point "that we may get into port in time." However, I drove a thread of oakum on top of the cotton, as from the first I had intended to do. And Bruno again wagged his tail. The cotton never "crawled." When the calking was finished, two coats of copper paint were slapped on the bottom, two of white lead on the topsides and bulwarks. The rudder was then shipped and painted, and on the following day the *Spray* was launched. As she rode at her ancient, rust-eaten anchor, she sat on the water like a swan.

As measured at the custom-house, the *Spray's* dimensions were forty feet long over



"'IT 'LL CRAWL!'"

I should fail. I myself gave some thought to the advisability of a "professional calker." The very first blow I struck on the cotton with the calking-iron, which I thought was right, many others thought wrong. "It 'll crawl!" cried a man from Marion, passing with a basket of clams on his back. "It 'll crawl!" cried another from West Island, when he saw me driving the cotton into the seams. Bruno simply wagged his tail. Even Mr. Ben J——, a noted authority on whaling-ships, whose mind, however, was said to totter, asked rather confidently if I did not think "it would crawl." "How fast will it crawl?" cried my old captain friend, coming to my rescue. "Tell us how fast," cried he, all, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet four inches deep in the hold, her tonnage being nine tons net, and twelve and seventy one-hundredths tons gross.

Then the mast, a smart New Hampshire spruce, was fitted, and likewise all the small appurtenances necessary for a short cruise. Sails were bent, and away she flew with my friend Captain E—— and me, across Buzzard's Bay on a trial-trip—all right. The only thing that now worried my friends along the beach was, "Will she pay?" The cost of my new vessel was $553.62 for materials, and thirteen months of my own labor. I was several months more than that at Fairhaven, for I got work now and then when an occa-

sional whale-ship fitted at a yard farther down the harbor, and that kept me the overtime.

At last the time arrived to weigh anchor and get to sea. I had resolved on a voyage around the world, and as the wind on the morning of April 24, 1895, was fair, at noon I weighed anchor, set sail, and filled away from Boston, where the *Spray* had been moored snugly all winter. The twelve-o'clock whistles were blowing just as the sloop shot ahead under full sail. A short board was made up the harbor on the port tack, then coming about she stood seaward, with her boom well off to port, and swung past the ferries with lively heels. A photographer on the outer pier at East Boston got a picture of her as she swept by, her flag at the peak throwing its folds clear. A thrilling pulse beat high in me. My step was light on deck in the crisp air. I felt that there could be no turning back, and that I was engaging in an adventure the meaning of which I thoroughly understood. I had taken little advice from any one, for I had a right to my own opinions in matters pertaining to the sea.

THE BOAT THAT MADE THE TRIP, RIGGED AS A YAWL.

That the best of sailors might do worse than even I alone was borne in upon me not a league from Boston docks, where a great steamship, fully manned, officered, and piloted, lay stranded and broken. This was the *Venetian*. She was broken completely in two over a ledge. So in the first hour of my lone voyage I had proof that the *Spray* could at least do better than this full-handed steamship, for I was already farther on my voyage than she. "Take warning, *Spray*, and have a care," I uttered aloud to my bark, passing fairy-like silently down the bay.

The wind freshened, and the *Spray* rounded Deer Island light, going at the rate of seven knots. Passing it, she squared away direct for Gloucester, where she was to procure some fishermen's stores. Waves dancing joyously across Massachusetts Bay met the sloop coming out, to dash themselves instantly into myriads of sparkling gems that hung about her breast at every surge. The day was perfect, the sunlight clear and strong. Every particle of water thrown into the air

became a gem, and the *Spray*, making good her name as she dashed ahead, snatched necklace after necklace from the sea, and as often threw them away. We have all seen miniature rainbows about a ship's prow, but the *Spray* flung out a bow of her own that day, such as I had never seen before. Her good angel had embarked on the voyage; I so read it in the sea.

Bold Nahant was soon abeam, then Marblehead was put astern. Other vessels were outward bound, but none of them passed the *Spray* flying along on her course. I heard the clanking of the dismal bell on Norman's Woe as we went by; and the reef where the schooner *Hesperus* struck I passed close aboard. The "bones" of a wreck tossed up lay bleaching on the shore abreast. The wind still freshening, I settled the throat of the mainsail to ease the sloop's helm, for I could hardly hold her before it with the whole mainsail set. A schooner ahead of me lowered all sail and ran into port under bare poles, the wind being fair. As the *Spray* brushed by the stranger, I saw that some of his sails were gone, and much broken canvas hung in his rigging, from the effects of a squall.

I made for the cove, a lovely branch of Gloucester's fine harbor, again to look the *Spray* over and again to weigh the voyage, and my feelings, and all that. The bay was feather-white as my little vessel tore in, smothered in foam. It was my first experience of coming into port alone, with a craft of any size, and in among shipping. Old fishermen ran down to the wharf for which the *Spray* was heading, apparently intent upon braining herself there. I hardly know how a calamity was averted, but with my heart in my mouth, almost, I let go the wheel, stepped quickly forward, and downed the jib. The sloop naturally rounded in the wind, and just ranging ahead, laid her cheek against a mooring-pile at the windward corner of the wharf, so quietly, after all, that she would not have broken an egg. Very leisurely I passed a rope around the post, and she was moored. Then a cheer went up from the little crowd on the wharf. "You could n't 'a' done it better," cried an old skipper, "if you weighed a ton!" Now, my weight was rather less than the fifteenth part of a ton, but I said nothing, only putting on a look of careless indifference to say for me, "Oh, that 's nothing"; for some of the ablest sailors in the world were looking at me, and my wish was not to appear green, for I had a mind to stay in Gloucester several days. Had I uttered a word it surely would have betrayed me, for I was still quite nervous and short of breath.

I remained in Gloucester about two weeks, fitting out with the various articles for the voyage most readily obtained there. The owners of the wharf where I lay, and of many fishing-vessels, put on board dry cod galore, also a barrel of oil to calm the waves. They were old skippers themselves, and took a great interest in the voyage. They also made the *Spray* a present of a "fisherman's own" lantern, which I found would throw a light a great distance round. Indeed, a ship that would run another down having such a good light aboard would be capable of running into a light-ship. A gaff, a pugh, and a dip-net, all of which an old fisherman declared I could not sail without, were also put aboard. Then, too, from across the cove came a case of copper paint, a famous anti-fouling article, which stood me in good stead long after. I slapped two coats of this paint on the bottom of the *Spray* while she lay a tide or so on the hard beach.

For a boat to take along, I made shift to cut a dory in two athwartships, boarding up the end where it was cut. This half-dory I could hoist in and out by the nose easily enough, by hooking the throat-halyards into a strap fitted for the purpose. A whole dory would be heavy and awkward to handle alone. Manifestly there was not room on deck for more than the half of a boat, which, after all, was better than no boat at all, and was large enough for one person. I perceived, moreover, that the newly arranged craft would answer for a washing-machine when placed athwartships, and also for a bath-tub. Indeed, for the former office my razeed dory gained such a reputation on the voyage that my washerwoman at Samoa would not take no for an answer. She could see with one eye that it was a new invention which beat any Yankee notion ever brought by missionaries to the islands, and she had to have it.

The want of a chronometer for the voyage was all that now worried me. In our new-fangled notions of navigation it is supposed that a mariner cannot find his way without one; and I had myself drifted into this way of thinking. My old chronometer, a good one, had been long in disuse. It would cost fifteen dollars to clean and rate it. Fifteen dollars! For sufficient reasons I left that timepiece at home, where the Dutchman left his anchor. I had the great lantern, and a lady in Boston sent me the price of a large

THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

two-burner cabin lamp, which lighted the cabin at night, and by some small contriving served for a stove through the day.

I was once more ready for sea, and on May 7 again made sail. With little room in which to turn, the *Spray*, in gathering headway, scratched the paint off an old, fine-weather craft in the fairway, being puttied and painted for a summer voyage. "Who 'll pay for that?" growled the painters. "I will," said I. "With the main-sheet," echoed the captain of the *Bluebird*, close by, which was his way of saying that I was off. There was nothing to pay for above five cents' worth of paint, maybe, but such a din was raised between the old "hooker" and the *Bluebird*, which now took up my case, that the first cause of it was forgotten altogether. Anyhow, no bill was sent after me.

The weather was mild on the day of my departure from Gloucester. On the point ahead, as the *Spray* stood out of the cove, was a lively picture, for the front of a tall factory was a flutter of handkerchiefs and caps. Pretty faces peered out of the windows from the top to the bottom of the building, all smiling *bon voyage*. Some hailed me to know whereaway and why alone. Why? When I made as if to stand in, a hundred pairs of arms reached out, and said come, but the shore was dangerous! The sloop worked out of the bay against a light southwest wind, and about noon squared away off Eastern Point, receiving at the same time a hearty salute—the last of many kindnesses to her at Gloucester. The wind freshened off the point, and skipping along smoothly, the *Spray* was soon off Thatcher's Island lights. Thence shaping her course east, by compass, to go north of Cashes Ledge and the Amen Rocks, I sat and considered the matter all over again, and asked myself once more whether it were best to sail beyond the ledge and rocks at all. I had only said that I would sail round the world in the *Spray*, "dangers of the sea excepted," but I must have said it very much in earnest. The "charter-party" with myself seemed to bind me, and so I sailed on. Toward night I hauled the sloop to the wind, and baiting a hook, sounded for bottom-fish, in thirty fathoms of water, on the edge of Cashes Ledge. With fair success I hauled till dark, landing on deck three cod and two haddocks, one hake, and, best of all, a small halibut, all plump and spry. This, I thought, would be the place to take in a good stock of provisions above what I already had; so I put out a sea-anchor that would hold her head to windward. The current being southwest, against the wind, I felt quite sure I would find the *Spray* still on the bank or near it in the morning. Then "stradding"

"'NO DORG NOR NO CAT?'"

the cable and putting my great lantern in the rigging, I lay down, for the first time at sea alone, not to sleep, but to doze and to dream.

I had read somewhere of a fishing-schooner hooking her anchor into a whale, and being towed a long way and at great speed. This was exactly what happened to the *Spray*—in my dream! I could not shake it off entirely when I awoke and found that it was the wind blowing and the heavy sea now running that had disturbed my short rest. A scud was flying across the moon. A storm was brewing; indeed, it was already stormy. I reefed the sails, then hauled in my sea-anchor, and setting what canvas the sloop could carry, headed her away for Monhegan light, which she made before daylight on the morning of the 8th. The wind being free, I ran on into Round Pond harbor, which is a little port east from Pemaquid. Here I rested a day, while the wind rattled among the pine-trees on shore. But the following day was fine enough, and I put to sea, first writing up my log from Cape Ann, not omitting a full account of my adventure with the whale.

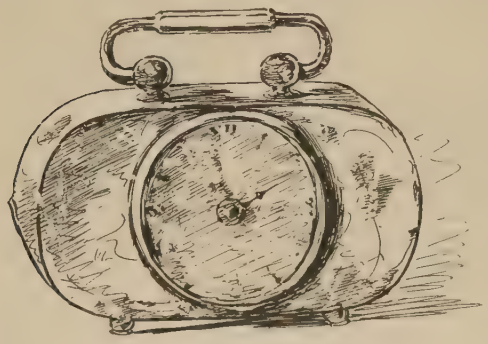
THE DEACON'S DREAM.

The *Spray*, heading east, stretched along the coast among many islands and over a tranquil sea. At evening of this day, May 10, she came up with a considerable island, which I shall always think of as the Island of Frogs, for the *Spray* was charmed by a million voices. From the Island of Frogs we made for the Island of Birds, called Gannet Island, and sometimes Gannet Rock, whereon is a bright, intermittent light, which flashed fitfully across the *Spray's* deck as she coasted along under its light and shade. Thence shaping a course for Briar's Island, I came among vessels the following afternoon on the western fishing-grounds. After speaking a fisherman at anchor, who gave me a wrong course, the *Spray* sailed directly over the southwest ledge through the worst tide-race in the Bay of Fundy, and got into Westport harbor in Nova Scotia, a pleasant place, where I had spent eight years of my life as a lad.

The fisherman may have said "east-southeast," the course I was steering when I hailed him; but I thought he said "east-northeast," and I accordingly changed it to that. Before he made up his mind to answer me at all, he improved the occasion of his own curiosity to know where I was from, and if I was alone, and if I did n't have "no dorg nor no cat." It was the first time in all my life at sea that I had heard a hail for information answered by a question. I think the chap belonged to the Foreign Islands. There was one thing I was sure of, and that was that he did not belong to Briar's Island, because he dodged a sea that slopped over the rail, and stopping to brush the water from his face, lost a fine cod which he was about to land. My islander would not have done that. It is known that a Briar Islander, fish or no fish on his hook, never flinches from a sea. He just tends to his lines and hauls or "saws." Nay, have I not seen my old friend Deacon W. D——, a good man of the island, while listening to a sermon in the little church on the hill, reach out his hand over the door of his pew and "jig" imaginary squid in the aisle, to the intense delight of the young people, who did not realize that to catch good fish one must have good bait, the thing most on the deacon's mind.

I was delighted to reach Westport. Any port at all would have been delightful after the terrible thrashing I got in the fierce sou'west rip, and to find myself among old schoolmates now was charming. It was the 13th of the month, and 13 is my lucky number—a fact registered long before Dr. Nansen sailed in search of the north pole with his crew of thirteen. Perhaps he had heard of my success in taking a most extraordinary ship successfully to Brazil with that number of crew. The very stones on Briar's Island I was glad to see again, and I knew them all. The little shop round the corner, which for thirty-five years I had not seen, was the same, except that it looked a deal smaller. It wore the same shingles—I was sure of it; for did not I know the roof where we boys,

night after night, hunted for the skin of a black cat, to be taken on a dark night, to make a plaster for a poor lame man? Lowry the tailor lived there when boys were boys. In his day he was fond of his gun. He always carried his powder loose in the tail pocket of his coat. He usually had in his mouth a short dudeen; but in an evil moment he put



CAPTAIN SLOCUM'S CHRONOMETER.

the dudeen, lighted, in the pocket among the powder. Mr. Lowry was an eccentric man.

At Briar's Island I overhauled the *Spray* once more and tried her seams, but found that even the test of the sou'west rip had started nothing. Bad weather and much head wind prevailing outside, I was in no hurry to round Cape Sable. I made a short excursion with some friends to St. Mary's Bay, an old cruising-ground, and back to the island. Then I sailed, putting into Yarmouth the following day on account of fog and head wind. I spent some days pleasantly enough in Yarmouth, took in some butter for the voyage, also a barrel of potatoes, filled six barrels of water, and stowed all under deck. At Yarmouth, too, I got my famous tin clock, the only timepiece I carried on the whole voyage. The price of it was a dollar and a half, but on account of the face being smashed the merchant let me have it for a dollar.

I now stowed all my goods securely, for the boisterous Atlantic was before me, and I sent the topmast down, knowing that the *Spray* would be the wholesomer with it on deck. Then I gave the lanyards a pull and hitched them afresh, and saw that the gammon was secure, also that the boat was lashed, for even in summer one may meet with bad weather in the crossing.

In fact, many weeks of bad weather had prevailed. On July 1, however, after a rude gale, the wind came out nor'west and clear, propitious for a good run. On the following day, the head sea having gone down, I sailed from Yarmouth, and let go my last hold on America. The log of my first day on the Atlantic in the *Spray* reads briefly: "9:30 A.M. sailed from Yarmouth. 4:30 P.M. passed Cape Sable; distance, three cables from the land. The sloop making eight knots. Fresh breeze N. W." Before the sun went down I was taking my supper of strawberries and tea in smooth water under the lee of the east-coast land, along which the *Spray* was now leisurely skirting.

At noon on July 3 Ironbound Island was abeam. The *Spray* was again at her best. A large schooner came out of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, this morning, steering eastward. The *Spray* put her hull down astern in five hours. At 6:45 P.M. I was in close under Chebucto Head light, near Halifax harbor. I set my flag and squared away, taking my departure from George's Island before dark to sail east of Sable Island. There are many beacon lights along the coast. Sambro, the Rock of Lamentations, carries a noble light, which, however, the liner *Atlantic*, on the night of her terrible disaster, did not see. I watched light after light sink astern as I sailed into the unbounded sea, till Sambro, the last of them all, was below the horizon. The *Spray* was then alone, and sailing on, she held her course. July 4, at 6 A.M., I put in double reefs, and at 8:30 A.M. turned out all reefs. At 9:40 P.M. I raised the sheen only of the light on the west end of Sable Island, which may also be called the Island of Tragedies. The fog, which till this moment had held off, now lowered over the sea like a pall. I was in a world of fog, shut off from the universe. I did not see any more of the light. By the lead, which I cast often, I found that a little after midnight I was passing the east point of the island, and should soon be clear of dangers of land and shoals. The wind was holding free, though it was from the foggy point, south-southwest. It is said that within a few years Sable Island has been reduced from forty miles in length to twenty, and that of three lighthouses built on it since 1880, two have been washed away and the third will soon be engulfed.

On the evening of July 5 the *Spray*, after having steered all day over a lumpy sea, took it into her head to go without the helmsman's aid. I had been steering southeast by south, but the wind hauling forward a bit, she dropped into a smooth lane, heading southeast, and making about eight knots, her very best work. I crowded on sail to

cross the track of the liners without loss of time, and to reach as soon as possible the friendly Gulf Stream. The fog lifting before night, I was afforded a look at the sun just as it was touching the sea. I watched it go down and out of sight. Then I turned my face eastward, and there, apparently at the very end of the bowsprit, was the smiling full moon rising out of the sea. Neptune himself coming over the bows could not have startled me more. "Good evening, sir," I cried; "I 'm glad to see you." Many a long talk since then I have had with the man in the moon; he had my confidence on the voyage.

About midnight the fog shut down again denser than ever before. One could almost "stand on it." It continued so for a number of days, the wind increasing to a gale. The waves rose high, but I had a good ship. Still, in the dismal fog I felt myself drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements. I lashed the helm, and my vessel held her course, and while she sailed I slept.

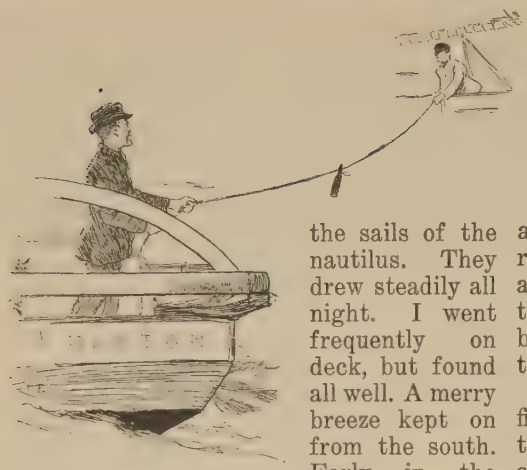
During these days a feeling of awe crept over me. My memory worked with startling power. The ominous, the insignificant, the great, the small, the wonderful, the commonplace—all appeared before my mental vision in magical succession. Pages of my history were recalled which had been so long forgotten that they seemed to belong to a previous existence. I heard all the voices of the past laughing, crying, telling what I had heard them tell in many corners of the earth.

The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When fine weather returned, then came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often at first, giving some order about the affairs of a ship, for I had been told that otherwise I should lose my speech. At the meridian altitude of the sun I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again, "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was reminded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice. However, it was not long before the thought came to me that when I was a lad I used to sing; why not try that now, where it would disturb no one? My musical talent had never bred envy in others, but out on the Atlantic, to realize what it meant, you should have heard me sing. You should have seen the porpoises leap when I pitched my voice for the waves and the sea and all that was in it. Old turtles, with large eyes, poked their heads up out of the sea as I sang "Johnny Boker," and "We 'll Pay Darby Doyl for his Boots," and the like. But the porpoises were, on the whole, vastly more appreciative than the turtles; they jumped a deal higher. One day when I was humming a favorite chant, I think it was "Babylon 's a-Fallin'," a porpoise jumped higher than the bowsprit. Had the *Spray* been going a little faster she would have scooped him in. The sea-birds sailed around rather shy.

July 10, eight days at sea, the *Spray* was twelve hundred miles east of Cape Sable. One

"'GOOD EVENING, SIR.'"

hundred and fifty miles a day for so small a vessel must be considered good sailing. It was the greatest run the *Spray* ever made before or since in so few days. On the evening of July 14, in better humor than ever before, all hands cried, "Sail ho!" The sail was a barkantine, three points on the weather bow, hull down. Then came the night. My ship was sailing along now without attention to the helm. The wind was south; she was heading east. Her sails were trimmed like



"HE ALSO SENT HIS CARD."

the sails of the nautilus. They drew steadily all night. I went frequently on deck, but found all well. A merry breeze kept on from the south. Early in the morning of the 15th the *Spray* was close aboard the stranger, which proved to be *La Vaguisa* of Vigo, twenty-three days from Philadelphia, bound for Vigo. A lookout from his masthead had spied the *Spray* the evening before. The captain, when I came near enough, threw a line to me and sent a bottle of wine across slung by the neck, and very good wine it was. He also sent his card, which bore the name of Juan Gantes. I think he was a good man, as Spaniards go. But when I asked him to report me "all well" (the *Spray* passing him in a lively manner), he hauled his shoulders much above his head; and when his mate, who knew of my expedition, told him that I was alone, he crossed himself and made for his cabin. I did not see him again. By sundown he was as far astern as he had been ahead the evening before.

There was now less and less monotony. On July 16 the wind was northwest and clear, the sea smooth, and a large bark, hull down, came in sight on the lee bow, and at 2:30 P. M. I spoke the stranger. She was the bark *Java* of Glasgow, from Peru for Queenstown for orders. Her old captain was bearish, but I met a bear once in Alaska that looked pleasanter. At least, the bear seemed pleased to meet me, but this grizzly old man! Well, I suppose my hail disturbed his siesta, and my little sloop passing his great ship had somewhat the effect on him that a red rag has upon a bull. I had the advantage over heavy ships, by long odds, in the light winds of this and the two previous days. The wind was light; his ship was heavy and foul, and making poor headway, while the *Spray*, with a great mainsail bellying even to light winds, was just skipping along as nimbly as one could wish. "How long has it been calm about here?" the captain of the *Java* roared, as I came within hail of him. "Dunno, cap'n," I shouted back as loud as I could bawl. "I have n't been here long." At this the mate on the forecastle wore a broad grin. "I left Cape Sable fourteen days ago," I added. (I was now well across toward the Azores.) "Mate," he roared to his chief officer—"mate, come here and listen to the Yankee's yarn. Haul down the flag, mate, haul down the flag!" In the best of humor, after all, the *Java* surrendered to the *Spray*.

The acute pain of solitude experienced at first never returned. I had penetrated a mystery, and, by the way, I had sailed through a fog. I had met Neptune in his wrath, but he found that I had not treated him with contempt, so he suffered me to go on and explore.

In the log for July 18 there is this entry: "Fine weather, wind south-southwest. Porpoises gamboling all about. The S. S. *Olympia* passed at 11:30 A. M., long. W. 34° 50′."

"It lacks now three minutes of the half-hour," shouted the captain, as he gave me the longitude and the time. I admired the businesslike air of the *Olympia;* but I have the feeling still that he was just a little too precise in his reckoning. That may be all well enough, however, where there is plenty of sea-room. But over-confidence, I believe, was the cause of the disaster to the liner *Atlantic*, and many more like her. The captain knew too well where he was. There were no porpoises at all skipping along with the *Olympia!* Porpoises always prefer sailing-ships. The captain was a young man, I observed, and had before him, I hope, a good record.

Land ho! On the morning of July 19 a mystic, dome-like mountain of silver stood alone in the sea ahead. Although the land was completely hidden by the white, glistening haze that shone in the sun like polished silver, this I felt quite sure was Flores Island. At half-past four it was abeam. The haze in the meantime had disappeared. Flores is one hundred and seventy-four miles from Fayal, and although it is a high island, it remained many years undiscovered after the principal group of the islands had been colonized.

Early on the morning of July 20 I saw Pico looming above the clouds on the starboard bow. Lower lands burst forth as the sun burned away the morning fog, and island after island came into view. As I approached nearer, cultivated fields appeared, "and oh,

how green the corn!" Only those who have seen the Azores from the deck of a vessel realize the beauty of the mid-ocean picture.

At 4:30 P.M. I cast anchor at Horta, Fayal, exactly eighteen days from Cape Sable. The American consul, in a smart boat, came on board before the *Spray* reached the breakwater, and a young naval officer, who feared for the safety of my vessel, boarded, and offered his services as pilot. The youngster, I have no good reason to doubt, could have handled a man-of-war, but the *Spray* was too small for the amount of uniform he wore. However, after fouling all the craft in port and sinking a lighter, she was moored without much damage to herself. This wonderful pilot expected a gratification, I understood, but whether for the reason that his government, and not I, would have to pay the cost of raising the lighter, or because he did not sink the *Spray*, I could never make out. But I forgive him.

It was the season for fruit when I arrived at the Azores, and there was soon more of all kinds of it put on board than I knew what to do with. Islanders are always the kindest people in the world, and I met none anywhere kinder than the good hearts of this place. The people of the Azores are not a very rich community. The burden of taxes is heavy, with scant privileges in return, the air they breathe being about the only thing that is not taxed. The mother-country does not even allow them a port of entry for a foreign mail service. A packet passing never so close with mails for Horta must deliver them first in Lisbon, ostensibly to be fumigated, but really for the tariff from the packet. My own letters posted at Horta reached the United States six days behind my letter from Gibraltar, mailed thirteen days later.

The day after my arrival at Horta was the feast of a great saint. Boats loaded with people came from other islands to celebrate at Horta, the capital, or Jerusalem, of the Azores. The deck of the *Spray* was crowded from morning till night with men, women, and children. On the day after the feast a kind-hearted native harnessed a team and drove me a day over the beautiful roads all about Fayal, "because," said he, in broken English, "when I was in America and could n't speak a word of English, I found it hard till I met some one who seemed to have time to listen to my story, and I promised my good saint then that if ever a stranger came to my country I would try to make him happy." Unfortunately, this gentleman brought along an interpreter, that I might "learn more of the country." The fellow was nearly the death of me, talking of ships and voyages, and of the boats he had steered, the last thing in the world I wished to hear. He had sailed out of New Bedford, so he said, for that Joe Wing they call "John." My friend and host found hardly a chance to edge in a word. Before we parted my host dined me with a cheer that would have gladdened the heart of a prince, but he was quite alone in his house. "My wife and children all rest there," said he, pointing to the churchyard across the way. "I moved to this house from far off," he added, "to be near the spot, where I pray every morning."

I remained four days at Fayal, and that was two days more than I had intended to stay. It was the kindness of the islanders and their touching simplicity which detained me. A damsel came alongside one day, as innocent as an angel, and said she would embark on the *Spray* if I would land her at Lisbon. She could cook flying-fish, she thought, but her forte was dressing *bacalhao*. Her brother Antonio, who served as interpreter, hinted that, anyhow, he would like to make the trip. Antonio's heart went out to one John Wilson, and he was ready to sail for America by way of the two capes to meet his friend. "Do you know John Wilson of Boston?" he cried. "I knew a John Wilson," I said, "but not in Boston." "He had one daughter and one son," said Antonio, by way of identifying his friend. If this reaches the right John Wilson, I am told to say that "Antonio of Pico remembers him."

THE ISLAND OF PICO.

I set sail from Horta early on July 24. The southwest wind was light, but squalls came up with the sun, and I was glad enough to get reefs in my sails before I had gone a mile. I had hardly set the mainsail, double-

reefed, when a squall of wind down the mountains struck the sloop with such violence that I thought her mast would go. However, a quick helm brought her to the wind. As it was, one of the weather lanyards was carried away and the other was stranded. My tin basin, caught up by the wind, went flying across a French school-ship to leeward. It was more or less squally all day, sailing along under high land; but rounding close under a bluff, I found an opportunity to mend the lanyards broken in the squall. No sooner had I lowered my sails when a four-oared boat shot out from some gully in the rocks, with a customs officer on board, who thought he had come upon a smuggler. I had some difficulty in making him comprehend the true case. However, one of his crew, a sailorly chap, who understood how matters were, while we palavered jumped on board and rove off the new lanyards I had already prepared, and with friendly hand helped me "set up the rigging." This incident gave the turn in my favor. My story was then clear to all. I have found this the way of the world. Let one be without a friend, and see what will happen!

Passing the island of Pico, after the rigging was mended, the *Spray* stretched across to leeward of the island of St. Michael's, which she was up with early on the morning of July 26, the wind blowing hard. Later in the day she passed the Prince of Monaco's fine steam-yacht bound to Fayal, where, on a previous voyage, the prince had slipped his cables to "escape a reception" which the padres of the island wished to give him. Why he so dreaded the "ovation" I could not make out. At Horta they did not know. Since reaching the islands I had lived most luxuriously on fresh bread, butter, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds. Plums seemed the most plentiful on the *Spray*, and these I ate without stint. I had also a Pico white cheese that General Manning, the American consul-general, had given me, which I supposed was to be eaten, and of this I partook with the plums. Alas! by night-time I was doubled up with cramps. The wind, which was already a smart breeze, was increasing somewhat, with a heavy sky to the sou'west. Reefs had been turned out, and I must turn them in again somehow. Between cramps I got the mainsail down, hauled out the earings as best I could, and tied away, point by point, in the double reef. There being sea-room, I should, in strict prudence, have made all snug and gone down at once to my cabin. I am a careful man at sea, but this night, in the coming storm, I swayed up my sails, which, reefed though they were, were still too much in such heavy weather; and I saw to it that the sheets were securely belayed. In a word, I should have laid to, but I did not. I gave her the double-reefed mainsail and whole jib instead, and set her on her course. Then I went below, and threw myself upon my cabin floor in great pain. How long I lay there I could not tell, for I became delirious. When I came to, as I thought, from my swoon, I realized that the sloop was plunging into a heavy sea, and looking out of the companionway, to my amazement I saw a tall man at the helm. His rigid hand, grasping the spokes of the wheel, held them as in a vise. One may imagine my astonishment. His rig was that of a foreign sailor, and the large red cap he wore was cock-billed over his left ear, and all was set off with shaggy black whiskers. He would have been taken for a pirate in any part of the world. While I gazed upon his threatening aspect I forgot the storm, and wondered if he had come to cut my throat. This he seemed to divine. "Señor," said he, doffing his cap, "I have come to do you no harm." And a smile, the faintest in the world, but still a smile, played on his face, which seemed not unkind when he spoke. "I have come to do you no harm. I have sailed free," he said, "but was never worse than a *contrabandista*. I am one of Columbus's crew," he continued. "I am the pilot of the *Pinta* come to aid you. Lie quiet, señor captain," he added, "and I will guide your ship to-night. You have a *calentura*, but you will be all right to-morrow." I thought what a very devil he was to carry sail. Again, as if he read my mind, he exclaimed: "Yonder is the *Pinta* ahead; we must overtake her. Give her sail; give her sail! *Vale, vale, muy vale!*" Biting off a large quid of black twist, he said: "You did wrong, captain, to mix cheese with plums. White cheese is never safe unless you know whence it comes. *Quien sabe*, it may have been from *leche de Capra* and become capricious."

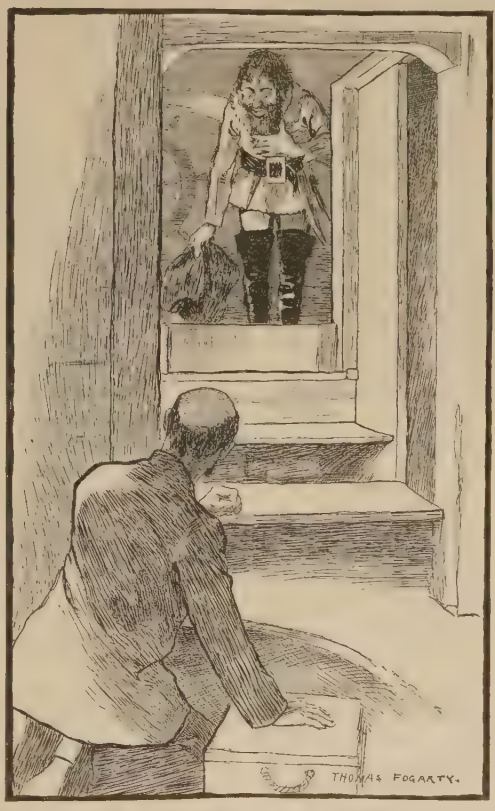
"Avast, there!" I cried. "I have no mind for moralizing."

I made shift to spread a mattress and lie on that instead of the hard floor, my eyes all the while fastened on my strange guest, who, remarking again that I would have "only pains and calentura," chuckled as he chanted a wild song:

> High are the waves, fierce, gleaming,
> High is the tempest roar!
> High the sea-bird screaming!
> High the Azore!

I suppose I was now on the mend, for I was peevish, and complained: "I detest your jingle. Your Azore should be at roost, and would have been were it a respectable bird!" I begged he would tie a rope-yarn on the rest of the song, if there was any more. I was still in agony. Great seas were boarding the *Spray*, but in my fevered brain I thought they were boats falling on deck, that careless draymen were throwing from wagons on the pier to which I imagined the *Spray* was now moored, and without fenders to breast her off. "You 'll smash your boats," I called out again and again, as the seas crashed on the cabin over my head. "You'll smash your boats, but you can't hurt the *Spray*. She is strong!" I cried.

I found, when my pains and calentura had gone, that the deck had been swept of everything movable, and it was as white as a shark's tooth from seas washing over it. To my astonishment, I saw that the *Spray* was still heading as I had left her, and was going like a race-horse. Columbus himself could not have held her more exactly on her course. It was now broad day. The sloop had made ninety miles in the night through a rough sea. I felt grateful to the old pilot, but I marveled some that he had not taken in the jib. The gale was moderating, and by noon the sun was shining. A meridian altitude and the distance on the patent log, which I always kept towing, told me that she had made a true course throughout the twenty-four hours. I was getting much better now, but was very weak, and did not turn out reefs that day or the night following, although the wind fell light; but I just put my wet clothes out in the sun when it was shining, and lying down there myself, fell asleep. Then who should visit me again but my old friend of the night before, this time, of course, in a dream. "You did well last night to take my advice," said he, "and if you would, I should like to be with you often on the voyage, for the love of adventure alone." Thus finishing what he had to say, he again doffed his cap and disappeared as mysteriously as he came, returning, I suppose, to the phantom *Pinta*. I awoke much refreshed, and with the feeling that I had been in the presence of a friend and a seaman of vast experience. I gathered up my clothes, which by this time were dry, then, by inspiration, I threw overboard all the plums in the vessel.



THE APPARITION AT THE WHEEL.

July 28 was exceptionally fine. The wind from the northwest was light and the air balmy. I overhauled my wardrobe, and bent on a white shirt against nearing some coasting-packet with genteel folk on board. I also did some washing to get the salt out of my clothes. After it all I was hungry, so I made a fire and very cautiously stewed a dish of pears and set them carefully aside till I had made a pot of delicious coffee, for both of which I could afford sugar and cream. But the crowning dish of all was a fish-hash, and there was enough of it for two. I was in good health again, and my appetite was simply ravenous. While I was dining I had a large onion over the double lamp stewing for a luncheon later in the day. High living to-day!

In the afternoon the *Spray* came upon a large turtle asleep on the sea. He awoke with my harpoon through his neck, if he awoke at all. I had much difficulty in landing him on deck, which I finally accomplished by hooking the throat-halyards to one of his flippers, for he was about as heavy as my boat. I saw more turtles, and I rigged a bur-

ton ready with which to hoist them in; for I was obliged to lower the mainsail whenever the halyards were used for such purposes, and it was no small matter to hoist the large sail again. But turtle-steak is good, and it was the rule of the voyage that the cook found no fault with me, and I found no fault with the cook. There was never a ship's crew so well agreed. The bill of fare that evening was turtle-steak, tea and toast, fried potatoes, stewed onions; dessert, stewed pears with cream.

Sometime in the afternoon I passed a barrel-buoy adrift, floating light on the water. It was painted red, and rigged with a signal-staff about six feet high. A sudden change in the weather coming on, I got no more turtle or fish of any sort before reaching port. July 31 a gale sprang up suddenly from the north, with heavy seas, and I shortened sail. The *Spray* made only fifty-one miles on her course that day. August 1 the gale continued, with heavy seas. Through the night the sloop was reaching, under close-reefed mainsail and bobbed jib. At 3 P. M. the jib was washed off the bowsprit and blown to rags and ribbons. I bent the "jumbo" on a stay at the night-heads. As for the jib, let it go; I saved pieces of it, and, after all, I was in want of pot-rags.

On August 3 the gale broke, and I saw many signs of land. Bad weather having made itself felt in the galley, I was minded to try my hand at a loaf of bread, and so rigging a pot of fire on deck by which to bake it, a loaf soon became an accomplished fact. One great feature about ship's cooking is that one's appetite on the sea is always good—a fact that I realized when I cooked for the crew of fishermen. Dinner being over, I sat for hours reading the life of Columbus, and as the day wore on I watched the birds all flying in one direction, and said, "Land lies there."

Early the next morning, August 4, I discovered Spain. I saw fires on shore, and knew that the country was inhabited. The *Spray* continued on her course till well in with the land, which was that about Trafalgar. Then keeping away a point, she passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, where she cast anchor at 3 P. M. of the same day, less than twenty-nine days from Cape Sable. At the finish of this preliminary trip I found myself in excellent health, not overworked or cramped, but as well as ever in my life, though I was as thin as a reef-point.

Two Italian barks, which had been close alongside at daylight, I saw long after I had anchored, passing up the African side of the strait. The *Spray* had sailed them both hull down before she reached Tarifa. So far as I can judge, the *Spray* beat everything going across the Atlantic except the steamers.

All was well, but I had forgotten to bring a bill of health from Horta, and so when the fierce old port doctor came to inspect there was a row. That, however, was the very thing needed. If you want to get on well with a true Britisher you must first have a deuce of a row with him. I knew that well enough, and so I fired away, shot for shot, as best I could. "Well, yes," the doctor admitted at last, "your crew are healthy enough, no doubt, but who knows the diseases of your last port?"—a reasonable enough remark. "We ought to put you in the fort, sir!" he blustered; "but never mind. Free pratique, sir! Shove off, cockswain!" And that was the last I saw of the port doctor.

But on the following morning a steam-launch, much longer than the *Spray*, came alongside,—or as much of her as could get alongside,—with compliments from the senior naval officer, Admiral Bruce, saying there was a berth for the *Spray* at the arsenal. This was around at the new mole. I had anchored at the old mole, among the native craft, where it was rough and uncomfortable. Of course I was glad to shift, and I did so as soon as possible, thinking of the great company the *Spray* would be in among battleships such as the *Collingwood*, *Balfleur*, and *Cormorant*, which were at that time stationed there, and on board all of which the skipper of the *Spray* was entertained, later, most royally.

"'Put it thar!' as the Americans say," was the salute I got from Admiral Bruce, when I called at the admiralty to thank him for his courtesy of the berth, and for the use of the steam-launch which towed me into dock. "About the berth, it is all right if it suits, and we 'll tow you out when you are ready to go. But, say, what repairs do you want? Ahoy the *Hebe*, can you spare your sail-maker? The *Spray* wants a new jib. Construction and repair, there! will you see to the *Spray?* Say, old man, you must have knocked the devil out of her coming over alone in twenty-nine days! But we 'll make it smooth for you here!" Not even her Majesty's ship the *Collingwood* could have been better looked after.

Later in the day there came the hail: "*Spray* ahoy! Mrs. Bruce would like to come on board and shake hands with the

Spray. Will it be convenient to-day?" "Very!" I joyfully shouted. On the following day Sir F. Carrington, at the time governor of Gibraltar, with other high officers of the garrison, and all the commanders of the battle-ships, came on board and signed their names in the *Spray's* log-book. Again there was a hail, "*Spray* ahoy!" "Hello!" "Commander Reynolds's compliments. You are invited on board H. M. S. *Collingwood*, ahoy!" would hail the senior officer of her Majesty's navy at Gibraltar. "*Spray* ahoy!" "Hello!" "To-morrow is your vegetable day, sir." "Aye, aye, sir!"

I rambled much about the old city, and a gunner piloted me through the galleries of the rock as far as a stranger is permitted to go. There is no excavation in the world, for military purposes, at all approaching these of Gibraltar in conception or execu-

COMING TO ANCHOR AT GIBRALTAR.

'at home' at 4:30 P. M. Not later than 5:30 P. M." I had already hinted at the limited amount of my wardrobe, and that I could never succeed as a dude. "You are expected, sir, in a stovepipe hat and a claw-hammer coat!" "Then I can't come." "Dash it! come in what you have on; that is what we mean." "Aye, aye, sir!" The *Collingwood's* cheer was good, and had I worn a silk hat as high as the moon I could not have had a better time or been made more at home. An Englishman, even on his great battle-ship, unbends formality when the stranger passes his gangway, and when he says "at home" he means it.

That one should like Gibraltar would go without saying. How could one help loving so hospitable a place? Vegetables twice a week and milk every morning came from the palatial grounds of the admiralty. "*Spray* tion. Viewing the stupendous works, it became hard to realize that one was within the Gibraltar of his little old Morse geography.

Before sailing I was invited on a picnic with the governor, the officers of the garrison, and the commanders of the war-ships at the station; and a royal affair it was. Torpedo-boat No. 91, going twenty-two knots, carried our party to the Morocco shore and back. The day was perfect—too fine, in fact, for comfort on shore, and so no one landed at Morocco. No. 91 trembled like an aspen-leaf as she raced through the sea at top speed. Sublieutenant Boucher, apparently a mere lad, was in command, and handled his ship with the skill of an older sailor. On the following day I lunched with General Carrington, the governor, at Line Wall House, which was once the Franciscan convent. In this interesting edifice are preserved relics

of the fourteen sieges which Gibraltar has seen. On the next day I supped with the admiral at his residence, the palace, which was once the convent of the Mercenaries. At each place, and all about, I felt the friendly grasp of a manly hand, that lent me vital strength to pass the coming long days at sea. I must confess that the perfect discipline, order, and cheerfulness at Gibraltar were only a second wonder in the great stronghold. The vast amount of business going forward caused no more excitement there than the quiet sailing of a well-appointed ship in a smooth sea. No one spoke above his natural voice, save a boatswain's mate now and then. The Hon. Horatio J. Sprague, the venerable United States consul at Gibraltar, honored the *Spray* with a visit on Sunday, August 24, and was much pleased to find that our British cousins had been so kind to her.

Monday, August 25, the *Spray* sailed from Gibraltar, well repaid for whatever deviation she had made from a direct course. A tug belonging to her Majesty towed the sloop into the steady breeze clear of the mount, where her sails caught a volant wind, which carried her once more to the Atlantic, where it rose rapidly to a furious gale. My plan was, going down this coast, to haul offshore, well clear of the land, which hereabouts is the home of pirates; but I had hardly accomplished this when I perceived a felucca making out of the nearest port, and finally following in the wake of the *Spray*. Now, my course to Gibraltar had been taken with a view to proceed up the Mediterranean Sea, through the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea, and east about, instead of a western route, which I finally adopted. I was influenced by officers of vast experience in navigating these seas, and the longshore pirates on both coasts being numerous, I could not afford to make light of the advice. But here I was, after all, evidently in the midst of pirates and thieves! I changed my course; the felucca did the same, both vessels sailing very fast, but the distance growing less and less between them. The *Spray* was doing nobly; she was even more than at her best; but, in spite of all I could do, she would broach now and then. She was carrying too much sail for safety. I must reef or be dismasted and lose all, pirate or no pirate. I must reef, even if I had to grapple with him for my life.

I was not long in reefing the mainsail and sweating it up—probably not more than fifteen minutes; but the felucca had in the meantime so shortened the distance between us that I could see the tuft of hair on the heads of the crew,—by which, it is said, Mohammed will pull the villains up into heaven,—and they were coming on like the wind. From what I could clearly make out now, I felt them to be the sons of generations of pirates, and I saw that they were preparing to strike a blow. The exultation on their faces, however, was changed in a moment to a look of fear and rage. Their craft, with too much sail on, broached to on the crest of a great wave. This one great sea changed the aspect of affairs as suddenly as the flash of a gun. Three minutes later the same wave overtook the *Spray* and shook her in every timber. At the same moment the sheet-strop parted, and away went the main-boom, broken short at the rigging. Impulsively I sprang to the jib-halyards and downhaul, and instantly hauled the jib down. The head-sail being off, the helm was put hard down, and the sloop came in the wind with a bound. While shivering there, but a moment though it was, I got the mainsail down and secured inboard, broken boom and all. How I got the boom in before the sail was torn I hardly know; but it is a fact that not a stitch of it was broken. The mainsail being secured, I hoisted away the jib, and, without looking round, stepped quickly to the cabin and snatched down my loaded rifle and cartridges at hand; for I made mental calculations that the pirate would by this time have recovered his course and be close aboard, and that when I saw him it would be better for me to be looking at him along the barrel of

CHASED BY PIRATES.

a gun. The piece was at my shoulder when I peered into the mist, but there was no pirate within a mile. The wave and squall that carried away my boom dismasted the felucca outright. I perceived this thieving crew, some dozen or more of them, struggling to recover their rigging from the sea. Allah blacken their faces!

I sailed comfortably on under the jib and forestaysail, which I now set. I fished the boom and furled the sail snug for the night; then I hauled the sloop's head two points offshore to allow for the set of current and heavy rollers toward the land. This gave me the wind three points on the starboard quarter and a steady pull in the headsail. By the time I had things in this order it was dark, and a flying-fish already had fallen on deck. I took him below for my supper, but found myself too tired to cook, or even to eat a thing already prepared. I do not remember having been more tired before or since in all my life than I was at the finish of that day. I was too fatigued to sleep. I rolled about with the vessel till near midnight, when I made shift to dress my fish and prepare a dish of tea. I fully realized now, if I had not before, that the voyage ahead would call for exertions ardent and lasting. On August 27 nothing could be seen of the Moor, or his country either, except two peaks, away in the east through the clear atmosphere of morning. Soon after the sun rose. Even this was obscured by haze, much to my satisfaction.

The wind, for a few days following my escape from the pirates, blew a steady but moderate gale, and the sea, though agitated into long rollers, was not uncomfortably rough or dangerous, and while sitting in my cabin I could hardly realize that any sea was running at all, so easy was the long, swinging motion of the sloop over the waves. All distracting uneasiness and excitement being now over, I was once more alone with myself in the realization that I was on the mighty sea and in the hands of the elements. But I was happy, and was becoming more and more interested in the voyage.

Columbus, in the *Santa Maria*, sailing these seas more than four hundred years before, was not so happy as I, nor so sure of success in what he had undertaken. His first troubles at sea had already begun. His crew had managed, by foul play or otherwise, to break the ship's rudder while running before just such a gale as the *Spray* had passed through; the *Santa Maria* gale was perhaps not heavier, and there was dissension on the *Santa Maria*, something that was unknown on the *Spray*.

After three days of squalls and shifting winds I threw myself down to rest and sleep, while, with helm lashed, the sloop sailed steadily on her course.

September 1, in the early morning, land-clouds rising ahead told of the Canary Islands not far away. A change in the weather came next day: storm-clouds stretched their arms across the sky; from the east, to all appearances, might come a fierce harmattan, or from the south might come the fierce hurricane. Every point of the compass threatened a wild storm. My attention was turned to reefing sails, and no time was to be lost over it, either, for the sea in a moment was confusion itself, and I was glad to head the sloop three points or more away from her true course that she might ride safely over the waves. I was now scudding her for the channel between Africa and the island of Fuerteventura, the easternmost of the Canary Islands, for which I was on the lookout. At 2 P. M., the weather becoming suddenly fine, the island stood in view, already abeam to starboard, and not more than seven miles off. Fuerteventura is twenty-seven hundred feet high, and in fine weather is visible many leagues away.

The wind freshened in the night, and the *Spray* had a fine run through the channel. By daylight, September 3, she was twenty-five miles clear of all the islands, when a calm ensued, which was the precursor of another gale of wind that soon came on, bringing with it dust from the African shore. It howled dismally while it lasted, and though it was not the season of the harmattan, the sea in the course of an hour was discolored with a reddish-brown dust. The air remained thick with flying dust all the afternoon, but the wind, veering northwest at night, swept it back to land, and afforded the *Spray* once more a clear sky. Her mast now bent under a strong, steady pressure, and her bellying sail swept the sea as she rolled scuppers under, courtesying to the waves. These rolling waves thrilled me as they tossed my ship, passing quickly under her keel. This was grand sailing.

September 4, the wind, still fresh, blew from the north-northeast, and the sea surged along with the sloop. About noon a steamship, a bullock-carrier,[1] from the river Plate hove in sight, steering northeast, and making bad weather of it. I signaled her, but got no answer. She was plunging into the

[1] Droger.

head sea and rolling in a most astonishing manner, and from the way she yawed one might have said that a wild steer was at the helm.

On the morning of September 6 I found three flying-fish on deck, and a fourth one down the fore-scuttle as close as possible to the frying-pan. It was the best haul yet, and afforded me a sumptuous breakfast and dinner.

The *Spray* had now settled down to the trade-winds and to the business of her voyage. Later in the day another bullock-carrier hove in sight, rolling as badly as her predecessor. I threw out no flag to this one, but got the worst of it for passing under her lee. She was, indeed, a stale one! And the poor cattle, how they bellowed! The time was when ships passing one another at sea backed their topsails and had a "gam," and on parting fired guns; but those good old days have gone. People have hardly time nowadays to speak even on the broad ocean, where news is news, and as for a salute of guns, they cannot afford the powder. There are no poetry-enshrined freighters on the sea now; it is a prosy life when we have no time to bid one another good morning.

My ship, running now in the full swing of the trades, left me days to myself for rest and recuperation. I employed the time in reading and writing, or in whatever I found to do about the rigging and the sails to keep them all in order. The cooking was always done quickly, and was a small matter, as the bill of fare consisted mostly of flying-fish, hot biscuits and butter, potatoes, coffee and cream—dishes readily prepared.

On September 10 the *Spray* passed the island of St. Antonio, the northwesternmost of the Cape Verdes, close aboard. The landfall was wonderfully true, considering that no observations for longitude had been made. The wind, northeast, as the sloop drew by the island, was very squally, but I reefed her sails snug, and steered broad from the highland of blustering St. Antonio. Then leaving the Cape Verde Islands out of sight astern, I found myself once more sailing into the vastness of a lonely sea and in a solitude supreme all around. When I slept I dreamed that I was alone. This feeling never left me; but, sleeping or waking, I seemed always to know the position of the sloop, and I saw my vessel moving across the chart, which became a picture before me.

One night while I sat in the cabin under this spell, the profound stillness all about the *Spray* was broken by human voices alongside! I sprang instantly to the deck, startled beyond my power to tell. Passing close under my lee, like an apparition, was a white bark under full sail. The sailors on board of her were hauling on ropes to brace the yards, which just cleared the sloop's mast as she swept by. No one hailed from the white-winged flier, but I heard some one on board say that he saw lights on the sloop, and that he made her out to be a fisherman. I sat long on the starlit deck that night, thinking of ships, and watching the constellations on their voyage.

On the following day, September 13, a large four-masted ship passed some distance to windward, heading also north.

The sloop was now rapidly drawing toward the region of doldrums, and the force of the trade-winds was lessening. I could see by the ripples that a counter-current had set in. This I estimated to be about sixteen miles a day. In the heart of the counter-stream the rate was more than that setting eastward.

September 14 a large three-masted ship, heading north, was seen from the masthead. Neither this ship nor the one seen yesterday was within signal distance, yet it was good even to see them. On the following day heavy rain-clouds rose in the south, obscuring the sun; this was ominous of doldrums. On the 16th the *Spray* entered this gloomy region, to battle with squalls and to be harassed by fitful calms; for this is the state of the elements between the northeast and the southeast trades, where each wind, struggling in turn for mastery, expends its force whirling about in all directions. Making this still more trying to one's nerve and patience, the sea was tossed into confused cross-lumps and fretted by eddying currents. As if something more were needed to complete a sailor's discomfort in this state, the rain poured down in torrents day and night. The *Spray* struggled and tossed for ten days, making only three hundred miles on her course in all that time. I did n't say anything!

On September 23 the fine schooner *Nantasket* of Boston, from Bear River, for the river Plate, lumber-laden, and just through the doldrums, came up with the *Spray*, and her captain passing a few words, she sailed on. Being much fouled on the bottom by shell-fish, she drew along with her fishes which had been following the *Spray*, which was less provided with that sort of food. Fishes will always follow a foul ship. A barnacle-grown log adrift has the same attraction for deep-sea fishes. One of this little school of desert-

ers was a dolphin that had followed the *Spray* about a thousand miles, and had been content to eat scraps of food thrown overboard from my table; for, having been wounded, it could not dart through the sea to prey on other fishes. I had become accustomed to seeing the dolphin, which I knew by its scars, and missed it whenever it took occasional excursions away from the sloop. One day, after it had been off some hours, it returned in company with three yellowtails, a sort of cousin to the dolphin. This little school kept together, except when in danger and when foraging about the sea. Their lives were often threatened by hungry sharks that came round the vessel, and more than once they had narrow escapes. Their mode of escape interested me greatly, and I passed hours watching them. They would dart away, each in a different direction, so that the wolf of the sea, the shark, pursuing one, would be led away from the others; then after a while they would all return and rendezvous under one side or the other of the sloop. Twice their pursuers were diverted by a tin pan, which I towed astern of the sloop, and which was mistaken for a bright fish; and while turning, in the peculiar way that sharks have when about to devour their prey, I shot them through the head.

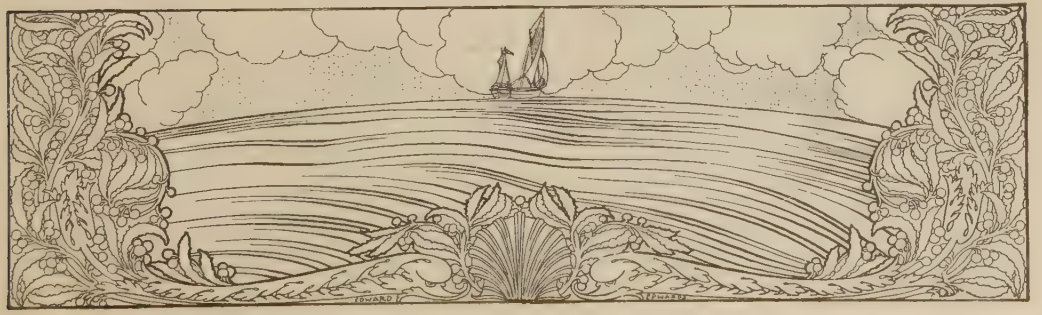
Their precarious life seemed to concern the yellowtails very little, if at all. All living beings, without a doubt, are afraid of death. Nevertheless, some of the species I saw huddle together as though they knew they were created for the larger fishes, and wished to give the least possible trouble to their captors. I have seen, on the other hand, whales swimming in a circle around a school of herrings, and with mighty exertion "bunching" them together in a whirlpool set in motion by their flukes, and when the small fry were all whirled nicely together, one or the other of the leviathans, lunging through the center with open jaws, take in a boat-load or so at a single mouthful. Off the Cape of Good Hope I saw schools of sardines or other small fish being treated in this way by great numbers of cavally-fish. There was not the slightest chance of escape for the sardines, while the cavally circled round and round, feeding from the edge of the mass. It was interesting to note how rapidly the small fry disappeared; and though it was repeated before my eyes over and over, I could hardly perceive the capture of a single sardine, so dexterously was it done.

Along the equatorial limit of the southeast trade-winds the air was heavily charged with electricity, and there was much thunder and lightning. It was hereabout I remembered that, a few years before, the American ship *Alert* was destroyed by lightning. Her people, by wonderful good fortune, were rescued on the same day and brought to Pernambuco, where I then met them.

On September 25, in the latitude of 5° N., longitude 26° 30′ W., I spoke the ship *North Star* of London. The great ship was out forty-eight days from Norfolk, Virginia, and was bound for Rio, where we met again about two months later. The *Spray* was now thirty days from Gibraltar.

The *Spray's* next companion of the voyage was a swordfish, that swam alongside, showing its tall fin out of the water, till I made a stir for my harpoon, when it hauled its black flag down and disappeared. September 30, at half-past eleven in the morning, the *Spray* crossed the equator in longitude 29° 30′ W. At noon she was two miles south of the line. The southeast trade-winds, met in about 4° N., now filled her sails, and sent her flying over the sea toward the coast of Brazil, where on October 5, just north of Olinda Point, without further incident, she made the land, casting anchor in Pernambuco harbor about noon: forty days from Gibraltar, and all well on board. Did I tire of the voyage in all that time? Not a bit of it! I was never in better trim in all my life, and was eager for the more perilous experience of rounding the Horn.

(To be continued.)



AT FOURSCORE.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

AH, yes, I divine, by the way they look
Who bring me the birthday gift and word:
They think me waiting for priest and book,
And the place where greetings are never heard.

Yet though I am standing at Death's dark door,
I am not thinking of him or his;
The soul of twenty returns once more,
Although in the body of age it is.

With the thought of dying, away to-night!
Away with the thoughts of ills and pain!
I would have no comrade of mine in sight,
Flaunting a life that is on the wane.

But give me young faces without a seam,
Give mirth and music and tripping feet;
Give me red lips with the corn-white gleam,
And the light of life that is summer-sweet!

Whence is this hunger, this thirst of mine
To cast the trammels of age away?
Is it all human? Nay, half divine—
The reach of the night for the dawn of day.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XXII.

FOR a week the army stayed in camp by the pleasant waters of the Mæander, and daily at noon Gilbert and Beatrix met at the same place. She told him that she had not seen her father again, and that she believed he had left the camp. The queen knew that the lovers met, but she would not hinder them, though it was cruel pain to think of their happiness. Many have spoken and written evil things of Eleanor, for she was a haughty woman and overbearing, and she feared neither God nor man, nor Satan either; but she had a strong and generous heart, and, having promised, she kept her word as well as she could. She would not send for Gilbert, nor see him alone, lest she should fail of resolution when her eyes looked on him too closely. Beatrix knew this and took heart, and the veil of estrangement was lifted between her and Gilbert.

On the last day but one of the year he went before the king, who bade him mount again with his men and ride before the army through the passes of the Cadmus toward Attalia, seeking out the safest way and giving timely warning of the enemy. Also, because it was known that the danger must be greater now than before, the king gave him leave to choose knights and men-at-arms to the number of a hundred, to be under him, and made him rich presents of fine armor, and caused his shield to be painted afresh by a skilled Greek. While he talked with Gilbert he watched the queen, who sat apart, somewhat pale, reading in a book of hours, for he was always suspicious of her; but she never looked at the Englishman until he was taking his leave. Then she beckoned him to her, before he went out, and gave him her ungloved hand, which he kissed, and she looked into his face a moment, very sadly, not knowing whether she should see him

[1] Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

again. So he went out, to bid Beatrix farewell.

She met him at the accustomed place by the river, and for a while they were together; but they could not talk much, being both very sad. She took a golden ring from her hand, and would have put it upon his finger, but it was too small.

"I had hoped that you could wear it," she said, disappointed, "for it was my mother's."

Gilbert took it in his hand. It was of very pure gold, and thin, so he cut it open with the point of his dagger, and bent it back and clasped it round his fourth finger, tightly.

"It is our troth," he said.

It was hard to let him go, for she also knew the peril, as the queen knew it.

"I shall pray for you," she said, clinging to him. "God is good—you may come back to me."

They sat a long time together, saying nothing. When it was time for him to lead his men out, as he judged by the sun, he kissed her, lifting her up to him.

"Good-by," he said.

"Not yet!" she pleaded, between his kisses. "Oh, Gilbert, not so very soon!"

But she knew that he must go, and he set her gently upon her feet, for it was the last moment. When he was gone, she sat down upon the stone, and the Norman woman came and put one arm round her, holding her, for she seemed fainting. Still her eyes followed him as he strode along the river, till he reached the turning. There he stopped and looked back, and kissed the ring she had given him, and waved his hand to her; and she pressed both her hands to her lips and threw them out to him, as if she would have thrown her heart and her soul with it.

When he was gone the sky turned black before her eyes, and time stood still, and she knew what death meant. But she did not faint, and she had no tears. Only when she went back, after some time, she walked unsteadily, and her woman helped her.

So Gilbert rode out to seek the way, taking well-mounted messengers with him as before, and on the first day of the New Year the whole army began the march again, crossing the river the first time at a ford. The queen would perforce be in the van, with her ladies, so that the speed of their riding became the speed of the whole army, whereby the whole host was kept together. The first messenger who came back told that Sir Gilbert had reached the hills, and led the queen by the way he had followed, saying that so far he had met no enemies. But on the morrow, as they drew near to the mountains and rode up the rising ground, they saw afar off a man standing by one who lay stark on the ground, and driving off a vulture and a score of ravens with a long staff. The queen's heart stood still when she saw this sight, and she spurred her Arab mare forward before all the army till she stopped beside the dead body and saw that the face was not Gilbert's. The squire who was guarding the dead told her how, very early in the morning, some fifty Seljuk horsemen had come down from the hills and had shot arrows at Gilbert and his men from a distance, wheeling quickly and galloping away out of sight before the Christians could mount; and this one knight had been killed, and his squire had stayed by him till the army should come up, while the rest rode on, and took both the horses with them in case they should lose any of their own.

There they buried the body deep, when the queen's chaplain had blessed it, and they marched on till noon, and encamped. From that time the queen made her ladies ride in the center of the great host, protected on all sides; but she herself, with the Lady Anne of Auch, still kept the van, for in this way she was nearer to Gilbert. She also sent out parties of scouts to the right and left, to give warning of the Seljuks; and the king guarded the rear, where there was also great danger.

Meanwhile Gilbert went farther up into the mountains, searching out the best way to the pass, distrusting the Greek guides, who nevertheless feared him and told him the truth, though it was the secret wish of the Greek emperor that the army should all be destroyed, because he desired no increase of the Western power in Asia. But Gilbert told the guides severally and all together that he would cut off the head of the first one who should even seem to be false; and he kept them under his own eye, and his long sword was always loose in the sheath.

He went very cautiously now, setting sentinels at night and sleeping little himself, so that he might often go alone from post to post and see that all was well. But the Seljuks never came in the darkness, for as yet there were not many of them, and they trusted to their bows by day, when they could see; but they feared to come to close quarters with the picked swordsmen of the French army. Since they had first shown themselves, the Christians all rode fully armed in mail and hood, knights and men-at-arms and young squires alike, with the

half-dozen pack-horses and a few spare mounts in the midst; and good mail was proof against arrows, but Gilbert wished that he had brought fifty archers with him, such marksmen as little Alric, his groom.

There was some fighting every day, when he was able to overtake the swift Seljuks in some narrow place. They fled when they could, but when they were brought to bay they turned savagely and fought like panthers, yelling their war-cry: "Hurr! Hurr!" which in the Tatar tongue signifies "Kill! Kill!"

But more often the Christians killed them, being stronger men and better armed, and Gilbert was ever the first to strike; and one day, as the fiercest of a band of Seljuks rode at him, whirling a crooked sword and shouting the cry, Gilbert cut off his arm at one stroke, and it fell to the ground with the fist still grasping the simitar; whereat Gilbert laughed and mocked the unbelievers' cry. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" he shouted, as he rode on.

Then his men took the cry from him, jeering at their enemies, and on that morning they let not one escape, but slew them all, saving one man only, and took the horses that were alive. But from that time the Christians began to cry "Hurrah!" And when men shout to-day, "Hurrah for the king," they know not that they are crying, "Kill for the king."

But Gilbert saw that the place where this happened was a very dangerous one, though the entrance to it was broad and pleasant, through a high valley in which there were certain huts where shepherds dwelt, and grass and water. Therefore he turned back quickly when the killing was over, and he took the chief of the guides by the throat, holding his head down upon the pommel of his saddle, and bade him show a better way if he would keep his head on his shoulders.

"My lord, there is no other way," cried the man, fright-struck.

"Very well," answered Gilbert, drawing his red sword again; "if there is no other way, I shall not need you any more, my man."

When the fellow heard the sheath sucking the wet steel, he screamed for terror, crying out that there was another way. So they rode back to the entrance of the valley, and the man began to lead them up a steep track among the trees; and above the trees they came to a desolate, stony ridge; but still they could ride, though it was a very toilsome way. When they had reached the top, after three hours, Gilbert saw that he was at the true pass, broad and straight, opening down to grassy slopes beyond, between crags that would not give a foothold to a goat. He rode on a little way farther, and there was a very steep path, turning back, round the highest peak, and presently he looked down into a small, high valley, below which the narrow way led down to the pleasant place through which he had first ridden, and saw that a great army could easily be destroyed there by a small one lying in ambush. He could see quite plainly the dead Seljuks lying as they had fallen, and from far and near the great vultures and the kites were sailing down from the crags, while the ravens and crows that followed his killing day by day were flying, and settling, and hopping along the ground, and flying again to the place of death.

He rode back to his men, driving the guide before him; and the man feared for his life continually, and reeled in the saddle as if he were drunk. But Gilbert knew that a man well frightened was a man gained for what he wanted, so when he had threatened to cut off his hands and put out his eyes and leave him to die among the rocks if he tried to misguide the army again, he let him live. Then he sent ten men back to lead the host on the following day, and he remained in the pass to keep it until the vanguard should be in sight. He bade his messengers tell the king that for his life he must not go into the broad valley, though it looked so fair and open.

Now, the Seljuks whom he had met were all dead except one young man; but there were many of them, some five thousand, encamped in a great hiding-place surrounded by rocks, on the other side of the pass. And the one who had escaped went to them, and told them what had happened, and that the whole French army would surely come up that way on the next day and the day after. Therefore the Seljuks mounted, and came and lay in ambush, and two hundred of them rode down into the valley and hid themselves among the trees where the steep way began which was the right way. For they knew the mountains, and feared lest at the last moment the White Fiend, as they called Gilbert, might find out his mistake and choose that path to the pass, and save all; whereas on the steep ridge, under cover of trees, two hundred chosen bowmen, each with a great sheaf of arrows, could turn back a host. So the night passed, and Gilbert was undis-

turbed; but great evil was prepared for the army, though his messengers reached the camp and repeated his words to the king before nightfall.

It lacked two hours of noon when Sir Gaston de Castignac and a dozen other knights, with Gilbert's ten men, turned the spur of the mountain where the broad, green valley opened, having on their right the wooded ridge where the two hundred Seljuks were hidden. A moment later the queen herself came up, with Anne of Auch and a hundred knights, and she supposed that they should have ridden through the valley; but Castignac stopped her and told her what the men said, and that they must all begin the ascent from that point. The valley was inviting, with its pleasant water and its broad meadow, and some of the knights murmured; but when Eleanor heard that Gilbert had chosen the steeper way, she had no doubt, and bade them all be silent; but as there was much space on the grass, and as the men said that the ascent was long, it seemed better to halt awhile before beginning to climb. Meanwhile the whole van of the army came up, many thousand men-at-arms and knights, and footmen, and after them the gorgeous train of ladies, careless and gay, feeling themselves safe among so many armed men, and desiring a sight of the enemy rather than fearing it. There was little order in the march, for hitherto there had been little danger; for the Seljuks meant to destroy them in the mountains, and would never have tried battle in the open with such a great host.

Still the troops came on, filling the valley from side to side, and pressing up by sheer numbers toward the pass; and the king came at last, and with him certain Greek guides to whom he listened, and who began to make a great outcry, saying that Sir Gilbert was a madman, and that no horses could climb the ridge. Thereat Gilbert's men swore that they had climbed it on the preceding day, and that even a woman could ride up it. And one of the Greeks began to laugh at them, saying that they lied; so Sir Gaston de Castignac smote him on the mouth with his mailed hand, breaking all his teeth, and there was a turmoil, and the people began to take opposite sides, for many of the king's men had come up, and he himself was for the easy way up the valley.

Then Eleanor was very angry, and she mounted again, calling Gilbert's men to her side, and her own knights, who rode in the van; and she told the king to his face that the Guide of Aquitaine had ever led them safely, but that whenever the army had followed the king's guides, evil had befallen. But the king would not be browbeaten before the great lords and barons, and he swore a great oath that he would go by the valley, come what might. Thereupon Eleanor turned her back on him, wheeling her horse short around; and she bade her knights ride up the hill to the trees with her, and gave orders that her army should follow her, and let the king take his men by any way he chose. On this the confusion became greater than ever, for in that host there were thousands of men, half pilgrims, half soldiers, who had come of their own accord, as free men, bound neither to the king nor to the queen; there were also the Poles and Bohemians, who were independent. All these began to discuss and to quarrel among themselves.

Meanwhile the queen and Anne of Auch rode slowly up the hill, straight toward the trees, with Castignac and Gilbert's men before them, and the knights of Guienne following close after; but none of them expected evil, for the place looked peaceful in the high sunshine. Eleanor and the Lady Anne rode in their skirts and mantles fearlessly, but the men were fully armed in their mail and steel caps.

The foremost were half a dozen spears' lengths from the brush when the sharp twang of a bowstring broke the stillness, and an arrow that was meant for the queen's face flew just between her and the Lady Anne. The fair woman flushed suddenly at the danger; on the dark one's forehead a vein stood out, straight from the parting of the hair, downward between the eyes. The men spurred their horses instantly, and dashed into the wood before the queen could stop them, Castignac first by a length, with his sword out. The flight of arrows that followed the first struck horses and men together, and three or four horses went down with their riders; but the mail was proof, and the men were on their feet in an instant and running into the wood, whence came the sound of great blows, and the sharp twanging of many bowstrings, and the yell of the Seljuks. Now and again an arrow flew from the wood at random, and while Eleanor sat on her horse, looking down the hill and crying to her knights to come on quickly and join in the fight, she did not know that Anne of Auch covered her with her body from the danger of a stray shaft, facing the wood with a light heart, in the

hope of the blessed death for which she looked.

Of those who went in under the trees, none came back, while the din of the fight rose louder and wilder, by which Eleanor guessed that the enemy were very few and were being driven up the hill, overpowered by numbers; and lest her own men should hamper one another, she stopped them and would not allow any more to go up.

Meanwhile the king looked on from below, saying prayers; for he was in mortal dread of wishing that the queen might be killed, since that would have been as great a sin as if he had slain her with his own hand; so that whereas when there was no present danger he constantly prayed that by some means he might be delivered from the woman of Belial, he now prayed as fervently that she might be preserved. As soon as he saw her forbidding a further advance, he took it for granted that she intended to come back and go up the valley, and he gave the signal to his own knights and men to advance in that direction, away from the place where the Seljuks were fighting. Indeed, there were always many, especially of the poorer sort, who were ill armed, who were ready to turn their backs on danger; and immediately, with great confusion and much shouting and pressing, the main body began to move on quickly, spreading out as they went, and completely filling the valley. Then they crowded again, as they went higher, where the valley narrowed to the pass, and at last they were so squeezed and jammed together that the horses could hardly move at all.

The queen's ladies, with their great throng of attendants and servants, had drawn aside at the beginning of the valley, protected by two or three thousand men-at-arms, to wait the end of the fighting, but she herself was still on the spur of the hill before the woods. Before long came Sir Gaston de Castignac, on foot and covered with blood, his mail hacked in many places by the crooked Seljuk swords, and his three-cornered shield dented and battered. He came to the queen's side and made a grand bow, waving his right hand toward the wood, and spoke in a loud voice.

"The duchess's highway is clear," he said. "The way is open and the road is swept. But the broom—"

He turned livid and reeled.

"The broom is broken!" he cried, as he fell at full length, almost under the Arab mare's feet.

He had been shot through the middle with an arrow, but had lived to tell of victory. In an instant the queen knelt beside him, trying to raise his head; and he smiled when he knew her, and died. But there were gentle tears in her eyes as she rose to her feet and bade them bury the Gascon deep, while she herself laid his shield upon his knees and crossed his hands upon his breast.

Many others died there in the wood, and were buried quickly; but the bodies of the Seljuks were dragged aside, out of the line of the march; and it was high noon, for all that had happened had taken place in about two hours. Yet as the way was long to the summit of the pass, those of Gilbert's men who had not been killed urged the queen to march on at once, in order that the camp might be pitched by daylight where Gilbert was waiting. So Eleanor commanded that all her people should follow her in the best order they could keep, and she began to ride up the steep way. But in the valley the king's army was pressing on and up toward the place where Gilbert had fought yesterday, where the bones of the slain Seljuks were already white, and the gorged vultures perched sleeping in the noonday sun.

Two hours passed, and because the guides knew the way well, it being now the third time of their passing there, and because the queen and her vanguard were on sure-footed horses, they reached the top in that time, and saw Gilbert and the eighty men he still had with him sitting on the rocks in their armor, waiting, and their horses tethered near by, but saddled and bridled. Then Gilbert stood out before the rest and waited for the queen, who cantered forward and halted beside him. She began to speak somewhat hurriedly, and she constantly looked about her, rather than into his face, telling him how they had fought in the wood, and how the king and many of the host had gone round by the valley. Thereat Gilbert became very anxious.

"The ladies are following me," said Eleanor, gently, for she knew why he was pale.

As she spoke a cry came on the air, wild, distinct as the scream of the hungry falcon, but it was the cry of thousands.

"Hurr! Hurr! Hurr!"

"The Seljuks are upon them," said Gilbert, "for that cry is from the pass above the valley. God have mercy on the souls of Christian men!"

Dunstan, who knew him well, brought him his horse at the first alarm.

"By your Grace's leave," said Gilbert, taking the bridle to mount, "I will take my

men and do what I can to help them. I have explored the way round this mountain, and every man who follows me may kill ten Seljuks at an advantage, from above, just as the Seljuks are now slaying the king's men, below them."

"Hurr! Hurr! Kill! Kill!"

Ear-piercing, wild, the cry of slaughter came up from the valley again and again, and worse sounds came now on the clear air, the howls of men pressed together and powerless, slain in hundreds with arrows and stones, and the unearthly shrieks of horses wounded to death.

"They are in thousands," said Gilbert, listening. "I must have more men."

"I give you my army," said Eleanor. "Command all, and do your best."

For one moment Gilbert looked hard at her, scarcely believing that she meant the words. But she raised herself in her saddle, and called out in a loud voice to the hundreds of nobles and knights who had already come up.

"Sir Gilbert Warde commands the army!" she cried. "Follow the Guide of Aquitaine!"

There was light in his face as he silently bowed his head and mounted. Three months ago he had been an obscure rider in a vast army.

"Sirs," he said, when he was in the saddle, "the way by which I shall lead you to rescue the king is narrow; therefore follow me in good order, two and two, all those who have sure-footed horses. But beyond the defile as many as a thousand may fight without hindering one another. The rest encamp here and protect the queen and her ladies. Forward!"

He saluted Eleanor and rode away, leaving her there. She hesitated and looked longingly after him, but Anne of Auch laid a hand upon her bridle.

"Madam," she said, "your place is here, where there is no other to command. And here also there may be danger before long."

All the time, the dreadful din of fight came up from below, louder and louder. The Seljuks had waited until not less than five thousand men, with the king himself, had passed through the narrow channel from the lower valley and choked the upper gorge, pushed on by those behind; and then, from their hiding-places among the rocks and trees, they had sprung up in their thousands to kill those taken in the trap like mice. First came the thick flight of their arrows, straight and deadly, going down with flashes into the sea of men; and then great stones rolled from the heights, boulders that crushed the life out of horses and men, and rolled straight through the mass of human bodies, leaving a track of blood behind; and then more arrows, darting hither and thither in the sunlight like rock-swallows; and again stones and boulders, till the confusion and the panic were at their height, and the wild Seljuks sprang down the sides of the gorge, yelling for death, swinging their simitars, to kill more surely by hand, lest they should waste arrows on dead men.

The blood was ankle-deep in the pass, through which more and more of the Christians were driven up to the slaughter by those who followed them. The king was forcing his way through his own men, and with them, toward the side where there were most enemies. His sluggish blood was roused at last, and his sword was out. Nor was it long before he was able to fight hand to hand; but many of those around him were slain, because their arms were hampered in the close press. The Seljuks made room by killing, and climbed upon the slain toward the living. In the vast and screaming din, no one could have heard a voice of command, and the air was darkening with the steam and reek of battle.

A full hour the Seljuks slew and slew, almost unharmed, and the Christians were dead in thousands under their feet. The king, with a hundred followers, was at bay by the roots of a huge oak-tree, fighting as best he might, and killing a man now and then, though wounded in the face and shoulder and sorely spent. But he saw that it was a desperate case and that all was lost, and no more of his army were coming up to the rescue, because the narrow pass was choked with dead. So he began to sing the penitential psalms in time with the swinging of his sword.

It was toward evening, for the days were short, and the westering sun suddenly poured his light straight into the gorge and upon the rising ground above. Some of the Christians looked up out of the carnage, and the king turned his eyes that way when he could spare a glance, and suddenly the sun flashed back from the height, as from golden and silver mirrors quickly moving, and foremost was an azure shield with a golden cross, and the Christians knew it well. Then a feeble shout went up from the few who lived.

"The Guide of Aquitaine!" they cried.

But they were not heard, for suddenly there was a louder cry from the Seljuks, and it was not the war-yell, but something like a howl of fear.

"Safet Bhut! Safet Bhut! The White Fiend! The White Fiend!"

For they were caught in their own trap, and death rose in their eyes. For on the low heights above the gorge a thousand Christians had formed quickly in ranks, with lances lowered and swords loose in sheath. A moment later, and a steel cap went whirling through the air, glancing and gleaming in the sun, till it fell among the enemy below, and then came the sharp command, the leader's single word:

"Charge!"

The Seljuks heard the terrible quick clinking of armor as the great troop began to move, and the Guide of Aquitaine swept down in a storm of steel, bareheaded, his fair hair streaming on the wind, his eyes on fire in the setting sun, his great sword high in air, the smile of destruction on his even lips.

"The White Fiend! The Wrath of God!" screamed the Seljuks.

They tried to fly, but there was no way out, for the pass was choked with dead below, and they must win or die, every living soul of their host. So they turned at bay, joining their strength, and standing as they could on heaps of dead bodies.

There where they had slain, Gilbert slew them, and a thousand blades flashed red in the red sunlight, in time with his; and there was a low, sure sound of killing as steel went through flesh and bone and was wrenched back to strike again. The Seljuks fought like madmen and like wild beasts while they could; but in Gilbert's eyes there was the awful light of victory, and his arm tired not, while rank upon rank of the enemy went down, and the Christians who still lived began to smite them from behind. Then the pass was filled fuller than before, and a small red river leaped down from stone to stone, following the channel of the broad valley beyond, where nearly fifty thousand powerless men watched it flowing among them. But they listened, too, and the Seljuk yell grew fainter, because few were left, and there were few left to cry out.

The shout of triumphant Christian men came ringing down the evening air instead, and fear gave way to rejoicing and gladness; for though there were many dead in the upper valley, and many strong knights and men-at-arms, young and old, great and small, lay under the dead Seljuks who had killed them, yet the great body of the army was alive, the strength of the enemy was broken, and Gilbert had saved the king. In truth, he had found him in an evil case, with his back against an oak-tree, and his knights dead around him; three of the last Seljuks who lived were still hacking at him with their crooked swords, while he sang his "De Profundis" for his soul's good, and used his best fence for his body's safety, hewing away like a strong man and brave, as he was, notwithstanding his faults, and he was sore spent.

"Sir," he said, taking Gilbert's hand, "ask what you wish of me, and if it be no sin, you shall have it, for you have saved the army of the cross."

But the Englishman smiled and would ask nothing, for he had honor enough that day. Yet he knew not that on the cliff whence he had descended to the valley there sat two women who dearly loved him, watching him from first to last—the queen and Beatrix.

There they sat unconsciously clasping hand in hand, and their eyes were wide with fear for him, and yet bright with pride of him as they saw the splendor of his deeds, how his fair streaming hair went ever forward through the Seljuk ranks, and how his track was deep and red for others to follow, till it seemed not possible that one man could slay so many and be unhurt, and a sort of awe came over them, as if he were a being beyond nature.

Neither spoke, nor did either hand loosen on the other; but when all was done, and they saw him dismount, and stand a little apart from other men, resting on his sword, with the glory of the sunset in his face as he looked down the valley, then Beatrix turned to the queen, and the tears of joy sprang to her eyes, and she buried her girl face in Eleanor's bosom, and was glad of the kind arms that held her, seeming to understand all her joy. But the queen's eyes were dry, her face was white, and her beautiful coral lips were parched as in a fever.

XXIII.

In this way it came about that Gilbert, of whom the historians say that nothing else is known, was placed in command of the whole army of crusaders, to lead them through the enemy's country down into Syria; and so he did, well and bravely. After the great battle in the valley there was much fighting still to be done, day by day; for the Seljuks retreated foot by foot, filling the mountains and sweeping down like storm-clouds, to disappear as quickly, leaving blood behind them. But Gilbert led the van, and held the whole pilgrimage together, commanding where the camp should be each night, and ordering the march.

Men wondered at his wisdom, and at his strength to endure hardship; for all were very tired, and provision was scarce, and the Greek hill-people sold at a tenfold value the little they had to sell, so that the soldiers dined not every day, and a dish of boiled goat's flesh was a feast. So the pilgrimage went on in fighting and suffering, and as time passed the people were the more in earnest with themselves and with one another, looking forward to the promised forgiveness of sins when they should have accomplished their vows in the holy places.

So they came down at last from the mountains to the sea, to a place called Attalia. Thence Gilbert would have led them still by land into Syria; but the king was weary, and the queen also had seen the great mistake she had made in bringing her ladies upon the pilgrimage; for few had the strength of the Lady Anne of Auch, or the spirit of Beatrix, to endure without murmuring, like men, and like very brave men. The ladies' train had become a company of complainers, murmuring against everything, longing for the good things of France, and often crying out bitterly, even with tears, that they had been brought out to waste their youth and freshness, or even their lives, in a wilderness. Therefore Eleanor consented at last to the king's desire, which was to take ship from Attalia to St. Simeon's Harbor, which is close to Antioch. In Antioch also reigned her uncle, Count Raymond, a man of her own blood, and thinking as she thought; him she now desired to see and to consult with, because he knew the world, and was an honorable man, and of good counsel. Yet there was danger there, too, for the king had once believed that this Count Raymond loved her, when he had been at the court, and the king was ever jealous and sour.

He would have brought the whole army to Antioch with him, but a great outcry arose; for the poorer sort of the pilgrims feared the sea more than they feared the Seljuks, and they would not go that way; whereas all the nobles and great barons and knights were for the safer journey. So at last the king let the poor pilgrims go, and they, not knowing whither they went, boasted that they would reach Antioch first. He gave them money and certain guides whom he trusted.

Then Gilbert, seeing that there was a choice of two ways, sat down at night and debated what he should do. He desired to follow Beatrix with the ships, for he had not seen Sir Arnold de Curboil since Christmas eve, and he believed that he had gone back to Ephesus to take ship for Syria, so that at the present time he could not suddenly surprise his daughter and carry her away, to force her to a marriage of which heirs might be born to his great possessions in England. Gilbert knew also that his own command over the whole army was ended, now that the enemy's country was passed, and that in the spring all were to join forces with Count Raymond to win back Edessa. He would, therefore, have more time and leisure to protect Beatrix; and this was a strong thing to move him, for he had seen her many times of late, and he loved her with all his heart.

But, on the other hand, when he saw how many thousands of the poorer people, who had taken the cross in simple faith that God would provide for the journey, were about to go up into the passes again, to fight their own way through, without king or queen or army, his charity bade him stay with them and lead them, as only he could, to live or die with them, rather than to go safely by water. So it was hard to decide which he should do, and he would not see Beatrix, lest she should persuade him; nor would he let himself think too much of the people, nor mix with them, for they knew him, and honored him greatly, and would have carried him on their shoulders to make him their leader if he would. So his debating with himself came to nothing, and he slept ill.

In the early morning, as he was walking by the sea-shore, he met the Lady Anne of Auch, with two women behind her, coming back from the mass, and they stood and talked together. As he looked into her face he saw friendship there, and suddenly, though he was often slow of impulse, he began to tell her his trouble, walking beside her.

"Sir Gilbert," she said quietly, "I loved a good man, who was my husband, and he loved me; but he was killed, and they brought him home to me dead. I tell you, Sir Gilbert, that the true love of man and woman is the greatest and best thing in all the world; but if it be not the greatest thing save honor, when two love each other, then it is not true, nor worthy to be reckoned in account. Think well whether you love this lady truly, as I mean, or not, and if you do, there can be no more doubt."

"Lady Anne," he said, "you are a very honorable woman, and your counsel is good."

After they had talked a little while longer, they parted, and Gilbert went back to his lodging, being determined to go to Antioch by sea with the king and queen; but still he

was sorry for the poor pilgrims whom they were going to leave behind, to fight a way through for themselves.

The great ships that had been hired for the voyage were heavy and unwieldy vessels to see, but yet swift through the water, whether the vast lateen sails bellied with a fair wind or were close-reefed in a gale, till they seemed mere jibs bent to the long yards, or even when in a flat calm the vessels were sent along by a hundred sweeps, fifty on each side; and they were partly Greek galleys and partly they were of Amalfi, whose citizens had all the commerce of the East, and their own quarter in every town and harbor from the Piræus round by Constantinople and all Asia Minor and Egypt, as far as Tunis itself.

A clear northwest wind began to blow on the very day fixed for the departure, and the big galleys swept out one by one, close upon one another, till they were outside and hoisted their sails, the sea being very smooth under the land; and when they had stood out two or three miles, with the wind aft, they wore ship, one after another, coming to a little, to get their sheets in, and then holding off to jibe the great sails for the port tack, with much creaking of yards and shaking of canvas. Then, as they ran free along the coast to the eastward, the wind quartering, they got out great booms to windward, guyed fore and aft, and down to the forward beaching-hooks at the water's edge, at the first streak under the wales; and they set light sails, hauling the tack well out and making the sheet fast after the Southern fashion, and then swaying away at the halyards, till the white canvas was up to the masthead, and bellying full without shaking, as steady as the upper half of a half-moon.

Before many days they came to St. Simeon's Harbor, which was the port of Antioch, and saw the mighty walls and towers on the heights a dozen miles inshore; and when Gilbert looked from the deck of his ship, he was glad that the army was not to besiege that great and strong fortress, since it belonged to Count Raymond, the queen's uncle. But if he had known what was to happen to him there, rather than have ridden up to the walled city he would have gone barefoot to Jerusalem, to fulfil his vow as he might.

Count Raymond, with his broad shoulders and bronzed face and dark hair just turning gray at the temples, came down to meet the army at the shore: and first he embraced the king, according to custom, and then he kissed the queen, his niece, not once, but four or five times, and she kissed him, for they were very glad to see each other; but it is not true, as some have said in their chronicles, that there were thoughts of love between them. Queen Eleanor had many bitter enemies, and her sins were almost as many as her good deeds, but love for Count Raymond was not among them.

Nevertheless, King Lewis was very jealous as soon as he saw the two embracing, for he had always believed that there was more than he knew. But he said nothing, for he feared his queen. So there were great rejoicings in Antioch, when all the ladies and the barons and nobles were installed there to keep Easter together; and though they had still some days of fasting, during Holy Week, they were so glad to be in the great city, and so much lightened of trouble by having left the poorer pilgrims to shift for themselves, that it would have been easy for them to live on bread and water, instead of eating the dainty dishes of good fish, and the imitations of eggs made with flour and saffron and blanched almonds, and the delicate sweetmeats, and all the many good things which Count Raymond's fifty cooks knew how to prepare for Lent. For the count loved to live luxuriously, though he was a good fighter at need.

Most of all, he was a keen man, with few scruples, and the queen began to ask him to help her in getting her marriage annulled, because she could no longer bear to be the wife of a spoon-faced monk, as she called the king; whereat Count Raymond laughed. Then he thought awhile and bent his broad brows; but soon his face cleared, for he had found a remedy. The king, he said, was surely Eleanor's cousin and within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, so that the marriage was null and void; and the pope would be obliged, against his will, to adhere to the rule of the church and pronounce the annulment. They were cousins in the seventh degree, he said, because the king was descended from Eleanor's great-great-great-great-grandfather, William Towhead, Duke of Guienne, whose daughter Adelaide of Poitiers married Hugh Capet, King of France; and the seventh degree of consanguinity was still prohibited, and no dispensation had been given, or even asked for.

At first the queen laughed, but presently she sent for the Bishop of Metz, and asked him; and he said that Count Raymond spoke truly, but that he would have nothing to do with the matter, since it had never been the intention of the church that her rules should be misused. Yet it is said that he was after-

ward of the council which was for the annulment.

So, being sure, the queen went to the king and told him to his face that she had meant to marry a king, and not a monk as he was, and that she had now found out that her marriage was no marriage, wherefore he was living in mortal sin; and that if he would save his soul he must repudiate her as soon as they should have returned to France. At this the king was overcome with grief and wept bitterly, not because he was to be delivered from the woman of Belial, as he had prayed, but because he had unwittingly lived in such great sin so many years. She laughed and went away, leaving him weeping.

From that time she spent her days and her evenings in consultation with Count Raymond, and they were continually closeted together in her apartments, which were in one of the western towers of the palace and looked out over the city walls toward the sea. It was early spring, and the air smelled of Syrian flowers and was tender to breathe.

Although the king was now sure that Eleanor was not his wife, he continued to be very jealous of her, because he had once loved her in his dull fashion, and she was very beautiful. Therefore, when he was not praying, he was watching and spying to see whether she were alone with Count Raymond. Certain writers have spoken of the great Saladin at this time, saying that she met him secretly, for the deliverance of her kinsman, Sandebeuil de Sanzay, who had been taken prisoner, and that she loved Saladin for his generosity, and that the king was jealous of him; which things are lies, because Saladin was at that time only seven years old.

Daily, as he watched, the king grew very sure that Raymond loved the queen, and he swore by his hope of salvation that such things should not be. In this way the feast of Easter passed, and there were great rejoicings and feastings, and all manner of delight. Also during this time Gilbert saw Beatrix freely, so that their love grew more and more; but he seldom spoke with the queen, and then briefly.

Now, Eleanor lived in the western tower, and only one staircase led up to the vestibule of her apartments, by which way Count Raymond came, and the great nobles when she summoned them, and the guards also. But beyond her inner chamber there was a door opening into the long wing of the palace where all her ladies were lodged, and by that door she went to them and they came to her. Often the Lady Anne came in, and Beatrix, and some of the others who were more specially her familiars, and they found the queen and Count Raymond sitting in chairs, and talking without constraint, and sometimes playing at chess by the open window which looked out on the west balcony. They thought no evil, for they knew that he had become her counselor in the matter of the repudiation; and Beatrix cared not, for she knew well that the queen loved Gilbert, and she never saw him there.

On an evening in the week after Easter the king determined that he would see the queen himself and tell her his mind. He therefore took two nobles for an escort, with torch-bearers and a few guards; and when he had descended into the main court, he walked across to the west side and went up into Eleanor's tower; for he would not go through the ladies' wing, lest his eyes should see some fair and noble maiden, or some young dame of great beauty, whereby his pious thoughts might be disturbed ever so little.

Having come to the vestibule, he demanded admittance to the queen's chamber; and the young Lord of Sanzay, who was in waiting, begged him to wait while he himself inquired if the queen were at leisure. Then the king was angry, and said that he waited for no one, and he went forward to go in. But Sanzay stood before the door and bade the Gascon guards form in rank and keep it till he should come back. The king saw that he had small chance of forcing a way, and he stood still, repeating some prayers the while, lest he should draw his sword and fight, out of sheer anger. Then Sanzay came back.

"My lord king," he said in a clear voice, "her Grace bids me say that she has no leisure now, and that when she has need of a monk she will send for him."

At the great insult, swords were out as soon as the words, and the broken reflections of steel flashed red under the high lamps and in the torch-light; for the king drew to strike down Sanzay where he stood, and his nobles and guards with him, while the Gascons were as quick. But Sanzay would not draw his sword against the king, for he had once saved his life in battle, and he thought it not knightly. Then some blows were exchanged and blood was shed; but presently, being at a disadvantage, the king stepped back and lowered his point.

"Sirs," he said, "it is not seemly that we of the cross should kill one another. Let us go."

When Sanzay heard this, he called his guards back, and the king went away discomfited. In the courtyard he turned aside and sat down upon a great stone seat.

"Fetch me Sir Gilbert Warde," he said, "and let him come quickly."

He waited silently till the knight came and stood before him in his surcoat and mantle, with only his dagger at his belt; and the king bade all his attendants go away to a distance, leaving a torch stuck in the ring in the wall.

He desired of Gilbert that he should take a force of trusted men who would obey him, and go into the west tower to bring the queen out a prisoner; for he would not stay in Antioch another night, or leave her behind, and he meant to ride down to the harbor and take ship for Ptolemaïs, leaving the army to follow him on the morrow. But for a space Gilbert answered nothing.

At first it seemed to him impossible to do such a deed, and but for courtesy he would have turned on his heel and left the king sitting there. But as he stood thinking, it seemed to him that he had better seem to obey, and go and warn the queen of her danger.

"My lord," he answered at last, "I will go."

Though he said not what he would do, the king was satisfied, and rose and went toward his own apartments, to order his departure.

Then Gilbert went and sought out ten knights whom he knew, and each of them called ten of their men-at-arms, and they took their swords with them, and torches; but Gilbert had only his dagger, for those he had chosen were all of them queen's men and would have died for her. So they went together up the broad steps of the tower, and the Gascons heard the hundred footfalls in fear and much trembling, supposing that the king had come back with a great force to slay them and go in.

Then Sanzay drew his sword and stood at the head of the stairs, bidding his men keep the narrow way till they should be all dead for the queen's sake. They were Gascons, and were ready to die, but they held their breath as they listened to the steady tramping on the stone steps below.

Then in the torch-light they saw Gilbert's face, and the faces of the queen's men, and that there were no swords out; nevertheless, they kept theirs drawn and stood in the doorway, and on the landing Gilbert stood still, for they did not make way for him.

"Sir Gilbert," said Sanzay, "I am here to keep the queen's door, and though we be friends, I shall not let you pass while I live, if you mean her any violence."

"Sir," answered Gilbert, "I come unarmed, as you see, and by no means to fight with you. I pray you, sir, go in and tell the queen that I am without, and have her men with me, and would speak with her for her safety."

Then Sanzay bade his men stand back, and the knights and men-at-arms crowded the vestibule, while he went in; and immediately he came out again, with a clear face.

"The queen is alone, and bids the Guide of Aquitaine pass," he said.

All stood aside, and he, taller than they, and grave and keen of face, went in; and the door was closed behind him, and within it there was a heavy Eastern curtain, so that no voices could be heard from one side to the other.

Eleanor sat under the warm lamplight, near the open window, for the night was warm. Her head was uncovered, her russet-golden hair fell in great waves upon her shoulders and to the ground behind her chair, and she wore no mantle, but only a close-fitting gown of cream-white silk with deep embroideries of silver and pearls. She was very beautiful, but very pale, and her eyes were veiled. Gilbert came and stood before her, but she did not hold out her hand, as he had expected.

"Why have you come to me?" she asked after a time, looking out at the balcony, and not at him.

"The king, madam, has bidden me to take you prisoner to him, in order that he may carry you away by sea to Ptolemaïs and to Jerusalem."

While he was speaking, she slowly turned her pale face to him, and stared at his coldly.

"And you are come to do as you are bidden, getting admittance to me stealthily, with men of my own who have betrayed me?"

Gilbert turned white, and then he smiled as he answered her:

"No; I am come to warn your Grace and to defend you against all violence with my life."

Eleanor's face changed and softened, and again she looked out at the balcony.

"Why should you defend me?" she asked sadly, after a pause. "What am I to you, that you should fight for me? I sent you out to die; why should you wish me to be safe?"

"You have been the best friend to me, and the kindest, that ever woman was to man."

"A friend? No; I was never your friend. I sent you out to death, because I loved you, and trusted that I might see you never again,

and that you might die honorably for the cross and your vows. Instead, you won glory, and saved us all—all but me! You owe me no thanks for such friendship."

She looked at him long, and he was silent.

"Oh, what a man you are!" she cried suddenly. "What a man!"

He blushed like a girl at the praise, for her soul was in the words, and her great love for him, the only thing in all her life that had ever been above herself.

"What a man you are!" she said again, more softly. "Eleanor of Aquitaine, the queen, the fairest woman in the world, would give you her soul and her body and the hope of her life to come, and you are faithful to a poor girl whom you loved when you were a boy! A hundred thousand brave men stand by to see me die, and you alone take death by the throat and strangle him off, as you would strangle a bloodhound with those hands of yours! I send you out—oh, how selfishly!—that you may at least die bravely for your vows and leave me at sad peace with your memory, and you fight through a hell of foes and save the king, and me, and all, and come back to me in glory—my Guide of Aquitaine!"

She had risen and stood before him, her face dead white with passion, her eyes deep-fired by a love that was beyond any telling. And though she would not move, her arms went out toward him.

"How can any woman help loving you!" she cried passionately.

She sank into her chair again, and covered her face with her hands. He stood still a moment, and then came and knelt on one knee beside her, resting his hand upon the carved arm of her chair.

"I cannot love you, but in so far as I may be faithful to another I give you my whole life," he said very gently.

As he spoke the last words, the curtain of the inner apartment was softly raised, and Beatrix stood there; for she had thought that the queen was alone. But she heard not the beginning of the speech, and she grew quite cold, and could not speak or go away.

Eleanor's hands left her face and fell together upon Gilbert's right.

"I have not my life to give," she answered in a low voice; "it is yours already. And I would that you were not English, that I might be your sovereign and make you great among men; or that I were England's queen—and that may come to pass, and you shall see what I will do for love of you. I would marry that boy of the Plantagenets if it could serve you."

"Madam," said Gilbert, "think of your own present safety—the king is very angry—"

"Did I think of your safety when I sent you out to lead us? And if you are here, am I not safe? Gilbert—"

She let her voice caress his name, and her lips lingered with it, and she laid her hands upon his shoulders as he knelt beside her. She bent to his face.

"Best and bravest living man"—it was a whisper now—"love of my life—heart of my heart—this last time—this only once—and then good-by."

She kissed him on the forehead, and leaped from her seat in horror, for there was another voice in the room, with a hurt cry.

"Oh, Gilbert! Gilbert!"

Beatrix was reeling on her feet, and caught the curtain, lest she should fall, and her face of agony was still turned toward the two, as they stood together. Gilbert sprang forward, when he understood, and caught the girl in his arms and brought her to the light, trembling like a falling leaf. Then she started in his arms and struggled wildly to be free, and twisted her neck lest he should kiss her; but he held her fast.

"Beatrix! You do not understand—you did not hear!" He tried to make her listen to him.

"I heard!" she cried, still struggling. "I saw! I know! Let me go—oh, for God's sake, let me go!"

Gilbert's arms relaxed, and she sprang back from him two paces, and faced the queen.

"You have won!" she cried in a breaking voice. "You have him body and soul, as you swore you would! But do not say that I do not understand!"

"I have given him to you, soul and body," answered Eleanor, sadly. "Might I not even bid him good-by, as a friend might?"

"You are false—falser each than the other," answered Beatrix, in white anger. "You have played with me, tricked me, made me your toy—"

"Did you hear this man say that he did not love me, before I bade him good-by?" asked Eleanor, gravely, almost sternly.

"He has said it to me, but not to you, never to you—never to the woman he loves!"

"I never loved the queen," said Gilbert. "On my soul—on the holy cross—"

"Never loved her? And you saved her life before mine—"

"And you said that I did well—"

"It was all a lie—a cruel lie—" The girl's voice almost broke, but she choked down the terrible tears, and got words again. "It would have been braver to have told me—I should not have died then, for I loved you less."

Eleanor came a step nearer and spoke very quietly and kindly.

"You are wrong," she said. "Sir Gilbert is sent by the king to take me as a prisoner, that I may be carried away to Jerusalem this very night. Come, you shall hear the voices of the soldiers who are waiting for me."

She led Beatrix to the door and lifted the curtain, so that through the wooden panels the girl could hear the talking of many voices and the clink of steel. Then Eleanor brought her back.

"But he would not take me," she said, "and he warned me of my danger."

"No wonder—he loves you!"

"He does not love me, though I love him, and he has said so to-night. And I know that he loves you and is faithful to you."

Beatrix laughed wildly.

"Faithful! He? There is no faith in his greatest oath, nor in his smallest word!"

"You are mad, child; he never lied in all his life to me or you—he could not lie."

"Then he has deceived you, too—queen, duchess; you are only a woman, after all, and he has made sport of you, as he has of me!" Again she laughed, half furiously.

"If he has deceived me he has indeed deceived you," answered Eleanor, "for he has told me very plainly that he loves you. And now I will not stand between you and him, even in the mistake you make. I love him, yes. I have loved him enough to give him up because he loves you. I love him so well that I will not take his warning and save myself from the king's anger, and Heaven knows what he and his monks will do to me. Good-by, Sir Gilbert Warde; good-by, Beatrix."

"This is some comedy," answered the girl, exasperated.

"No; by the living truth, it is no comedy," answered the queen.

She looked once more into Gilbert's face, and then turned toward the door, stately and sad. With one movement she drew aside the great curtain, and with the next she opened wide the door, and the loud clamor of the knights and men-at-arms came in like a wave. Then it ceased suddenly, and Eleanor spoke to them in clear tones.

"I am the king's prisoner. Take me to him!"

There was silence for a moment, and then the Gascons who had fought with the king and his men cried out fiercely:

"We will not let you go! We will not let our duchess go!"

They feared some evil for her, and were loyal men to her, hating the king. But Eleanor raised her hand to motion them back, for their faces were fierce and their hands were on their swords.

"Make way for me, if you will not take me to him," she said proudly.

Then Sanzay, her kinsman, stepped before the rest, and spoke.

"Madam," he said, "the Duchess of Gascony cannot be prisoner to the King of France while there are Gascons. If your Grace will go to the king, we will go also, and we shall see who is to be a prisoner."

At this there was a great shout that rang up to the vault of the lofty vestibule, and down the stone steps, and out into the courtyard. Eleanor smiled serenely, for she knew her men.

"Go with me, then," she said, "and see that no bodily harm comes to me. But in this matter I shall do the king's will."

In the room behind, the words echoed clearly, and Beatrix turned to Gilbert.

"You see," she said, "it is but a play that you have thought of between you, and nothing more."

"Can you not believe us?" he asked reproachfully.

"I shall believe you when I know that you love me," she answered, and turned away toward the door of the inner apartment.

Gilbert followed her.

"Beatrix!" he cried. "Beatrix! Hear me!"

She turned once more, with a face like stone.

"I have heard you, I have heard her, and I do not believe you," she answered.

Without another word she left him and went out. He stood looking after her for a moment, while his calm face darkened slowly; and his anger was slow and lasting, as the heating of a furnace for the smelting. He stooped and picked up his cap, which had fallen to the floor, and then he too followed the queen, through the vestibule and stairs and courtyard, to the king's presence.

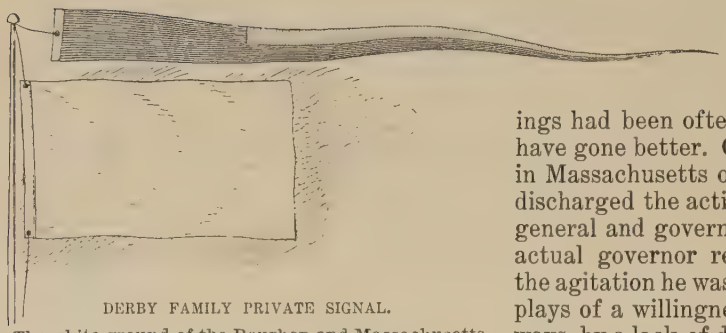
(To be concluded in the next number.)

"FOR A SPACE GILBERT ANSWERED NOTHING"

THE CRUISE OF THE "QUERO."

HOW WE CARRIED THE NEWS TO THE KING.

BY ROBERT S. RANTOUL.



DERBY FAMILY PRIVATE SIGNAL.

The white ground of the Bourbon and Massachusetts flags was surmounted with a pennant having a blue body and red and blue streamers.

NO American's advent in London ever produced so real a sensation as did that of a Salem sailor, Captain John Derby, in May, 1775. He brought the news of Concord and Lexington in advance of the king's messenger, and made it known to the British public. His appearance upon that excited scene was unheralded and startling. To liken the patriot, making struggles and sacrifices for his country, to Jack-in-the-box or to Harlequin in the pantomime shot up through a stage trap-door, is not dignified or proper, but the appearance of neither is more electric. His departure was equally mysterious. Whence he came, whither he went, nobody could conjecture. The incident was dramatic, but it was also exceedingly momentous. It shook the British empire to its base. A word must be pardoned to sketch in outline the situation then existing—the stage and its setting upon which entered this unknown actor.

There were, so to say, two joint governors of Massachusetts in 1774–75. Hutchinson, summoned to England and hurried into the presence of the king for a two hours' audience, without giving him time to change his sea-clothing for the tinsel of the court, bidden to kiss hands, contrary to custom, in his Majesty's private closet, and taken at once into the closest confidence of the circle next the throne, was, from his arrival, June, 1774, until his death, a sort of advisory governor near the court of St. James. Without his counsels no act of the ministry seems to have been decided on, though if his pacific promptings had been oftener heeded things might have gone better. Gage, who succeeded him in Massachusetts on the spot in May, 1774, discharged the active functions of "captain-general and governor-in-chief," and was the actual governor resident, helping forward the agitation he was sent to quell by little displays of a willingness to conciliate in small ways, by a lack of decision in larger matters, by an utter incapacity generally to grasp the situation. After Bunker Hill Gage was superseded.

The letters which we produce give hints of all this sufficient for our purpose. If one reads between the lines they tell enough. Hutchinson, we need not add, was a native of Boston, an ex-chief justice as well as ex-governor of Massachusetts Bay, and the distinguished historian of the province. Gage was a soldier with an honorable record, bearing scars received while fighting by the side of Washington at the defeat of Braddock. He had earned all his honors on this continent, had been for the ten years just past commander-in-chief in America, and had married an American wife. He was the second son of Viscount Gage of Sussex, and that Lord Gage at whose manor in Sussex Hutchinson was a frequent visitor was his elder brother.

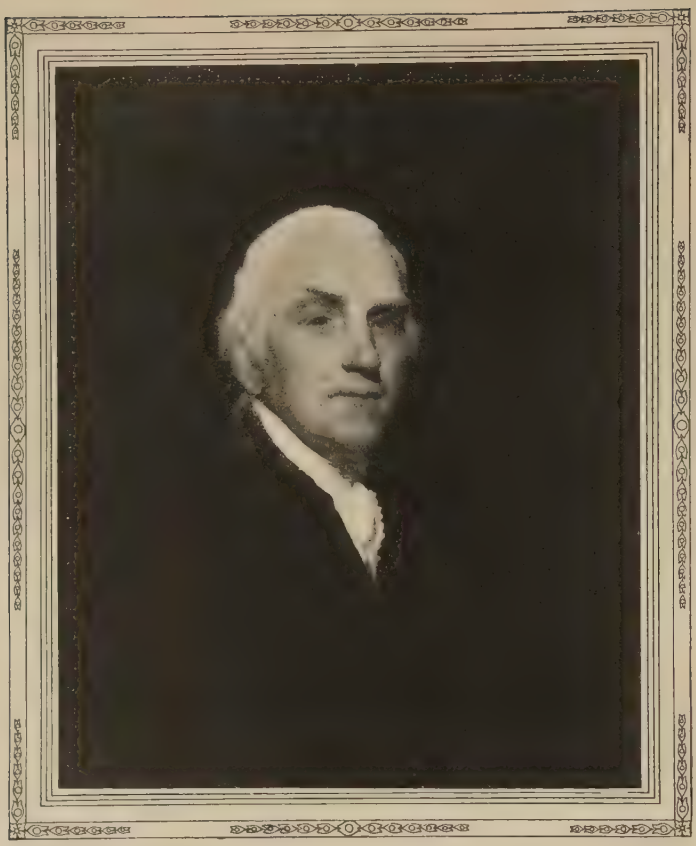
I shall make no effort to describe the feverish flutter of the English mind in May, 1775. "The stocks," says Horace Walpole, "begin to grow a little nervous." The merchants of London were feeling that the American war which threatened would destroy them if it came. John Wilkes, the eccentric and fearless radical, who was at the moment Lord Mayor of London, openly espoused the contention of the colonies. The Quakers, a large and influential body, deprecated force. In court circles, and the more strongly in the ratio of nearness to the throne, the impression prevailed that all pretense on our part of a determination to

resist was put on for effect, and that the first serious demonstration on the part of the home government would be followed by submission. Franklin and Lee were in London as the agents of Massachusetts. The pro-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON, FROM A COPY MADE BY J. ALDEN WEIR FOR DR. RICHARD DERBY, OF THE OIL-PAINTING OWNED BY MR. GEORGE DERBY.

RICHARD DERBY OF SALEM, 1712–1783.

nounced friends of America in England were wholly without a policy. They were little better than obstructionists, seeking to postpone the final stroke in the hope that some favorable chance might save the country; and they, with a great mass of well-disposed but ill-instructed Englishmen, who shrank from taking arms against their kindred, but felt that loyalty would soon demand it, awaited nervously the arrival of news which might put the hoped-for conciliation beyond their reach. Neither war nor martial law had been declared,—recruiting in the American regiments was slow,—nor had the large force which Gage demanded been sent him. Gage's late despatches to Dartmouth, then Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord North's cabinet, had been intended to allay apprehension of an early issue, and had measurably done so. Gage had been relieved as commander-in-chief in America, and had been sent to Massachusetts primarily to enforce the Boston Port Bill, or, as Lord North said to the peers, to make of Boston an inland town sixteen miles from a harbor. He was, by virtue of royal orders, to transfer the State capital to Salem, and inciden-



PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART. OWNED BY DR. GEORGE BRUNE SHATTUCK.

CAPTAIN JOHN DERBY.

tally to confer on Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly all those advantages, both social and commercial, which must result to them from the distress of Boston.

The close terms of intimacy existing between Hutchinson and such men as Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer and author of "Taxation no Tyranny," Edward Gibbon, the historian of the "Decline and Fall," then holding a seat in the House of Commons, General Gage, Lord Gage, his brother, Lord Dartmouth, the three major-generals, Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, just setting out with fresh instructions for America, ex-Governors Pownall and Bernard, and all the colonial refugees in London, are patent to the reader of Hutchinson's diary.

In the midst of surroundings like these, the public mind intensely and vaguely apprehensive, and for the moment without definite expectation, an unknown sailor bursts upon the scene. Reaching London so soon after the events he claimed to herald, his story seemed on that account even to be tainted with suspicion. Walpole dubbed him the "Accidental Captain." Coming in a fashion which he did not explain and they could not understand, proclaiming in the highways that which both friends and enemies of the colonies were at the moment alike averse to hear, he naturally had the ear of everybody. A collision, he said, had occurred, and the government had lost. Who was this unbidden guest charged with such startling tidings? Was it safe to rely on the presumptions against his honesty, and to dismiss the tale as groundless? Was there not rather a verisimilitude about it which, like *Banquo's* ghost, would not away at anybody's bidding? The streets were agitated, but the court circles were more profoundly agitated. If a battle had been fought, where was the government messenger with the authorized despatch which should have reported it? If a battle had not been fought, why this crafty tale invented out of nothing for a nine days' wonder? It was proposed to arrest Derby and bring him before the Privy Council. But was this quite politic? Would this not show that the stocks, grown nervous, had, as Walpole said, "affected other pulses"? Hutchinson could not wholly reject the story. He wrote

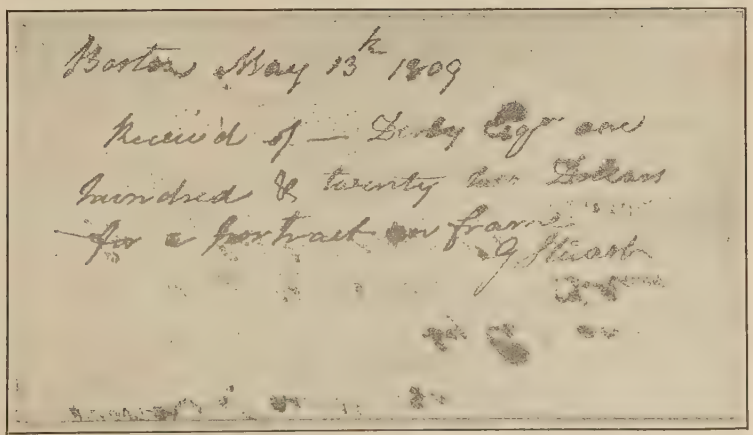
in his diary, June 10, when the government despatches finally reached London: "I assured many gentlemen who would give no credit to Darby's account that it would prove near the truth. And now they are more struck than if they had not been so sanguine before."

Let us deal with events in their sequence. Derby reached London on Sunday evening, May 28, and took lodgings. He had with him copies of the Salem "Gazette" of April 21 and 25, containing a pretty good account of the transactions of the 19th, attributed to the pen of Timothy Pickering. He had also a letter of instructions from the Provincial Congress sitting at Watertown, dated April 26, accrediting him and his secret mission to Franklin and Lee. And especially he had with him copies of several affidavits, giving sworn statements of what had happened, from the lips not only of Americans who had taken part, but of British prisoners also, Ensign Gould among them. This evidence he lost no time in putting into the hands of the Lord Mayor of London, and this ardent partizan was prompt to divulge the intelligence furnished. On May 29 the news was well abroad, and was received with consternation and with the wildest comment. Hutchinson's entry in his diary for May 29, 1775, notes that "Captain Darby came to town last evening." The Massachusetts governor knew something of Salem shipmasters in general, and of the Derbys in particular. Former generations of them had been called Darby. He says the captain came in ballast to spread this report and reap the benefit of the first impression, sailing April 29, four days after the government despatch. This he takes on Derby's word. He expresses great fears for his own family, shut up in Boston. He takes the news to Lord Dartmouth, who issues an official caution against believing it, and begs the British people to await Gage's report.

This bulletin called forth another from Lee, the agent of Massachusetts (Franklin had sailed for home), directing all searchers for the facts to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Horne Tooke assumed the American news to be true, and commented on it in terms which soon cost him a trial for high treason and a year's imprisonment. Gibbon wrote at once to his friend Holroyd, afterward Lord Sheffield, and his biographer. He says that Derby refused to bring letters from anybody but Congress, and kept his destination a secret from the crew. Gibbon speaks of the colonists as the "Saints with a Minister at their head"; says they captured Ensign Gould and a dozen of his men; charges that the rebel shooting was done from windows and from behind walls; and admits that the regulars, though there was nothing to be called an engagement, and no defeat, were so harried as to set fire to houses. Gibbon indulges in the hope, inspired by Governor Hutchinson's account of conditions in New England, that the insurgents will promptly disband and go home in May to plant the Indian corn, which is their "great sustenance," since, under the operation of the Port Bill, they could get no foreign supplies. This is quite in line with what Hutchinson had told the king of the resources of the province: "They raise no wheat, but are devoted to Grazing and Indian Corn. This mixed with Rye makes a coarse bread much prized."

Hutchinson writes his son in America, May 31, informing him of the arrival of Derby at Southampton and London, and, while admitting the captain's credibility, still clings to the thought that "those people would not have been at the expense of a vessel to England for the sake of telling the truth." That day, in a letter to Gage, he expresses the general distress, and hopes the government despatches may bring relief.

On June 1 Dartmouth writes to Gage. He announces the arrival of Derby with his


Boston May 13th 1909
Received of — Derby Esqr one
hundred & twenty two Dollars
for a portrait on frame
G Stuart

GILBERT STUART'S RECEIPT FOR PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN DERBY.

newspapers and depositions, sagely surmises that he has been sent by the provincials with a deep-laid design to forestall public opinion, and proceeds to minimize the significance of the whole affair. The troops had effected what they went for, and got back to Boston. He laments that no account from Gage is yet at hand, and says that the only effect the story has had on the public mind was to fire the indignation of every honest man.

Urban's "Gentleman's Magazine" for May and June, and Force's "American Archives," however, contain expressions in a different sense, and show that the British cabinet shared with the provincials the indignation of the British public. A private letter from London, June 1, reached the Congress at Watertown, and was there promulgated. It stated that the news of Gage's defeat gave great pleasure in London, as the newspapers testified, and that the British friends of America were increasing daily.

Gibbon writes to Holroyd, June 3. He is more puzzled than ever, and complains that Derby declines an interview with Dartmouth and refuses to trust his Salem papers out of his own keeping. What puzzles Gibbon most is the mode of Derby's arrival. Though he had said he was at Southampton, the government finds no trace of his ship there. And again: "Though Darby's vessel cannot be found, it is clear that he is no impostor. He probably left his ship in some creek of the Isle of Wight. He is now left town and is gone, it is said, to purchase ammunition in France and Spain." "The *Sukey*, with Gage's despatch, reported, but it certainly is not true. You know as much of the matter as Lord North."

June 3 Hutchinson wrote to Dr. Samuel Johnson:

> Our latest advices from New England are of a very serious nature to all; they are very distressing to me, who am so immediately interested in them. *Bella! Horrida Bella!* We have only one side, the Congress at Watertown having sent a light schooner which has been arrived six or seven days and no intelligence yet from the General; until that arrives, sentiments upon measures seem to be suspended. I hear one and another of the King's ministers say there is no receding. And yet to think of going on makes me shudder. May God Almighty order the event in mercy to my unhappy country!

On that day Hutchinson makes this entry in his diary:

> June 3rd. Went into the City to Mr. Lane's counting room. [Lane & Fraser were for several generations the London correspondents of the Derby family.] Found that Captain Darby had not been seen since the first instant; That he had a letter of credit from Lane on some house in Spain. Afterwards I saw Mr. Pownall at Lord Dartmouth's office, where I carried Colonel Pickman, and Pownall [Assistant Secretary of State to Lord Dartmouth] was of opinion Darby was gone to Spain to purchase ammunition, arms, &c. We are still in a state of uncertainty concerning the action in Massachusetts. Vessels are arrived at Bristol, which met with other vessels on their passage, and received as news that there had been a battle, but could tell no particulars.

The entry in the same diary for June 4 is as follows:

> Mr. Keene [a member of Parliament] called, and seems much affected with the American news. He gave a hint about the Hessian and Hanoverian troops, but seemed to suppose them to serve as a suppletory for troops to go from home, rather than to be sent to America themselves.
>
> Wind still easterly and no intelligence.
>
> It is said that Darby left his lodgings the first instant, and is supposed to have sailed. Mr. Pownall sent to Southampton to inquire, and the collector knew of no such vessel there. It is supposed he left her in some small harbour or inlet and came in his boat to Southampton. Many people began to complain of the publication, and wondered he had not been taken up and examined. He took a letter of credit, Colonel Pickman intimated, for Spain. He has said to some that he had a vessel gone or going to Spain with a cargo of fish: to others, that he was going for a load of mules.

A Vienna correspondent of the New York "Gazette and Mercury" makes this explanation of the quandary in which Derby's seamanship had placed the ministry:

> The ship *Sukey* not yet arriving, on board of which the government dispatches are, causes much altercation among the politicians. And yet it is what happens every day in the commercial world.
>
> Captain Darby's ship, which brought over the printed account, is a small vessel of about 60 tons, schooner rigged, and quite light; and the ship *Sukey* is a large ship, about 200 tons, and heavily loaded to a capital house in the Boston trade. These circumstances may very well account for the difference of the time between the arrival of the two ships.

On June 9 the *Sukey*, with Gage's despatch, arrived at last. It did not much allay the feverish unrest.

Hutchinson's diary contains this entry for June 10:

> A lieutenant in the navy arrived about noon at Lord Dartmouth's office. Mr. Pownall gave me notice, knowing my anxiety: but though relieved from suspense, yet received but little comfort, from the accounts themselves being much the same with what Darby brought. The material

difference is the declaration by Smith, who was the commander of the first party though not present at the first action, that the inhabitants fired first, and though, by the returns, only 63 were killed outright, yet 157 were wounded, and 24 missing; which upon the whole is a greater number than Darby reported, but not so many killed.

July 1 Dartmouth sent Gage this mild rebuke:

WHITEHALL, 1st July, 1775.

SIR: On the 10th of last month in the morning, Lieutenant Nunn arrived at my office with your dispatch containing an account of the transaction on the 19th of April of which the public had before received intelligence by a schooner to all appearances sent by the enemies of government on purpose to make an impression here by representing the affair between the King's troops and the rebel Provincials in a light the most favorable to their own view. Their industry on this occasion had its effect, in leaving for some days a false impression upon people's minds, and I mention it to you with a hope that, in any future event of importance, it will be thought proper, both by yourself and the admiral, to send your dispatches by one of the light vessels of the fleet.

We have quoted enough to show the state of panic into which the Salem apparition plunged society near the throne. A word will be pardoned explaining the scheme upon which Captain Derby acted.

The hot, tumultuous April day of blood was scarcely over before the more sagacious of the patriots about Boston were planning how to make the most of the new situation. It was their first care to show that they were within the law—not the aggressors, not disturbers of the peace of the realm, but champions of the rights of Englishmen. Let them tell the story in their own words.

Three days after the battle, Saturday, April 22, the Provincial Congress sat at Concord, and voted a committee "to take depositions *in perpetuam*, from which a full account of the transactions of the troops under General Gage in the route to and from Concord on Wednesday last may be collected to be sent to England by the first ship from Salem."

Captain Richard Derby, a retired shipmaster of Salem, residing in his comfortable brick homestead, which still stands on Derby street, seems to have been a member of that Congress, which had organized itself at Salem in the preceding October. He had been present at the North Bridge in Salem in February, and had helped to frustrate there Gage's attempt to seize some nineteen ships' guns, which were being mounted for the use of Massachusetts as field-artillery. Eight of these guns belonged to him. He had suffered in both purse and person from the arrogance of the ministerial policy, and was ready on the instant to do what he could to further the purposes of the Provincial Congress. He was engaged at the moment, as a prosperous merchant, in trade with the West Indies and the Mediterranean ports. In this trade he employed, for the most part, small craft of fifty or sixty tons burden. The typical seagoing Salem schooner of the period is here depicted from a painting of the *Baltick*, in possession of the Essex Institute, though the *Baltick* was not owned by Captain Derby. The spirit in which he received news of the first bloodshed appears in a letter of instructions sent to Captain Hathorne, which follows:

THE "BALTICK," A SCHOONER OF THE TIME.

SALEM May y_e 9 1775

Capt. Dan^l Hathorne of Schooner Patty, West Indies:

SIR: I suppose you will be glad to hear from home, but things are in such a confused state I know not what to write you. Boston is now blocked up by at least 30,000 men. We have had no action since y^e 19 of April, which was very bloody. They, y^e Regulars, came out in y^e night, silently up Cambridge river, and got almost to Concord before day, so that y^e country had a very short time to get out. Had we had one hour longer not a soul of those blood-thirsty creatures would

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE DERBY HOMESTEAD, SALEM.

ever have reached Boston. However they got a dire drubbing so that they have not played ye Yankee tune since. We have lost a number of brave men but we have killed, taken and rendered justice, I believe, at least 8 to 1, and I believe such a spirit never was, everybody striving to excel. We have no Tories, saving what is now shut up in Boston or gone off. There hath not been as yet any stopping of ye trade, so I would have you get a load of molasses as good and cheap and as quick as you can and proceed home. If you have not sold, and ye markets are bad where you are, you have liberty to proceed any other ways, either to ye Mole,—Jamaica,—or to make a fresh bottom, or anything else that you may think likely to help ye voyage, but always to keep your money in your own hands.

I remain your friend and employer,
RICHARD DERBY.

Captain Richard Derby owned at that time a little fast-sailing schooner called the *Quero*, of sixty-two tons burden,—a mere yacht,—and to prepare so small a craft for sea would take but little time and would employ but few hands, so that the secret could be the better kept. He offered her to the Congress. Captain Derby's two sons, Richard, Jr., and John, enlisted with him in the venture. His son Elias Hasket Derby was in his counting-room, keeping books. Richard was to fit out and John (thirty-four years old) was to command the *Quero*. In a very few days she was ready to weigh anchor. Gage's despatch by the royal express-packet *Sukey* had sailed April 24; but that gave no uneasiness, for the packet was slow and deep-laden. The first difficulty encountered was in getting out of port. The *Lively*, a frigate, destined soon after to fire the opening shot at Bunker Hill, was then on guard off the harbors of Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly, to enforce the Port Bill and to search every outgoing and incoming vessel.

The Congress at Watertown had passed, on April 26, votes accrediting Captain Derby's mission to Franklin, and reciting the grievances which had produced the outbreak. At last, on the 27th of April, sailing-orders passed the Congress; and the *Quero* seems to have escaped at some hour of the night between the 28th and 29th. Whether the order to land in Ireland was or was not meant in good faith to be observed, Captain Derby appears to have disregarded it. The vote of April 27 was as follows:

Resolved: that Capt. Derby be directed and he hereby is directed to make for Dublin or any other good port in Ireland, and from thence to cross to Scotland or England, and hasten to London. This direction is given that so he may escape all enemies that may be in the chops of the channel to stop the communication of the Provincial intelligence to the agent. He will forthwith deliver his papers to the agent on reaching London.

J. WARREN,
Chairman.

P. S. You are to keep this order a profound secret from every person on earth.

Thus stoutly equipped, the Salem captain gave himself to the work in hand. He made the best of his way across the ocean, and reached port after a twenty-nine days' passage—a good passage in those times. Just where he made land it is impossible to say. The conjecture that he was put ashore in a boat in some secluded inlet of the Isle of

Wight, having put the first officer in command and ordered the *Quero* to Falmouth, at the western extremity of England, and that he crossed from the Isle of Wight to Southampton, and thence pushed on to London, would seem to explain all the facts that are absolutely known. The *Quero* can hardly have been at Southampton, from the fact that the customs officers in that region, acting under urgent directions from Whitehall, could find no trace of her. The chances of a successful landing would seem to have been better almost anywhere than in the Channel; yet American sailors were at home in those waters, and the boldest risk is often the safest. In one way or another, Captain Derby reached London unmolested May 28, and with his startling intelligence set the kingdom on fire.

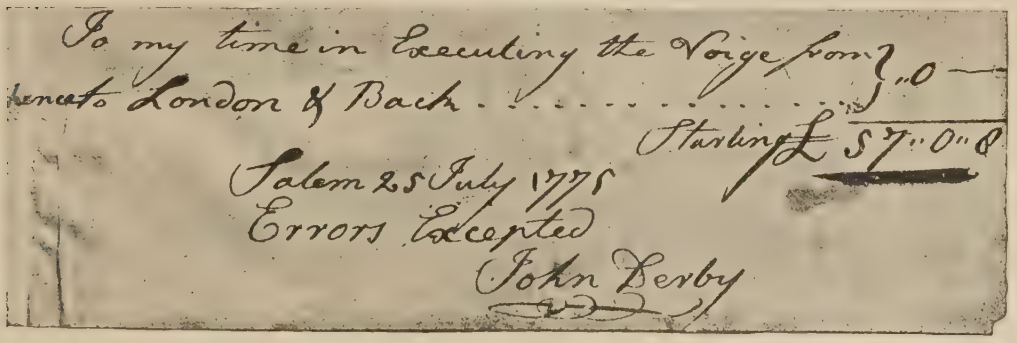
The bills rendered for this extraordinary service are unique, and, together with the action of the Congress, are to be read in full in the archives of Massachusetts. The bill for fitting out the *Quero* was rendered by Richard Derby, Jr., and paid to Elias Hasket Derby, August 1, 1775. William Gray, the great merchant, seems to have contributed £10 sterling to her outfit. The voucher begins in these words:

> The Province Massachusetts-Bay to Richard Derby ju. D^{r} for the Hire Victueling, Port Charges, Portledg Bill, &c for the Schooner Quero, Voyage from Salem in New England to Great Britain and back to Salem aforesaid, in the Service of this Colony—viz: with Depositions relative to Battle of Lexington.

Then follow charges for "Barrils" of bread and of flour, bushels of beans, pounds of candles, cords of wood, wages of seamen, clearance and port charges, "ballust," hire of the *Quero* of sixty-two tons burden at six shillings per ton per month from April 25 to July 19, premium on £300 insurance out and home at six per cent.; but no hint that she carried an ounce of salt meat until the credit column is reached, and there William Gray's £10 sterling appear, together with sundry barrels of beef and pork returned, the net amount of the bill, £116 4*s.* 4½*d.*, to be paid to Elias Hasket Derby for account of Richard Derby, Jr.

The modest account rendered by Captain John Derby himself, in which he estimates his splendid service as of no money value, finding remuneration enough in his success, deserves to be reproduced in facsimile. It seems to show that he had been at the Isle of Wight, had landed in that region, and had reëmbarked for home at or near Falmouth. And the *Quero's* inward manifest, sworn to at the Salem impost-office, July 19, by William Carlton, master, describes her as from Falmouth, in ballast, without passengers, freight, or consignee, and would seem to raise a surmise that Captain Derby, who was reporting in person to General Washington at the Cambridge headquarters on the 18th, and probably had secret despatches for the Commander-in-chief, had left her in command of Carlton, and had come ashore at some safer point than Salem, in order to make his way without mischance to Cambridge.

It is hard to resist saying a word of John Derby himself—of his Devonshire descent, of his Quaker extraction, of the voyaging which filled his early life, of his marriages and his eminent connections, of his ship *Columbia*, which discovered and named the Columbia River, of his nineteen days' voyage from France in the *Astræa*, bringing the first news of peace, in 1783. But the *Quero* incident is finished.


To my time in Executing the Voige from
Salem to London & Back . . . . . 3.0 —
Sterling £ 57.0.8
Salem 25 July 1775
Errors Excepted
John Derby

THE CATHEDRAL OF LE PUY, FROM THE NORTH.

THE CATHEDRAL OF LE PUY.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

AFTER seeing the typical Romanesque churches of Auvergne, the next step should be toward the southeast, to the cathedral church of Le Puy. Velay was the old title of the district where it stands, but, as far as architectural development was concerned, this district formed part of Auvergne. Le Puy is simply a local term meaning "The Peak"; and as it frequently occurs in Auvergne, combined with some distinctive epithet, the cathedral town is often called Puy-en-Velay.

I.

LEAVE Clermont-Ferrand in the morning, lunch at Issoire, drive in the afternoon to St. Nectaire,[1] return on the following morning to Issoire, then take the train for Le Puy, which you will reach at sunset, and you will give yourself forty-eight hours of diverse pleasures that you will never forget as long as you live. All along the railway you have with you volcanic marvels, verdurous delights, and architectural surprises —ancient villages, castles, and churches, well preserved or picturesquely ruined; and at Brioude you see, close at hand, another fine church of the characteristic local type. The winding stream of the Allier constantly recrosses your path as you ascend its valley; color and light are enchantingly vivid; and toward the end of the route the mountains and ravines grow still wilder and grander, meeting the spurs of the Cevennes. Then, as you gradually climb to the top of winding passes, successive tunnels bring you out upon sudden panoramas of a startling strangeness; and the last of them shows you a prospect such as you can never have imagined, even with the poet's or the painter's or the scene-shifter's aid.

Nothing was ever imagined so recklessly improbable and pictorial as the city of Le Puy, or as the landscape around it, tossed and torn and waved and suddenly smoothed by the touch of elemental forces, rising from well-tilled levels into beetling mounts, sheer precipices, low, rounded hills, and tall, lone pinnacles—all mingled together as though specimens of nature's handiwork had been gathered for comparison from a dozen different lands. A wide expanse of this gigantically crumpled country lies far beneath you as, from the tunnel's blackness, you emerge upon rails which wind along the brink of a perpendicular cliff. Directly opposite, across the valley, stands Le Puy. And it may excite you, not to wonder merely, but to incredulous laughter, so splendidly fantastic is its silhouette, perched upon the shoulder of a rocky peak and upon adjacent points which are mere elongated fingers—nay, mere towering needle-points—of stone. But a master of words has described this region—George Sand, in "Le Marquis de Villemer"; and once before to-day Mr. Pennell has portrayed it.[2]

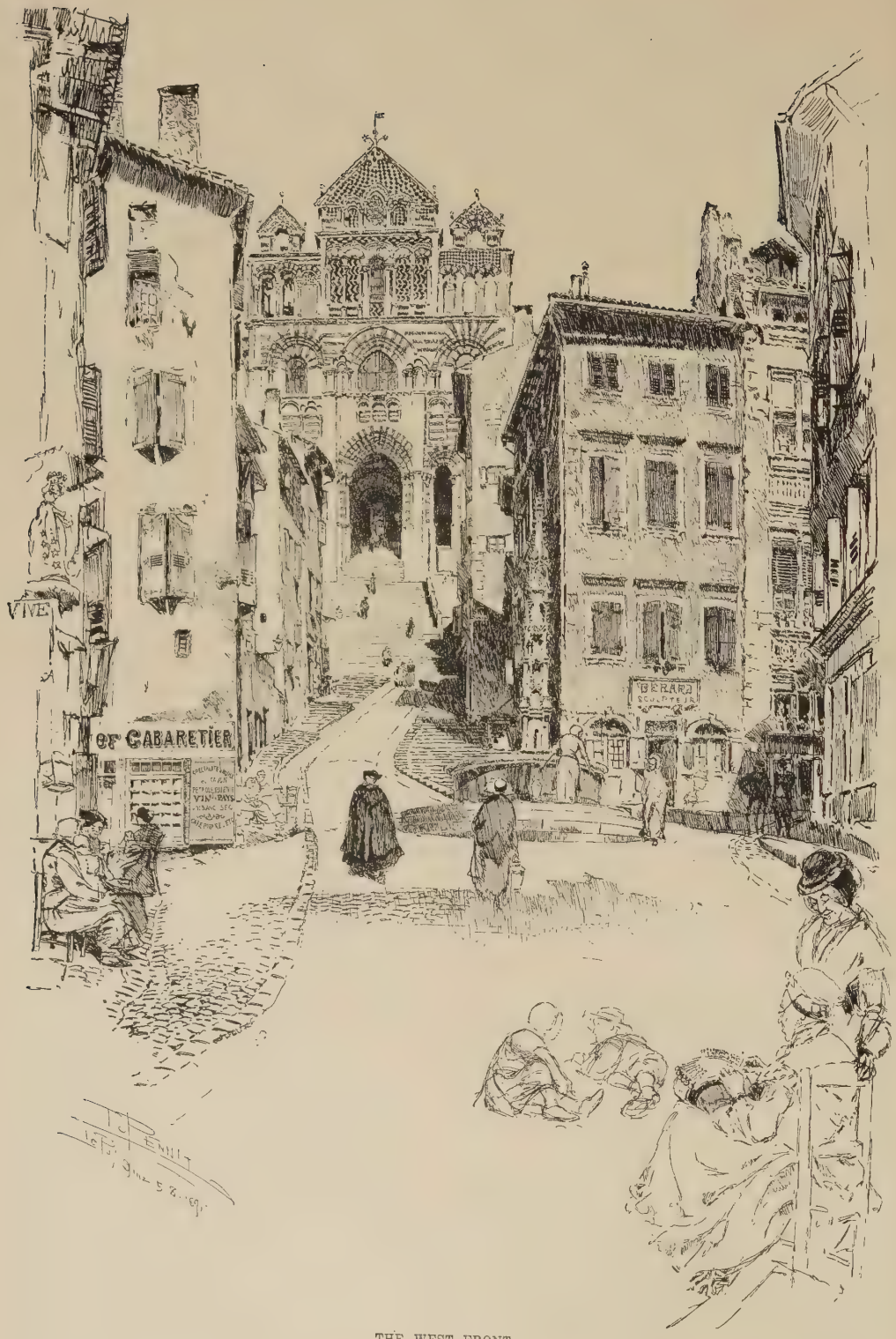
II.

THE church called Notre Dame du Puy is not a characteristic example of Auvergnese Romanesque. Nor is it individual after the manner of the cathedral of Poitiers—it is not a combination of the expedients developed by two neighboring architectural schools. It was gradually constructed during the space of two hundred years, and its peculiarity is largely due to the nature of its site and to its preëminence as a place of pilgrimage. Nevertheless, it is consistent throughout in idea, if not in feature; it is very beautiful and impressive; and its strangeness well befits the character of the town which it surmounts and of the landscape which it overlooks.

Notre Dame stands proudly on the edge of the plateau of the hill called Mont Anis, and to a distant eye the town seems to stream downward from it like a glacier current of roofs and walls, while behind and far above it rises the Rocher Corneille, a truculent, naked peak, straight-walled on all sides but one. Stray as you will through the narrow, winding streets and irregular squares of Le Puy, full of bright sunshine and of cheerful

[1] See for the points of interest in these towns "The Churches of Auvergne," in THE CENTURY for August, 1899.

[2] See "The Most Picturesque Place in the World," in THE CENTURY for July, 1893.



THE WEST FRONT.

THE WESTERN PORTALS.

LOOKING WESTWARD FROM THE PORTALS.

southern life, somehow you are sure to find yourself returning to the spot shown in the picture on page 724. And then—there is no escape—you must climb once more, as the figures on page 725 are climbing, up the street which is like a stair to the stair which is like a street, and must pass once more beneath the glooming portals of the church. Then, if you turn and look back toward the west, you will see what Mr. Pennell indicates on this page. But if you still look ahead you will see, as on page 727, that the great stair continues, leading you far in beneath the nave of the cathedral; for the cathedral floor lies level with the string-course which runs above the tall arches of the western front.

There is nothing in any part of the world just like the approach to Notre Dame du Puy, and nothing like its huge crypt-stair; and there are few entrances which prepare the mind with such a majestic yet mysterious solemnity for the effect of the church itself. Nor is this effect a disappointment, although to-day it is less dramatically presented than it was in former times. Originally, the staircase led straight onward, and the feet that trod it emerged from its topmost step into the very center of the church, close in front of the high altar. But the bishop who ruled in Le Puy just before the Revolution, saw fit to close the old opening and to build a branch to the stair, so that it debouches now in the north aisle of the nave.

Notre Dame du Puy is a much more imposing sanctuary than the others we have visited in Auvergne. Its size and its stateliness befit its rank as a cathedral church. Its nave is flanked by aisles; but its transept-arms are short, and the square termination of its choir (very early in date and therefore devoid of aisles and chapels) hardly appears like an apse. It is a massive church, dignified and serious; and yet, as you may see on pages 728 and 729, it wins great picturesqueness from the peculiar design of its ceilings. Each of the bays in the central alley is covered by a tall, domical vault adorned with blank arcades and with arched openings above them—a vault as independent in effect as is the domical lantern which springs above the intersection of the arms of the cross in other Romanesque churches. In Notre Dame du Puy this central lantern is similar to the other vaults, although of larger size.

Like the domical lanterns in the churches of Clermont and Issoire, these vaults at Le Puy are fashioned in a purely local way. Doubtless the inspiration for them was furnished by Byzantium; but they are not

copies—they are hardly adaptations—of Byzantine vaults, while they are totally unlike all those which Byzantine influence developed in Périgord, Saintonge, Poitou, and Anjou. They are oblong in plan, and are composed of an octagonal drum and dome. The transition from the rectangle to the octagon is effected by a peculiar use of small pendentives or squinches inclosed within the corner arches, and both drum and dome are much taller in proportion to their spread than any nave-vaults we have hitherto seen. Of course the effect of such a nave-ceiling, divided into boldly independent parts, is very different from the effect of the barrel-vaults used in other Auvergnese churches, or of the shallower domical compartments of the western provinces. But despite the independence and the height of these vaults, they are covered, like the shallow domes of the cathedral of Angoulême, by a continuous external roof, broken only by the conspicuous cupola which surmounts the intersection of the arms of the church.

The easternmost three bays of Notre Dame du Puy are constructed with round arches only, and, beyond their many retouchings, may date back to about the year 1000. The square projecting chambers which, much altered, are now mere vestibules giving access to the choir from the north and the south, were probably at first the transept-arms of the church; and it seems at this time to have been completed by a fourth bay toward the west. This bay now has two of its sides constructed with semicircular and two with pointed arches, and must have been remodeled when the original façade was torn down and two new bays were built out toward the west, with the corresponding portions of the arcaded crypt and its stairway.[1] In this part of the church the great constructional arches all have the pointed form; and so it is with the westernmost two bays, which, with their substructure and the strange party-colored façade, were probably not finished until late in the twelfth century.

As I have explained before, the presence of the pointed arch in southern work of so early a date does not mean the advent of the Gothic style; it merely means a knowledge of the superiority of the pointed to the semicircular arch as a flexible constructional device. In the minor arches and the blank arcades of even the latest parts of Notre Dame du Puy the round arch is retained, and there is no sign of that desire to concentrate weights and thrusts upon special points

[1] At the same time that the crypt-stair was altered, the ceiling above the seats of the canons who performed the service in Notre Dame was lowered by the introduction of a second vault, because they had complained of the coldness of the church. This unfortunate alteration may be traced in the picture on page 728.

THE STAIRWAY UNDER THE NAVE.

of support, which was the real motive power in the development of Gothic art.

III.

On the steps of Notre Dame du Puy you may buy a little history of the church, which begins with some words of Thomas Jefferson's, and ends with an account of a statue carved by the prophet Jeremiah. It is as interesting as any fairy-tale, and I counsel you to sit down upon the steps and peruse it there, so that everything it says may seem unquestionably true.

It will tell you that before the time of the Romans the hill called Mont Anis was crowned by a druidical circle, in the center of which stood a rough altar-stone; and that this stone, after being long preserved in a Roman temple, was reverently set within the Christian cathedral for the cure of the sick and the maimed who might stretch themselves upon it. This story at least you may certainly believe, for everywhere pagan ideas and customs, symbols and objects of devotion, baptized with novel names, were incorporated into Christian rituals and beliefs.

THE NAVE.

And, moreover, a fragment of Le Puy's druidical stone, which was shattered by a lightning-bolt while it lay in the cathedral, now forms the sill of a little altar, dedicated to the Virgin, on the landing above the one hundred and second step of the great crypt-stair.

THE DOMES OF THE NAVE.

Gregory of Tours, writing in the sixth century, believed that the gospel had been carried into this part of Gaul three hundred years before. But our book tells a more attractive tale. Even the histories of Provençal churches do not take us further back or introduce us to more venerable figures. It says that St. George, who had communed with Christ himself, was despatched by St. Peter on a mission to Velay, in company with St. Front, whose field was to be in Périgord. Soon St. George died, and was buried by the roadside. St. Front hurried back to Rome, but returned, at St. Peter's bidding, with St. Peter's own staff in his hand. When this staff was placed upon the new-made grave, St. George awoke, and arose, and continued his appointed course; and when he died for the second time, in the year 84, he had well begun the evangelizing of Velay, in spite of

THE CHOIR.

terrific opposition from hordes of terrific demons. And, our book declares, a portion of the vivifying staff is still in the keeping of a house of holy women in Le Puy.

St. George did not establish his episcopal chair at Le Puy. But when word was brought him, at the place now called St. Paullien, that the Virgin had appeared to an aged woman on the druidical stone of Mont Anis, he knew what the miracle meant, and prepared to dedicate the spot to the worship of Mary. As he approached it, in the hottest days of summer, he saw that it was covered by a symbolical robe of purity—a miraculous mantle of fresh snow; and then a wild stag suddenly appeared, and with rapid steps traced in the snow the plan of a church. Unable at once to lay actual foundations, St. George marked out the lines with a hawthorn hedge; and on the following day, when the snow had melted, lo! a wreath of purity, as unseasonably marvelous, encircled the mount. The hedge had burst into spring-like bloom.

In later years the Virgin again appeared, on the same spot, to another aged dame; and the bishop of that time constructed the church thus twice prescribed, and transferred to its keeping his episcopal chair. A message from the pope informed him that heaven itself would attend to the consecration. And, in truth, when he presented himself in state before the church, its bells began to ring and its doors to open without hands, a flood of light burst from

a thousand candles which had been set and lighted without hands, celestial harmonies resounded, and supernatural odors filled the air. Of these facts also proofs remain: two of the miraculous candles are preserved in Notre Dame, and its second title has always been "the Angelical Church." Nevertheless, there is one reason why you may doubt even proofs so good: the worship of Mary developed very slowly, and its dominant days were reached centuries after France had been Christianized, and many years after the present cathedral at Le Puy was begun.

IV.

WHEN the worship of Mary did develop in western christendom the shrine of Our Lady of the Peak could plausibly claim to be chief in France as a place of pilgrimage, scarcely surpassed in its fame even by the shrine of Our Lady of Chartres.

In the year 992 the devout were summoned to remember, on the same day, "the beginning and the end of the redemption of the world:" the joyous feast of the Annunciation, which falls on March 25, chanced to coincide with the most solemn of all fasts, Good Friday. Therefore a very solemn ceremonial, called the Great Pardon, was performed at Le Puy; and it was afterward repeated whenever the same conjunction of ecclesiastical dates came about—sometimes only once in a century, sometimes twice or thrice within a score of years. Thus far it has been celebrated twenty-six times. Its next recurrence will be in the year 1910. If you go to Le Puy in 1910, you may anticipate a spectacle as striking as the one presented every year at Lourdes; and for the mental eye it will have the added charm of an historical suggestiveness extending back almost a thousand years.

The institution of the Great Pardon caused the worship of Mary to develop with peculiar fervor on the slopes of Mont Anis. When you read how many were the pilgrims who, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, sought the shrine of Our Lady of the Peak, you can understand why her church twice needed enlargement. And if you know the dramatic temper of those days, you can realize how its station on the brow of a steep hill inspired its owners with the idea of its staircase, frankly hospitable at first, and then mysteriously awe-inspiring, giving foothold to thousands at once, and gradually bringing them up from light through darkness into light again—into the church at the very foot of the high altar.

Artistic and religious emotions lie close together, ready to mingle and to interact; and therefore we may believe that, after the number of its pilgrims had inspired the stairway of Le Puy, the impressiveness of the stairway increased the eminence of the church among the many competing shrines of Mary. Surprising indeed are the tales that our little book tells about the crowds which gathered, in late medieval times, whenever the day of a Great Pardon drew near. On each occasion many people were crushed to death in the narrow streets, and no less than two hundred in the year 1407. In 1502 four thousand confessors were needed to care for the pilgrims' souls, and they were stationed, perforce, in the streets and meadows as well as in every corner of every chapel and church. The highways outside the city were so thronged that those who could not find place upon them tramped out broad swaths of destruction through the adjacent fields; and inside the city every one bore aloft a stick with some device which might assist his friends to find him, while no one had space to stoop to recover any object that he might drop. Many details of a similar kind our little book picturesquely tells; and even in the year 1825, it says, one hundred and fifty thousand devotees assembled at Le Puy, and twice as many in the year 1853.

As for the great men and famous who, in all humility, have climbed the hill called Mont Anis and the stair of Notre Dame, their names are far too many to be recited here. Charlemagne was one of the first among them. Six popes are enumerated, and also fifteen kings of France, some of them coming many times, and in company with their queens and courtiers, and others, like Charles VII in his youth, very quietly, to beg Our Lady's help in their sorest need. Cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, abbots who were as powerful, saints who were destined after death to be more powerful still, princes, great ladies, nobles, and warriors of renown—all these came in uncountable numbers from every Christian land. Indulgences and pardons, miracles and mercies, were as plentifully showered upon them as any Christian soul could ask. And the gold and silver, the jewels and robes, the relics and works of art which they gave in return, enriched not only the famous house of the famous Virgin herself, but every church and monastery in Velay.

When Pope Urban was planning the rescue of the Holy Land he would have summoned

THE CLOISTERS, DOME, AND TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

the council at Le Puy but for the difficulty of the approaches to the town, not yet so well prepared for crowds as they were in later years. His letter naming Clermont instead was dated from Le Puy. Adhemar, bishop of Le Puy, the first person who received the scarlet cross from the hands of Urban, blessed the army of Godfrey de Bouillon when it set sail, and composed the famous chant called "Salve Regina," which was its constant inspiration; and Tasso tells us that this first crusading army contained four hundred warriors from Le Puy.[1] At Le Puy, in devotion to its Virgin, St. Dominick devised the rosary which is now in the hands of every Catholic—an elaboration of the simple chaplet used in earlier days. To Le Puy, to the Great Pardon of 1429, Jeanne Darc sent her mother, with prayers to Our Lady for assistance before she essayed the relief of Orléans. For a time the great St. Anthony of Padua was at the head of the Franciscan house, which was only one among the many powerful monasteries of Le Puy. And in 1380, Duguesclin, the most mighty and the best-beloved of all the warriors then fighting against England for the life of France, lost his own life in the service of Notre

[1] In Tasso's verse Le Puy is *Pogio*, while its medieval Latin name was *Podio*.

THE SOUTH PORCH OF THE CHOIR.

Dame du Puy, besieging the castle of a robber knight who had harassed her pilgrims.

V.

NOWHERE else in Auvergne are its bold methods of mosaic decoration so boldly and profusely employed as at Le Puy. They are used on the inner as on the outer walls of the cathedral—strong geometric patterns wrought with gray stone, black lava, and red brick. Audacious, gay, and a little crude, we might criticize them as bizarre in a more normal town. But even if we apply this word to them in Le Puy, it means approval; for in spirit and effect they harmonize perfectly with the general spirit, the general aspect, of the most bizarre of European towns.

The school of sculpture represented in Notre Dame du Puy and its beautiful cloisters differed from the schools of all adjacent provinces. At first it employed classicizing, Gallo-Roman motives mixed with Byzantine motives. But before the middle of the twelfth century an admirable indigenous art had developed, very delicate, refined, and supple, quite free from any Gallo-Roman impress, and, where it still showed

a slight Oriental impress, recalling Persia rather than Byzantium by its pearled palmettes and its curious animal forms. Before the end of the same century the exquisite manual skill of the sculptors of Le Puy reached its highest level, but their methods of design had deteriorated. They seem at this time to have felt an influence from Languedoc on the south and the Lyonnaise lands on the north, taking thence the semi-classical, semi-Byzantine motives which these districts had never abandoned, and failing to blend them well with their own more truly Romanesque ideas. Another generation saw the indigenous school of sculpture die out in Le Puy, as, at the same time, died the indigenous school of Provence. And when the art revived in Auvergne, it revived as in Provence —as a new art, a Gothic art, imported from the north of France.

THE CLOISTERS AND ROCHER CORNEILLE.

The great tower which is conspicuous in every view of Le Puy does not spring from the body of the church, but stands close to its eastern end. It was built toward the end of the eleventh century. It is not beautifully consistent in design, like the tower of Angoulême, and it is not well designed for a belfry. But it is extremely effective in its vigorous variety of feature, and it is admirably designed for a watch-tower to be used upon occasion as a tower of defense. Parts and fragments of other constructions close to the cathedral confirm this proof that it was once inclosed in a system of fortifications.

I have not time to describe all the interesting features of Notre Dame du Puy and its many dependencies, but I am glad that Mr. Pennell shows you (on page 733) the archway of the vestibule which opens from the south side of the choir; for another such arch as this, with its lower member hanging free,—a purely ornamental feature,—you will never meet with, no matter where your journeyings may take you. I hope that some day they may take you up the steep and winding path in Le Puy, which at one stage will show you the cathedral (as on page 722) in the way that the birds behold it, and from the summit of the Rocher Corneille will unroll a still more magnificent view. This sum-

mit is crowned, alas! by the only conspicuous thing of modern origin in Le Puy. It is a big statue of the Virgin, cast with the metal of Crimean cannon. It is so very big, so outrageously out of scale, that it dwarfs and injures every prospect in which it plays a part. And we resent the fact the more bitterly because, despite their astonishing and bizarre diversity, all these prospects must have been quite free from a discordant note until the modern monstrosity appeared.

It is hard to ignore the many minor marvels of Le Puy, especially the Rock of St. Michel, an isolated needle of stone standing close to the town, with its top entirely covered by a tiny church—curious enough in itself and splendid enough in its outlooks to reward the very laziest tourist, although to reach it he must climb two hundred and fifty steps carved from the sheer face of the rock. But it would be still harder to complete my pages without any mention of the statue which, like the cathedral that contained it, was called Our Lady of the Peak.

VI.

THE statue revered by the earliest pilgrims in the holiest shrine on Mont Anis was replaced in the thirteenth century by one that grew still more famous. This "Black Virgin" of Le Puy was a group of the Mother and Child, about two feet in height, the raiment painted in brilliant hues, set with gems, and adorned with mysterious signs, while the faces were black and polished. It continued to win new glories and to dispense new benefits until, in the Reign of Terror, it was burned on the market-place with hideous contumely.

There is good proof that this statue was brought to France by St. Louis, and was ceremoniously installed in the cathedral when he came, in the year 1254, to render thanks to Our Lady of the Peak for his release from captivity among the Mohammedans of Egypt. Now, local traditions assert that twelve hundred years before St. Louis's time the temple which contained the druidical stone of Mont Anis was devoted to the worship of the Egyptian goddess Isis, who had won a prominent place in the pantheons of Rome and its subject lands; and that the word Anis itself was derived from her name. Therefore, even a supposed Egyptian origin for the Black Virgin of Le Puy would lay a pleasing hold upon the fancy. But more than this may be told about it, and in the serious words of truth.

Deftly tracing its history back step by step, the chroniclers of Le Puy identify St. Louis's gift with a traditionally famous statue of the Virgin and Child which the prophet Jeremiah carved, during his sojourn in Egypt, to perpetuate the memory of his prophesyings. But when they enter upon detailed descriptions of the group, they prove, beyond a doubt, that it was a figure of the goddess Isis with the infant Horus on her knee. Groups of this sort abounded in ancient Egyptian art. We can readily believe that they were sometimes adopted into the Christian faith, while, in an unlettered age, their origin soon passed out of mind. Indeed, it would be a miracle had this transmutation never occurred, so close is the analogy in idea between the mother and son of ancient Egypt and the Mother and Son of Bethlehem. Very possibly all of those curious Black Virgins which inspired peculiar reverence in European churches after crusading days were the products of long-forgotten pagan artists on the banks of the Nile. But if I could quote in full from my little book the pages—carefully penned, in naïve ignorance of their true import—which describe the Black Virgin of Le Puy, in the words of those who daily beheld her, you would certainly be convinced that she at least was a genuine old Egyptian. And I hope that you will enjoy the idea of this accidental contact, this unwitting union, of a long-dead with a living faith—this proof of the perennial sameness of human needs and aspirations, the perennial vitality of the dreams and the symbols which express them.

Picturesque indeed must have been the actual scene when the ninth Louis of France, the most typically Christian monarch in all history,—king, crusader, saint, and pilgrim,—placed in the shrine on Mont Anis the figure which was the memento of his suffering for the Church's cause. But the imagined scene is incomparably more picturesque to us whose mental eyes are clarified by a little antiquarian lore—to us who can see that, in pure unconsciousness, this loyal son and champion of the Church was restoring the great heathen goddess to her ancient stronghold among the descendants of her heathen devotees. Upon this particular day in the year 1254 the vague and singular smile which curves the lips of every figure wrought with old Egyptian chisels may well have been a little more pronounced upon the lips of Notre Dame du Puy.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF REV. LEA LUQUER.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. THOMAS LEA (SARAH SHIPPEN).

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BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE Mischianza, the fête gotten up by André, in Philadelphia, May 18, 1778, in honor of the departure of Sir William Howe for England, has been a fruitful topic for poets, historians, and romancists, while the beauty of the Quaker City belles, in whose honor the knights contended, has given them renown second only to that of Helen of Troy, and probably quite as mythical. Among the fair women whose names are inscribed on the page of history as having been particularly conspicuous on that occasion were the three beautiful daughters of Edward Shippen, afterward Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. The eldest, Miss Mary, became Mrs. McIlvaine, the second, Miss Sally, became Mrs. Lea, and the youngest, Miss Peggy, acquired unenviable notoriety by being the wife of the infamous Benedict Arnold. Some of the descendants of these ladies claim that their ancestresses were not present at the fête, that "their father refused to permit them to attend"; while others, not willing to be robbed of this social distinction, stand by family tradition, and the account sent by André, dated five days after the event, to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in London, where the names of the three Misses Shippen appear with their respective knights.

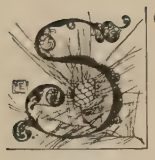
In support of the story that "their father refused to permit them to attend," there is extant a beautiful manuscript account of the Mischianza, written for the famous Peggy Chew, by André, whose knight he was, dated "Philadelphia, June 2d, 1778," in which there are blank spaces where the names of the Misses Shippen should appear opposite to the knights who were to stand for them. This is of course only negative evidence, but, if correct, would show that André's printed account must have been sent off before the fête, written as it was to be and as many described events are reported to-day, and his manuscript account for the fair Peggy written afterward, as the fête really was.

Sarah Shippen, whose mother was Margaret, daughter of Tench Francis, own cousin of Sir Philip Francis, the accepted author of "The Letters of Junius," was in her twenty-second year when the Mischianza took place, and if she did not attend, Captain Cathcart, who is set down as her knight, was bereft of a very lovely lady to contend for. On September 21, 1787, she became the second wife of Thomas Lea, a shipping-merchant, whose parents had come from Ireland to Philadelphia, where he left her a widow six years later. Mrs. Lea lived to the age of seventy-one years, and her exquisite portrait by Stuart, painted not long after his arrival in Philadelphia, is one of the master's best works, as can be seen by Mr. Wolf's brilliant rendering of it. It is very light and delicate in touch, and was exhibited at the late portrait exhibition in New York, by its owner, the Rev. Lea Luquer of Bedford, New York, a great-grandson of the subject. The miniature worn by Mrs. Lea is one of her son Robert, at the age of six, from a cabinet picture painted by Wertmüller, the distinguished Swedish painter, who settled in this country and painted a portrait of Washington before Stuart had his sittings.

Gilbert Stuart painted three original portraits of Washington from life, the first showing the right side of the face, and the second and third portraying the left side. The first is a full bust, the second a whole-length, and the third a vignette head. They have become commonly known, from the names of prominent owners, in the order of their painting, as the Vaughan, Lansdowne, and Athenæum pictures; but the paintings that belonged to Samuel Vaughan and the Marquis of Lansdowne were replicas, and not the originals from life, while the Athenæum picture, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, is an original. The original from life of the Vaughan type is in the possession of the writer, and the original whole-length of the Lansdowne type belongs to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. The picture that belonged to Mr. Vaughan is now owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, and the one that was owned by Lord Lansdowne now belongs to the Earl of Rosebery, Carleton Place, London. Of each of these pictures Stuart made many replicas, varying in the details.

"THE WAY OF A SHIP."

BY FRANK T. BULLEN,
Author of "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*," etc.



OLOMON had, among the many mighty qualities of mind which have secured his high eminence as the wisest man of the world, an attribute which does not always accompany abundant knowledge. He was prompt to admit his limitations, as far as he knew them, frankly and fully. And among them he confesses an inability to understand "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea." It may be urged that there was little to wonder at in this, since the exigencies of his position must have precluded his gaining more than the slightest actual experience of seafaring. Yet it is marvelous that he should have mentioned this thing, seemingly simple to a shore-dweller, which is to all mariners a mystery past finding out. No matter how long a sailor may have sailed the seas in one ship, or how deeply he may have studied the ways of that ship under apparently all combinations of wind and sea, he will never be found to assert thoughtfully that he *knows* her altogether. Much more, then, are the myriad idiosyncrasies of all ships unknowable. Kipling has done more, perhaps, than any other living writer to point out how certain fabrics of man's construction become invested with individuality of an unmistakable kind, and of course so acute an observer could not fail to notice how preëminently is this the case with ships.

Now, in what follows I seek as best I may to show, by a niggardly handful of instances in my own experience, how the "personality" of ships expresses itself, and how incomprehensible these manifestations are to the men whose business it is to study them. Even before the ship has quitted the place of her birth, yea, while she is yet a-building, something of this may be noted. One man will study deepest mathematical problems, will perfectly apply his formulæ, and see them accurately embodied in steel or timber, so that by all ordinary laws of cause and effect the resultant vessel should be a marvel of speed, stability, and strength. And yet she is a failure. She has all the vices that the sailor knows and dreads: crank, slow, leewardly, hanging in stays, impossible to steer satisfactorily. Every man who ever sails in her carries in his tenacious sea-memory, to the day of his death, vengeful recollections of her perversities, and often in the dog-watch holds forth to his shipmates in eloquent denunciation of her manifold iniquities long after one would have thought her very name would be forgotten. Another shipbuilder, innocent of a scintilla of mathematics, impatient of diagrams, will begin apparently without preparation, adding timber to timber, and breast-hook to stem, until out of the dumb cavern of his mind a ship is evolved, his inexpressible idea manifested in graceful yet massive shape. And that ship will be all that the other is not. As if the spirit of her builder had somehow been wrought into her frame, she behaves with intelligence, and becomes the delight, the pride, of those fortunate enough to sail in her.

Such a vessel it was once my good fortune to join in London for a winter passage across to Nova Scotia. Up to that time my experience had been confined to large vessels and long voyages, and it was not without the stern compulsion of want that I shipped in the *Wanderer*. She was a brigantine of two hundred and forty tons register, built in some little out-of-the-way harbor in Nova Scotia by one of the amphibious sailor-farmers of that ungenerous coast, in just such a rule-of-thumb manner as I have spoken of. When I got on board I pitied myself greatly. I felt cramped for room; I dreaded the colossal waves of the Atlantic at that stormy winter season, in what I considered to be a weakly built craft fit only for creeping closely alongshore. We worked down the river, also a new departure to me, always accustomed hitherto to be towed down to Beachy Head by a strenuous tug. The delicate way in which she responded to all the calls we made on her astonished our pilot, who was loud in his praises of her "handiness," one of the most praiseworthy qualities a ship can have in a seaman's eyes. Nevertheless, I still looked anxiously forward to our meeting with the Atlantic, although day by day, as we zigzagged down Channel, I felt more and more

amazed at the sympathy she showed with her crew. At last we emerged upon the wide, open ocean, clear of even the idea of shelter from any land; and as if to show conclusively how groundless were my fears, it blew a bitter northwest gale. Never have I known such keen delight in watching a vessel's behavior as I knew then. As if she were one of the sea-people, such as the foam-like gulls or wheeling petrels, next of kin to the waves themselves, she sported with the tumultuous elements, her motion as easy as the sway of the seaweed and as light as a bubble. And even when the strength of the storm-wind forbade us to show more than the tiniest square of canvas, she answered the touch of her helm, as sensitive to its gentle suasion as Hiawatha's Cheemaun to the voice of her master. Never a wave broke on deck, although she had so little free-board that a bucket of water could almost be dipped without the aid of a lanyard. That gale taught me a lesson I have never been able to forget. It was, never to judge of the seaworthy qualities of a ship by her appearance at anchor, but to wait until she had an opportunity of telling me in her own language what she could do.

Then came a spell of favorable weather,—for the season, that is,—when we could carry plenty of sail and make good use of our time. Another characteristic now revealed itself in her—her steerability. Once steady on her course under all canvas, one turn of a spoke, or at most of two spokes, of the wheel was sufficient to keep her so; and for an hour I have walked back and forth before the wheel, with both hands in my pockets, while she sped along at ten knots an hour, as straight as an arrow in its flight. But when any sail was taken off her, no matter which, she would no longer steer herself, as if the just and perfect balance of her sail area had been disturbed; but she was easier to steer then than any vessel I have ever known. Lastly, a strong gale tested her powers of running before it, the last touch of excellence in any ship being that she shall run safely dead before a gale. During its height we *passed* the Anchor liner *California*, a huge steamship some twenty times our bulk. From end to end of her the frolicsome waves leaped and tumbled; from every scupper and swinging-port spouted a briny flood. Every sea, meeting her mass in its way, just climbed on board and spread itself, so that she looked, as sailors say, like a half-tide rock. From her towering hurricane-deck our little craft must have appeared a forlorn little object—just a waif of the sea, existing only by a succession of miracles. Yet even her muffled-up passengers, gazing down upon the white dryness of our decks, looked as if they could dimly understand that the comfort which was unmistakably absent from their own wallowing monster was cozily present with us.

Another vessel, built on the same coast, but three times the size of the *Wanderer*, was the *Sea Gem*, in which I had an extended experience. Under an old sea-dog of a captain who commanded her the first part of the voyage, she played more pranks than a jibbing mule with a new driver. None of the ordinary manœuvers necessary to a sailing-ship would she perform without the strangest antics and refusals. She seemed possessed of a stubborn demon of contrariness. Sometimes at night, when, at the change of the watch, all hands were kept on deck to tack ship, more than an hour would be wasted in futile attempts to get her about in a seamanlike way. She would prance up into the wind gaily enough, as if about to turn in her own length, and then at the crucial moment fall off again against the hard-down helm, while all hands cursed her vigorously for the most obstinate, clumsy vessel ever calked. Or she would come up far enough for the order of "main-sail haul," and there she would stick, like a wall-eyed sow in a muddy lane, hard and fast in irons. With her mainyards braced a-port and her foreyards a-starboard, she reminded all hands of nothing so much as the old sea-yarn of the Yankee schooner-skipper who for the first time found himself in command of a bark. Quite scared of those big square sails, he lay in port until, by some lucky chance, he got hold of a mate who had long sailed in square-rigged vessels. Then he boldly put to sea. But by some evil hap the poor mate fell overboard and was drowned when they had been several days at sea; and one morning a homeward-bounder spied a bark in irons making rapid signals of distress, although the weather was fine, and the vessel appeared stanch and seaworthy enough. Rounding to under the sufferer's stern, the homeward-bound skipper hailed, "What 's the matter?" "Oh!" roared the almost frantic Yankee, "for God's sake send somebody aboard that knows somethin' about this kind er ship. I've lost my square-rigged mate overboard, an' I cain't git a move on her nohow!" He 'd been trying to sail her "winged out," schooner fashion. So disgusted was our skipper with the *Sea Gem* that he left her in Mobile, saying that he was going to retire from the sea altogether.

But we all believed he was scared to death that she would run away with him some fine day. Another skipper took command, a Yankee Welshman by the name of Jones. The first day out I heard the second mate say to him deferentially, "She 's rather ugly in stays, sir." "*Is* she?" queried the old man, with an astonished air. "Wall, I should hev surmised she was ez nimble ez a kitten. Yew don't say!" Shortly after it became necessary to tack, and, to our utter amazement, the *Sea Gem* came about in almost her own length, with never a suggestion that she had ever been otherwise than as handy as a St. Ives smack. Nor did she ever after betray any signs of unwillingness to behave with the same cheerful alacrity. Had her trim been different we could have understood it, because some ships handy in ballast are veritable cows when loaded, and vice versa. But that reasoning had here no weight, since her draft was essentially the same.

Not without a groan do I recall a passage in one of the handsomest composite barks I ever saw. Her name I shall not give, as she was owned in London, and may be running still, for all I know. My eye lingered lovingly over her graceful lines as she lay in dock, and I thought gleefully that a passage to New Zealand in her would be like a yachting-trip. An additional satisfaction was some patent steering-gear which I had always longed to handle, having been told that it was a dream of delight to take a trick with it. I admit that she was right down to her Plimsoll, and I will put it to her credit that she was only some dozen miles to leeward of the ill-fated *Eurydice* when that terrible disaster occurred that extinguished so many bright young lives. But the water was smooth, and we had no long row of lower-deck ports open for the sea to rush in when the vessel heeled to a sudden squall. It is only her Majesty's ships that are exposed to such dangers as that. In fact, for the first fortnight out she was on her extra-special behavior, although none of us fellows for'ard liked a dirty habit she had of lifting heavy sprays over fore and aft in a whole-sail breeze. Presently along came a swifter from the southwest, and every man of us awoke to the fact that we were aboard of a hooker saturated with every vicious habit known to ships. There was no dryness in her. You never knew where or when she would bow down to a harmless-looking sea and allow it to lollop on board, or else, with a perversity almost incredible, fall up against it so clumsily that it would send a blinding sheet of spray as high as the clues of the upper topsails. Words fail me to tell of the patent atrocity with which we were condemned to steer. Men would stand at the wheel for their two hours' trick, and imagine tortures for the inventor thereof, coming for'ard at four or eight bells, speechlessly congested with the volume of their imprecations upon him. Yet I have no doubt he, poor man, considered himself a benefactor to the genus seafarer. In any weather you could spin the wheel round from hard up to hard down without feeling the slightest pressure of the sea against the rudder. And as, to gain power, speed must be lost, two turns of the wheel were equal to only one with the old-fashioned gear. The result of these differences was to a sailor simply maddening. For all seamen steer as much by the *feel* of the wheel as by anything else (I speak of sailing-ships throughout), a gentle increase of pressure warning you when she wants a little bit to meet her in her sidelong swing. Not only so, but there is a subtle sympathy (to a good helmsman) conveyed in those alterations of pressure which, while utterly unexplainable in words, make all the difference between good and bad steering. Then, none of us could get used to the doubling of the amount of helm necessary. We were always giving her too much or too little. As she was by no means an easy-steering ship, even had her gear been all right, the consequence of this diabolical impediment to her guidance was that the man who kept her within two points and a half, in anything like a breeze, felt that he deserved high praise.

Still, with all these unpleasantnesses, we worried along in fairly comfortable style, for we had a fresh mess and railway-duff (a plum at every station) every Sunday. Every upper bunk in the fo'c'sle was leaky, and always remained so; but we rigged up watersheds that kept us fairly dry during our slumbers. So we fared southward through the fine weather, forgetting, with the lax memory of the sailor for miserable weather, the sloppy days that had passed, and giving no thought to the coming struggle. Gradually we stole out of the trade area, until the paling blue of the sky and the accumulation of torn and feathery cloud-fields warned us of our approach to that stern region where the wild western wind reigns supreme. The trades wavered, fell, and died away. Out from the west, with a rush and a roar, came the cloud-compeller, and eastward we fled before it. An end now to all comfort fore and aft. For

she wallowed and groveled, allowing every sea, however kindly disposed, to leap on board, until the incessant roar of the water from port to starboard dominated our senses even in sleep. A massive breakwater of two-inch kauri planks was fitted across the deck in front of the saloon for the protection of the afterguard, who dwelt behind it as in a stockaded fort. As the weather grew worse, and the sea got into its gigantic stride, our condition became deplorable; for it was a task of great danger to get from the fo'c'sle to the wheel, impossible to perform without a drenching, and always invested with the risk of being dashed to pieces. We "carried on" recklessly in order to keep her at least ahead of the sea; but at night, when no stars were to be seen, and the compass swung madly through all its thirty-two points, steering was mental and physical torture. In fact, it was only possible to steer at all by the feel of the wind at one's back, and even then the best helmsman among us could not keep her within two points on each side of her course. We lived in hourly expectation of a catastrophe, and for weeks none of us forward ever left off oilskins and sea-boots even to sleep in. At last, on Easter Sunday, three seas swept on board simultaneously. One launched itself like a Niagara over the stern, and one rose on each side in the waist, until the two black hills of water towered above us for fully twenty feet. Then they leaned toward each other and fell, their enormous weight threatening to crush our decks in as if they had been paper. Nothing could be seen of the hull for a smother of white, except the forecastle-head. When, after what seemed an age, she slowly lifted out of that boiling, yeasty whirl, the breakwater was gone, and so was all the planking of the bulwarks on both sides from poop to forecastle break. Nothing was left but to heave to, and I, for one, firmly believed that we should never get her up into the wind. However, we were bound to try; and watching the smooth (between two sets of seas), the helm was put hard down and the mizzen hauled out. Round she came swiftly enough, but just as she presented her broadside to the sea, up rose a monstrous wave. Over, over she went—over until the third ratline of the lee rigging was under water; that is to say, the lee rail was full six feet under the sea. One hideous tumult prevailed, one dazzling glare of foaming water surrounded us; but I doubt whether any of us thought of anything but how long we could hold our breath. Had she been less deeply loaded she must have capsized. As it was, she righted again, and came up into the wind still afloat. But never before or since have I seen a vessel behave like that hove to. We were black and blue with being banged about, our arms strained almost to uselessness by holding on. Beast as she was, the strength of her hull was amazing, or she would have been racked to splinters: for in that awful sea she rolled clean to windward until she filled herself, then canted back again until she lay nearly on her beam-ends; and this she did continually for three days and nights. At the first of the trouble the cabin had been gutted so that neither officers nor passengers had a dry thread, and of course all cooking was impossible. I saw the mate chasing his sextant (in its box) around the saloon-table, which was just level with the water, which was making havoc with everything. And not a man of us for'ard but had some pity to spare for the one woman passenger (going out with her little boy to join her husband), who, we knew, was crouching in the corner of an upper bunk in her cabin, hugging her child to her bosom, and watching with fascinated eyes the sullen wash of the dark water that plunged back and forth across the sodden strip of carpet.

In spite of all these defects in the ship, she reached Lyttelton in safety at last; and I, with more thankfulness than I knew how to express, was released from her, and took my place as an officer on board a grand old ship three times her size. Unfortunately for me, my sea experience of her extended only over one short passage to Adelaide, where she was laid up for sale; and of my next ship I have spoken at length elsewhere, so I may not enlarge upon her behavior here. After that I had the good fortune to get a berth as second mate of the *Harbinger*, to my mind one of the noblest specimens of modern ship-building that ever floated. She was lofty,—two hundred and ten feet from water-line to skysail truck,—and with all her white wings spread, thirty-one mighty sails, she looked like a mountain of snow. She was built of steel, and in every detail was as perfect as any sailor could wish. For all her huge bulk she was as easy to handle as any ten-ton yacht,—far easier than some,—and in any kind of weather her docility was amazing. No love-sick youth was ever more enamoured of his sweetheart than I of that splendid ship. For hours of my watch below I have sat perched upon the martingale guys under the jib-boom, watching with all a lover's complacency the stately sheer of

her stem through the sparkling sea, and dreamily noting the delicate play of rainbow tints through and through the long feather of spray that ran unceasingly up the stem, and, curling outward, fell in a diamond shower upon the blue surface below. She was so clean in the entrance that you never saw a foaming spread of broken water ahead, driven in front by the vast onset of the hull. She parted the waves before her pleasantly, as an arrow the air; graciously, as if loath to disturb their wide-spread solitude.

But it needed a tempest to show her "way" in its perfection. Like the *Wanderer*, but in a grand and gracious fashion, she seemed to claim affinity with the waves, and they in their wildest tumult met her as if they too knew and loved her. She was the only ship I ever knew or heard of that would "stay" under storm-staysails, reefed topsails, and a reefed foresail in a gale of wind. In fact, I never saw anything that she would not do that a ship should do. She was so truly a child of the ocean that even a bungler could hardly mishandle her; she *would* work well in spite of him. And, lastly, she would *steer* when you could hardly detect an air out of the heavens, with a sea like a mirror, and the sails hanging apparently motionless. The men used to say she would go a knot with only the quartermaster whistling at the wheel for a wind.

Then for my sins I shipped before the mast in an equally large iron ship bound for Calcutta. She was everything that the *Harbinger* was not—an ugly abortion that the sea hated. When I first saw her (after I had shipped), I asked the cook whether she was n't a razeed steamboat—I had almost said an adapted loco-boiler. When he told me that this was only her second voyage I had to get proof before I could believe him. And as her hull was, so were her sails. They looked like a job lot scared up at ship-chandlers' sales, and hung upon the yards like rags drying. Our contempt for her was too great for words. Of course she was under water while there was any wind to speak of, and her motions were as strange as those of a seasick pig. A dredger would have beaten her at sailing; a Medway barge, with her Plimsoll mark in the main-rigging, would have been ten times as comfortable. Somehow we buttocked her out in one hundred and ninety days with twenty-five hundred tons of salt in her hold, and again my fortunate star intervened to get me out of her and into a better ship as second mate.

Of steamers I have no authority to speak, although they, too, have their ways, quite as non-understandable as sailing-ships, and complicated, too, by the additional entity of the engines within. But everything that floats and is built by man, from the three-log catamaran of the Malabar coast, or the balsa of Brazil, up to the latest leviathan, has a way of its own, and that way is certainly, in all its variations, past finding out.

WHERE A DAY IS LOST OR GAINED.

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

THE difficulty that may lie in a matter apparently so simple as the reckoning of the days of the week is well shown in one of Poe's stories. The obdurate father of the maiden—evidently with the Greek calends in mind—promises to give her to the objectionable swain when three Sundays occur in one week. To his consternation, and the joy of the lovers, this seemingly impossible event indubitably happens when two sea-captains appear together upon the scene who have circumnavigated the globe in opposite directions.

As a matter of fact, this bit of fiction represents what is taking place every day in the year, and must continue to occur as long as our present method of reckoning time is retained. And the reason for this is simple and familiar. The civil day begins and ends at midnight, but for convenience of explanation let us assume (as is the practice of astronomers) that the day begins at noon and ends at the following noon. It is clear that the interval of time between two successive noons will be, for us, twenty-four hours (a day as measured by one complete rotation of the earth) only when we remain on the same meridian. For if at noon on the beginning of Monday we move, say, over a space of fifteen degrees toward the east, it is obvious that when the sun again stands at noon, for us, only twenty-three hours will

have elapsed, since we shall have accomplished one twenty-fourth of his journey for him; that is, Tuesday will begin, for us, one hour too soon. Similarly, if we repeat this eastward movement, Wednesday will begin two hours too soon; and so on until, when our starting-point is reached, we shall, in count of days, be just twenty-four hours ahead in our reckoning. The result will be that, instead of ending the journey in twenty-four days (as we seem to do) and on a Wednesday, we shall actually complete it in twenty-three days and on Tuesday. On the other hand, if we move westward in this way the reverse will happen: our days, as measured from noon to noon, will be twenty-five hours long, and we shall actually complete the trip in twenty-five days and on Thursday. For the stay-at-home, and for travelers returning thus from the east and from the west, there will, accordingly, if no correction is made in the reckoning, be for each day three distinct dates, each perfectly correct by diary or log; and each day of the week—not Sunday simply—will be repeated thrice.

This shifting of dates is, of course, the same in the end whether the journey about the earth be made in a month or in a thousand years; and, in reality, it has become of practical interest principally in connection with movements of population which have extended through centuries. From Europe as a center the leaders of modern exploration advanced toward both the west and the east; and in their footsteps colonists have followed, establishing new centers of civilization whose commercial intercourse with Europe has in general been maintained along the routes of the earliest exodus. But the colonists carried their European dates with them; and it has thus happened that at all the points—chiefly in the islands of the Pacific Ocean—where the eastward has met the westward current of colonization and commerce, there has arisen a conflict of dates identical with that just explained. On the one hand lie regions where the time reckoning has lagged behind; on the other, regions where it has shot ahead. An imaginary line drawn upon the surface of the globe separating the regions where this difference in dates prevails is a date-line; and it is clear that the difference of reckoning marked by such a line is, in general, one day: for when two circumnavigators, starting in opposite directions from one place, meet one another in the journey, one will have lost just that part of a day which the other has not yet gained. On the eastern side of the line, namely, the date will be one day earlier than on the western side; that is, if it is Sunday on the former it will be Monday on the latter. It is characteristic, also, of such a line that if on crossing it from the west a day is added to the reckoning, or on crossing it from the east a day is omitted, the shifting of dates will be corrected. This correction is a common item in the diaries of travelers and the log-books of mariners.

On the accompanying map the date-line, as it was determined by the course of history prior to 1844, is approximately shown by the most westerly of the dotted lines. In the north, the Russian,[1] pushing eastward from Asia along the Alaskan coast, met the Englishman who had come westward from Europe; farther south, the Spaniard, after reaching the Pacific coast of America, advanced still farther westward to the Philippine Islands; while in the extreme south the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, moving eastward from the Cape and India, established themselves in the East India Islands and in Australasia. The result was a date-line, very irregular in course, which began with the eastern boundary of Alaska, ran across the Pacific to the vicinity of Japan, passed through the strait at the southern extremity of Formosa, skirted the Philippine Islands on the west and south, ran eastward to the vicinity of Samoa, and thence passed southward to the pole. The first notable change in this line, as thus laid down, took place as a result of an important alteration in the route followed by Spanish and other European commerce with the Philippines. In the days of Spain's supremacy in America, her galleons went westward across the Pacific to these islands, and returned by a more northerly course to American ports. But as time went on the conditions of this trade changed, and the Spanish ships approached the archipelago from the west. The result was that most of the vessels sailing to the Philippines arrived a day ahead of the local time. Accordingly, in 1844, the Archbishop of Manila, in order to remove this inconvenience, decreed that the 30th of December should immediately be followed by January 1, 1845. By this act the Philippine archipelago was transferred to the westerly side of the date-line, and with it

[1] Since the Russians use the Julian calendar, there was in Alaska a difference of dates due to this fact, in addition to that represented by the date-line. The Julian and the Gregorian calendars coincide, however, in the days of the week.

Longitude East from Greenwich
Longitude West from Greenwich
ARCTIC OCEAN
Wrangell I.
Pt. Barrow
Icy Cape
Cape Bathurst
Lena
Arctic Circle
SIBERIA
ASIA
Bering Strait
East Cape
C. Prince of Wales
ALASKA
Circle City
Mackenzie R.
Dawson
Gulf of Anadyr
St. Michael I.
St. Lawrence I.
C. Romanzof
Yukon R. (U.S.)
NORTH AMERICA
CANADA
Nunivak I.
Bering Sea
Sea of Okhotsk
Kamchatka
Commander Is.
Pribilof Is.
Alaska Pen.
Sitka
Attu I.
Aleutian Islands
Chita
Amur R.
Sakhalin Island
VANCOUVER-YOKOHAMA, 4290 MILES, 14 DAYS
Vancouver I.
Vancouver
Khabarovsk
Vladivostok
YOKOHAMA-SAN FRANCISCO, 4536 MILES, 16 DAYS
Portland
UNITED STATES
CHINESE EMPIRE
Peking
Tientsin
Port Arthur
Seoul
Japan Sea
Hondu
Tokio
Yokohama
Monday
Sunday
SAN FRANCISCO-YOKOHAMA, 4791 MILES
San Francisco
2410 MILES
2089 MILES
Date-line previous to 1844
Shanghai
Kiu-sin
HONOLULU-YOKOHAMA, 3445 MILES
HONOLULU-VANCOUVER, 7 DAYS
SAN FRANCISCO-HONOLULU
Liu-kiu Is.
Lisiansky I.
Canton
Formosa (Japan)
Marcus I. (U.S.)
Tropic of Cancer
Hongkong
Honolulu
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS (To U.S.)
Wake I. (U.S.)
HAWAII TO MANILA, VIA GUAM, 4945 MILES
China Sea
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS (U.S.)
Manila
Guam I. (U.S.)
Ladrone Is.
PACIFIC OCEAN
MICRONESIA
Pelew Is.
Sulu Isl.
Caroline Islands
Marshall Is.
Palmyra I.
Howland I.
Baker I.
Christmas I.
EQUATOR
Celebes Sea
Borneo
Celebes
Bismarck Archipelago
MELANESIA
Gilbert Is.
Phoenix Is.
Malden I.
Java Sea
New Guinea
Solomon Is.
Ellice Is.
Union Group
Marquesas Is.
Java
Timor I.
Torres Strait
Palmerston I.
Santa Cruz Is.
POLYNESIA
Louisiade Archipelago
New Hebrides
Apia
SAMOA
Coral Sea
FIJI
Society Is.
Low Archipelago
Tahiti I.
New Caledonia
Loyalty Is.
Tonga
Cook Is.
Austral Is.
OCEANICA
Tropic of Capricorn
Pitcairn I.
AUSTRALIA
Rockhampton
Brisbane
Norfolk I.
Perth
Swan R.
APIA, SYDNEY, 2354 MILES
Lord Howe I.
Kermadec Is.
Albany
Sydney
Adelaide
Auckland
Cape Howe
Melbourne
NEW ZEALAND
North Island
Wellington
TASMANIA
Hobart
AUCKLAND-LONDON, VIA RIO JANEIRO, 40 DAYS
WELLINGTON & PUNTA ARENAS, 4376 MILES
Chatham Is.
South Island
Stewart I.
Bounty I.
Antipodes I.
Royal Company Is.
Auckland Is.
Antipodes of Greenwich
Campbell I.
Macquarie I.
Emerald I.
MAP OF THE
PACIFIC OCEAN,
SHOWING
DATE-LINES.
Date-line previous to 1844 :
Generally accepted present position of Date-line
Steamship Lines thus :
Telegraph Lines thus :
NOTE :—Distances along Steamship Lines are in Nautical Miles.
The total distance from San Francisco to Manila via Hawaii and Guam is 7034 Nautical Miles or 8100 Statute Miles.
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP CO.
Longitude East from Greenwich
Longitude West from Greenwich

went the Caroline Islands and the Ladrones. The fact that the trade routes from the Marshall Islands (which belong to Germany), the Gilbert Islands, and the Fiji Islands run toward the west, has placed these islands also on that side of the line. The next considerable change was due to the purchase of Alaska by the United States, by which the date-line was removed to Bering Strait, and thence westward far enough to include all the Aleutian Islands. The result of all these changes is shown on the map by the second dotted line. It will be noted that this line coincides, in large part, with the one hundred and eightieth meridian from Greenwich; and it is so drawn because in this part of the Pacific it is independent of local usage, and because, as a result of recent conferences of astronomers, the meridian of Greenwich has been generally adopted as the prime meridian for all countries. It is also true that the great majority of the mariners of Europe and America have long referred to the meridian of Greenwich both their longitudes and their dates. This one hundred and eightieth meridian, however, has not been adopted as an "international" date-line by any official agreement, nor can it be used as such throughout its course without causing local inconvenience both in the north and the south. In a word, the course of the line must continue to be determined, in the main, by local convenience and the convenience of trade, and not by theoretical considerations. One curious result of the historical changes above noted is that with the acquisition of the Philippines the United States is the only nation whose trade, in following the ordinary course (here across the Pacific), is obliged to cross the date-line in order to reach an important part of its territory.

The confusion of dates, which the recognition of the date-line in part remedies, is wholly due, as was intimated above, to the system of keeping local time. Each meridian of the earth has its own midnight and noon, and there are thus as many local dates as there are meridians—an infinite number. When Monday, for example, begins at any point, it is Monday, for that point, all over the earth for twenty-four hours; but at each successive point to the west Monday will begin a little later, so that there will be an infinite series of local Mondays extending around the earth and overlapping one another. From this there results everywhere a duplication of dates, which can be illustrated in several ways. Suppose that we take four places situated ninety degrees of longitude apart—say Greenwich, Punakha in Bhutan, Salia in the Fiji Islands, and Flores in Guatemala. Now, when it is midnight of Monday at Greenwich it is noon at Salia, but noon of what day? Since Punakha lies to the east of Greenwich, when it is Monday midnight at the latter place it will be 6 A. M. on Tuesday at the former; and since Salia lies to the east of Punakha, the clock there will stand at noon of Tuesday. On the other hand, since Flores lies west of Greenwich, the local time there must be 6 P. M. on Monday, and consequently the time at Salia, which lies west of Flores, must be noon on Monday! The same facts can be brought out in a still more striking way. If we follow the course of a day about the earth in only one direction, we reach the curious result that every day in the week is *forty-eight hours long*. For when Monday, for instance, begins, say, at Greenwich, it lasts there for twenty-four hours; but since it begins a little later at each successive meridian up to the three hundred and sixtieth, and lasts twenty-four hours at each, forty-eight hours must elapse before Monday has passed entirely away from the earth. In other words, each day of the week makes a circuit of the earth twice, and at every point on the earth's surface there are always two coexistent dates one day apart.

The remedy for this rather perplexing situation is, in theory, a simple one, and one that lately has earnestly been advocated by men of science, notably by Sir Sanford Fleming. It is to adopt the meridian of Greenwich as the prime meridian, and to take the day on that meridian as the standard day for all the earth, everywhere counting the hours from one to twenty-four, Greenwich time. How this would remedy all the trouble can easily be seen if we suppose that Poe's circumnavigators, instead of counting the days from noon to noon by the apparent movement of the sun, had recorded one day for each twenty-four hours, as marked off by their chronometers. When they returned, the course of true love would have continued to run rough, but there would have been no dispute about the days of the week. In practice, however, such a standard day would cause a great deal of local inconvenience, and its general adoption is not probable.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH A PICTURE BY R. B. BIRCH.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. Crowder studies Art under Apelles, and Medicine and Surgery under Hippocrates and Galen.

"NOW, my dear," said Mr. Crowder, regarding his wife with a tender kindness which I had frequently noticed in him, "just for a change, I know you would like to hear of a career of prosperity, would n't you?"

"Indeed, I would!" said Mrs. Crowder.

"You will have noticed," said her husband, "that there has been a great deal of variety in my vocations; in fact, I have not mentioned a quarter of the different trades and callings in which I have been engaged. It was sometimes desirable and often absolutely necessary for me to change my method of making a living, but during one epoch of my life I steadily devoted myself to a single profession. For nearly four hundred years I was engaged almost continuously in the practice of medicine. I found it easier for me, as a doctor, to change my place of residence and to appear in a new country with as much property as I could carry about with me, than if I had done so in any other way. A prosperous and elderly man coming as a stranger from a far country would, under ordinary circumstances, be regarded with suspicion unless he were able to give some account of his previous career. But a doctor from a far country was always welcome; if he could cure people of their ailments they did not ask anything about the former circumstances of his life. It was perfectly natural for a learned man to travel."

"Did thee regularly study and go to college," asked Mrs. Crowder, "or was thee a quack?"

"Oh, I studied," said her husband, smiling, "and under the best masters. I had always a fancy for that sort of thing, and in the days of the patriarchs, when there were no regular doctors, I was often called upon, as I told you."

"Oh, yes," said his wife; "thee rubbed Joshua with gravel and pepper."

"And cured him," said he. "You ought not to have omitted that. But it was not until about the fourth century before Christ that I thought of really studying medicine. I was in the island of Cos, where I had gone for a very queer reason. The great painter Apelles lived there, and I went for the purpose of studying art under him. I was tired of most of the things I had been doing, and I thought it would be a good idea to become a painter. Apelles gave me no encouragement when I applied to him; he told me I was entirely too old to become a pupil. 'By the time you would really know how to paint,' said he, 'supposing you have any talent for it, you ought to be beginning to arrange your affairs to get ready to die.' Of course this admonition had no effect upon me, and I kept on with my drawing lessons. If I could not become a painter of eminence, I thought that at least I might be able, if I understood drawing, to become a better schoolmaster —if I should take up that profession again.

"One day Apelles said to me, after glancing at the drawing on which I was engaged: 'If you were ten years younger you might do something in the field of art, for you would make an excellent model for the picture I am about to begin. But at your present age you would not be able to sustain the fatigue of remaining in a constrained position for any length of time.'

"'What is the subject?' I asked.

"'A centurion in battle,' said he.

"The next day I appeared before Apelles with my hair cropped short and my face without a vestige of a beard. 'Do I look young enough now to be your model?' said I. The painter looked at me in surprise. 'Yes,' said he, 'you look young enough; but of course you are the same age as you were yesterday. However, if you would like to

try the model business, I will make some sketches of you.'

"For more than a month, nearly every day, I stood as a model to Apelles for his great picture of a centurion whose sword had been stricken from his hand, and who, in desperation, was preparing to defend himself against his enemy with the arms which nature had given him."

"Is that picture extant?" I asked.

Mr. Crowder smiled. "None of Apelles's paintings are in existence now," he answered. "While I was acting as model to Apelles—and I may remark that I never grew tired of standing in the position he desired—I listened with great satisfaction to the conversations between him and the various friends who called upon him while he was at work. The chief of these friends was Hippocrates, the celebrated physician, between whom and Apelles a very strong friendship existed.

"Hippocrates was a man of great common sense. He did not believe that diseases were caused by spirits and demons and all that sort of thing, and in many ways he made himself very interesting to me. So, in course of time, after having visited him a good deal, I made up my mind to quit the study of art and go into that of medicine.

"I got on very well, and after a time I practised with him in many cases, and he must have had a good deal of confidence in me, for when the King of Persia sent for him to come to his court, offering him all sorts of munificent rewards, Hippocrates declined, but he suggested to me that I should go.

"'You look like a doctor,' said he. 'The king would have confidence in you simply on account of your presence; and, besides, you do know a great deal about medicine.' But I did not go to Persia, and shortly after that I left the island of Cos and gave up the practice of medicine.

"Later, in the second century before Christ, I made the acquaintance of a methodist doctor—"

"A what?" Mrs. Crowder and I exclaimed at the same moment.

He laughed. "I thought that would surprise you, but it is true."

"Of course it is true," said his wife, coloring a little. "Does thee think I would doubt anything thee told me? If thee had said that Abraham had a Quaker cook, I would have believed it."

"And if I had told you that," said Mr. Crowder, "it would have been so. But to explain about this methodist doctor. In those days the physicians were divided into three schools: empirics, dogmatists, and methodists. This man I speak of—Asclepiades—was the leading methodist physician, depending, as the name suggests, upon regular methods of treatment instead of experiments and theories adapted to the particular case in hand.

"He also was a man of great good sense, and was very witty besides. He made a good deal of fun of other physicians, and used to call the system of Hippocrates 'meditation on death.' I studied with him for some time, but it was not until the second century of the present era that I really began the practice of my profession. Then I made the acquaintance of the great Galen. He was a man who was not only a physician, but an accomplished surgeon, and this could be said of very few people in that age of the world. I studied anatomy and surgery under him, and afterward practised with him as I had done with Hippocrates.

"The study of anatomy was rather difficult in those days, because the Roman laws forbade the dissection of citizens, and the anatomists had to depend for their knowledge of the human frame upon their examinations of the bodies of enemies killed in battle; those of slaves, in whom no one took an interest; but most of all upon the bodies of apes. Great numbers of these beasts were brought from Africa solely for the use of the Roman surgeons, and in that connection I remember an incident which was rather curious.

"I had not finished my studies under Galen when that great master one day informed me that a trader had brought him an ape, which had been confined in a small building near his house. He asked me to go out and kill it and have it brought into his dissecting-room, where he was to deliver a lecture to some students.

"I started for the building referred to. On the way I was met by the trader. He was a vile-looking man, with black matted hair and little eyes, and did not look much higher in intelligence than the brutes he dealt in. He grinned diabolically as he led me to the little house and opened the door. I looked in. There was no ape there, but in one corner sat a dark-brown African girl. I looked at the man in surprise. 'The ape I was to bring got away from me,' he said, 'but that thing will do a great deal better, and I will not charge any more than I would for the ape. Kill it, and we will put it into a bag and carry it to the doctor. He will be

glad to see what we have brought him instead of an ape.'

"I angrily ordered the man to leave the place, and taking the girl by the arm,—although I had a good deal of trouble in catching her,—I led her to Galen and told him the story."

"And what became of the poor thing?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

"Galen bought her from the man at the price of an ape, and tried to have her educated as a servant; but she was a wild creature and could not be taught much. In some way or other the people in charge of the amphitheater got possession of her, and I heard that she was to figure in the games at an approaching great occasion. I was shocked and grieved to hear this, for I had taken an interest in the girl, and I knew what it meant for her to take part in the games in the arena. I tried to buy her, but it was of no use: she was wanted for a particular purpose. On the day she was to appear in the arena I was there."

"I don't see how thee could do it," said Mrs. Crowder, her face quite pale.

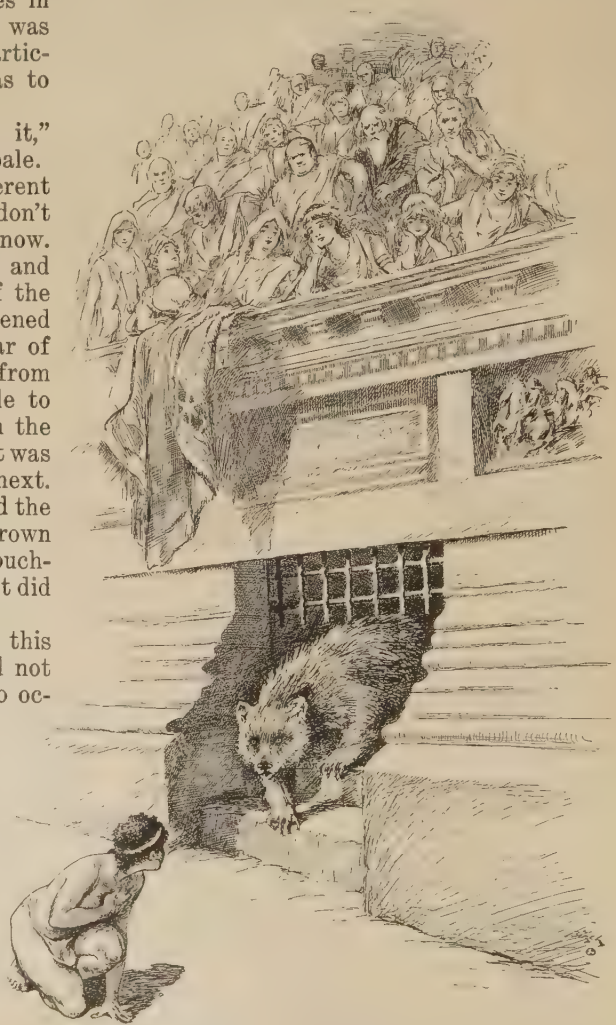
"People's sensibilities were different in those days," said her husband. "I don't suppose I could do such a thing now. After a time she was brought out and left entirely alone in the middle of the great space. She was nearly frightened to death by the people and the fear of some unknown terror. Trembling from head to foot, she looked from side to side, and at last sank crouching on the ground. Everybody was quiet, for it was not known what was to happen next. Then a grating sound was heard, and the clank of an iron door, and a large brown bear appeared in the arena. The crouching girl fixed her eyes upon him, but did not move.

"The idea of a combat between this tender girl and a savage bear could not be entertained. What was about to occur seemed simply a piece of brutal carnage, with nothing to make it interesting. A great many people expressed their dissatisfaction. The hard-hearted populace, even if they did not care about fair play in their games, did desire some element of chance which would give flavor to the cruelty. But here was nothing of the sort. It would have been as well to feed the beast with a sheep.

"The bear, however, seemed to look upon the performance as one which would prove very satisfactory. He was hungry, not having had anything to eat for several days, and here was an appetizing young person waiting for him to devour her.

"He had fixed his eyes upon her the moment he appeared, and had paid no attention whatever to the crowds by which he was surrounded. He gave a slight growl, the hairs on his neck stood up, and he made a quick movement toward the girl. But she did not wait for him. Springing to her feet, she fled, the bear after her.

"Now followed one of the most exciting chases ever known in the history of the Roman amphitheater. That frightened girl, as swift as a deer, ran around and around the vast space, followed closely by her savage



"'THE CROUCHING GIRL FIXED HER EYES UPON HIM.'"

pursuer; but although he was active and powerful and unusually swift for a bear, he could not catch her.

"Around and around she went, and around went the red-eyed beast behind her; but he could not gain upon her, and she showed no sign that her strength was giving out.

"Now the audience began to perceive that a contest was really going on: it was a contest of speed and endurance, and the longer the girl ran the more inclined the people were to take her part. At last there was a great shout that she should be allowed to escape. A little door was opened in the side of the amphitheater; she shot through it, and it was closed almost in the face of the panting and furious bear."

"What became of the poor girl?" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder.

"A sculptor bought her," said Mr. Crowder. "He wanted to use her as a model for a statue of the swift Diana; but this never came to anything. The girl could not be made to stand still for a moment. She was in a chronic condition of being frightened to death. After that I heard of her no more; it was easy for people to disappear in Rome. But this incident in the arena was remembered and talked about for many years afterward. The fact that a girl was possessed of such extraordinary swiftness that she would have been able to escape from a wild beast, by means of her speed alone, had she been in an open plain, was considered one of the most interesting natural wonders which had been brought to the notice of the Roman people by means of the sports in the arena."

"Fortunately," said Mrs. Crowder, "thee did not—"

"No," said her husband, "I did not. I required more than speed in a case like that. And now I think," said he, rising, "we must call this session concluded."

The next day I was obliged to bid farewell to the Crowders, and my business arrangements made it improbable that I should see them again for a long time—I could not say how long. As I bade Mr. Crowder farewell and stood holding his hand in mine, he smiled, and said: "That 's right. Look hard at me; study every line in my face, and then when you see me again you will be better able—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Crowder. "He is just as able to judge now as he would be if he stayed away for twenty years."

I believed her, as I warmly shook her hand, and I believe that I shall always continue to believe her.

THE END.

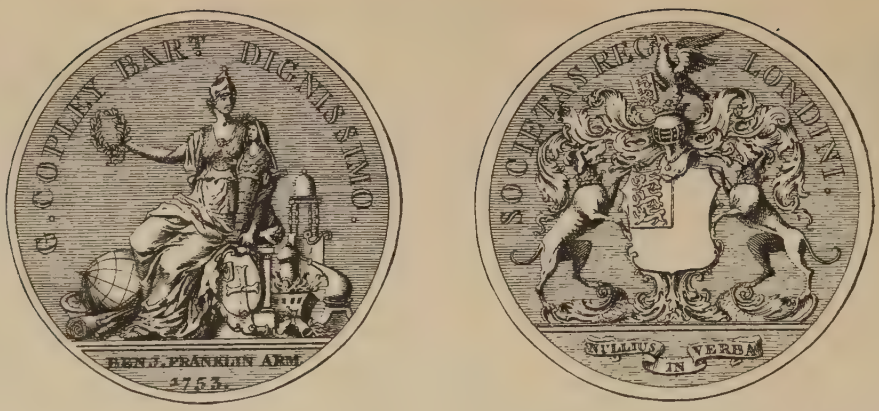
BLONDEL.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

WITHIN my heart I long have kept
A little chamber cleanly swept,
Embroidered with a fleur-de-lis,
And lintel boughs of redwood-tree;
A bed, a book, a crucifix,
Two little copper candlesticks
With tapers ready for the match
The moment I his footfall catch,
That when in thought he comes to me
He straightway at his ease may be.
This guest I love so to allure—
Blondel, King Richard's troubadour!

He often comes, but sings no more
(He says his singing days are o'er!);
Still, sweet of tongue and filled with tales
Of knights and ladies, bowers and vales,
He caps our frugal meal with talk
Of langue d'oïl and langue d'oc,
Of Picardy and Aquitaine,
Blanche of Castile and Charlemagne,
Of ménestrel, trouvère, conteur,
Mime, histrion, and old harpeur—
Small wonder that I love him well,
King Richard's troubadour, Blondel!

Still, as he comes at candle-light
And goes before the east is bright,
I have no heart to beg him keep
Late hour with me when wooed by sleep;
But one request I ever make,
And ever no for answer take:
He will not make the secret mine,
What song he sang at Dürrenstein!
Sleep, troubadour! Enough that thou
With that sweet lay didst keep thy vow
And link thy name by deathless art
With Richard of the Lion Heart!



COPLEY MEDAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. AWARDED TO FRANKLIN FOR HIS DISCOVERIES IN ELECTRICITY. PRINT FROM "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," DECEMBER, 1853.

FRANKLIN THE SCIENTIST.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,
Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

IN 1752, when Franklin's letters on electricity were translated into French and printed in Paris, the preceptor of the royal family, the Abbé Nollet, "who had form'd and publish'd a theory of electricity," would not "at first believe that such a work came from America, and said it must have been fabricated by his enemies at Paris, to decry his system." Nor was it for some time that he could be convinced "that there really existed such a man as Franklin at Philadelphia." Such a fact serves strikingly to show his position in American philosophy.

It is difficult to discover what first turned Franklin's attention to questions of science, and it seems most likely that it was merely one expression of his appetite for all learning. As a boy in Boston, so his autobiography relates, his brother's paper was aided by "some ingenious men among his friends, who amus'd themselves by writing little pieces"; and from another source it is known that among them was Dr. William Douglas, who ranked high in the colonies for his learning; but the fact that he and his fellow-writers were desperately opposed to inoculation reveals the limits of their intellects, and makes it improbable that the so-called "Hell-fire Club" exerted much of an influence upon the apprentice.

During Franklin's brief sojourn in London in 1725–26 he made the acquaintance of several men of scientific attainments, among others of Dr. Mandeville, author of "The Fable of the Bees," and Dr. Pemberton, the secretary of the Royal Society. An asbestos purse he brought with him from America, and which he offered for sale, secured him the acquaintance of Sir Hans Sloane, who, Franklin relates, "came to see me, and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury Square, where he show'd me all his curiosities." Pemberton promised "to give me an opportunity, some time or other, of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, of which I was extreamly desirous, but this never happened." Thus it is evident that even at twenty Franklin had strong predilections for men and questions of science.

His life after his return to Philadelphia goes as well to prove his interest. Here he "form'd most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement," which was called the Junto, each member of which, in turn, was required to produce "one or more queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy, to be discuss'd by the company." A few of the questions so propounded and debated are known, and among them are to be found such as: "How may the phenomena of vapors be explained?" "What is the reason that the tides rise higher in the Bay of Fundy than the Bay of Delaware?" and "Why does the flame of a candle tend upwards in a spire?" It is not probable that the discussions were of much importance, though Franklin himself asserted that the club "was the best school of philosophy, morality and politics that then existed in the province; for our queries, which were read the week preceding their discus-

sion, put us upon reading with attention upon the several subjects, that we might speak more to the purpose."

The early years of his printing were too busy ones to let him devote much time to such subjects, but his newspaper supplies an occasional evidence that he was not wholly neglecting them. In the "Gazette," as early as 1732, he wrote "On making Rivers navigable"; a little later "On late Discoveries"; and in 1737 he compiled for his columns an article on the "Causes of Earthquakes," "the late earthquakes felt here, and probably in all the neighboring provinces, having made many people desirous to know what may be the natural cause of such violent concussions." Though his trade prevented him from all research himself, his real interest at this time is well proved by his drawing up a subscription paper to raise an annual fund to enable that "accurate Observator," John Bartram, who "has had a Propensity to Botanicks from his Infancy, and to the Productions of Nature in general," to pursue his "Searches after Vegetables and Fossils," on condition that "he will describe and yearly communicate to the Subscribers" the results.

Out of this subscription grew a far more important project. In 1744 Franklin suggested the formation of a society of those interested in science, and drew up a "proposal," or plan, for such an organization, to which he gave the name of "The American Philosophical Society," offering himself to serve as secretary. His wish was attained so far as the formation, but for many years little was accomplished, and Franklin complained that "the members of our Society here are very idle gentlemen," who "will take no pains." In connection with it, the printer planned "to publish an American Philosophical Miscellany, monthly or quarterly," but this was never achieved. Long after the society grew into importance, and, with Franklin as its president, came to take rank among the learned bodies of Europe.

Prior to the issue of the proposal Franklin had proved his right to be deemed more than a student of science, by his invention of the famous Franklin stove. One of his queries for the Junto was entitled, "How may smoky chimneys be best cured?" suggesting that very early in his studies his attention was turning to a kindred problem. "It is strange, methinks," Franklin remarked, "that though chimneys have been for so long in use, the construction should be so little understood, till lately, that no workman pretended to make one which should always carry off all smoke." Nor was this the only difficulty of the old fireplace the investigator catalogued. It might have the "conveniency of two warm seats, one in each corner; but they are sometimes too hot to abide in, . . . and the cold air so nips the backs and heels of those that sit before the fire that they have no comfort till either screens or settles are provided," while "a moderate quantity of wood on the fire, in so large a hearth, seems but little; and, in so strong and cold a draft, warms but little; so that people are continually laying on more. In short, it is next to impossible to warm a room with such a fireplace." As an alternative, a Dutch or German stove could be used; but these had offsetting defects, in that they supplied little or no fresh air to the room, and "there is no sight of the fire, which in itself is a pleasant thing." To combine the advantages and eliminate the defects of the two systems was the task he set himself, and in 1742 he evolved the "Pennsylvania Fire-Place," in which the heat from an open fire, after ascending, was made to descend before escaping through the chimney, and thus was made to heat currents of fresh air as they entered the room. It is impossible to-day to realize what this improvement meant. "I suppose our ancestors never thought," said Franklin, "of warming rooms to sit in; all they purposed was, to have a place to make a fire in, by which they might warm themselves when cold." But with this stove "your whole room is equally warm, so that people need not crowd so close round the fire, but may sit near the window, and have the benefit of the light for reading, writing, needlework, &c. They may sit with comfort in any part of the room, which is a very considerable advantage in a large family." It was accomplished, too, with a great saving in fuel. "I suppose," the inventor claimed, "taking a number of families together, that two thirds, or half the wood, at least, is saved." He himself found that "My common room, I know, is made twice as warm as it used to be, with a quarter of the wood I formerly consumed there." This saving, by his own choice, was all the profit that accrued to him. In his autobiography he says:

> I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron-furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand, I wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled "*An Account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces; wherein*

their Construction and Manner of Operation is particularly explained; their Advantages above every other Method of warming Rooms demonstrated; and all Objections that have been raised against the Use of them answered and obviated," etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Gov'r Thomas was so pleas'd with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but I declin'd it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., *That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*

An ironmonger in London however, assuming a good deal of my pamphlet, and working it up into his own, and making some small changes in the machine, which rather hurt its operation, got a patent for it there, and made, as I was told, a little fortune by it. And this is not the only instance of patents taken out for my inventions by others, tho' not always with the same success, which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and hating disputes. The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, both of this and the neighboring colonies, has been, and is, a great saving of wood to the inhabitants.

Many years later Franklin invented a second stove, which he believed would be of equal service, constructed on the principle of the siphon, so that the fire was made to draw downward, thus consuming its own smoke, and which could burn either wood or coal. His first model, in which the coals were held in an ornamental urn, was completed in 1771, and was used by him successfully for several years; but the stove never obtained any general vogue. It, however, supplied the basis of a clever epigram, said to have been written by a Miss Norris, which obtained great currency at the time:

Like Newton sublimely he soared
To a summit before unattained,
New regions of science explored,
And the palm of philosophy gained.

. . . . .

Oh, had he been wise to pursue
The track for his talent designed,
What tribute of praise had been due
To the teacher and friend of mankind.

But to covet political fame
Was in him a degrading ambition;
A spark that from Lucifer came
And kindled the flame of sedition.

Let candor then write on his urn,
Here lies the renowned inventor,
Whose flame to the skies sought to burn,
But inverted descends to the centre.

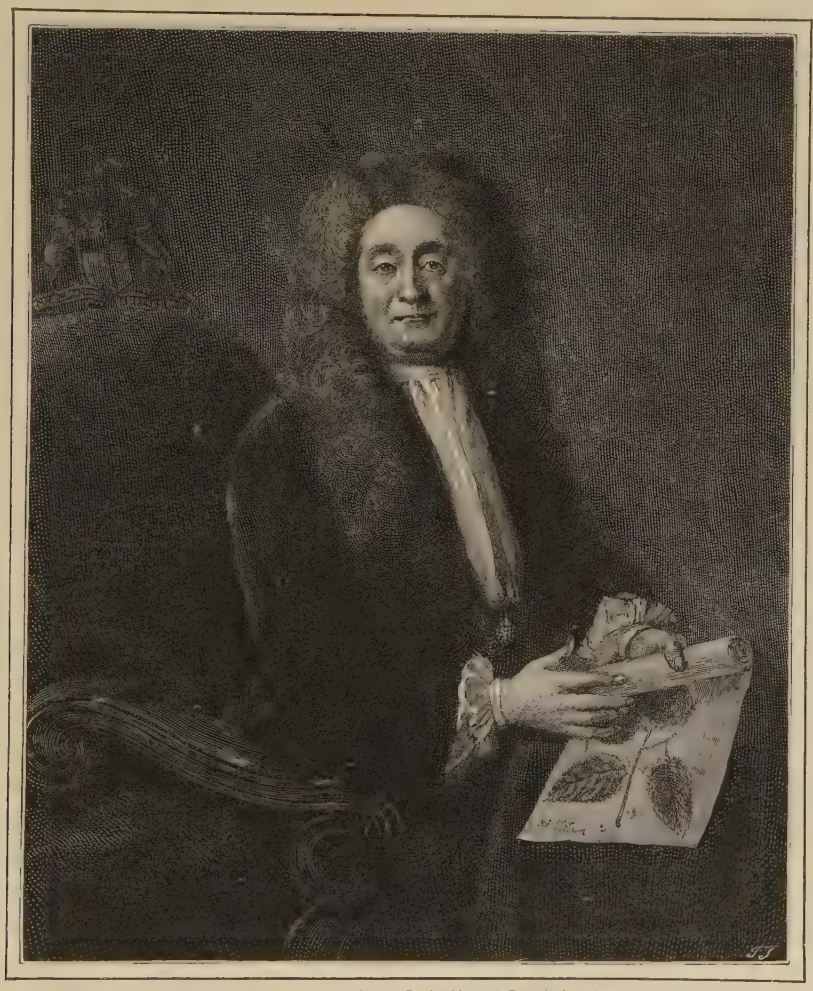
Although it was not announced until some years later, Franklin in 1743 made a discovery which, if not as utilitarian as his stove, bespoke a higher order of scientific research. In that year he was prevented from observing an eclipse by a storm which obscured the moon. Much to his surprise, he found that though the storm blew from the northeast, yet it had not reached Boston till an hour after the eclipse was over. This set him to studying the movements of the winds, and to the proving of the apparent contradiction that storms travel in an opposite direction from that of the wind. Impossible as this might seem to reconcile, Franklin formed a "conjecture" which is scarcely to be equaled in scientific writing for its clearness, convincingness, and happy use of comparison.

Suppose [he wrote] a great tract of country, land and sea, to wit, Florida and the Bay of Mexico, to have clear weather for several days, and to be heated by the sun, and its air thereby exceedingly rarefied. Suppose the country northeastward, as Pennsylvania, New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, to be at the same time covered with clouds, and its air chilled and condensed. The rarefied air being lighter must rise, and the denser air next to it will press into its place; that will be followed by the next denser air, that by the next, and so on. Thus, when I have a fire in my chimney, there is a current of air constantly flowing from the door to the chimney; but the beginning of the motion was at the chimney, where the air being rarefied by the fire rising, its place was supplied by the cooler air that was next to it, and the place of that by the next, and so on to the door. So the water in a long sluice or millrace, being stopped by a gate, is at rest like the air in a calm; but as soon as you open the gate at one end to let it out, the water next the gate begins first to move, that which is next to it follows; and so, though the water proceeds forward to the gate, the motion which began there runs backwards, if one may so speak, to the upper end of the race, where the water is last in motion.

It was in 1746 that Franklin's attention was first drawn to electricity. From a long period of neglect the subject had suddenly secured renewed attention by Gray's experiments as to the conductivity of various substances, and Dufay's discovery of what he deemed two kinds of electricity. Close upon these developments came the perfecting of the Leyden jar, and with it the science sprang into instant popularity. Traveling electricians went about all over Europe, exhibiting the phenomena and selling shocks to a half-frightened and deeply interested public.

It was one of these itinerants who set the master printer to studying the mysterious fluid. "Being at Boston, I met there with a Dr. Spence, who was lately arrived from Scotland, and show'd me some electric experiments. They were imperfectly perform'd, as he was not very expert; but, being on a subject quite new to me, they equally surpris'd and pleased me. Soon after my return to Philadelphia, our library company receiv'd from Mr. P. Collinson, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, a present of a glass tube, with some account of the use of it in making such experiments. I eagerly seized the opportunity of repeating what I had seen in Boston; and, by much practice, acquir'd great readiness in performing those, also, which we had an account of from England, adding a number of new ones. I say much practice, for my house was continually full, for some time, with people who came to see these new wonders."

There was a quality in Franklin's mind which made it impossible for him not to attempt improvement in whatever he took in hand, and within a year he had ascertained a fact which went far to revolutionize the whole science. Discarding the idea that electricity was a force created by friction, he maintained that it was "really an element diffused among, and attracted by other matter, particularly by water and metals." He proved that the Leyden jar, no matter how highly electrified, contained no more electricity than it did before it was charged, what was added to one surface being taken from the other. This demonstrated, he brushed aside Dufay's theory of vitreous



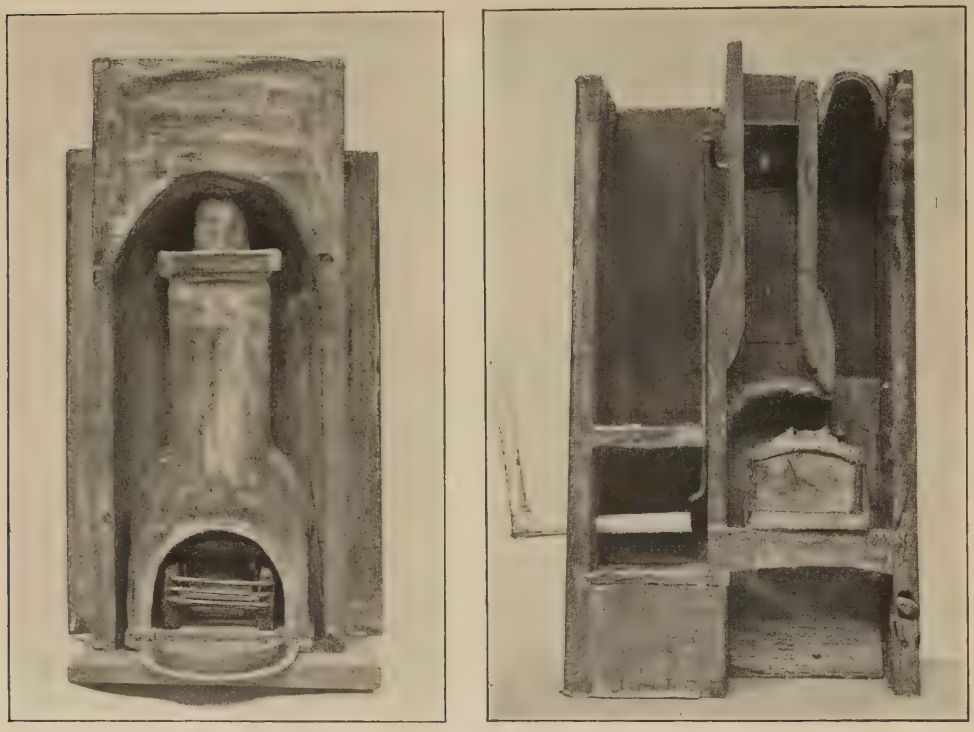
PAINTED BY STEPHEN SLAUGHTER. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. JOHNSON. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

SIR HANS SLOANE.

and resinous electricity, and gave to the world in its stead that of a positive and negative, or, as he sometimes phrased it, of a plus and minus state. Not merely did this account for and explain the great mass of known phenomena, but the beginning of modern electricity may be said to date from the discovery, for by it the mysterious fluid, from being merely a curiosity, became, potentially, a new force or power.

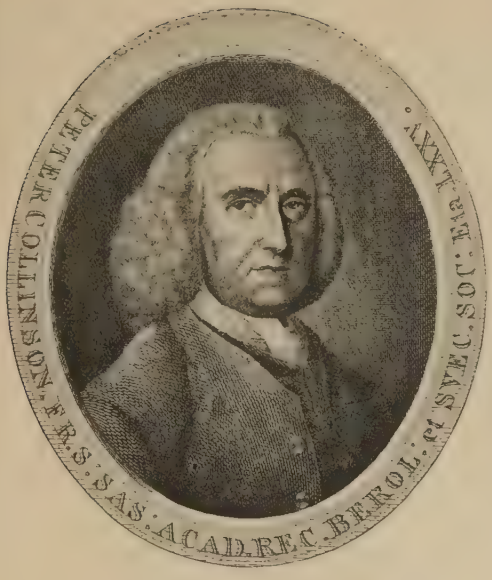
Other investigators had suggested the probable identity of electricity and lightning, and to prove this was Franklin's next undertaking. He first drew up a paper bringing together all the evidence and arguments in favor of the belief; but in his scientific work he was never satisfied with a mere theory, and so he undertook to demonstrate it. Probably his method was suggested to him by an account he received of a certain ship's experience with St. Elmo's fire and a stroke of lightning during a storm. These masthead globes of fire, Franklin argued, were but "the electrical fire . . . then drawing off, as by points, from the cloud . . . and had there been a good wire communication from the spintle heads to the sea, that could have conducted more freely than tarred ropes, or masts of turpentine wood, I imagine there would either have been no stroke, or, if a stroke, the wire would have conducted it all into the sea without damage to the ship."

To determine the question, whether the clouds that contain lightning are electrified or not, I would propose an experiment to be tried where it may be done conveniently. On the top of some high tower or steeple, place a kind of sentry-box, . . . big enough to contain a man and an electrical stand. From the middle of the stand let an iron rod rise and pass bending out of the door, and then upright twenty or thirty feet, pointed very sharp at the end. If the electrical stand be kept clean and dry, a man standing on it, when such clouds are passing low, might be electrified and afford sparks, the rod drawing fire to him from a cloud. If any danger to the man should be apprehended (though I think there would be none), let him stand on the floor of his box, and now and then bring near to the rod the loop of a wire that has one end fastened to the leads, he holding it by a wax handle; so that sparks, if the rod is electrified, will strike from the rod to the wire, and not affect him.



FRANKLIN'S MODEL OF "THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE-PLACE," NOW IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Franklin himself was not able to carry out this experiment, because Philadelphia was without a suitable eminence. His suggestion was seized upon, however, by the French

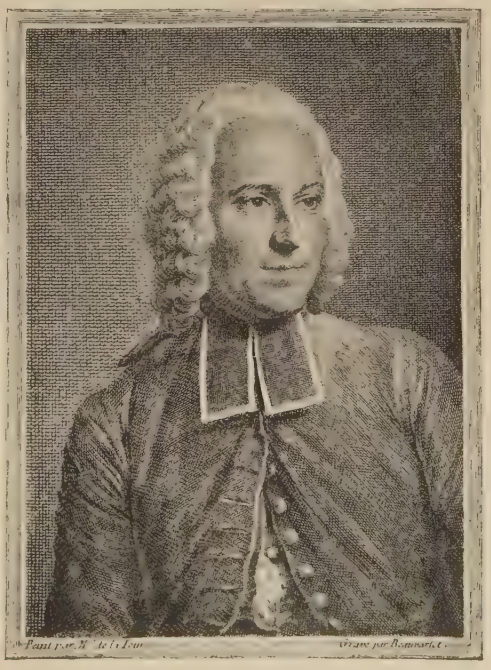


PETER COLLINSON. FROM A PRINT.

savants, Buffon, Dalibard, and De Lor. On a hill at Marly a rod was erected, and on May 10, 1752, "a thunder cloud having passed over the place where the bar stood, those who were appointed to observe it, drew near and attracted from it sparks of fire, perceiving the same kind of commotions as in the common electrical experiments." Ere Franklin learned of this successful proving of his theory with his method by the French scientists, he could write them that "the same experiment has succeeded in Philadelphia, though made in a different and more easy manner." Then in a purely abstract form he described the mode which so seized the popular fancy:

Make a small cross of two light strips of cedar, the arm so long as to reach to the four corners of a large thin silk handkerchief when extended; tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite; which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop, and string, will rise in the air, like those made of paper; but this being of silk is fitter to bear the wet and wind of a thunder-gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp-pointed wire, rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine, next the hand, is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join, a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder-gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window, or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet; and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as any of the thunder-clouds come over the kite, the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified, and the loose filaments of the twine will stand out every way, and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wetted the kite and twine, so that it can conduct the electric fire freely, you will find it stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle. At this key the phial may be charged; and from electric fire thus obtained, spirits may be kindled, and all the other electric experiments be performed, which are usually done by the help of a rubbed glass globe or tube, and thereby the sameness of the electric matter with that of lightning completely demonstrated.

Even before the identity of electricity and lightning had been thus established, Franklin outlined his proposal for the protection of buildings. "If these things are so," he argued as early as 1749, "may not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind, in preserving houses, churches, ships, &c from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix, on the highest parts of those edifices, upright rods of iron made sharp as a needle, and gilt to prevent rusting, and from the foot of those rods a wire down the outside of the building into the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electrical fire silently out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to

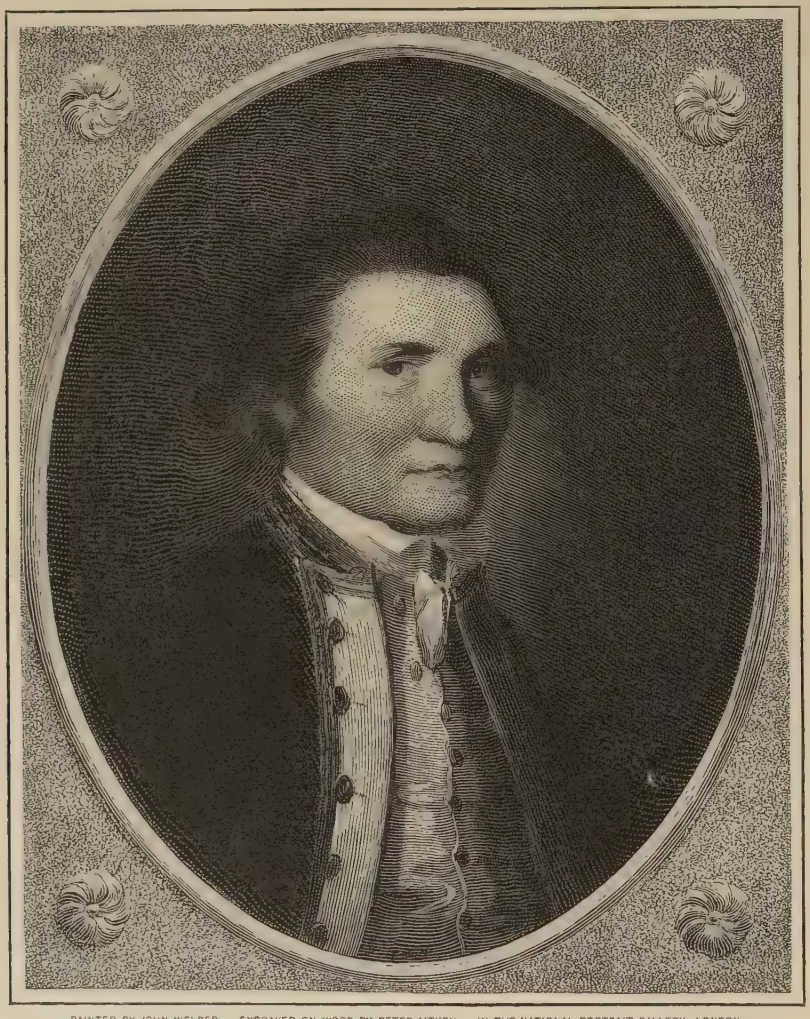


J. A. NOLLET.

strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?" It was pre-eminently Franklinian that he should turn his discovery to a useful purpose before the truth of it was accepted, far less confirmed. And few inventors have been so directly rewarded, for he relates that:

of iron below was very slight. Thus, in the course of time, this invention has proved of use to the author of it, and has added this personal advantage to the pleasure he before received from having been useful to others.

These two most important discoveries of Franklin, as well as his minor experiments,



PAINTED BY JOHN WELBER. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

My own house was one day attacked by lightning, which occasioned the neighbors to run in to give assistance, in case of its being on fire. But no damage was done, and my family was only found a good deal frightened with the violence of the explosion. Last year, my house being enlarged, the conductor was obliged to be taken down. I found, upon examination, that the pointed termination of copper, which was originally nine inches long, and about one third of an inch in diameter in its thickest part, had been almost entirely melted; and that its connection with the rod

were first made known to Europe by letters he wrote to Mr. Collinson.

I thought it right [Franklin said in his autobiography] he should be inform'd of our success in using it [a glass tube], and wrote him several letters containing accounts of our experiments. He got them read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their Transactions. One paper, which I wrote for Mr. Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Dr. Mitchel, an acquaintance

of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs. The papers, however, being shown to Dr. Fothergill, he thought them of too much value to be stifled, and advis'd the printing of them. Mr. Collinson then gave them to Cavé for publication in his experimental philosophy, and lectur'd in that branch of science, undertook to repeat what he called the *Philadelphia Experiments;* and, after they were performed before the king and court, all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. I will not swell this narrative with an account of that capital experiment, nor of the infinite pleasure

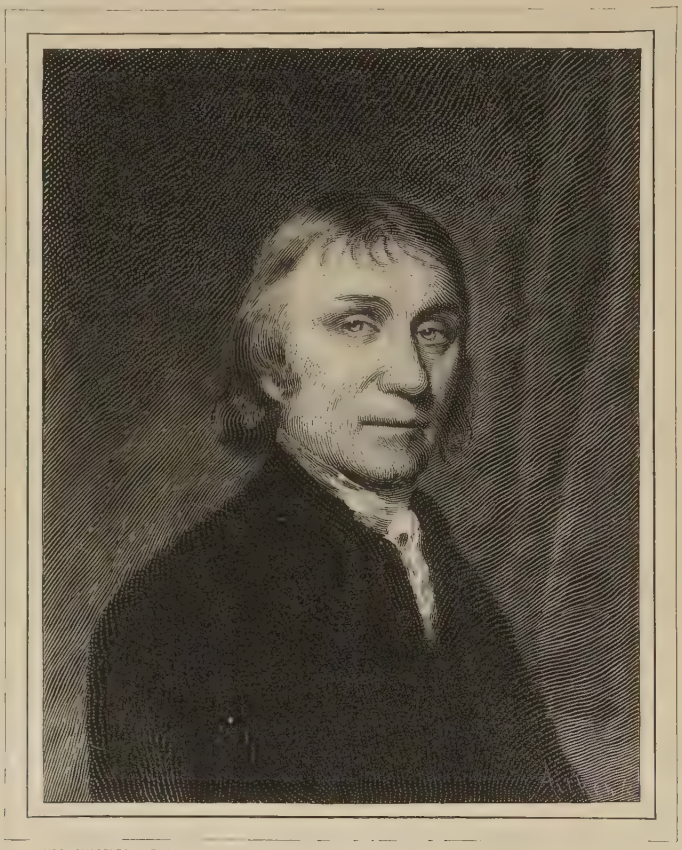
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. PORTRAIT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY LONDON.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

Gentleman's Magazine; but he chose to print them separately in a pamphlet, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. Cavé, it seems, judged rightly for his profit, for by the additions that arrived afterward, they swell'd to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money. . . . What gave my book the more sudden and general celebrity, was the success of one of its proposed experiments, made by Messrs. Dalibard and De Lor at Marly, for drawing lightning from the clouds. This engag'd the public attention everywhere. M. de Lor, who had an apparatus for I receiv'd in the success of a similar one I made soon after with a kite at Philadelphia, as both are to be found in the histories of electricity.

Dr. Wright, an English physician, when at Paris, wrote to a friend, who was of the Royal Society, an account of the high esteem my experiments were in among the learned abroad, and of their wonder that my writings had been so little noticed in England. The society, on this, resum'd the consideration of the letters that had been read to them; and the celebrated Dr. Watson drew up a summary account of them, and of all I had

afterwards sent to England on the subject, which he accompanied with some praise of the writer. This summary was then printed in their Transactions; and some members of the society in London, particularly the very ingenious Mr. Canton, having verified the experiment of procuring lightning from the clouds by a pointed rod, and acquainting them with the success, they soon made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honour, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excus'd the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas; and ever since have given me their Transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied by a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was highly honoured.



DRAWN BY MRS. SHARPLES. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. PASTEL IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

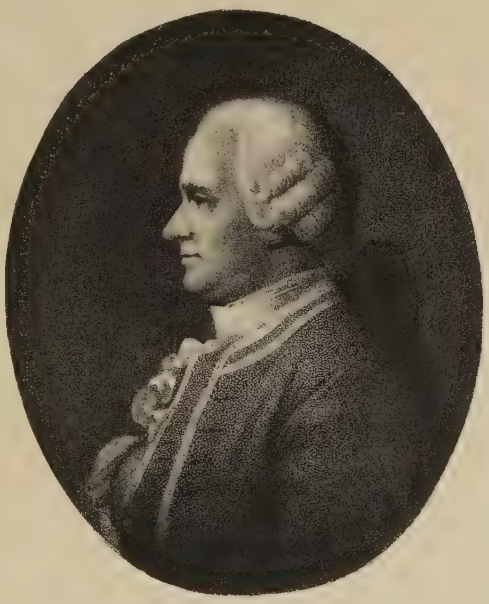
Although the use of the lightning-rod, or, as it was then more often called, "Franklin's rod," spread rapidly, there was a strong opposition at first to its employment. John Adams reports one wiseacre who, as late as 1758, "began to prate upon the presumption of philosophy in erecting iron rods to draw the lightning from the clouds. His brains were in a ferment, and he railed and foamed against those points and the presumption that erected them, in language taken partly from Scripture and partly from the disputes of tavern philosophy, in as wild, mad a manner as King Lear raves against his daughters' disobedience and ingratitude, and against the meanness of the storm in joining with his daughters against him, in Shakspeare's Lear. He talked of presuming upon God, as Peter attempted to walk upon the water; attempting to control the artillery of heaven—an execution that mortal man can't stay." More publicly, the Rev. Thomas Prince, ignoring the fact that earthquakes had occurred before the erection of these safeguards, found in them the cause for the shock of 1755, and in a sermon urged that

> The more *Points* of *Iron* are erected round the *Earth*, to draw the *Electrical Substance* out of the

Air; the more the *Earth* must needs be charged with it. And therefor it seems worthy of consideration, Whether *any Part* of the *Earth* being fuller of this *terrible Substance* may not be more exposed to *more shocking Earthquakes.* In *Boston* are more erected than anywhere else in *New-England;* and *Boston* seems to be more dreadfully shaken. Oh! there is no getting out of the mighty Hand of God! If we think to avoid it in the *Air*, we cannot in the Earth. Yea, it may grow more fatal.

So late as 1770 it was maintained that "as lightning is one of the means of punishing the sins of mankind, and of warning them from the commission of sin, it is impious to prevent its full execution."

There was a yet stranger controversy over the discovery, long after the general principle had gained well-nigh universal acceptance. A powder-magazine in Europe having been exploded by lightning, the British Board of Ordnance requested the Royal Society to recommend the best method for preserving the arsenals at Purfleet from such a danger. The society appointed a committee of five, of which Franklin was one, to prepare a report, and they recommended Franklin's system. But from this one member, Benjamin Wilson, dissented so far as to advocate the use of blunt, and not pointed, ends to the rods. The latter were adopted, and Wilson, "grown angry," published two pamphlets, so Franklin states, "reflecting on the Royal Society, the committee, and myself, with some asperity." To this Franklin made no reply, for, he explained, "I have never entered into any controversy in defence of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are *right*, truth and experience will support them; if *wrong*, they ought to be refuted and rejected. Disputes are apt to sour one's temper, and disturb one's quiet. I have no private interest in the reception of my inventions by the world, having never made, nor proposed to make, the least profit by any of them." His friend Ingenhousz, however, took up the controversy, and was, so Franklin laughingly noted, "as much heated about this *one point*, as the Jansenists and Molinists were about the *five*." There the matter would, no doubt, have ended had not a new antagonist entered the field. George III, having good cause to dislike Franklin's political opinions, sought to discredit his scientific ones by ordering the substitution of blunt for pointed ends on Kew Palace. Such was his desire to prove Franklin in error that he asked Sir John Pringle to give an opinion in favor of the change, only to receive the reply that "the laws of Nature were not changeable at royal pleasure." It was then "intimated to him by the King's authority that a President of the Royal Society entertaining such an opinion ought to resign, and he resigned accordingly," at the same time being deprived of his position as physician to the queen, with all favor in court circles, so that he was forced to leave London and live in extreme poverty. Franklin, unwitting of the injury it had brought his friend, asserted that the king's action was "a matter of small importance to me," adding: "If I had a wish about it, it would be that he had rejected them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and family safe from the thunder of Heaven that he dared to use his own thunder in destroying his innocent subjects." However the court might side with the king, the wits did otherwise, and one of them produced an epigram well worth quotation:



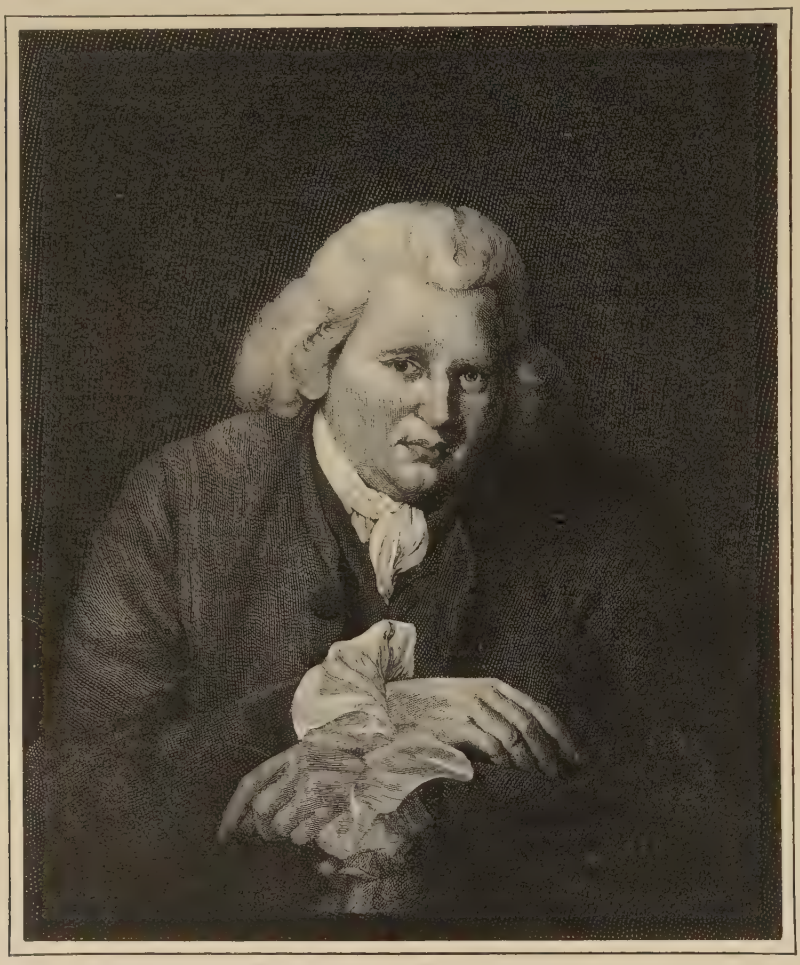
JOHANNES INGENHOUSZ. FROM A PRINT.

> While you, great George, for safety hunt,
> And sharp conductors change for blunt,
> The nation 's out of joint.
> Franklin a wiser course pursues,
> And all your thunder fearless views,
> By keeping to the point.

It is interesting to compare this action of royalty with one of the earliest experiments

or tricks in electricity which Franklin attempted, and which he described to Collinson in the following words:

The magical picture is made thus. Having a large mezzotinto with a frame and glass, suppose of the King (God preserve him), take out the print, and cut a pannel out of it near two inches distant from the frame all round. If the cut is through the picture, it is not the worse. With thin paste, or gum-water, fix the border that is cut off on the inside the glass, pressing it smooth and close; then fill up the vacancy by gilding the glass well with leaf-gold or brass. Gild likewise the inner edge of the back of the frame all round, except the top part, and form a communication between that gilding and the gilding behind the glass; then put in the board, and that side is finished. Turn up the glass, and gild the fore side exactly over the back gilding, and when it is dry, cover it by pasting on the pannel of the picture that hath been cut out, observing to bring the correspondent parts of the border and picture together, by which the picture will appear of a piece, as at first, only part is behind the glass, and part before. Hold the picture horizontally by the top, and place a little movable gilt crown on the King's head If now the picture be moderately electrified, and another person take hold of the frame with one hand, so that his fingers touch its inside gilding, and with the other hand endeavour to take off the crown, he will receive a terrible blow, and fail in the attempt. If the picture were highly charged, the consequence might perhaps be as fatal as that of high treason; for, when the spark is taken through a quire of paper laid on the picture by means of a wire communication, it makes a fair hole through every sheet, that is, through forty-eight leaves, though a quire of paper is thought good armour against the push of a sword, or even against a pistol bullet, and the crack is exceeding loud. The operator, who holds the picture by the upper end, where the inside of the frame is not gilt, to prevent its falling, feels nothing of the shock, and



PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. JOHNSON. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

may touch the face of the picture without danger, which he pretends is a test of his loyalty. If a ring of persons take the shock among them, the experiment is called *The Conspirators*.

It was in 1757 that Franklin's notice was attracted to the effect of oil on "the stilling of waves." What served to excite his interest, he states, was observing, in a convoy, "the wakes of two of the ships to be remarkably smooth, while all the others were ruffled by the wind, which blew fresh. Being puzzled with the differing appearance, I at last pointed it out to our captain, and asked him the meaning of it. 'The cooks,' said he, 'have, I suppose, been just emptying their greasy water through the scuppers, which has greased the sides of those ships a little.' And this answer he gave me with an air of some little contempt, as to a person ignorant of what everybody else knew. In my own mind I at first slighted his solution, though I was not able to think of another." However unsatisfactory the explanation appeared to the inquirer, he was too instinctively the scientist, and was too well aware that "the learned are apt to slight too much the knowledge of the vulgar," not to bear it in memory, and

> At length being at Clapham, where there is, on the common, a large pond, which I observed one day to be very rough with the wind, I fetched out a cruet of oil, and dropped a little of it on the water. I saw it spread itself with surprising swiftness upon the surface; but the effect of smoothing the waves was not produced; for I had applied it first on the leeward side of the pond, where the waves were greatest; and the wind drove my oil back upon the shore. I then went to the windward side where they began to form; and there the oil, though not more than a teaspoonful, produced an instant calm over a space several yards square, which spread amazingly, and extended itself gradually till it reached the lee side, making all that quarter of the pond, perhaps half an acre, as smooth as a looking-glass. After this I contrived to take with me, whenever I went into the country, a little oil in the upper hollow joint of my bamboo cane, with which I might repeat the experiment as opportunity should offer, and I found it constantly to succeed.

His experiments, and especially one he made at Portsmouth, during a gale, in the presence of some naval officers and members of the Royal Society, led to much discussion, and served to spread the knowledge generally. It is a typical instance of the qualities of his mind that a casual incident and question were sufficient to set him investigating, and thus to bring to the attention of the learned a really important truth, long known to more practical men.

A very similar though not so successful an attempt to spread the knowledge that had been learned, not reasoned, was in his observations upon and mapping of the Gulf Stream. As early as 1745 he was puzzling why ships should have "much shorter voyages" from America to England than in returning, and wishing he "had mathematics enough to satisfy myself" that it was "not in some degree owing to the diurnal motion of the earth."

About the year 1769 or 1770 there was an application made by the Board of Customs at Boston to the Lords of the Treasury in London, complaining that the packets between Falmouth and New York were generally a fortnight longer in their passages than merchant-ships from London to Rhode Island, and proposing that for the future they should be ordered to Rhode Island instead of New York. Being then concerned in the management of the American post-office, I happened to be consulted on the occasion; and it appearing strange to me that there should be such a difference between two places scarce a day's run asunder, especially when the merchant-ships are generally deeper laden and more weakly manned than the packets, and had from London the whole length of the river and channel to run before they left the land of England, while the packets had only to go from Falmouth, I could not but think the fact misunderstood or misrepresented. There happened then to be in London a Nantucket sea-captain of my acquaintance, to whom I communicated the affair. He told me he believed the fact might be true; but the difference was owing to this, that the Rhode Island captains were acquainted with the Gulf Stream, which those of the English packets were not. "We are well acquainted with that stream," says he, "because in our pursuit of whales, which keep near the sides of it, but are not to be met with in it, we run down along the sides, and frequently cross it to change our side; and in crossing it have sometimes met and spoke with those packets who were in the middle of it and stemming it. We have informed them that they were stemming a current that was against them to the value of three miles an hour, and advised them to cross it and get out of it; but they were too wise to be counselled by simple American fishermen. When the winds are but light," he added, "they are carried back by the current more than they are forwarded by the wind; and, if the wind be good, the subtraction of seventy miles a day from their course is of some importance." I then observed it was a pity no notice was taken of this current upon the charts, and requested him to mark it out for me, which he readily complied with, adding directions for avoiding it in sailing from Europe to North America. I procured it to be engraved by order from the general post-office, on the old chart of

the Atlantic, at Mount & Page's, Tower Hill; and copies were sent down to Falmouth for the captains of the packets, who slighted it, however.

With each crossing of the ocean that Franklin made after learning of this current, he kept a careful record of the temperature of the water, and from the resulting data concluded that "a stranger may know when he is in the Gulf Stream, by the warmth of the water, which is much greater than that of the water on each side of it." Not content with this, he ingeniously contrived as well to discover how deep the current extended.

One service he rendered the scientific world less directly was something he did in 1779, at the request of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. The exploring expedition under Captain James Cook—whom Franklin had known personally in London—was then at sea, but, owing to the condition of war between the United States and Great Britain, was liable to capture. To prevent this, Franklin, then in France, issued a printed notice "To all captains and commanders of armed ships acting by commission from the Congress," which recommended "most earnestly" "that in case the said ship, which is now expected to be soon in the European seas on her return, should happen to fall into your hands, you would not consider her as an enemy, nor suffer any plunder to be made of the effects contained in her, nor obstruct her immediate return to England," the undertaking being "truly laudable in itself, as the increase of geographical knowledge facilitates the communication between distant nations, in the exchange of useful products and manufactures, and the extension of arts, whereby the common enjoyments of human life are multiplied and augmented, and science of other kinds increased to the benefit of mankind in general." When the account of Cook's voyage was printed at the expense of the English government, the Board of Admiralty sent a copy of it to Franklin, with a letter from Lord Howe signifying that it was presented by direction of the king, in recognition of Franklin's action; and one of the gold medals struck by the Royal Society in honor of Cook was likewise given him.

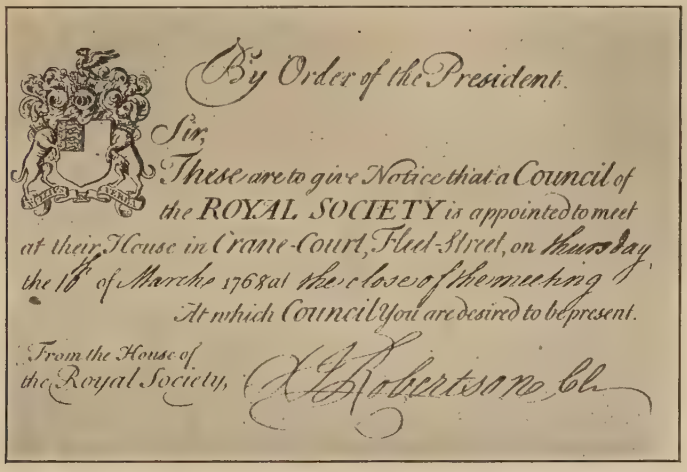
Such are his most important contributions to science, which represent, however, only a small part of the investigations he conducted. He first suggested that the aurora was an electrical phenomenon. By means of little squares of different-colored cloths laid on "the snow in a bright sunshiny morning" he demonstrated the different effect of color as to heat. He studied and wrote upon sun-spots, shooting-stars, light, heat, fire, air, evaporation, the tides, rainfall, geology, the wind, whirlwinds, water-spouts, ventilation, sound, and a "universal fluid" or ether. He followed closely such mechanical developments as the balloon and the steamboat, and even such minor ones as improvements in the methods of manufacturing air-pumps, guns, wheels, clocks, etc.

There can be no doubt that Franklin's greatest pleasure consisted in scientific research. When he retired from active printing, he said: "I flatter'd myself that . . . I had secured leisure during the rest of my life for philosophical studies and amusements"; when, later, political employments seized hold of him, he wrote sighingly to Priestley: "You judge rightly in supposing that I have not much time at present to consider philosophical matters"; and a little later he complained to Beccaria: "I find myself here immersed in affairs which absorb my attention, and prevent my pursuing those studies in which I always found the highest satisfaction; and I am now grown so old as hardly to hope for a return of that leisure and tranquillity so necessary for philosophical disquisitions." During the Revolution he "assured" the president of the Royal Society

> That I long earnestly for a return of those peaceful times, when I could sit down in sweet society with my English philosophical friends, communicating to each other new discoveries, and proposing improvements of old ones; all tending to extend the power of man over matter, avert or diminish the evils he is subject to, or augment the number of his enjoyments. Much more happy should I be thus employed in your most desirable company, than in that of all the grandees of the earth projecting plans of mischief, however necessary they may be supposed for obtaining greater good.

Besides carrying on his own studies, Franklin was never wanting in any assistance he could give to other inquirers, and first or last he was in correspondence with almost every scientist of note on two continents. In America, even before he had made his name known by his discoveries, he eagerly sought the friendship of the few men of scientific attainment, such as John Winthrop, James Bowdoin, Jared Eliot, Cadwallader Colden, James Logan, and John Bartram. His lifelong friendships with Sir William Watson, Sir John Pringle, Peter Collinson, and Sir Joseph Banks have been

referred to, and he was equally intimate with Sir William Herschel and many others of his fellow-members of the Royal Society, which even the alienations of the Revolutionary War did not interrupt; and it is interesting to find Erasmus Darwin saying in a letter to him: "Whilst I am writing to the Philosopher & a friend, I can scarcely forget that I am also writing to the greatest Statesman of the present or perhaps any century, who spread the happy contagion of liberty among his countrymen; & like the greatest man of all antiquity, the leader of the Jews, delivered them from the house of bondage & the scourge of oppression." His chief circle of friends in France were scientists: Guillotin, Lavoisier, Condorcet, Daubenton, D'Alembert, Leroy, Dalibard, and Buffon. But perhaps the pleasantest of all his scientific friendships to study are those he gave to far younger men, and his advice and encouragement to David Rittenhouse in Philadelphia, and Joseph Priestley in England, bore fruit almost as important as his own labors. "You know the just esteem," Jefferson wrote, "which attached itself to Dr. Franklin's science, because he always endeavored to direct it to something useful in private life. The chemists have not been attentive enough to this." Franklin himself asked, "What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use?"


By Order of the President.

Sir,

These are to give Notice that a Council of the ROYAL SOCIETY is appointed to meet at their House in Crane-Court, Fleet-Street, on Thursday the 17th of March the 1768 at the close of the morning Sitting At which Council you are desired to be present.

From the House of the Royal Society, W. Robertson Sec.

NOTICE OF THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IMMUTABILIS.

BY ALICE LEARNED BUNNER.

FOR death must come and change; and though the loss
Seems to the lonely soul the heaviest cross,
More bitter is the fate that day by day
Sees with sick heart the slow and sure decay
Of love and faith; and all our years we spend
In sorrow that those deathless things can end.
Far kinder then were death; for so could we
Be left with an unchanging memory;
And after years this comfort would restore:
That which death takes is ours forevermore.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GAUGAMELA, THE LINE OF MARCH TO PERSEPOLIS, AND THE MARCH TO THE NORTHEAST IN PURSUIT OF DARIUS, ARE INDICATED.

ALEXANDER'S RETURN FROM INDIA.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: ELEVENTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

PERSIAN SHEKEL, REVERSE (MAZAIOS). FROM THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

THE battle of the Hydaspes was fought in May, 326 B. C. It was just a year since Alexander had crossed the Hindu Kush into the Kabul valley. Four years had passed since he turned his back on Media and the centers of his empire. All this time the world quietly waited for him, and lived on, almost without event that history records. Even Greece, the intense little Greece, was quiet. Since the battle of Megalopolis (autumn, 331), which ended the revolt of Spartan Agis, nothing had occurred to disturb the general peace. Athens found leisure to indulge in academic politics; and Æschines's suit against Ctesiphon brought out the glorious oration of Demosthenes "On the Crown" (August, 330)—mostly concerned with matters ten or twenty years old. The stock of current issues was failing, and Athens, which must needs have whereon to debate, was beginning to live in her past. The largest interstate controversy of which we hear is Athens's discussion of an issue in athletics, clean and unclean, with the Athletic Council at Olympia. One Callippus, an Athenian, having been fined for unsportsmanlike behavior,—bribery, in fact,—had refused to pay the fine. Athens, making his cause her own, and entering protest, was excluded from the games of 328. Then Apollo, the Chief Justice of Hellas, uttered his voice from the tripod at Delphi, and Athens paid the fine. These years of peace had naturally been years of prosperity and of rapid commercial development. Rhodes and Alexandria were just beginning their great commercial career. New conditions, arising from the consolidation of all the eastern Mediterranean under a single government, introduced new methods and new possibilities in the conduct of business. A clever Greek of Naucratis, in Egypt, early discovered one possibility which brought much pain to Athens. By keeping himself informed, through agents at the different ports, concerning the entire grain-supply in sight, and the prices at each port, he was able to create a grain trust, control the movements of grain-ships, and make the price. Thus at Athens during this period the price of grain rose repeatedly to three or four times its normal value. But nothing more stirring than this was happening while Alexander tarried in the far East. We return, therefore, to him.

After the battle of the Hydaspes he remained some thirty days in Porus's land. His mind was already occupied with plans for the return, and orders were given for the building of a great fleet of rafts and boats for the voyage down the Indus. Porus and Taxiles, now reconciled to each other, were both confirmed in their old authority. Alexander was first and foremost a political conqueror, and where he found those whose ability he could trust, made the ablest his friends, not his slaves.

Leaving Craterus to supervise the building of the two cities Nicæa and Bucephala, which he had located, he then pushed eastward to complete the conquest of the five-stream land (Penjab). Moving first to the northeast, he received the submission of the Glaukanikoi, and of their thirty-seven cities, each containing not less than five thousand, many over ten thousand, inhabitants. Abisares of Kashmir, now rendered uncomfortable by the advance toward his frontiers, hastened to announce his subjection and make it concrete in a present of forty elephants and much gold.

The next one of the rivers which lay in Alexander's path bears in modern times the name Chenab. Its Sanskrit name, Asikni, the Greeks twisted into Akesines—"river of healing," forsooth; and the omen was good. Crossing it, not without difficulty, he passed unopposed through the territory of a second Porus, kinsman of the first; who, however, being possessed both of cowardice and an evil conscience, dared face the conqueror neither for battle nor reconciliation. Next

came the river Ravi, the ancient Iravati, which the Greeks called Hyarotis, or Hyraotis, the *h* being gratuitous, and the *o* the best approach Greek lips could make to *w* (*v*). The peoples who dwelt by this river and beyond it, abjuring the institution of the kingship, lived in independent self-governed cities, after the manner of the primitive village communities; and the Greeks, applying the analogy of their own autonomous cities, always spoke of them as the "free Hindus." These city-republics offered the stoutest opposition Alexander had met with since the Hydaspes. Particularly did the Khattias (Kathaioi) make him difficulty. They were the people who fought from behind a barricade of wagons, and taught the hero of the Shipka Pass that wagons have other use in warfare than as missiles. Their walled city, Sangala (modern Amritsir?), yielded only after a siege and storm which condemned, as the story is, some seventeen thousand of its defenders to slaughter, and left seventy thousand prisoners of war.

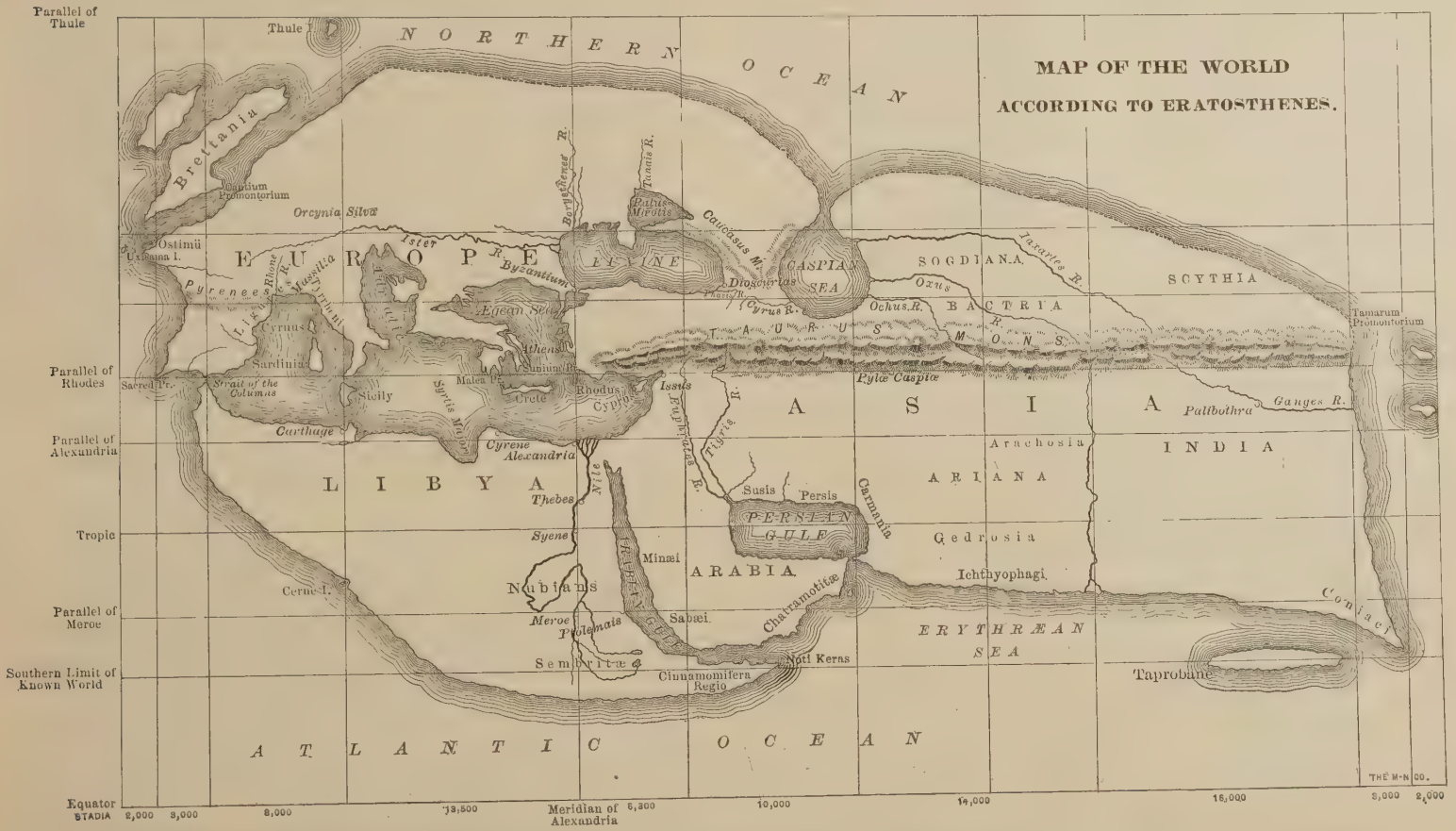
One after another, now, the cities of the district gave themselves over to the fearful conqueror; and so the army finally came to the banks of the Hypasis (Sanskrit, Vipaça), above its junction with what is the modern Sutlej, the easternmost of the five rivers, and the natural limit to the eastward march. Alexander's entrance into India had contemplated nothing beyond a conquest of the Penjab as a part of the Persian empire. In fact, he knew of no other India. India proper was the Indus region, and the new India of the Ganges valley was beyond the knowledge of the Western or the Persian world. The Ganges was unknown to Aristotle. Strange to say, too, none of the writers who were among Alexander's associates seem ever to have mentioned it, neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus, Onesicritus nor Nearchus.

Megasthenes, who wrote in the fourth decade of the third century B. C., was the first to tell of the Ganges land; and he had learned of its existence, not through reports of Alexander's soldiers, but through personal information obtained when present as ambassador at the court of Sandracottus. Alexander is, to be sure, represented as referring to the Ganges in the speeches which Arrian and Curtius Rufus put upon his lips. These formal speeches, however, are clearly the work of rhetoricians centuries later than Alexander; for they are sadly out of tune with Alexander's ideas, and attribute to him plans of a world-conquest in terms of a geography he did not and could not possess. The forgery is easy of detection. For instance, in the speech to his officers Arrian makes Alexander say: "Now, if any one desires to hear where our warfare will find its end and limit, let him know that the distance from where we are to the river Ganges and the sunrise sea is no longer great; and with this, you will find, is connected the Hyrcanian [Caspian] Sea; for the Great Sea surrounds the entire earth. I will also demonstrate to the Macedonians and their allies not only that the Indian Gulf is confluent with the Persian, but that the Hyrcanian [Caspian] Sea is confluent with the Indian Gulf."[1] We have already seen in another connection (Paper IX) that the erroneous idea of a connection between the Caspian and the Arctic Ocean had currency in Arrian's time, chiefly on the authority of Eratosthenes, but that Alexander, who believed the Jaxartes was the Tanais (Don), or confluent with it, and so a tributary of the Sea of Azov, could have conceived of the Caspian only as an inland sea, perhaps connected in some way with the Sea of Azov, or with the Black Sea directly. Other indications coupled with this lead to the unmistakable conclusion that the speech does not rest upon the authority of Alexander's contemporaries, but is purely an artificial product, projecting the ideas of the first or second century after Christ back upon the fourth century before Christ.

All that we can of certainty know is that when Alexander reached the eastern part of the Penjab he heard that beyond the Sutlej there lay a fertile country where "the inhabitants were skilled in agriculture and brave in war; where they conducted government in orderly manner, and held the masses under the rule of the better class and in respect for the laws of property; where there were elephants much more abundant in number than among the other Indians; and where the men were superior in stature and courage."[2] Whether this was a vague intimation of the Ganges country, three hundred miles beyond the desert, or only a story of a Penjab district beyond the river, we cannot tell. Surely the name Ganges was not mentioned.

Though Alexander had already planned the descent of the Indus, and had left orders behind for the building of a fleet, his curiosity impelled him to push on yet farther than he had originally planned. The world kept stretching out before him in unexpected width. Particularly the story of a settled

[1] Arrian, "Anabasis," v, 26. [2] Ibid., v, 25.



MAP OF THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ERATOSTHENES, AFTER A MAP IN BAMBURY'S "HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY." BY PERMISSION OF JOHN MURRAY.

civilization, and of a society regulated by peculiar institutions, whetted his curiosity and aroused his ambition.

At the Jaxartes he had turned back because he believed he was at the boundary between Asia and Europe, and only the barbarian Scyths were beyond. His notions of the civilized world had always been bounded at the east by the limits of Darius's empire. Civilization and the Persian empire had thus far meant to him one and the same thing—at least, so far as the East was concerned.[1]

When the king began his preparations for crossing the Hypasis, he found his army, for the first time in all his experience, reluctant to follow him. The men were weary. Many were wounded, many were ill. Seventy days of incessant rain had served to intensify their ills, and abate their ambition to know more of such a land. The king's address to his assembled officers, urging them to go on, fell on unwilling ears. Cœnus, in his reply, voiced the universal wish for a return.

It was a new thing for Alexander to be crossed in his desires. In chagrin and disappointment, he shut himself up for two days in his tent, and conversed with no one. When, however, on the third day he found no change in the temper of his men, and "the profound silence throughout the camp indicated that the soldiery, though annoyed at their leader's wrath, were still unmoved by it," he arose, as Ptolemy reports, and caused the sacrifices for the omens of crossing to be made; but when these turned out unfavorable, he called the elders of the hetairoi and his nearest friends together, and announced his decision to return. "Then they shouted out as a mixed multitude would shout when rejoicing; and many of them were in tears; some even approached the royal tent and implored blessings many and great upon Alexander, because, forsooth, by them alone he had suffered himself to be conquered" (Arrian).

After building there twelve high, tower-like altars, and dedicating them with sacrifices and gymnastic and equestrian sports, he turned back through the country where seven peoples and two thousand cities had yielded to his sway, and came to the Hydaspes again, where his fleet was building. It was now September, 326 B. C. About two thousand boats, including no less than eighty thirty-oared galleys and some with a bank and a half of oars, had been assembled. Twenty-four Macedonians, eight Greeks, and one Persian were appointed captains or trierarchs; and in old-fashioned Greek style assigned the expense and the honor of fitting out the larger ships. Nearchus the Cretan was made admiral of the fleet, and Onesicritus the pilot of the royal galley, both destined to win immortal fame by their accounts of the voyage they were beginning.

When, after solemn offerings to the gods of river and sea, the great fleet, at dawn of some day in October, 326, pushed out upon the current, and in stated order started down toward the sea, the end of Alexander's conquests had been reached, and the return to peace and settled life was begun. Standing on the prow of the royal galley, Alexander poured from a golden goblet libations to each of the rivers on which he was to sail; again, he poured to Hercules, to Ammon, and to each of the gods whom it was his wont to invoke; and then the trumpet signal rang out, the oars moved, and the strange argosy was on its way toward the unknown sea.

Even the dull prose of Arrian takes on an almost poetic luster as he describes the scene. The sharp cry of the boatswains as they timed the stroke, and the droning sound or clamorous shout of the rowers as they swung at their work, mingling with the thud and dash of the oars, reverberated from the high banks or the groves which lined the shores like the din of armies in battle. The natives swarmed from their villages to line the shore and wonder at the strange spectacle; and most of all they marveled at the sight of horses figuring as passengers on boats. And as the fleet moved on, they ran and danced along the bank, singing their native songs. "For ever since the time when Dionysus and his attendant bacchanals traversed the land of the Indians, these people have been eminently fond of singing, and of dancing too" (Arrian).

On board the ships had been embarked, with Alexander, the archers, the hypaspists, the Agrianians, and the cavalry agéma, *i. e.*, the flower of the army. The mass of the army followed on land in three detach-

[1] The idea presented by Dr. Kaerst, in his recent "Forschungen zur Geschichte Alexanders des Grossen" (1887), that the invasion of India represents an utterly new departure in Alexander's plans, and the beginning of a scheme of world-conquest, finds no support in the plain contemporary facts. Alexander's desire to cross the Sutlej and push on farther was unmistakably developed after leaving the Hydaspes, and was more an incident of his ambition and restless energy than the product of a settled, far-reaching, and long-formulated plan. See also Dr. Kaerst's "Historische Zeitschrift N. F.," xxxviii, pp. 1 ff., 193 ff.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE BROKEN LADDER.

ments: one, under Craterus, on the right bank; another, under Hephæstion, on the left; while a third, under Philip's command, brought up the rear, three days' marches behind Hephæstion. Slight opposition was experienced from the population along the banks, and seldom was any attempt made by to his empire by a sea route as well as by land.

The first determined opposition to the progress of the expedition was offered by the warlike Mallians (ancient Mālavās), dwelling in the region of the modern Multan. Their territory extended on both

BRONZE STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT FOUND AT RHEIMS; NOW IN THE COLLECTION JANZÉ, BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

the troops to penetrate far into the neighboring country Alexander's plan seems to have been satisfied in simply making the descent of the river, following the course of the Persian explorers before him. When he should have done this, and then followed the coast back to the head of the Persian Gulf, he would have made the circuit of the empire which had fallen to his hands, and have vindicated the right to rule and shape it; but, more than this, he would have linked India sides of the river Hyraotis (Ravi), which in Alexander's time flowed into the Akesines (Chenab) below Multan, and not, as now, thirty miles above it.

It would scarcely concern us here to recount the story of the Mallians, and their vain struggle in self-assertion, were it not that it affords us another glimpse of the man Alexander in relief against a risk that almost cost him his life. After a forced march through the desert, he had taken one city

after another, scattered opposition, and pursued the fugitives from one bank of the river to the other, until at last he came, on the eighth day of his campaign, to a strongly fortified town, which may have stood on the site of the present city of Multan.

With the first break of day the assault upon the walls of the town began. The Mallians were unable to defend them. Alexander broke one of the gates, and, at the head of his troops, burst into the city unopposed. The entire population had taken refuge behind the high towered walls of the citadel. The attack upon that was immediately begun. Some started to undermine the wall; others brought on two scaling-ladders, and tried to set them in place. Missiles rained down from the defenders swarming on the battlements. It was too much for flesh and blood. The onset faltered. Impatient at the delay, Alexander seized one of the ladders and with his own hand placed it against the wall; then, protecting himself with his shield, he ran up the ladder, and pushed and fought his way to a standing-ground on the top.

ALEXANDER IN CORINTHIAN HELMET. FROM A RILIEVO GEM IN THE CABINET DES MÉDAILLES, BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

The veteran captains Peucestas and Leonnatus were close behind him. Abreas, a trusty old man-at-arms, mounted on a second ladder. Men crowded to follow the leaders. Under the weight the ladders broke, and the four men were left isolated on the rampart. From the towers on each side, from the battlements around them, from the ground within, missiles of every sort pelted them. The majestic figure and the shining armor of the king made a greedy target. From without a hundred voices called him to leap back into safety. He cast no look behind, but, measuring with a glance the distance, deliberately sprang from the rampart straight into the heart of the citadel and into the midst of the enemy.

It was rashness, perhaps it was folly; but it was the folly of one who never sought success without risk, and who always succeeded —of one who made himself a leader of men without parallel, because his followers never saw him falter nor hesitate, but always act.

With the wall at his back, he held the enemy for a time at bay, striking down with his sword the few venturesome ones who dared approach him, holding others in check by hurling stones. Then they crowded in half-circle about him, pelting him with stones and javelins and arrows. His three companions had now leaped down and joined him in the fight. Abreas soon fell, pierced through the forehead by an arrow. A heavy missile smote the helmet of the king. Dazed for a moment by the blow, he lowered his guard, and a heavy arrow, penetrating his breastplate, fastened itself deep in the lung. Still he fought on; but the blood with every breath spurted from the wound. Faint with loss of blood, he faltered, dropped upon his knee, then swooned upon his shield. Still Peucestas and Leonnatus stood by him, the former covering him with the sacred shield brought from Athena's house at Troy. It looked as if the end of all were nigh at hand.

A fury of excitement reigned without the wall. From the moment they saw their leader disappear within the rampart, the madness of desperation seized upon the troops. Some hammered at the gate; some ran for ladders; some drove pegs in the adobe walls, and dragged themselves slowly up, hand over hand; some mounted by human ladders over the shoulders of men. One by one, they gained the top. One by one, with howls of vengeance, breathing grief at the sight of their prostrate leader, they came vaulting into the citadel, firebrands of fury. Rents were opened in the gates. Men pushed through, crept through. On the track of dozens followed scores and hundreds. A rill became a torrent, then a flood. That day there was no pity. The sword spared not of all it found—man, woman, or child.

Alexander was carried out upon his shield to a tent. He had been wounded many times before, but his men had never seen him pros-

trate, and now the rumor spread throughout the army that he was dead. Within the tent they were trying to remove the spear that was still fastened in the breast. First they sawed off the wooden shaft so as to remove the cuirass; but the great head of the arrow, three fingers broad and four fingers long, clung in the wound.

The efforts to remove it roused the king from his swoon. He essayed with his own hand to widen the wound; but strength failed him, and, at his bidding, Perdiccas used his own sword in rude surgery, until, followed by a fierce hemorrhage, the barbs came forth. He swooned again. The flow of blood stopped. All that day and through the night they watched by him, while life and death hung in the balances; and outside the tent the soldiery waited, still under arms, and in sleepless anxiety, until word came with the morning gray that the king had fallen into quiet sleep.

The first word which had reached the main army, waiting by the Akesines, four days distant, announced the death of the king. "And at first there arose the voice of lamentation from all the army, as the rumor was handed on from one man to another" (Arrian). Then lamentation yielded to dejection and despair. Who could lead them back to their homes out of a strange land through hostile peoples? Who but Alexander would be obeyed by themselves or feared by their foes? When word came later that Alexander was recovering, though not yet strong enough to rejoin the army, they would not believe it. They thought the generals were deceiving them.

When Alexander heard this, for fear some outbreak might occur, he had himself conveyed on board a vessel, and started down the Hyraotis toward the camp. So far was he yet from recovery that, lest he should be irritated by the shock of the oars, the galley was allowed simply to drop down the stream with the current until it came to the river-mouth, where were the camp and the fleet. The soldiers crowded to the bank, awaiting it. Alexander had caused the awnings to be removed from over the stern, where he lay, that all might see him. They said, however, to themselves, "It is Alexander's body they are bringing," until, as the galley neared the bank, he stretched out his hand toward the multitude in a gesture of welcome. "Then a mighty shout arose, and they stretched up their hands, some toward heaven, some toward Alexander himself. Many could not help shedding tears at the unexpected sight. Now some of the guard brought him a litter, when he was taken out of the ship; but he bade them bring him a horse; and when they saw him again on horseback, the whole army resounded again and again with clapping of hands. On coming to his tent, he dismounted, so that he might be seen walking. Then the men crowded around him on every side, some touching his hands, some his knees, some only his raiment. Some came near enough to get a glimpse of him, and turned back, thanking Heaven. Some threw garlands upon him, some the flowers which India at the season yields" (Arrian).

It is told, on the authority of Nearchus, that some of his friends reproached Alexander for exposing himself so recklessly in battle, and urged that this was the duty of the common soldier, not of the general. Thereupon, an old Bœotian soldier, who had seen the advice was not to Alexander's mind, came to his support with a plain word, enriched in good Bœotian brogue: "Deeds, Alexander, tell the man"; and capped it with a snatch of verse from Æschylus: "Who does must suffer." This pleased Alexander.

Alexander exposed himself unduly in battle. With so much depending upon his life, ordinary judgment cannot fail to pronounce his action unwise and reckless. That he escaped from all his risks must be reckoned to the account of his own impetuous confidence of success rather than to his luck. Nothing is more characteristic of him than that energy and brilliancy of will which fastened its look upon the result desired, and, as if by an auto-suggestion, clearly saw it as an accomplished reality. The Alexander who leaped from the wall at Multan was the same Alexander who had led the charge at Granicus and dared the sea beneath the cliffs of Mount Climax. His conduct during the Indian campaign affords no basis whatsoever for the theory of those who claim that since the conquest of Mesopotamia his mind and manner had suffered radical change. Neither was he, so far as we can see, any more or less a god, in his practical dealings with men and things, than before the famous séance at the oracle of Ammon. He had grown older and sterner, but surely he was very much a man among men.

From the mouth of the Hyraotis (Ravi) the flotilla passed on down the Akesines (Chenab) a hundred and fifty miles or more, and found its way into the great Indus. Here Alexander founded a city, which some say he named Alexandria, and built a dock-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE WOUNDED ALEXANDER PASSING THROUGH HIS FLEET.

yard, intending that this place, as an outpost of the Penjab satrapy, and located at the apex of the five-river district, should become the emporium of the region.

The tribes along the Indus banks, among whom the Brahmans appear to have had more political significance than among the peoples farther to the north, frequently opposed the march of the army; and the fleet was moored first at one bank, then at the other, while accounts were being settled with them. In the land of the Sogdoi another city was founded, also equipped with a dockyard, and apparently also with the name Alexandria. The location was evidently chosen with reference to the route through the Bolan Pass toward Kandahar, and may have been that of the modern Sukkur, or of Kashmor, higher up the river. The region between the mouth of the Akesines and the sea, approximately the modern province Sindh, was constituted a satrapy under the government of Peithon. At this point about a third of the whole army, including the infantry brigades of Attalus, Meleager, and Antigenes, together with a body of archers and a large number of veterans who, as unfit for longer service, were returning home, started, under command of Craterus, on the direct route westward by the Bolan Pass and Kandahar, and through the territory of the Arachotians and Drangianans. This would have been the natural route for the whole army to have taken; but Alexander was occupied with the supreme desire of testing the ocean route, and tracing the bounds of his empire where they followed the hem of the world.

SEPULCHRAL COUCH IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, FOUND IN A TUMULUS AT PYDNA, MACEDONIA.

He therefore proceeded down the river, and in the midsummer of 325 reached Patala, at the apex of the delta, not far from the modern Hyderabad. Eight or nine months had been spent in descending the river.

After ordering a harbor and shipyards, with proper fortifications, to be constructed here, he proceeded to explore the delta, and made his first astonished acquaintance with the phenomenon of tides; for in the Mediterranean, the only sea he knew, the tidal flow is seldom enough to attract attention. "While the vessels were moored here the phenomenon of the ebb-tide of the great sea appeared, so that their ships were left stranded high and dry. And though this brought to Alexander's companions, who had never seen it before, no small alarm, they were much more startled when, as the time came round, the water flowed in and lifted their ships from the ground. The ships which it found settled in the mud it lifted without quietly, and they floated again, without any injury whatsoever; but the ships which were moored higher up, on drier land, and rested on uneven bottom, when a compact wave came rushing in, were some of them dashed against one another, some of them driven against the bank and wrecked" (Arrian).

After satisfying himself that the eastern branch furnished the best course for the fleet, he located a harbor and dockyards near its mouth; and without venturing on to the sea farther than to visit two islands near the coast, he contented himself with a three days' ride along the shore, in order to form an idea how a fleet was likely to fare in a coasting voyage. The extreme caution and anxiety displayed by the king in all these preliminary explorations and preparations testify not only to his appreciation that he was dealing with new and strange conditions, and more than ever before facing the unknown, but also to the high importance which the venture had assumed in his mind.

At last, sometime in September, 325, accompanied by a force of from twenty-five to thirty thousand men, including the cavalry agéma, half the hypaspists, and others of the best troops, he started on his terrible march along the Gedrosian coast, leaving Nearchus with the fleet, to wait until, a month or more later, the setting of the Pleiades should bring the change from the southwest

to the northeast monsoon, and insure a quiet sea and a wind fair or on the beam.

The army fought its way through the hostile land of the Oreitans, and then began its fearful sixty days through the Mekran, the coast desert of Baluchistan, the hottest and most hopeless part of the world. After Alexander's experience, no European is known to have penetrated it down to the present century. During the first part of the march continual attention was paid to what had been an important purpose of the expedition—the collection of supplies at points on the shore, and the digging of wells for the use of the fleet which was to follow. Later there were times when the army could find neither water nor food for itself.

The heat grew fiercer. No tree offered its shade. The scanty watercourses were dry. Rolling hillocks of sand, in which the foot-soldier sank half to the knee, crossed the path. Nothing so far as the eye could reach but these billows of sand, and now and then, far off to the left, the glare of the barren sea. Exploring parties sent down from the plateau to the beaches reported that they found only miserable ichthyophagi, living in meager huts built of shells and the bones of fish, subsisting, without vegetable food, on fish alone, and drinking the brackish water that oozed through the sand of the beach.

As they proceeded the supply of water became scantier. Sometimes they marched thirty, forty, even fifty miles without a drop of water to quench the awful fever of the desert thirst. Hunger beset them. Discipline lost its control. Corn-sacks sealed with the king's seal and destined to be left in store for the fleet were torn open and the corn stolen. Men killed the beasts of burden and the horses, ate the flesh, then lied, and said the animals had perished in the heat. Wagons carrying the sick were left standing in

THE GORGON MEDUSA. DECORATIVE SCULPTURE IN THE OLD ATHENIAN, OR ATTIC, STYLE. IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS.

THE GORGON MEDUSA, MACEDONIAN STYLE. PHOTOGRAPH FROM ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS.

the desert, the animals that drew them being taken for food. Alexander suffered with the rest. Once when he was faint with thirst, some soldiers brought him, from a "mean little spring" they had found in a shallow cleft by the way, a bit of water in a helmet; but, David-like, he poured it out on the ground before them, and gave them new heart, as if the water "had furnished a draught for every man." One by one they dropped by the way. Men lay down to sleep in the long, hot night marches, and woke to find the glare of day, the desert blank, and no track in the shifting sands. After sixty days a disordered mass of famished, half-naked men reached the oasis of Pura, but it was barely a half of the army that had entered the desert.

After some days of rest the relics of the army pushed on into Carmania, where a junction was effected with the division which under Craterus had followed the northern route. Reinforcements from the army of Media came now to meet them. Stasanor, the satrap of the Areians, came, too, with the camels, beasts of burden, and supplies in abundance.

Horses, arms, and clothing could now be distributed to the army that had crossed the desert. Carmania itself was a land of plenty. A thank-offering to the gods for the victories in India and the rescue from the jaws of the desert, a feast, games, a musical festival, and a round of Dionysia's merrymakings—these were all in the orthodox Greek program, under which the king and his men celebrated the recovered joy of life.

As yet no word had come concerning the fleet. It was now the beginning of December (325). Nearchus was to have set sail toward the end of October. He had seven hundred and fifty miles in a straight line to cover

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

CROSSING THE DESERT OF BALUCHISTAN.

before reaching, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, the harbor of Gumrum (Bender-Abbas), behind which, sixty or seventy miles inland, was Alexander's camp. There was, therefore, no immediate cause for solicitude, as no one could reckon with any certainty upon the time that the voyage would require; but nevertheless, as December came on, Alexander showed intense anxiety and nervously awaited tidings from the messengers he had sent to watch along the coast.

The fleet had in reality started early in October, but contrary winds, as might have been expected, had held it in check for some three weeks off the mouths of the Indus. Once well under way, the voyage went, on the whole, prosperously. Scarcity of water and provisions gave the men at times much solicitude, but wind and weather favored, and troubles passed. Among the many strange experiences they had to tell in after days, and which Nearchus with prosaic exactness recorded in his story of the voyage, the spouting whales and the terror they inspired held the first place in novel interest. This has the flavor of the Great Sea about it—a new thing for Greeks. After about thirty days they sighted the promontory of Ras Musandam, which marks the Arabian side of the Hormuz Straits, at the entrance to the gulf. Nearchus's conservative sense here spared the fleet the danger of missing the gulf altogether, as might have been the case had he followed Onesicritus's advice and steered for the headland. He would in that case have run the risk of being diverted into a trip down the east coast of Arabia, and might never have been heard from again. Fortunately, however, he kept along, hugging the shore, and sailed on into the straits, and in four or five days the ships were safely moored in the river Anamis, near what is now the harbor of Bender-Abbas.

Here the men were glad to disembark in the pleasant land. A party of sailors who had gone a little way inland to explore the country spied in the distance a man wearing a Greek shoulder-cape. He looked, too, like a Greek. When they came near him and saluted him, and heard him answer in Greek, they wept for joy, "so unexpected a thing was it for them, after all their toils, to see a Greek and hear a Greek voice." And what, too, was their joy to hear, when they asked him whence he was, that he came from Alexander's camp! There was now no honor too great for the king to show Nearchus. His delight was unbounded. He said, and confirmed it with an oath by Zeus and Ammon, that he rejoiced more at the news than at being the possessor of all Asia.

The fleet was now (January, 324) sent on to explore the coast up to the head of the Persian Gulf. Hephæstion, with the main army, proceeded up the Persian coast, and Alexander, with the light troops, went on to Pasargadæ and Persepolis, which he had left six years before. In February or March he reached Susa.

In the five years that he had been occupied in the extreme northeastern and southeastern parts of his empire, and especially during the two years of his absence in India, when reports of his death repeatedly gained currency, many things had gone awry in the government. Here and there symptoms of disorder and revolt had shown themselves. In Bactria there was open insurrection. The military commanders in Media had, by violence and arbitrary disregard of the rights and religion of the subject people, aroused a furious discontent; satraps of the West had collected armies of mercenaries and established themselves in almost complete independence. Greece and Macedonia were in unrest. Olympias, the king's mother, was making government difficult, and life in general intolerable, for the faithful old Antipater.

The Harpalus scandal, too, was abroad. This keeper of the royal treasure had for years been making the royal funds his own, and while scandalizing the world with his boldness, regal independence, harlots, and riotous living, had paralyzed every attempt to bring him to justice through the enormous means at his free disposal. With the news of the king's approach he fled first into Cilicia, then into Greece, taking the treasure with him; and buying his way wherever he went, he left a smirch on various politics and various politicians, among them, chief of all, Demosthenes.

Alexander addressed himself now energetically to the task of regulating abuses, punishing offenders, and replacing incompetent officials with new appointees. His treatment was rigorous and severe. As a political organizer and head he showed the traits of a business man. He put men in positions of responsibility and trusted them fully, until they failed him. Then he was severe, and promptly so. In righting wrongs, reforming abuses, and establishing new organizations, he was frank, direct, and exceedingly practical. In reforming he applied correctives direct to the evil; in organizing he adapted means direct to the end.

Old institutions he utilized if they could serve his purpose. Existing governments and governors were, in deference to the settled habit of the governed, retained as mechanism. New elements were grafted on to the old, where opportunity suggested it. It was the wise retention of large parts of the old mechanism of the Persian empire which had made it possible for Alexander to be absent five or six years from his newly acquired domain, and yet return to find the government essentially secure.

The old provinces or satrapies had been left as they were, sometimes under the old satrap. Native dynasties were generally retained, often, as in the case of Ada in Caria and Porus in India, becoming the government of a province. In each province the military power was given an independent head responsible directly to the king as commander-in-chief. On to the Persian system of government by territorial division was ingrafted the Greek system of government by city communities. These cities not only served as citadels of the new régime, but being, as they were in general, independent of the territorial sway of the satraps, they set a check upon their power, and tended to prevent what had been a weakness in the Persian empire, the semi-independence of the territorial governments. The Oriental idea of the kingship exercising its authority through governors or satraps thus became blended with the Greek idea of the city-state supreme. The Oriental conception of the state as lord and land joined with the Greek conception of the state as a society of men. This is not the least important illustration of the way the East was married to the West.

SILVER COIN. SHORT PUNIC TETRADRACHM (MELKARTH).
IN THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

"WHEN LOUD MY LILAC-BUSH WITH BEES."

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR.

O HORACE, through all days 't is sweet
To taste from thy wide Sabine jar
The mellowed breath of glorious wine;
Whether my old Soracte far
Gleams whitely with its gathered snows,
Whether the flails of summer beat
The hot earth, or the purple grapes,
At vintage, yield to rhythmic feet.
Yet most I love it that fair time
When loud my lilac-bush with bees,
And, dreaming, I hear leagues away
A sea 'twixt shining Cyclades.

THE ATLANTIC SPEEDWAY.

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH,
Author of "American Deep-Water Shipping," "The World's Rough Hand," etc.

NOT until the last vestige of land has dipped beneath the horizon, and the green waters of soundings are deepening to ocean blue, does one realize fully the immensity of nature. He who is given to musing almost feels himself absorbed in the limitless space about him. Beneath him is the end-of-the-century ship, the climax of man's inventive skill in traversing and battling with the sea. Partitions of steel hold back the ceaseless pressure of the ocean; accurately adjusted needles show the direction of unseen continents; revolving wings of steel give a lifelike throb to the fabric. He sees that it is colossal when compared with the ship of one hundred years ago, yet realizes that, after all, it is only a speck in the center of a vast, ever-following circle, and that the judgment of a few human beings like himself is all that stands between him and annihilation.

The object of this article is to consider the present condition of ocean travel with a view toward making life at sea safer. As I do not wish to be misunderstood in this regard, I may say at the outset that ocean travel, even now, is by far the safest mode of locomotion known. On railway-trains four out of every thousand persons are either maimed or killed; at sea only two lives out of every thousand are lost. But, as marine disasters of the most appalling character occasionally happen, and since, with the increasing size of ships and an ever-growing passenger traffic, these disasters, though less frequent, perhaps, must become more and more appalling when they do occur, it seems to me that the subject of greater safety is worthy of special and serious consideration.

The ocean upon which these masterpieces of marine architecture sail cannot be divided into roads with uncrossable borders. It is a highway the only boundaries of which are the continents. It is at once a ferry, a speedway, a pleasure-ground, upon which the right to move in any direction has been free to all men for all time. Thickly dotting its bosom are vessels whose prows point in every direction, and whose eddying wakes die only to be caught and twisted afresh by some sister ship. Could man's vision behold the whole ocean, he would declare it impossible for these moving objects to avoid one another even in daylight. But what of night and when the fog envelops? How to escape the iceberg, the derelict, the swiftly gliding ocean courser? Peril from fire, storms, and unseaworthiness is now so infrequent that it is not worth considering. The one great peril in these days is collision caused by fog.

Few who have crossed the Atlantic have not seen the brightest day darkened or the rose-tinted sunset erased by the rolling, ghostly fog-bank; few but have heard the song of the shrouds voicing in a higher key the coming of the ugly mist, felt the livid mantle of moisture dampen the air, and a creeping sense of isolation fill the mind, to be rudely startled at last by the hoarse blast of the steam-whistle sending its warning tones into dripping space. If one goes forward at such times, he will find the lookout doubled, and feel instinctively that one of the dimly outlined figures on the bridge is that of the anxious captain. Being a passenger, he doubtless seeks the warmth and comfort of state- or smoke-room, where a vibrating buzz at regular intervals is the only thing to remind him of the unpleasant weather without. As the fog grows denser, the captain perhaps complies with the law by moderating the speed of his vessel. I say "perhaps" because he does not always do so; it depends largely upon "how he feels," and whether he is late or not. If he is well clear of land and believes himself to be out of the track of ships and ice, he is very apt to allow his vessel to continue at full speed. The steamship company perhaps compels him, indirectly, to make the passage in so many days and hours. Though on the one hand they desire that their property shall be run safely, on the other hand they wish each passage to be made in as short a time as possible, and in some quarters captains whose cautiousness leads them to make continual slow passages are not in demand. Hours mean dollars in the steamship business; an hour better than a competitor may mean a fuller passenger-list the next trip. So in many cases the fog and the law are ig-

nored, and the vessel is allowed to rush blindly through the veil of mist, with her captain hoping that there is nothing in the way. He doubtless assures himself that the bulkheads are in good working order, possibly rehearses the orders he will give in case of a collision, and he, the officers, and the lookouts strain their senses to penetrate the enveloping cloud, but, for the rest, he trusts to luck and God. In such circumstances and under such conditions the carefully trained master mariner knows the dangers that beset him, and he braves them as best he can. He stands between two conditions, the *must* of the owners and his heartfelt care for the human freight that his ship carries. Well he knows that the life-boats and rafts cannot carry half the people on board, even if it were possible to launch them all. He is not ignorant of the fact, moreover, that in most cases of distress a vessel lists so heavily that about half the boats cannot be put into the sea.

"Statistics can be brought to prove," says a British writer, "that, in casualties upon the sea, careful seamanship and responsibility for life and property are a lighter weight in the scale than dangerous speed." "Who is to blame," he asks, "the master or the owner? The master is fully alive to the danger, but his passage is timed; he is practically engaged in an ocean race."

To my mind, the blame lies neither with the master nor with the owners. As self-protection governs the master's actions, so does the same law rule the owners' actions. The reason why captains and owners take risks is because the ocean travelers, the people themselves, demand fast passages. Prices of passage, indeed, are governed by the speed of the vessels. The faster they travel the higher the passage-money, and the more popular they become. Speed being therefore the first consideration with the people, it must necessarily be the same with a successful steamship line. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that a line should start taking "safety" as its watchword. In order to avoid fog, it takes a southerly course, and thus increases the length of the passage a few days. As its vessels must burn more coal during this time than the vessels of competitive lines, and as, moreover, it cannot get quite such a high rate of freight, it must necessarily charge higher passenger-rates. How many travelers would take the "safe" line in preference to the others?

A safe ship is by no means an impossibility. There is no reason why a vessel cannot be built on a modification of the life-boat plan and be absolutely unsinkable without destroying her fine lines or diminishing her rate of speed. This is spoken of, however, as an uncommercial idea. And rightly so; for since such a ship would have little or no room for cargo, and would be obliged therefore to increase the cost of passage, her passenger-list would be extremely limited. The world talks fairly and makes many fine pretensions, but when its pocket is affected, its acts are not consistent. It is not honest enough to pay for a safe ship.

But it is useless to dwell upon things that are unchangeable. The question still remains unanswered, Is every precaution being taken to make ships safe? Every well-informed person, if he answers truthfully, will reply in the negative.

The safety mechanisms employed by railways are constantly being improved. Can this be said of ships? I think not. There is but little difference in the value of red and green side-lights over those of fifty years ago; the masthead light, though in a few cases improved by the use of electricity, is essentially the same; the steam-whistle and fog-horn are only slightly modified from those of the past. The principal reason why there has been so little advancement in safety-signals at sea is that no single company or nation can employ new inventions. Every change must be made by international agreement, which is invariably difficult to bring about; yet, if the cry of the people be sufficiently earnest, reforms can be secured.

As an example of the danger of going at full speed during fog, I need only point to that awful and most disgraceful of all marine disasters—the loss of the *Bourgoyne*. Had she moderated her speed in accordance with the law, the weather conditions were such that she must certainly have heard the fog-horn of the sailing-vessel with which she collided. It has been argued also that had the *Bourgoyne* been moving faster than she was, she would have escaped the catastrophe. This, on the face of it, looks like clever reasoning, but it is only lawyers' sophistry, after all; it is not based upon truth, and it will not stand. Many captains of the big liners, vessels built to break records, believe or affect to believe that it is safer to move through fog at a high rate of speed rather than at a moderate pace. They give as reasons, first, that speed enables them to handle their vessels better, and, second, that, as the fog covers only a certain area, the quicker they travel, the sooner they will run out of the fog.

Without disputing either of these reasons, I must say that when one is considering safety they seem to me ridiculous. It would be as reasonable to say that a person in a dark room, with other moving persons, should reach the door, not by cautiously feeling his way, but by rushing toward it. I think the true reason why so many captains advocate speed is that they know their owners favor it, and they will not jeopardize their positions by saying anything to the contrary, and they know that, in case of collision with a smaller vessel, speed will enable them to cut her down with comparatively small risk of danger to their own vessels. Ask the master of the fishing-schooner, the sailing-vessel, the slow tramp steamer, the helpless craft which cannot move fast enough to get out of the way—ask what he thinks about steaming through mist at the rate of from twenty to twenty-six miles an hour. He will tell you that it is "murder." In the open sea, when fog prevents objects being seen half a mile distant, ten miles an hour is fast enough for any vessel to move; and the law which now demands that the speed be "moderated" under such conditions, which means little or nothing in these fast days, should be made to read, "shall slow down to a speed not exceeding ten miles per hour."

Another thing that should be dealt with by international law is what is known as "one-man navigation." Both of the most recent accidents to Atlantic liners, the losses of the *Mohegan* and the *Paris*, were doubtless due to this antiquated sea-rule. In both cases the captains themselves made and gave the course. In both cases the course proved wrong. Since the captain is supreme aboard ship, and since his word is law, no officer would presume to question his authority or correctness, and the lives of hundreds, therefore, are in the hands of one fallible man, who, by a miscalculation, a temporary illness, or a slip of the tongue, may send all hands to the bottom. As Mr. John Hyslop has covered this point thoroughly in a recent article, I need not dwell upon it further, except to say that I agree with his suggestion that all positions and courses should be checked by two or more persons.[1]

One of the idiosyncrasies of the present marine law is that relating to fog-signals. The larger the vessel the more noise she must make. The huge, swift passenger-steamer, which by reason of her speed and size is at once the most formidable and the most capable of avoiding collision, is compelled to carry a powerful steam-whistle. The wind-bound sailing-vessel, on the other hand, is allowed to drift about the seas with a fog-horn of primitive type.

Under certain conditions of weather, when wind and wave raise their voices, though a sailing-ship may hear distinctly the warning bellow of an oncoming steamer, her own bell or fog-horn cannot be heard on the steamer's deck one hundred yards away.

As the slow vessel is least capable of getting out of the way, and is in the greatest danger, it seems to me that this order of things should be reversed, and instead of the small vessel blowing a small horn, she should be provided with a fog-horn or some other appliance for making her presence known, in the inverse ratio to her size. In other words, the smaller the vessel, the more noise she should make.

A danger not to be overlooked is that of running into a derelict. The ocean is never free from these floating menaces to shipping, and never will be as long as it is nobody's work to get rid of them. At the present time ten derelicts are charted in the North Atlantic alone. One of them, the *Siddartha*, has been sighted nine or ten times. She is waterlogged, and lies so low in the water that she might easily escape notice on a bright night, not to mention a hazy one. On one of her late passages the *Lucania* sighted this drifting wreck dead ahead. It happened to be in daylight, and of course no harm was done. Had it been at night, however, it might have resulted in the loss of one thousand lives. This question of derelicts is one that admits of no excuse. There is nothing to prevent them being blown up, rammed, or otherwise destroyed except the apathy of the nations, and it is high time that some combined, systematic action were taken to rid the sea of this danger.

If for no other reasons, the presence in the Atlantic Ocean of ice and the derelict, neither of which carries lights, blows fog-horns, or can get out of the way, is sufficient reason why vessels should not proceed at a high rate of speed in foggy weather. Of the ships that have left port never to be heard of again, such as the *City of Glasgow*, the *Naronic*, the *Pacific*, the *Ocean Monarch*, the *City of Boston*, and many others, who shall say that their foundering was not caused by one of these two perils?

[1] Since the stranding of the *Paris*, one of the trans-atlantic lines has issued regulations providing that the course shall be set by the junior watch-officer, subject invariably to approval by the first officer and then by the captain, thus giving a double opportunity to correct any error.—EDITOR.

The establishment of specific and separate tracks for eastward- and westward-bound steamships has doubtless decreased the chances of collision. Unfortunately, however, only the passenger lines have agreed to use these ocean lanes, and, in consequence, there is still the risk of meeting tramp steamers and sailing-vessels. Captain Randle of the steamship *St. Louis* has kindly furnished me with two practical ideas on this phase of my subject, as follows:

"There are two suggestions that I would offer in regard to making life on the Atlantic Ocean safer than it is to-day. The first is the establishment of eastward and westward routes one degree to the southward of their present position. This, though it would increase the time of passage by an hour or so, would take vessels out of the greater part of the fog area. The second is the making of an international law which shall compel all vessels crossing the Atlantic, whether under steam or sail, either to follow the routes laid down or to give them a wide berth."

The "feelings" of captains in regard to safety are not, as has been sufficiently proved, to be depended on. They should be compelled, under the penalty of losing their certificates, to comply with the law, particularly with regard to speed in "thick" weather. To this end it is suggested that all steamships be required to carry telltales in some part of the ship accessible to all, which will register at all times the rate of speed at which the vessel is going. It is an old saying that the captain who gives his attention to the four "L's"—lead, log, lights, and lookouts—runs but little danger of catastrophe. To this there should be added a fifth "L," standing for law.

Finally, the steamship companies should be made liable for the human freight they carry. Why steamships, in contradistinction to railroads, should be allowed to consider accidents as an act of God, and, with the loss of the ship, be exempt from liability, is beyond my comprehension. Accidents, both afloat and ashore, are inevitable. Occasionally they are caused by conditions over which man has no control, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they can be traced to some human error, and in the interest of safety all common carriers, whether they float, roll, or fly, should be forced to take precautions, which only their liability will secure.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

BY L. B. BRIDGMAN.

INTO this glorious world I came,
The free-born of the wind and flame.
I bound to me for good or ill
A body-serf to do my will.
Though he was frail and prone to rest,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve me. What would you?
I had a great King's work to do:
Wrong to make right; comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

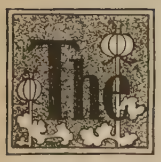
I needed one both swift and strong:
Great was the load, the journey long.
Yet this my slave was weak and lame;
Faltering at my behest he came:
So, when his strength was almost gone,
I took the scourge and urged him on.
Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have. Impatiently
I saw the glorious hours pass by.
(I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes,
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of snow,
Ministering forms that come and go—
I crouch here listening for his breath,
And with my hands I hold back Death,
My work neglected and undone.
If he but beckon, swift I run
This worthless serf of mine to save.
How hard they toil who serve a slave!

THE SCOURGE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.[1]

BY JOHN S. SEWALL.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN.



PROFESSION of piracy in the Orient has met many a sobering check from the arms of the Occident. When Dewey's guns in the spacious Bay of Manila echoed among the mountains and valleys of the great archipelago, we may well believe they sounded the knell not only of Spanish misrule, but eventually of native lawlessness. That tropical group has always been a favorite lair for the bucaneer. Out of the deep indentations that notch the coast-line of Luzon, Mindoro, Mindanao, and Palawan, not to speak of hundreds of other barbaric resorts, whole fleets of red-handed corsairs have darted like dragon-flies on their prey. If the American flag is destined to wave over that wild and beautiful group, it may chance to be one of our first duties to go pirate-hunting. There are still left many secret nests of those ill-favored folk, and much honest work may have to be done before such harbors as Illana Bay and such islands as Tonquil, Balanguini, Sulu, *et id genus omne*, shall cease to serve as the haunts of piratical vikings, and become the resorts of a busy and opulent commerce.

However, it was never my fortune to take a hand in chasing Malay proas, or to be chased by them. My interest lies chiefly along the opposite coast, and among ruffians of a Mongolian type. Twice in one year we were sent out in pursuit of Chinese pirates; once down the China seas and off the Gulf of Tonquin, where we caught no pirates, but got instead a terrible mauling from a typhoon, which did its best to send us to Davy Jones's locker, and once to the Madjicosima Islands, off to the northeast of Formosa, where we got another pounding from a twin brother of the typhoon aforesaid, but had the satisfaction of scooping up some of the skull-and-bones fraternity also. Such experiences are apt to give one a special interest in the kind of game he has pursued.

From Manila across the waters to Hong-Kong is an easy sail, typhoons, of course, excepted. As we neared the coast and were threading our way among the islands, one of my messmates, a middy, sitting aloft in the slings of the foretopsail-yard, beckoned me to join him, and there we spent a long, cozy, sunny afternoon watching the novel scene. From such a height it seemed as if one could look out over the whole Celestial Empire. And what a contrast in the scenery! We had left behind the superb profusion of the tropics, and come upon a landscape which was plain and practical, rustic and Mongolian, like its inhabitants. But one thing in which the two countries are alike was noted, and that was their convenient formation for commerce on the one hand, and piracy on the other; for if any part of the world might seem to have been originally designed for a pirates' paradise, the southern coast of China is the place. Fringed with capes, beaded with islands of every size and shape, pierced by estuaries made up of numberless winding channels, it opens to the sea-rover countless coves and pockets and watery labyrinths for lying in ambush or hiding from pursuit. One of the wide-spread groups of islands through the tortuous passages of which the Canton River finds its way to the sea has been the scene of so many of these tragedies that it has richly earned its sinister title of the Ladrones—the "islands of the thieves." Ever since primeval commerce began to creep along the shores of the great empire it has doubtless had its bloody parasites. The lonely trader, and the clumsy fleet as well, have had to reckon with this ever-present menace as one of the risks of the voyage. It was never certain from behind what head-

[1] Many authors on Oriental topics and various books of travel have been consulted by the writer. The chief authorities for the facts given in this paper are the writer's own manuscript diary of four years' naval service on the East India station; also various volumes of the "Chinese Repository" and of the "Asiatic Journal"; S. Wells Williams, "The Middle Kingdom"; Du Halde, "General History of China"; Guillemard, "Australasia"; Forbes, "Five Years in China"; Fortune, "Residence among the Chinese"; Downing, "Fanqui in China"; Wallace, "Australasia"; St. John, "The Wild Coasts of Nipon"; Yung-lun-yuen, "History of the Pirates who Infested the China Sea from 1807 to 1810," translated by C. F. Neuman.

land or out of what lagoon might issue at any moment a pack of these ocean wolves. If departing voyagers never returned, it was sometimes the typhoons they encountered, and sometimes the pirates. Dead men tell no tales.

It is easy to cover with facile phrase the long and painful evolution of the centuries, especially the slow-moving cycles of Cathay. It is not so easy to fill in the picture with the actual details: to imagine the growing commerce, and the growing piracy that preyed upon it; to portray the long ages of sorrow on the sea—the sharp, sudden attack, the vain attempt to flee, the desperate stand at bay, the fight for life, the brutish yells, the cry for mercy, the horrible silence that settles on the slippery decks as the butchers leisurely proceed to rifle their prey. What myriads of miserable tragedies like this have been enacted far back in the dim past, while the Celestial Empire has been slowly emerging from savagery into national state, no chronicler has told. But we can recognize the process of martial training. As Chinese commerce has run the gantlet and fought its way into existence, it has slowly developed in its own mariners, as well as in their assailants, those qualities of courage, hardihood, and grit which furnished forth the brave fellows of the Yalu fight of 1894.[1] The handling of the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen*, especially in the latter part of that memorable action, affords ample proof of the pluck and dogged will of the Chinese man-of-war's-man when his blood is up. The victory fell to Japan; but history will award to the admiral Ting Ju Chang and his men the well-won meed of both daring and skill. They believed they were defending their country against unjust usurpation, and as one reads of their deeds of valor it is easy to imagine that in the veins of some of those warriors ran the blood of generations of old-time bucaneers.

The annals of Chinese piracy have not wholly faded into oblivion. Some epochs in its history are familiar to those students who have a fancy for mousing about in the unbeaten tracks of Oriental life. A glimpse at the *modus operandi* may help one to an intelligent appreciation of these gruesome records. A few modern samples will suffice.

Sometime back in the fifties the good ship *Celestial*, from Boston, while peaceably wending her way to Hong-Kong, was fired upon by a fleet of Chinese rovers. The *Saratoga* was sent out to catch and punish them. The *Saratoga* was a sloop of war, one of the old-timers, a sailing-ship, of graceful lines, trig and fast, equipped with heavy batteries, and well able to give account of herself at close quarters with anything afloat. We caught various things on that cruise sufficiently noxious, but no pirates. Being obliged to put back to Macao for a new foreyard, we had not been at anchor twenty-four hours before in came one of the river steamers tugging an immense junk, which had been rifled of a precious cargo of silks and crapes almost within hearing of our guns. The year before Captain Massie of her British Majesty's steamship *Cleopatra* had sent out a boat expedition among the islands, which, after a running fight of five hours, had captured three eighteen-gun lorchas; and yet two months afterward, on about the same cruising-ground, the *Brillante* was cut off by freebooters, plundered of a large amount of treasure, the crew massacred, and the ship scuttled and sunk. In March, 1853, her Majesty's steam-sloop *Hermes* came upon the scent of a whole squadron a little way up the coast. After a hot pursuit the outlaws turned at bay and defended themselves with savage ferocity. But they were no match for British guns and modern steam. The *Hermes* avenged some of their villainies by sending four junks to the bottom and towing three more back to Hong-Kong as lawful prizes.

In the summer of 1835 there came limping into Hong-Kong harbor a much-abused hulk, whose misadventures inspired sympathy wherever her pitiful story came to be known. It was the English bark *Troughton*, from Singapore. She had been overtaken by a typhoon, her masts wrenched out of her, and her bulwarks torn off clean with the decks. Her exhausted crew managed to keep her afloat with the pumps, and rigging a sail or two on a jury-mast, were slowly wafted in toward the land. Here a new enemy awaited them. Surrounded by trading-junks and fishing-craft, whose crews would often come on board and lend a hand at the pumps, their crippled condition was speedily recognized. At sundown one afternoon two piratical luggers laid her alongside and poured a swarm of Celestial cutthroats on board. The captain and mate dashed into the cabin for their firearms; but before a shot could be fired two hundred pirates had overpowered the crew and lashed them to the deck. The captain and mate fought from the cabin

[1] September 17, 1894. For a thrilling account by one of the commanders, see THE CENTURY for August, 1895.

against overwhelming odds as long as their ammunition lasted, and then did their best to blow up the ship. Exhausted from loss of blood, they were at last driven from their refuge and bound with the rest of the crew. The pirates looted their prize of everything of value which the typhoon had spared, and then vanished in the darkness.

"SPENT A LONG, COZY, SUNNY AFTERNOON WATCHING THE NOVEL SCENE."

Sometimes these amiable enterprises are conducted by amateurs, so to speak—by your own sailors, if you happen to have shipped a crew of Chinamen. Times may be different now, but formerly a little professional venture of this sort was not uncongenial to the average Chinese coolie, whether ashore or afloat. In 1828 a French merchantman, the *Navigateur*, was wrecked on the coast of Cochin China. The captain hired a Chinese junk to carry him and his surviving crew, and so much of his ill-starred cargo as had escaped the waves and rocks, northward to Macao. When only a few leagues short of their destination, the natives, who were five times their number, rose upon them, murdered them all but one, and made off with the booty. That one, after fighting desperately for his life, leaped overboard, and was finally picked up by a passing fisherman. It soothes one's sense of justice to know that, by his deposition in court, some fifteen or twenty of the miscreants were identified, and got short shrift for their crime.

There have been bloody epochs in the history of Chinese commerce, when piracy was as much an organized system as the opium traffic is now. Whole fleets of bucaneers prowled about the coasts, plundered villages, levied blackmail on native and foreigner alike, and generally silenced their victims by sending them to the bottom. Let us not be unreasonable. Those were days of the iron hand everywhere. Why not give the Mongol his chance as well as the Roman, the Norseman, or the Turk? Why not let Koshinga play his drama along with Morgan, Hastings, Kidd, Claude Duval, and all the other great actors of tragedy?

Chinese annals record two periods during which these marauding fleets became so powerful and insolent that the empire, with all its resources, could not destroy them, or even defend itself. There is plenty of romance in the story, though bloody and grim. The most famous, perhaps because the most ferocious, corsairs known to Chinese history were a father and son, Ching Chelung and Ching Chingkung, who flourished about the

"A BOAT EXPEDITION . . . WHICH . . . HAD CAPTURED THREE EIGHTEEN-GUN LORCHAS."

time of the Manchu conquest in 1644. The son was familiarly called Kwoshing, but is better known by his Portuguese Latinized name Koshinga. The father, after years of adventure, honest and dishonest, untold and untellable, found himself at the head of a fleet as strong as it was unscrupulous, with which he harried the defenseless coasts and laid waste the seas. By large bribes of rank and wealth the redoubtable chieftain was decoyed into the imperial service, and was appointed supreme head of the Chinese navy. In his new position it became his duty to protect commerce and destroy piracy. He accordingly protected commerce and destroyed piracy. He knew how to do it. No petty scruples of honor or generous memory stood in the way, and as a bloody atonement for his own crimes whole squadrons of his former comrades were, with unpitying impartiality, despatched to the infernal shades. He assumed the monopoly of all lucrative commerce, and levied tribute on all manner of craft. He did what he liked, and no power in the empire dared question his right. The emperor even bestowed on his son in marriage a princess of the blood. But his unchallenged supremacy and enormous wealth made him careless. He engaged in an intrigue against the government, and being enticed to court, found himself in a royal cage, beyond the bars of which he was never again permitted to go. There he languished for years, and finally died a prisoner of state.

It would take lurid colors to paint the wrath of Koshinga when it became apparent that his father was held in hopeless captivity. Doubtless the atmosphere reeked with Chinese rhetoric. He vowed eternal hate to the whole Tatar race, and summoning his fellow-ruffians, betook himself to his home on the wave. This was in 1646. For more than thirty years his name was the terror of the seas. He preyed upon commerce until commerce, from sheer fright, shut itself up in port, and dared not come out. As a result, the few prizes he caught were not enough to support his vast squadron. He invaded the shores, therefore, and plundered not only villages and towns, but capital cities and provinces. He laid siege to Nanking. He captured and fortified Amoy. He finally stole and occupied the island of Formosa, seized the government, established there arsenals and rendezvous for his fleets, and thence hurled his filibustering raids upon the opposite coasts. At last his bloody incursions became such an intolerable scourge to the empire, which could neither prevent nor resist them, that the extraordinary measure was adopted of abandoning all trade on the seas and withdrawing the entire population from the coast. This was actually done, probably the only instance of the kind in history, and the queer Chinese are probably the only people who would ever have dreamed of tactics so absurd and yet so masterly. For hundreds of miles up and down the shores of the great realm there stretched between the hungry vampires and their victims a strip of abandoned sea-coast twelve miles broad, whose fields lay untilled, whose populous cities and villages, now deserted, crumbled into decay, and whose useless junks slumbered and foundered at their moorings in the harbors.

> The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
> And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
> Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea.

Macao alone was excepted, and that only because the Portuguese colonists were presumed to be able to protect themselves. It was seven years before population and trade were allowed to flow back into their wonted channels, and the death of the dreaded Koshinga soon after closed the piratical era of the seventeenth century.

Minor chieftains still carried on their more stealthy depredations, and have from that day to this. The growing value of an increasing commerce, with the addition of priceless argosies from Europe and America, furnished ample temptation, and China has always had her full share of bandits and thugs, ever ready to take advantage of such golden opportunities. But no other outbreak of piracy on so grand a scale has ever occurred since until the first decade of our own century.

In December, 1806, the mate of an English ship was captured by a pirate and brought into the presence of the commandant of the fleet. He found himself in a squadron of some six hundred junks and lorchas, carrying batteries of from six- to eighteen-pounders, and classed in five divisions under five independent chiefs. During his captivity he became familiar with the entire system, its organization, its regulations, which were very strict, the numbers and armaments of the different divisions, and their plans and methods of attack. After being held in duress for some five months he was finally ransomed. Three years later another Englishman fell into their hands. The fleet had increased. There were six divisions. The total force operating

"POURED A SWARM OF CELESTIAL CUTTHROATS ON BOARD."

on the coasts of southern China, though rarely together, he estimated at eight hundred large vessels and a thousand smaller craft, carrying an equipment of some seventy thousand men. With the frankness of a sailor he details the atrocities he witnessed. It was a reënacting of the bloody career of Koshinga. Its history has been portrayed by Yung-lun-yuen, a Chinese scholar, who was a contemporary of the actors he describes. The six squadrons sailed under six flags—red, yellow, green, blue, black, and white. The yellow fleet has furnished this article with a text, for it was its commander, Woo-che-tsing, who assumed the winsome title, "Scourge of the Eastern Seas." The red fleet, however, is of more thrilling interest, partly because it outnumbered all the rest put together, partly because it was for a time commanded by a woman. In 1807 the

"THE MATE OF AN ENGLISH SHIP WAS . . . BROUGHT INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE COMMANDANT."

arch-outlaw Ching-yih, who had driven it into the smoke and flame of many desperate conflicts, perished in a violent gale. His widow at once took command, and in a hundred fights demonstrated that she had inherited the skill and prowess of her bloody mate. The "new woman" of the East had come. Men feared her and obeyed. She maintained rigid discipline and exacted implicit submission. She was punctilious in all her dealings with the folk on shore, and by paying for supplies honestly and liberally won their confidence and favor—a policy quite unlike that generally adopted by the other divisions of the fleet.

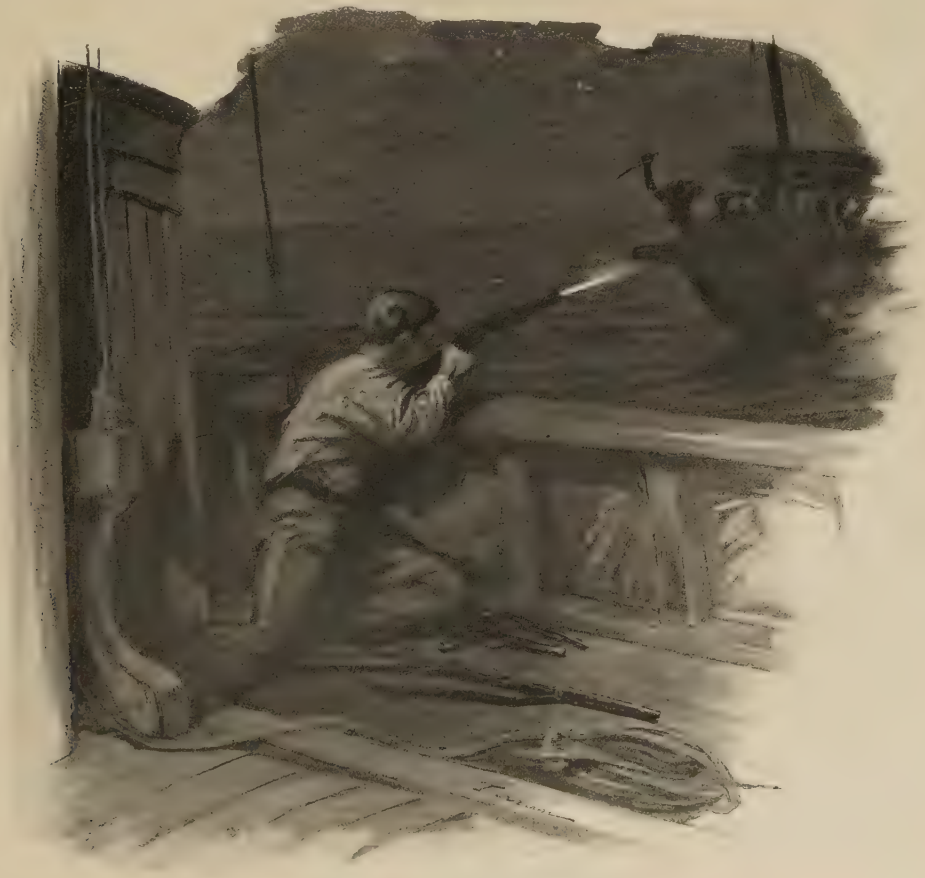
Some of the exploits of these red rovers are curiously interesting. If any of my readers have sailed up the Canton River they will recall the Chinese fortress of the Boca Tigris at its mouth, on the starboard side as you enter. Down by the waterside a long white parapet stretches along the shore; at each end a wall of masonry reaches up the hill, and disappears over the crest. Whether there is a fourth wall out of sight, joining the two and completing the square,

"SWAM TO THE ENEMY WITH THEIR KNIVES IN THEIR TEETH."

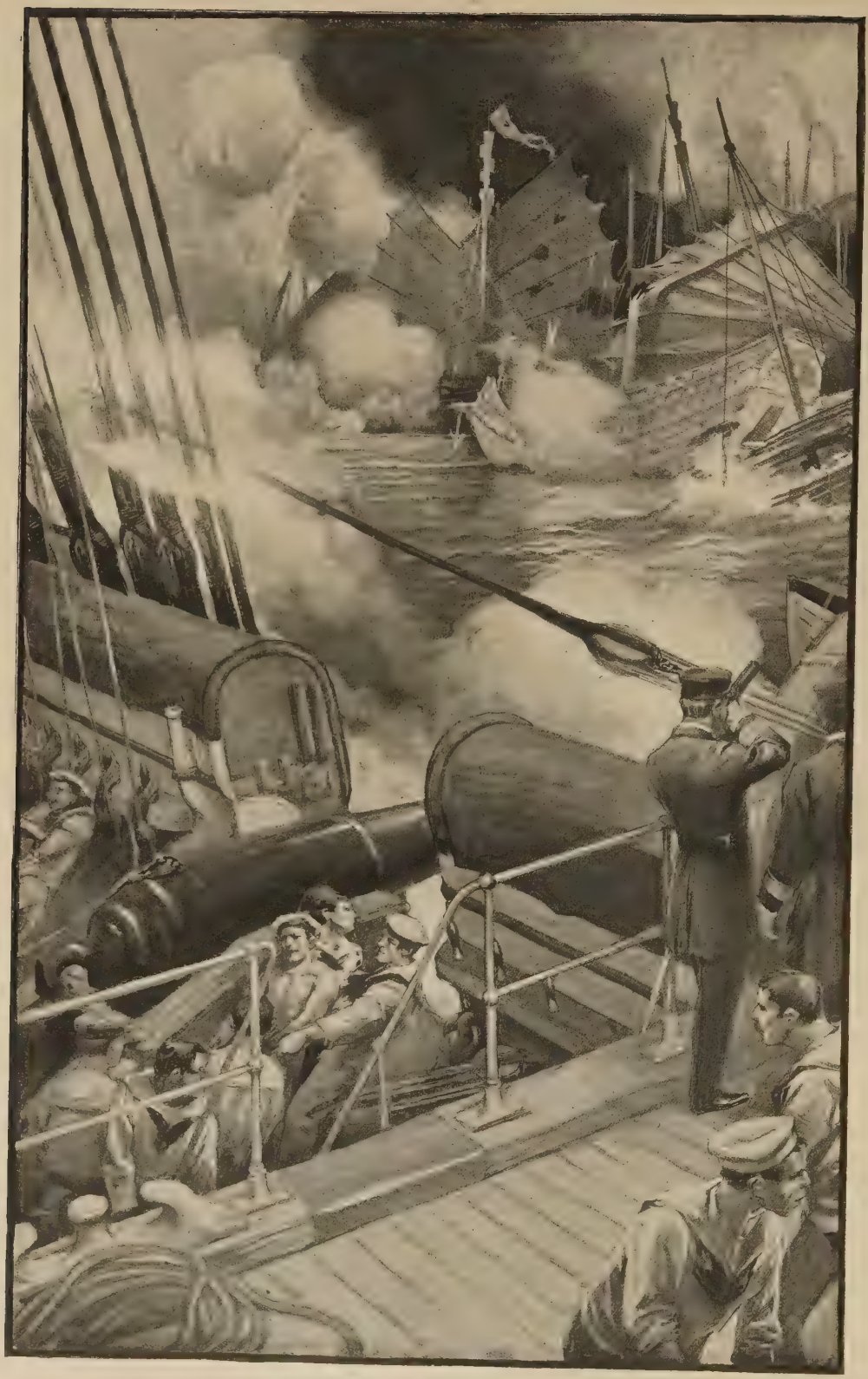
I do not now remember; but certain British tars could tell you—if they have lasted from 1842 till this present year of grace. During the opium war the fortress was attacked; but the storming party pulled quietly around the headland, and forming on the beach, clambered up over the hill, and the first thing the Celestials knew their foe was rushing down upon them from the rear, and within the inclosure. There was nothing for it but to surrender, which they did, bristling with wrath at such a breach of military manners. "Hiyah! Why you no come front side? More better fight where we makee ready for you!"

But this is a digression. What we are after is the pirates. It was an earlier commandant of this same fortress who met with equally bad luck. One of the fleets appeared in his neighborhood, and he sallied out to attack it. The pirates surrounded him, and after a furious engagement, which lasted all day, and with such havoc as may be left to the imagination, captured him and whatever fragments of his fleet were still afloat. This disaster was partly avenged the next year, when the Chinese admiral, with a hundred junks, attacked another fleet on the same cruising-ground. Great numbers of the pirates were destroyed and some two hundred taken prisoners. Those who are familiar with Chinese methods can easily judge how long the two hundred were kept from joining their bloody comrades in the

shades below. In another encounter not far from the same place, before the combatants could close upon one another, it fell dead calm, whereupon crowds of the pirates leaped into the sea like savages, swam to the enemy with their knives in their teeth, and attacked them so fiercely that they could not be beaten off, and actually cut out several junks from the imperial fleet. The fortunes of war varied. With provoking impartiality, and apparently with no ethical preference, victory would perch on the standard of the pirate quite as often as on the banners of the righteous defenders of their country's commerce. We read of whole fleets engaged, fighting all day and all night, two days, even three days at a time, two or three hundred junks on a side, and a drawn game at the end. No child's play this. At one time the admiral is lying quietly at anchor among the islands, when suddenly two hundred pirate craft slip around the headland, and pounce upon him with an onset so furious that, in spite of a vigorous defense, twenty-five of his fleet are gone with their captors before he can get up his anchors and chase them. These encounters were not confined to the sea. There were frequent raids on the villages that lined the harbors and rivers. Spies made their way into the busy bazaars disguised as peddlers, barbers, traders; if they came out alive they brought news to the expectant fleet where were to be found the easiest conquests and the richest booty. Sometimes in the fray the villagers fled, and the women and cattle were confiscated by the invaders; sometimes they made a stand, and the fierce fight that followed proved the valor of the longshoreman as well as of his merciless assailant. Such raids despoiled whole towns, and gathered prisoners not by the score only or the hundred, but sometimes by the thousand. Some unique specimens of daring are recorded. When Mei-ying, the beautiful wife of Kee-choo-yang, was captured, she railed at her captors with such stinging eloquence that one of the brutes knocked her down, whereupon she leaped to her feet, seized him with



"CROUCHING BEHIND THE RAIL."



"JUNK AFTER JUNK WENT TO THE BOTTOM."

her teeth, and sprang overboard, dragging him with her to a watery grave.

It more than once happened that when a commander found the bandits were too many for him, and were closing in upon him for the *coup de grâce*, he retreated to the magazine, and escaped their clutches by blowing himself and them out of water. On one occasion, by a stroke of good fortune, the pirate fleet was caught and penned in its own lair. Great preparations were made for the capture. Twenty-five fire-junks were sent blazing in among the anchored craft. The imperial fleet followed, resolved by one supreme and desperate blow to wipe out the whole vicious horde. With the pirates it was a fight for life. Any one who has witnessed a Chinese battle—and there are some of us still left who remember some of the fights of the Tai-ping rebellion—can imagine the indescribable uproar of such an encounter. Hundreds of the pirates were killed, but the mangled remnant of their fleet broke through the blockade and scuttled out to the open sea. The plucky admiral pursued them and sank a few more. After dark they turned back upon him and repaid him in kind.

It is not to be wondered at if, among such turbulent spirits, the internal conditions were not always serene. In process of time a violent feud broke out in the squadron under the woman chief. Words came to blows. The two malcontents drew off their two divisions, and threw the hazard of their destiny upon a pitched battle. The vanquished fleet, after an overwhelming defeat, concluded to retire from business and submit to government. We get some inkling of the magnitude of these operations from the fact that this one capitulation included no less than eight thousand men, one hundred and twenty-six vessels, some five hundred battery guns, and several thousand stand of miscellaneous arms. The commander of the surrendered division was honored by a government position.

This appealed to the heart of the woman chief herself. Perhaps a life spent among scenes of carnage began to pall upon her. She entered into negotiations. When at last assured of safety, she decided to make her submission, and, with the wives and children of some of her officers, the haughty admiral presented herself before the governor-general at Canton. The pardon accorded by government put an end to what was left of the famous red squadron, and cleaned out the eastern and middle channels of the Canton River. Many of her red-handed followers enlisted in the imperial fleets, and were put at once to the work of "pacification." The other fleets were destroyed, or saved themselves by submission. The "Scourge of the Eastern Seas" came in with the rest, and so retained his worthless head; and the Chinese writer who is my authority for this episode adds, with a cheerful optimism that is hardly sustained by the sequel, that now (that is, in 1810) "ships pass and repass in tranquillity. All is quiet on the rivers, the four seas are tranquil, and people live in peace and plenty."

But an opulent commerce, growing richer every year, opened up the same old temptations, and made piracy as tempting as ever. And so it came to pass that the great "pacification" of 1810 did not stay pacified. The China seas have never since, indeed, been vexed by such enormous squadrons of bucaneers, nor have witnessed such tremendous battles; but local adventurers have been plentiful, and on occasion have combined into very considerable fleets. The Chinese navy has now and then roused itself to a spurt of zeal, but has never accomplished much in trying to clear the seas of these pests; apparently it has not often dared to make the attempt. Most of the actual suppression of Chinese piracy has been due to the pluck and persistence of British tars.

Many officers of the royal navy, while serving in the East Indies, have had a hand in the exciting task of ferreting out and destroying these freebooters. Captain St. John, who was thus employed for several years, gives graphic details of his various expeditions in pursuit, chasing them into the winding channels which form so large a part of the intricate network of the Canton River, or surprising them in the snug harbors where they lay concealed behind the hills. His account of their attack on the mail-steamer plying between Canton and Hong-Kong gives a sample of their audacity. On one occasion she had to run the gantlet of a fleet of forty-four junks, which pounced upon her from the reaches that open into the river; she managed to escape, but not before she had been badly hulled by their shot. Another specimen of their methods he relates on another page. A large opium-junk lay at anchor one day in the harbor of Hong-Kong, close by his own ship. She was bound up the coast to Swatow, and, with a crew of forty-five and a full battery of twelve- and eighteen-pounders, she seemed so absolutely secure that some forty passengers came on board to take advantage

of a conveyance so safe. She got under way at nightfall, but had scarcely cleared the Lymoon Pass before it fell calm, and she was obliged to anchor. About midnight a large junk slipped quietly alongside, boarded her, and overpowered the watch on deck; before they fairly knew it they were attacked. The crew and passengers were driven below and secured under hatches, and the vessel taken around to a secluded spot on the south side of the island, where every soul on board, except a small boy, was lashed hand and foot and flung overboard. The junk itself was then rifled and sunk.

It is a satisfaction to know that these cut-throats occasionally fall into their own trap. The fate they have prepared for their victims rebounds, and they get a taste of their own villainy. A thrilling adventure of this sort is related by Major Shore of the English army. It was just after the opium war of 1841. Having occasion to make a trip to Ning-po, he was obliged to return at once, and at night, over a route swarming with pirates. He was in a Chinese passage-boat, his own little boy the only other passenger, and his only weapons two double-barreled duck-guns and a brace of heavy pistols. The night was still, and he slept with his guns for company. Just before daybreak one of his boatmen, blanched with terror, roused him with the news that the pirates were coming. He seized his arms and leaped on deck. The silvery mist of the dawn obscured his vision, but presently he could trace the outlines of a large, ugly-looking boat, crowded with a gang of assassins, stealthily creeping toward his defenseless craft. One can imagine his reflections in the brief interval before they would be alongside. In such a desperate emergency his only hope lay in giving them such a sudden and hot reception that they would suppose his boat filled with men. He could see them now, a score of bronze villains with long knives in their hands, some of them stripped to the waist, some of them with dirks stuck in the coils of their pigtails. There they crouched like tigers ready to spring, as vicious a lot as ever murdered an honest crew. For just such game as this, if he should have the ill fortune to meet any, he had taken the precaution to load each barrel with a double charge, and as it would not do to miss fire, he replaced the old caps on his percussion-locks with fresh ones, for such things as revolvers and breech-loading rifles had not been dreamed of in those early days. In the deathless stillness he even noticed the ticking of his watch and the throbbing of his heart, and "wondered how soon both would cease forever."

Crouching behind the rail, and scarcely breathing till the boats were within ten yards of each other, he took careful aim, and without warning let drive both barrelfuls in the villains' faces. A shriek of rage and pain, and a crash of tumbling bodies, bore witness to the execution. Those two shots swept the forecastle. Not daring to waste any chances, he seized the other gun and blazed away at the crowd in the waist. Another frightful yell, a panic, and a babel of confusion. He was swiftly reloading when a ball from a swivel-gun on the pirates' bow whizzed by his head and shivered the mast. The savage who had thus missed his mark was apparently the leader of the gang, a muscular, swarthy chief, whose giant frame loomed dark against the gray dawn. The major instantly covered him with his pistol; a sharp, cracking report, and the miscreant, with his fuse still burning, pitched headlong into the black waters beneath.

At this final blow the pirates stood not on the order of their going, but incontinently fled, while the passage-boat, with sail and oars, scuttled away from so perilous a neighborhood at the top of her speed. The chastisement inflicted by the brave major taught the brigands a lesson not soon forgotten. It was a long time before they dared attack anything, native or foreign, until well assured that their victim was unarmed, or that they could dash upon him unawares.

Though the southern coast of the empire seems to have been the favorite field of operation for these marine highwaymen, the northern seas have suffered from the same dread scourge. None of the estuaries of the north are so admirably contrived for bucaneering purposes as the Canton River, with its countless and endless branches, channels, and creeks; but there are plenty of islands and jutting capes and snug coves, behind or within which any discreet pirate could conduct his business in safe seclusion. Whoever, therefore, has had occasion to intrust himself to wind and wave, on errands of commerce or science or travel, has found it to his advantage beforehand to take account of the corsair as one of the perils of the deep.

Mr. Fortune, in his entertaining book, describes a trip he took on the steamer *Erin* from Ning-po to Shang-hai. They had scarcely cleared the river Min below the city before they found themselves in the midst of a squadron of bucaneers engaged in blockad-

ing the passage between Silver Island and the shore, and capturing every sort of native craft that attempted to run the gantlet in or out. Some of the prizes were plundered at once and turned adrift. The more valuable were taken to the pirates' den to be held until ransomed by their rich owners in Ning-po. Negotiations would be carried on sometimes for weeks, and all the while a posse of Chinese men-of-war were sleeping lazily at their anchors within half a dozen miles of the scene. The *Erin* threaded her way through the fleet unmolested, witnessing as she passed the capture of a big Shantung junk, which they had decoyed into their ambuscade. "During the time they were in sight," Mr. Fortune says, "we observed several vessels from the north fall into their hands. They were in such numbers, and their plans were so well laid, that nothing that passed in daylight could possibly escape. Long after we had lost sight of their vessels, we saw and pitied the unsuspecting northern junks running down with a fair wind and all sail into the trap which had been prepared for them."

In a short time, however, the avenging furies were on the track of the outlaws. On her way up the coast the *Erin* met an English cruiser, the *Bittern*, and gave her the needed information. The rendezvous of the piratical fleet was found to be at She-poo, a landlocked harbor a few miles south of Chu-san. For She-poo, therefore, the *Bittern* headed at once, accompanied by the *Paoushan*, a steamer which had been recently purchased by a company of Chinese merchants for the protection of their commerce. The pirates had a well-organized system of sentries and spies, and knew of their assailants long before they appeared off the narrow entrance to the harbor. Confident in their numbers and strength, they welcomed the two vessels with derisive yells and deafening clamor of guns and gongs. The steamer towed the brig into position, where she leisurely anchored, and so close to the pirate lines that the storm of shot from their batteries passed over her and dropped harmlessly into the water beyond. Her response was something terrific. The first broadside demolished or sank more than one of the braggart junks, and as her batteries were aimed by British gunners, every shot told. Junk after junk went to the bottom. The derisive yells were turned into screams of terror and pain. The harbor was strewn with mangled wreckage and floating bodies. Hundreds of the pirates were mowed down by shot and shell, or were drowned as they dashed overboard and vainly struck out for terra firma. Some two or three hundred succeeded in scrambling on shore, and throwing up a hasty redoubt, mounted some guns. A detachment of British tars landed in pursuit, and by a swift flank movement routed them to the four winds. The victory was complete, and the throngs of village and country folk who crowded the hillsides around the bay were lost in admiration at the bravery of the "foreign devils." How the plucky little brig and her consort dared venture into the tigers' lair, and cope with such an enormously superior force, was a miracle that was quite beyond the Celestial imagination.

But the centuries pass. Even China yields to the pressure of modern life. Railroads are beginning to run their lines of steel toward the heart of the empire. Telegraphs are spinning their web of wires over the land. The government is minting its own coinage, developing its mines with Yankee machinery, establishing arsenals, steamworks, navy-yards, like the rest of the world. Commerce is changing hands. The sleepy junk cannot keep pace with the swift demands of business, and now along the vast water-front of fifteen hundred miles most of the carrying-trade is handled by a fleet of jaunty steamers owned by the government and sailed by European officials. And, by the latest concession, the inland waters also have been opened to steam-navigation, both native and foreign, and that means not only an enormous increase of commerce, but the penetration of the great empire in every direction with Western ideas.

These modernizing movements are enough to make old Koshinga's bones rattle in his grave, and the modern bandit looks out from his lair with consternation. His old lorchas and mandarin boats are no match for steam. Times change, and he can now do little more than a small and stealthy retail business. He may make an occasional dash upon a lonely trader and win a prize with a stab in the dark; but let him come out into the open and dare anything on a larger scale, and the imperial steam navy would speedily run him down on his own blood-stained seas. Or if the Yellow Dragon needed help in the operation, many another knight errant like Chinese Gordon would gladly volunteer.

AN AMERICAN FORERUNNER OF DREYFUS.

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN.

THE man to whom this title has been applied is on record as having written these words:

> My parents were Israelites, and I was nurtured in the faith of my ancestors. In deciding to adhere to it, I have but exercised a right guaranteed to me by the constitution of my native State and of the United States, a right given to all men by their Maker, a right more precious to each of us than life itself. But while claiming and exercising this freedom of conscience, I have never failed to acknowledge and respect the like freedom in others. I might safely defy the citation of a single act in the whole course of my official career injurious to the religious rights of any other person.
>
> Remembering always that the great mass of my fellow-citizens were Christians, profoundly grateful to the Christian founders of our republic for their justice and liberality to my long-persecuted race, I have earnestly endeavored, in all places and circumstances, to act up to the wise and tolerant spirit of our political institutions. I have therefore been careful to treat every Christian under my command with exemplary justice and ungrudging liberality. . . . I have to complain—more in sorrow than in anger do I say it—that in my official experience I have met with little to encourage, though much to frustrate, these conciliatory efforts. At an early day, and especially from the time when it became known to the officers of my age and grade that I aspired to a lieutenancy, and still more after I had gained it, I was forced to encounter a large share of the prejudice and hostility by which, for so many ages, the Jew has been pursued. I need not speak to you of the incompatibility of these sentiments with the genius of Christianity or the precepts of its author. . . .

Thus wrote an officer in the United States navy who, despite forty years of such persecution as rarely falls to the lot of man, never for a moment faltered in his love for and devotion to his government, nor allowed himself to doubt its disposition to do him justice.

This officer was Uriah P. Levy, who was born in Philadelphia about the year 1792. At the age of eleven he ran away from home and went to sea. Before he was eighteen he had saved sufficient money to buy an interest in a schooner, of which he was made master. His troubles began early. While ashore on the Isle of May, his mate and crew ran away with the vessel, twenty-five hundred Spanish dollars, and a cargo of Teneriffe wine. Levy, stranded among strangers, was seized by a British press-gang; but having succeeded in getting his case before Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, he was released, and worked his way back to the United States, where he obtained means, went out to the West Indies, pursued the pirates who had stolen his ship, captured them, and took the ringleaders to Boston, Massachusetts, where they were most properly hanged.

This was in 1812. The war with Great Britain on account of press-gang outrages had begun, and Levy, now twenty years of age, received an appointment as sailing-master in the United States navy, a position not in the line of promotion. He was ordered to the famous brig *Argus*, which carried Mr. Crawford, the American envoy, to France. Mr. Crawford formed an attachment for Levy and furnished him with many letters to distinguished people, among them the Marquis de Lafayette. After landing the envoy, the *Argus* went on a cruise, destroying shipping to the value of five millions. Levy was placed in charge of a valuable prize, which was captured by a British frigate. He rejoined his shipmates in a prison, the *Argus* having been taken the day after he left her.

When peace came, Levy, in common with other officers, desired that his services should be recognized by promotion, under the rule that "masters of extraordinary merit and for extraordinary services may be promoted to lieutenants." His sponsors were Commodores David Porter, Stephen Decatur, John Rodgers, and Charles Stewart. To this a formidable opposition developed among the line officers, who claimed that Levy's advancement would be a wrong to older midshipmen, whose promotion it would retard. It is doubtful if ever an officer suffered so terribly from the effects of a gratified ambition. With his commission as a lieutenant he began a life of strife wherein undeserved punishment followed unmerited disgrace in almost ceaseless succession.

In 1816 the new lieutenant found himself on board the *Franklin*, 74 guns, Commodore Stewart, the same who commanded

the *Constitution* when she captured the British ships *Cyane* and *Levant*. Levy was soon made to feel that the toleration which had been shown the sailing-master, not in the line of promotion, and in time of war, had suddenly changed to a feeling of hostility toward the lieutenant in time of peace. Ostracism, a favorite weapon with religious enthusiasts, was first tried for the purpose of forcing the Jew to resign. The old frigates and line-of-battle ships carried from four to eight hundred men, but Lieutenant Levy found himself always alone. Life aboard ship is at best a sort of voluntary imprisonment. Levy was always *incomunicado*.

The following extract from the testimony of Commodore Jones, given in one of Levy's many courts martial, will give an idea of the extent of the persecutions to which this officer was subjected:

On the arrival of the *Franklin*, 74 guns, at Syracuse in 1818, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Charles Stewart, to relieve Commodore Chauncey, then in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, it was understood that Lieutenant Levy, a supernumerary on board of the *Franklin*, was to be ordered to the frigate *United States*, then short of her complement of lieutenants. Whereupon the ward-room mess, without consulting me, determined to remonstrate against Levy's coming aboard. I was called on by a member of the mess to communicate their wishes to Captain Crane and ask his interference. Astonished at such a proposition, I inquired as to the cause, when I was answered that he was a Jew and not an agreeable person, and they did not want to be brought in contact with him in our then very pleasant and harmonious mess of some eight or nine persons, and, moreover, that he was an interloper, having entered the navy as master, to the prejudice of the older midshipmen, etc., etc. Such was the reply in substance to my inquiry. I then asked the relator if he or any member of our mess knew anything of his own knowledge derogatory to Lieutenant Levy, as an officer or as a gentleman. The answer was no, but they had heard thus and so, and so forth, and so forth. I endeavored to point out the difficulties that might result from a procedure so much at variance with military subordination and the justice due to a brother officer against whom they had nothing but vague and ill-defined rumors. But my counsel did not prevail; the remonstrance was made directly to Captain Crane, and by Captain Crane to Commodore Stewart. Levy soon after reported on board the frigate *United States* for duty. When Lieutenant Levy came on board he asked for a private interview with me, wishing my advice as to the proper course he ought to pursue under such embarrassing circumstances. I gave it freely and simply: to this effect, viz.: "Do your duty as an officer and a gentleman, be civil to all, however reserved you may choose to be to any, and the first man who observes a different course toward you, call him to a strict and prompt account."

Our messmates were gentlemen, and having perceived their error before Lieutenant Levy got on board, had, in accordance with my previous advice, determined to receive Lieutenant Levy as a gentleman and a brother officer, and to respect and treat him as such, till by his conduct he should prove himself unworthy. I continued a few months longer on board the frigate *United States* as her first lieutenant, during the whole of which time Lieutenant Levy's conduct and deportment was altogether unexceptionable, and I know that, perhaps with a single exception, those who opposed his joining our mess not only relented, but deeply regretted the false step they had incautiously taken.

So great was the prejudice against Levy that even the captain of the frigate protested against receiving him, and it required this second order from the commodore before he would do so:

UNITED STATES SHIP "FRANKLIN,"
SYRACUSE, February 4, 1818.

To William M. Crane,
Commanding the Frigate "United States."

SIR: Lieutenant Uriah P. Levy will report to you for duty on board the frigate *United States*, under your command.

It is not without regret that a second order is found necessary to change the position of one officer in this squadron.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
CHARLES STEWART.

Commodore Lavalette testified that "when he joined a frigate in the Mediterranean to which Levy was attached the only officer on board who would speak to the latter was the doctor of the ship." On Lavalette's cross-examination the following question was asked him:

Q. What were the facts that made the favorable impression testified to by you?

A. It was an affair in which he [Levy] received six or seven shots in mortal combat without returning the fire, remonstrating at every fire with his antagonist.

Lavalette had also entered the navy as a sailing-master, but he testified that he had met with none of the persecution and ostracism which followed Levy wherever he went.

As a lieutenant Mr. Levy spent nearly the whole of his time either under arrest or under suspension. It is difficult for a man with four hundred pairs of eyes concentrated upon him to avoid displeasing somebody. Frequently his enemies were successful in

having him sentenced to dismissal. They always had him in Coventry, but they never broke his dauntless spirit or impaired his patriotism.

In 1827, while serving on the *Cyane* in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Lieutenant Levy was the recipient of a compliment from the Emperor of Brazil. It seems that an American seaman, enjoying his liberty, was seized by a press-gang. The poor fellow, seeing Midshipman Moores, called for help. Moores attempted a rescue, when a Brazilian admiral rudely pushed him back, whereupon the American middy promptly knocked the admiral down. Another officer slashed at Moores with his saber, but Lieutenant Levy received the blow, while a soldier thrust a bayonet into Moores's side. The midshipman always said that in warding off the saber-cut Levy had saved his life.

The emperor, on a visit to the navy-yard, seeing Levy with his arm in a sling, complimented him on the manner in which he had gone to the rescue of his shipmates, "a midshipman and a common man." The emperor expressed the desire to have such zealous officers in his own service, and offered Levy the command of a new sixty-gun frigate. Levy thanked his Majesty, but declined the offer, saying that he "loved his own service so well that he would rather serve in it as a cabin-boy than as a captain in any other service in the world."

Another incident of an exciting nature illustrative of Levy's patriotism occurred in Paris on the Fourth of July, 1833, shortly after the Nullification movement. The lieutenant had been sent to France as a bearer of despatches, and was present at a dinner given on the national holiday. Mr. Ewing, the American minister, presided, and General Lafayette was the guest of honor. To the amazement of Levy, the toast "Andrew Jackson, President of the United States," was received with hisses and groans by some of the guests, whereupon Lieutenant Levy struck one of them in the face with his glove and challenged two others to duels; the offenders, however, preferred to apologize.

Lieutenant Maffitt testifies that in 1839, while the sloop of war *Vandalia* was entering the harbor of Sacrificios, she collided with and carried away the flying-jib boom and foreroyalmast of a French sloop of war. Commander Levy at once sent his first lieutenant on board to apologize. The French commander received the apology discourteously, using most disrespectful language concerning Commander Levy, who, when it was reported to him, got into a boat, accompanied by two midshipmen who spoke French fluently, and rowing over to the French man-of-war, demanded and received, on her quarter-deck, an apology, both official and personal.

These incidents are cited because one of the charges brought against Levy by his persecutors was that of cowardice.

Six courts martial, one court of inquiry, a star-chamber known as the "Shubrick board," and the board which replaced his name upon the "Naval Register," form a part of the extraordinary official record of Post-Captain Levy. We stand aghast as we contemplate the triviality of the charges of which dignified courts took cognizance.

The first court martial was brought about by a marine officer denying that Lieutenant Levy had the right to order a ward-room boy to clear off the table. Levy maintained that he did have the right, whereupon the marine officer grossly insulted him. The court inflicted the same punishment upon Levy that it administered to his assailant.

The second court tried Levy "for disobedience of orders, contempt of his superior officers, and unofficer-like conduct in that he had struck a petty officer." Doubtless the men before the mast, seeing how contemptuously Lieutenant Levy was treated by his brother-officers, attempted to imitate them, and Levy, provoked beyond endurance, lost his temper. A lieutenant who ranked Mr. Levy attempted to reprimand him in the presence of the crew, when Levy very properly protested that he was "not to be called to account in that manner." The court found Lieutenant Levy guilty, and pronounced this remarkable sentence, namely: "That he was to be dismissed, *not from the navy*, but from the frigate *United States*, and not to be allowed again to serve on board of her, and to be publicly reprimanded by the commander-in-chief." It is needless to add that, the commander-in-chief being the gallant Stewart, the sentence was disapproved.

The third court was on the charge that "the said Levy was addicted to the vice of lying." It appears from the record that Levy asked for a boat to go ashore in, and a ward-room boy reported that his boat was ready. Levy got into it, but was ordered out. He asserted that the boy had said the boat was for him. The boy, when brought before the deck-officer, became frightened and denied that he had ever told Mr. Levy anything. The sentence was: "That he, the said Levy, be cashiered out of the naval service of the

United States, and that this sentence be carried into full and complete effect as soon as may be after the same be approved by the President of the United States." President Monroe not being a "Jew-baiter," the sentence was disapproved.

The fourth court tried Lieutenant Levy for, first, scandalous conduct; second, using provoking and reproachful words, gestures, and menaces; third, ungentlemanly conduct; fourth, forgery and falsification. The court found him guilty on the first and second, but acquitted him on the other charges, and taking into consideration the *great provocation* given by the prosecutor, they only sentenced Levy to be publicly reprimanded.

Next came a court of inquiry. Lieutenant Levy being in command of a gunboat, the *Revenge*, engaged in the pursuit of Lafitte, the Barataria pirate, found himself suddenly attacked by a Spanish sloop of war, the *Voluntario*. The United States not being at war with Spain, and Lieutenant Levy appreciating the hopelessness of contending with his big adversary, he lowered a boat and sent an officer with his commission on board the Spaniard, as evidence to the lawfulness of his presence in West Indian waters. The Spaniard apologized verbally and permitted the *Revenge* to continue on her cruise. For this Levy was charged with cowardice. The President, in dismissing the matter, informed Lieutenant Levy through the Secretary of the Navy that "his forbearance on that occasion was greater than his duty required, and that he would have been justified in resenting the attack."

To the credit of the court be it said, they found that throughout the affair the conduct of Lieutenant Levy "was cool and collected, and in no respect manifested a want of personal courage." Shortly after this the *Revenge*, while in charge of a pilot, ran aground and was wrecked, Levy's enemies of course insisting that he should never have trusted the pilot; but, strange to say, he was exonerated from all blame.

We now come to the fifth court martial. The charges were: "That he offered to waive rank and fight a duel, and that in the presence of the officers and crew of the United States sloop of war *Cyane* he invited Lieutenant Ellery to fight a duel."

The court found "Levy guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, *but not of a gentleman*," and sentenced him to be reprimanded. "But the court," says the record, "felt it necessary to state that the sentence had been rendered thus mild in consequence of the extent of the provocation to be found in the highly improper conduct of Lieutenants Spencer and Ellery, which the court could not consent to pass over without the marked expression of its disapprobation."

The sixth court martial was held in 1842; and the charge was: "Scandalous and cruel conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." This was an omnibus charge covering three entirely separate acts not analogous and said to have been perpetrated at different times. The prosecutor was an officer against whom Levy, when in command of the *Vandalia*, had preferred charges of insubordination. Three years after the occurrence of the alleged unlawful acts, this officer, Lieutenant Hooe, resurrected them and had his former captain tried. One of these imaginary crimes was that Commander Levy had allowed a man to pull his nose without resenting the insult. It was proved that his nose was not touched, that his assailant was accompanied by a gang of toughs, and that Levy, after warding off a blow, had continued on his way without further molestation. Another charge was that he had attested to the correctness of an official document, knowing the same to be false. In making his charges against Lieutenant Hooe he was required by the regulations to make them in duplicate and send both copies to the commander-in-chief, who forwarded one copy to the accused. It appears that two words were omitted from one copy, and the commander-in-chief unfortunately sent the incomplete one to Lieutenant Hooe. The third charge was cruelty. This seems extraordinary when we remember that the freedom of the city of New York was presented to Captain Levy in recognition of his services in having whipping abolished in the navy. The circumstances of the offense were these: Mr. Woodbury, when Secretary of the Navy, had issued the following order: "Flogging is recommended to be discontinued when practicable by courts as well as officers, and some badge of disgrace, fine, etc., substituted, when discretion exists." Levy took the secretary at his word, and when Midshipman (afterward Admiral) Ammen complained of one of the boys mimicking him, Commander Levy, instead of inflicting a dozen with the cat-o'-nine-tails, had the youth seized to a gun and a lump of tar about the size of a dollar stuck to the small of his back, to which were attached a few feathers, saying that "as the boy was so fond of mocking people he would make a parrot of him." The punishment

lasted five minutes, when the boy, with a little grease, removed his "badge of disgrace," laughing heartily and congratulating himself that he had escaped the cruel cats. The court, as usual, found Commander Levy guilty, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. President Tyler mitigated the sentence to suspension without pay for the period of twelve months.

In 1844 Commander Levy was promoted to a post-captaincy. Years passed, and his applications for a command were pigeonholed. When war with Mexico was declared he made piteous appeals to be allowed to serve his country. At last a famine occurring in Ireland and the government determining to send a ship-load of provisions to the sufferers, Captain Levy applied for the command of the vessel, offering to devote his pay to the charity. This request was also ignored. He busied himself in rehabilitating "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, which he had bought in 1828—a patriotic work which has been continued by his nephew, the Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, the present owner.

In 1855 the Shubrick board or commission of fifteen came into existence. Its meetings were held in secret. It listened to no defense, and dismissed whom it chose. It chose, among others, Levy.

In September, 1855, without premonition, the commodore received the following letter from the Secretary of the Navy:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, September 13, 1855.

SIR: The board of naval officers assembled under the act to promote the efficiency of the navy, approved February 28, 1855, having reported you as one of the officers who should in their judgment be stricken from the rolls of the navy, and the finding of the board having been approved by the President, it becomes my duty to inform you that accordingly your name is stricken from the rolls of the navy.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. C. DOBBIN.

To Mr. Uriah P. Levy,
Late Captain United States Navy,
New York.

Yet despite all the great influence brought to bear against this Jew, the United States government ordered still another board, which restored him to his rank and emoluments. In 1858 he was aboard the *Macedonian* during a cruise in the Mediterranean as flag-officer of the squadron. He died in New York city, March 22, 1862, and was buried with full naval honors.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Fascination of the Sea.

"THE sea was meant to be looked at from the shore, as mountains are from the plain," writes Lowell. "Lucretius made this discovery long ago, and was blunt enough to blurt it forth, romance and sentiment—in other words, the pretense of feeling what we do not feel—being inventions of a later day. . . . I rather think Petrarch was the first choragus of that sentimental dance which so long led young folks away from the realities of life, like the piper of Hamelin, and whose succession ended, let us hope, with Chateaubriand. But for them, Byron, whose real strength lay in his sincerity, would never have talked about the 'sea bounding beneath him like a steed that knows his rider,' and all that sort of thing."

Lowell is usually so broad in his sympathies that one can pardon this surprising lack of faith in one who was essentially a landsman, and a landsman of the cultivated places of the earth, a lover of man and the park and the orchard rather than of the earth in its wilder aspects. Certainly no true sea-lover would for a moment think of impeaching the sincerity of Byron's "sea bounding beneath him like a steed." It is real to him, this sentient life of the sea. It is a part of its fascination that it seems capable of human moods—of kindness, anger, joyousness, treachery. To be alive to these moods, alert to meet them, undaunted by failure, that is your true seaman.

The insistence of steam, and the Hydrographic Office, which must needs dot upon your chart every rock and current, have taken much of the mystery from us, and left a world that only the poets can any longer call a trackless waste, and they only half-heartedly. The real fascination of the sea Ulysses knew, and Drake, and Cook, and all the crew of long-dead voyagers who sailed boldly forth when every horizon dipped in mystery, and every day came fraught with new and unknown perils. If only once again we could sail by the Flitting Isles, and see the *Flying Dutchman* cross our wake, and hear the voices of strange creatures hailing in the dusk, how gladly would some of us

throw aside the habits of these all too civilized towns and take ship at once!

Yet where uncertain dangers momentarily lie in wait there is always a charm for some spirits, and though in fog and derelict, in lee shore and storm, we have the only dangerous monsters of the deep, they are still potent to move men's hearts for the struggle with nature, which everywhere is so alluring. Some of us who have known the sea in these sterner aspects, or in whose veins the blood of long lines of sailor ancestors runs, still feel its influence like a maelstrom. These are the true sea-lovers, who have in their love something of the awe that the elder race knew, knowing in one way or another the sharp teeth of adventure. For such the long sea voyage, under canvas, with no tremor of the spinning screw to make them mindful of the stress of modern life, is good, if for no more than to free them from the fever of haste and unrest that racks them ashore. No morning papers, no news of any sort flashing over wires, no obligations beyond the simple ones that nature exacts—how soon one grows indifferent to all the worries and policies of men and nations, finding his joy in feeling his ship respond to his touch upon the helm, in watching the unfolding of the morning, in beholding the gray, grim aspect of the storm! To him there is no monotony in the sea, where every angle of every wave or of every windless swell discloses a different hue, and every hour of the day has its own pageant of color. Then the nights—what two nights were ever the same? It is as if the hand of God had set him down in the great tube of his kaleidoscope, to be an inappreciable part of his eternally moving spectacle.

But, after all, it is of man's relations to the sea that people in general delight to hear; it is as if nature in her rigid bareness moved them to awe rather than to interest, but at the sight of a human face the heart in them leaps up. Into the moving picture of the sea, where every peril is fascinating as a background for heroism and unselfishness, man has brought daring, courage, and loyalty to trust. Something of the broadness of the sea, its openness to nature, creeps into the composition of those who habitually associate with it; in some subtile way they seem to reflect its heartiness without a touch of its treachery, if we can call that treachery which arises mainly from our blind interpretation of its moods. So the sailor is even more interesting than the element he sails upon. He is nature's creature, and as truly the typical representative of the sea as the woodland creatures are of their forest wilds. How its vastness and its dangers affect him in his struggle against it, that is what we are eager to learn.

In the present number of this magazine have been brought together the experiences of men who, having obtained their knowledge of the sea in actual contest with it, have won fame by the art with which they have told their various stories. How typically they represent the many phases of life on the ocean may be seen by glancing at their names and recalling their various experiences. Sailors all, one has been a whaler also, another a pearl-diver, another a naval officer hunting pirates in the East, another a Confederate privateersman, and another an old shipmaster, who, having for years commanded fine ships, undertakes (and succeeds in) a single-handed voyage around the world, carrying with him into every desolate place and danger a quaint humor and a knowledge of life that make his story as vital in its way as "Robinson Crusoe" and the Odysseys of those early navigators of new-found worlds and seas.

Which was Right—Dr. Johnson or Milton?

THINGS have changed in the world of education and of culture since Dr. Johnson paused in his chronicle of the events of Milton's life to take the poet to task for his malpractice as a teacher; because, forsooth, while it appeared that Milton had drilled his pupils in Greek and Latin to an extraordinary extent, still it seemed to be the reprehensible purpose of Milton "to teach something more solid than the common literature of Schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the Georgick, and astronomical treatises of the ancients. This," says the doctor, "was a scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age."

This is the way the question was settled, ostensibly for all time, in the then court of highest jurisdiction:

> The truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostaticks or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.
>
> Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.
>
> Let me not be censured for this digression as pedantick or paradoxical; for if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and avoid evil.

This sounds as old-fashioned as other dicta of the great doctor—in this very essay, indeed, on the immeasurable poet whom he seemed to find it so easy to limit and define. "Old-fashioned," and

yet many of our ablest men are of about the same opinion at this very hour. Did we not hear the learned Professor Wahrheit stand up the other day in the very face of nature, and thank the Powers because he could not name—let us say—the features of that face, though he loved them well? But Johnson's view *is* old-fashioned, nevertheless, and it is a matter for abundant rejoicing. The truth lies, not between Johnson and Milton, for Milton, the humanist, surely represented no extreme devotion to science; but the right pedagogical practice does seem to lie in a wise compromise between an extreme accent upon the knowledge of literature and history and art, and the knowledge of the physical world in which we live.

Indeed, it is becoming harder and harder for the man of culture to omit the knowledge of the physical at a time when its laws are assisting so palpably in the understanding of the psychological and the spiritual. We seem to hear of the Darwinian doctrine in every direction, though, according to Professor Baldwin, "even yet the principle of Darwin is but a spreading ferment in many spheres of human thought, in which it is destined to bring the same revolution it has worked in the sciences of organic life." In another place the same writer says that, in his opinion, the evidence in favor of the evolution theory is about the same, and about as strong, in the science of the mind as in biology.

Perhaps the compromise in educational methods is not yet thoroughly worked out. With the promised improvement in the secondary schools, accompanied by new collegiate standards, the time may come when at least the fundamentals of physical knowledge will be unescapable during the progress of what is intended to be a liberal education. A man with a college diploma, for instance, ought to know why it is summer in the southern hemisphere when it is winter in the northern; for while it is well enough to look upon a college education as giving one merely the tools with which to obtain knowledge and culture, still it would seem as if a few more fundamental facts might be advantageously thrown in, if only as "starters."

When one computes the pleasures and utilities which have come to mankind through the growing passion for that observation of nature which Johnson decries, one is glad that there was an appeal possible, after all, from what appeared at the time an immutable decree. We can see now that paying attention to nature has not lessened interest in life, as depicted in history and in fiction, and as presented in living social problems. If the Johnsonians should argue that Johnson was right, in a large way, because in our day science has eclipsed poetry to a great extent, it might be answered that there may be other things that obscure poetry, namely, the new opportunities which increase the attention given to practical matters, the strain of competition, the love of gain, and the like. It might be answered, too, that the age of Tennyson is more poetic than the age of Johnson, and that if science in any sense deadens poetry, it also has a tendency to quicken it, by opening up new worlds to the imagination.

"They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars." "They" still seem to think this, and without shame, and great good to the world is resulting from that thought, besides untold delight. The cause, as it may be called, of natural observation is maintained in our day not merely in institutions of learning, but by writers who are teachers of the whole reading world—writers like Burroughs, Muir, Maurice Thompson, and Seton Thompson. They bring to the observation of nature not only delicacy of perception and fine feeling, but imagination and a love of beauty. Constantly the number increases of the writers about nature, and constantly their audience increases.

The influence of these writers, and the taste for such studies, will react not only upon the schools and colleges, but upon the community at large, to the increase of the wholesome zest of daily life, and to the purifying and enlarging of the human mind.

OPEN LETTERS

How It Strikes an American Abroad.

SALONICA, EUROPEAN TURKEY,
June 20, 1899.

ON returning from a long tour in the interior I found your magnificent May number, truly "the climax of the war series." I wish, sirs, to express to you my heartfelt thanks as for a personal favor. Had that number been the only one issued within the year it would have been well worth the annual subscription price. How or where else could an American citizen in my circumstances, without wealth, and at such a distance from the home land, obtain such a vivid and authoritative account of the great event described as is furnished me by the resources, enterprise, and painstaking of THE CENTURY? At this distance one appreciates the marvel—for it *is* a marvel, however it may be obscured to those in the whirl of American life.

As one's blood leaps with the thrilling narrative, as he sees the magnanimity with which the

writers praise one another's deeds, as he admires their humane and Christian bearing toward the bleeding and fallen foe, he feels glad and proud to be an American. He feels that in a sense these men are the very flower of that noble Saxon stock from which he counts it an honor also to have sprung, humble though his place in life may be. The heroes of Santiago little thought that day, as they refrained from cheering in presence of a dying foe, or risked their lives to save the wounded, or received the defeated as honored guests aboard their ships, that they were preaching Christianity in distant Turkey. But they were. Many a young man of the people among whom we work has received an impulse to a better life by contemplating this high type of character, produced by the training and environment predominant in our country.

But alas for the other side of the picture! Scarcely had our blood resumed its normal flow after reading "The Story of the Captains," when the American papers arrived with the sickening accounts of the negro massacres in Georgia. It is hard to admit that the wretched creatures who perpetrated the vile deed at Newnan belong to the same race as the victors at Santiago. Would that they could realize the intolerable shame which they have brought upon every loyal American even to the ends of the earth. The English papers have kindly kept rather quiet about the affair, possibly not caring to expose the disgrace of their ally to the sneers of Europe. But had any community in any British colony permitted itself such an orgy of revolting cruelty, there would have been an outburst of wrath in England such as the offenders would have had reason long to remember. It is a bitter thought to an American that in no English-speaking community on the globe, outside his own country, would such a thing have been possible. We who reside where we are thrown in daily contact with Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and other Europeans, have the humiliation of it brought home to us more forcibly than the provincial home-stayer. May we be spared a repetition of the infamy!

Santiago and Newnan—the heights attainable by and the depths possible to the Anglo-Saxon! Each conveys an impressive lesson.

Edward B. Haskell,
Missionary of the American Board.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Caustic Charlotte.

NOW Charlotte was a handy maid,
Of bats and millers not afraid;
At cakes and pies a master hand,
Of bread and rolls she had command.
Job-carpentering she could do,
Could cut a frock and fit it too;
Kindle a fire in stove or grate,
Paper a wall, or hang a gate;
And many games of cards could play—
Casino, whist, and écarté.
Yet, spite of skill and common sense
And notable intelligence,
One truly fatal fault had she—
A penchant mad for repartee.
Whate'er was said, whate'er occurred,
She always had the final word.

In vain her nieces would reprove:
"Your age such wit does not behoove.
A nimble tongue betokens strife,
And single you will end your life."

Who knocks upon the outer door?
The great lieutenant-governor!
His hat is high—his collar, too;
'T is certain he has come to woo.

Down-stairs in rustling silk and lace,
With beaming smile upon her face,
Her finest cap, with ribbons blue,
Perched at an angle firm and true,
See Charlotte come with frizzled hair,
And to the parlor straight repair.

There pleasing converse long they hold.
As she grows gay he waxes bold.
He tastes her cake; her shrub he sips—
The declaration 's on his lips;
And smoothing with delight his vest,
And chuckling, he essays a jest.

Now, mark the moral of my tale;
For at this point did Charlotte fail.
Where she to blushes should resort,
Sprang to her lips the quick retort.
No sooner sped than with regret
She sees, alas! her sun is set.

"Madam," quoth he, "or Miss—I own
I like to make my jokes alone.
I rule myself, and must confess
Want no lieutenant-governess;
Nor shall you e'er, with *my* consent,
Write 'Mrs.' on your monument."

Outside the door he disappears.
The baffled maid bursts into tears.
"Ah," cried her nieces, "*now* you see
The punishment of repartee!"

G. W. Anthony.

Mr. Possum Explains.

WITH PICTURES BY J. M. CONDÉ.

"'SHE TIED HIS TIE FOR HIM.'"

THERE was once a Possum who, with a Coon and an old black Crow, had established bachelor quarters in a big hollow tree. At times they would invite in others of the forest people,—Jack Rabbit, Mr. Squirrel, and Cock Robin, for instance,—and then, when they were all together, it seemed a good deal like a big family.

It made the three old bachelors sigh sometimes when they looked at this merry crowd, and remembered how lonely it would be after all were gone; and once Mr. Possum remarked that he always did like a big family, anyway. This in turn made Jack Rabbit laugh, and pretty soon he said he should think Mr. Possum was just the kind of a man for a big family, being fond of good things to eat, and not very fond of getting them himself, and mostly fat and sleepy-like. He said that if there was just a nice, spry Mrs. Possum, now, to keep house and look after things, he should think it would be ever so much better than living alone in that uncertain way in bachelor quarters, or rather thirds, with Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow.

Well, Mr. Possum thought a minute, and said there was such a thing as folks being too nice and too spry, and that it was because he had always been afraid of getting that kind that he had been pretty well satisfied to live in the hollow tree just as he was. He said that whenever he thought about his poor Uncle Gray Puffington he did n't seem to care much about trying anything he was n't used to. Then they all wanted him to tell about Uncle Puffington and what happened to him. So Mr. Possum did tell, and it went this way.

"Once upon a time," he said, "Uncle Puffington —we always called him Uncle Gray then, and he was uncle on my mother's side and lived with Aunt Melissy Puffington on a nice place just beyond the wide Papaw Hollows—once upon a time, as I was saying, Uncle Gray had to go to town on some business, and that was something that had never happened to Uncle Gray Puffington before.

"Well, Aunt Melissy was always a spry woman, as I said, and stirring—very stirring and primpy, too. But she never was as stirring nor as spry nor as primpy as she was the day Uncle Puffington started for town. She dressed him all up neat and proper in his very best things, and tied his tie for him, and while she was tying it she said:

"'Now, Gray Puffington,' she said, 'when you get to town, you buy a few little articles right away and put them on. You don't want people to see that you come from the country, you know,

"'TOOK UNCLE PUFFINGTON FIRST TO THE STORES.'"

and you don't want Cousin Glenwood to be ashamed of you before folks. Cousin Glen will know just what things you need and where to get them.'

"Then she told him not to get run over by anything, or blow out the gas, or to let anybody see that he was n't used to things, because, you see, Aunt Melissy was a Glenwood herself, and proud. Then Uncle Gray promised all those things, and that he would use his napkin, and not eat pie out of his hand, or drink out of his finger-bowl, and he made a lot more promises that Aunt Melissy called for at the last minute. So you see by the time he got on the train he had a good deal to think about, and he kept on thinking until when he reached the city he'd made up his mind he 'd try for once to do everything she had told him to, and give her a pleasant surprise with the way he had fixed up and improved in his manners when he got back. Uncle Puffington was good-natured, and always anxious to please folks, 'specially Aunt Melissy.

"Well, Cousin Glenwood met him at the station, and about the first thing Uncle Gray said was to ask him where he got his clothes, and to tell him

"'COUSIN GLENWOOD MET HIM AT THE STATION.'"

that Aunt Melissy had told him to fix up so 's folks would n't think he came from the country, which of course she had. That just suited Cousin Glenwood, for he liked to spend money and show off what he knew about the city; so he took Uncle Puffington 'most everywhere and told him to buy 'most everything he saw. And of course Uncle Gray did it, because he wanted to surprise Aunt Melissy when he got back, and make her feel happy for once in her life.

"Cousin Glen took Uncle Puffington first to the stores and then to a good many other places, and every place where there was a mirror Uncle Puffington would stand before it and admire himself, and wonder what Aunt Melissy would say when he got home. He kept buying new things every day, because every day he 'd see somebody with something on, or carrying or leading something and when he remembered what Aunt Melissy had said, he made up his mind he 'd have all the things necessary to please her, and he got them just as far as he could. Even Cousin Glenwood had to begin buying things pretty soon to keep up, and before long people used to stop on the street to look at them when they went by. Uncle Gray did n't want to go home, either, when the time came, but of course he had to, and he put on all his new clothes for the trip, and took a young man he 'd hired to wait on him, and started.

"He did n't tell Aunt Melissy what time he 'd be there, so it was a surprise sure enough. He walked right into the yard without a word, and behind him was the young man he 'd hired, carrying his things. Aunt Melissy was getting dinner, and had just come to the door to see what time it was by the sun, when, all of a sudden, she looked up, and there he was! He had his hat in one hand and a cane in the other, and behind him were all his boxes and bundles and the young man. Uncle Puffington wore an eye-glass, too, and smoked a paper thing he said was a cigarette. My little cousins who were there told me afterward that

"'PEOPLE USED TO STOP ON THE STREET.'"

their paw had never looked so fine in his life, before or since. They did n't know him at all, and neither did Aunt Melissy. She thought he was somebody with something to sell at first, and when he said, 'Ah, there, Melissah!' she threw up her hands, and was just about to call for help, when she saw it was Uncle Gray Puffington.

"Poor Uncle Gray! He meant to surprise her, and he did it sure enough. He meant to please her, though, and he did n't do that to any extent. That 's just the trouble with women folks; you never know when you 're going to please them. My little cousins said they never saw their maw so mad before or since. She made Uncle Gray take off all his nice clothes, and she made the young man take his off, too, and put on the oldest things she could find in the house. Then she picked up a bag of shinny-sticks that Uncle Gray had brought home, and she says to him and the young man: 'Now, you get out into the garden,' she says, 'both of you, and try to earn back some of the money you 've been spendin'.'

"And Uncle Puffington did n't feel very much like it, but he went, and so did the young man. So did Aunt Melissy, and she used up most of the shinny-sticks on Uncle Gray and the young man

"'SHE LOOKED UP, AND THERE HE WAS!'"

before fall, and Uncle Gray never saw any of his nice clothes again, though they had the best garden they ever did have, so my little cousins said.

"And that," said Mr. Possum, leaning back in his chair to smoke, "that 's why I 've always been afraid to try family life. It 's easier to please one than two, especially when the other one is a spry, stirring person like Aunt Melissy Puffington."

"What became of all the good clothes?" asked Jack Rabbit, who was always stylish.

"Why, I 've heard," said Mr. Possum, "that Aunt Melissy traded them off to a peddler for patent medicine to give Uncle Puffington for a weak mind, and I think he needed it some myself, for trying to please her in the first place."

Mr. Rabbit nodded.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," he said.

Mr. Coon yawned and rubbed his eyes. The others were fast asleep.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

"'THE BEST GARDEN THEY EVER DID HAVE.'"

The Literary Rush.

"TAKE our literature—current literature," said Theophilus. "It is all going the same way. We began with the annual. We had 'Poor Richard's Almanac.' Then we had the quarterly. A monthly was reasonable enough in course of time; so we had monthlies. Then the semi-monthly came to ease our literary nerves; and now the weekly magazine stumbles, rapt and wistful, on the heels of men of genius. It makes contracts for prophecy. Unborn poems are sold in the open market. The latest thoughts that thinkers have, the trend of the thoughts they are going to have —the public makes demand for these. It gets them. Then it cries, 'More! More!' Where is the writer who does not think with the printing-press hot upon his track, and the sound of the pulp-mill making paper for his poems, and the buzz of editors, instead of the music of the spheres? Think of the destruction to American forests, the bare and glaring hills that face us day and night, all for a literature like this—thousands of square miles of it, spread before our faces, morning after morning, week after week, through all this broad and glorious land! Seventy million souls—brothers of yours and mine—walking through prairies of pictures Sunday after Sunday, flickered at by head-lines, deceived by adjectives, each with his long day's work, column after column, sentence after sentence, plodding—plodding—plodding down to—"

There was a dangerous rough breathing here, and I interrupted. I could only gasp, "Theophilus!"

"My geography may be wrong; the general direction is right. You know it, John."

"But don't you believe in newspapers?"

"Why, yes—in the abstract; that is, *news*-papers. But we do not have any news nowadays. It is not news to know a thing before it 's happened; nor is it news to know what might happen, or why it might happen, or why it might not happen. To be told that it does n't make any difference whether it happens at all, would be news, perhaps, to many people—such news as there is; but it 's hardly worth while to pay one, two, three cents to be sure of that. An intelligent man can be sure of it for nothing. He has been sure of it every morning for years. It 's the gist of all the newspapers he ever read. From the point of view of what can be called truly vital information, in any larger sense, the only news a daily paper has is the date at the top of the page. If a man once makes sure of that,—if he feels from the bottom of his heart what really good news it is that one more day is come in a world as beautiful as this,—the rest of it—"

"Oh, Theophilus!"

"Don't 'Theophilus' me now. The rest of it, if it 's true, is hardly worth knowing; and if it 's worth knowing, it can be found better in books; and if it 's not true—'Every man his own liar'; that is my motto. He might as well have the pleasure of it, and he knows how much to believe.

"The same headlong, garrulous, blindly busy habit is the law of all we do. Take our literary crit-

ical journals. If a critic cannot tell what he sees at once, he must tell what he fails to see at once. The point is not his seeing or not seeing, nor anybody's seeing or not seeing. The point is the imperative 'at once.' Literature is getting to be the filling of orders—time-limited orders. Criticism is out of a car-window. Book reviews are telegraphed across the sea.[1] The —— (a spectacle for Homer!) begins a magazine to 'review in three weeks every book of permanent value that is published'—one of the gravest and most significant blows at literature—one of the gravest and most significant signs of the condition of letters to-day—that could be conceived. Three weeks, man! As if a 'book of permanent value' had ever been even recognized, as yet, in three years, or reviewed in thirty years (in any proper sense), or mastered in three hundred years—with all the hurrying of this hurrying world! We have no book-reviewers. Why should we? Criticism begins where a man's soul leaves off. It comes from brilliantly defective minds,—so far as one can see,—from men of attractively imperfect sympathies. Nordau, working himself into a mighty wrath because mystery is left out of his soul, gathering adjectives about his loins, stalks this little fluttered modern world, puts his huge fumbling hippopotamus hoof upon the Blessed Damozel, goes crashing through the press. He is greeted with a shudder of delight. Even Matthew Arnold, a man who had a way of seeing things almost, sometimes, criticizes Emerson for a lack of unity, because the unity was on so large a scale that Arnold's imagination could not see it; and now the chirrup from afar, rising from the east and the west, 'Why does n't George Meredith?' etc. People want him to put guide-posts in his books, apparently, or before his sentences: 'To ——,' or 'TEN MILES TO THE NEAREST VERB'—the inevitable fate of any writer, man or woman, who dares to ask, in this present day, that his reader shall stop to think. If a man cannot read as he runs, he does not read a book at all. The result is, he ought to run. That is natural enough; and the faster he runs, in most books, the better."

At this point Theophilus reached out his long arm from his easy-chair to some papers that were lying near. I knew too well what it meant. He began to read. (He is always breaking over into manuscripts when he talks.)

"We are forgetting to see. Looking is a lost art. With our poor, wistful, straining eyes we hurry along the days that slowly, out of the rest of heaven, move their stillness across this little world. The more we hurry, the more we read. Night and noon and morning the panorama passes before our eyes. By tables, in cars, and on the street we see them—readers, readers everywhere, drinking their blindness in. Life is a blur of printed paper. We see no more the things themselves. We see about them. We lose the power to see the things themselves. We see in sentences. The linotype looks for us. We know the world in columns. The sounds of the street are muffled to us. In papers up to our ears, we whirl on trolleys up and down along our endless tracks. The faces near are phantoms. In our little woodcut headline dream we all go driving on, turning leaves,—days and weeks and months of leaves,—wherever we go—years of leaves. Boys who never have seen the sky above them, young men who never have seen it in a face, old men who never have looked out at sea across a crowd, nor guessed the horizons there—dead men, the flicker of life in their hands, not yet beneath the roofs of graves—all turning leaves."

[1] Tennyson Memoirs.

Theophilus stopped. I said nothing. It is the better way, I think, with Theophilus. I began to feel he was through, when his eyes fell on a copy of the ——, lying on the floor. It was open at an unlucky page.

"Look at that!" said he. He handed the paper to me, pointing with his finger, rather excitedly, I thought. I looked at it—read it through. Then I put it down—did n't say anything. Then he began.

"Do you not know what it means, when you, a civilized, cultivated, converted human being, can stand face to face with a list—a list like that—a list headed 'BOOKS OF THE WEEK'—when, unblinking and shameless, and without a cry of protest, you actually read it through, without seeing, or seeming to see, for a single moment that right there—right there in that list—the fact that there is such a list—your civilization is on trial for its life—that any society or nation or century that is shallow enough to publish as many books as that has yet to face the most awful, the most unprecedented, the most headlong-coming crisis in the history of the human race?"

I said nothing—that is, nothing much. I thought he might say "our" civilization instead of throwing it all on me. He never does. He always says "your civilization." I do not know why. I suppose it 's because I try to make a shift at being comfortable in it. It is the only one a man has.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

Maxims.

NEVER cast your pearls before people who like turquoises better.

The cynic seeks nature, not as what he loves, but as a refuge from what he hates.

The old fable of Cupid with a bow and arrow is a misconception. He should carry a sower's seed-bag. Love is a germ, not a wound.

There would be nothing more delightful than solitude, if the rest of the world could be there to see how you enjoy it.

The image of the divine is permanent within us, in the midst of all our changing experiences, like the image of the sky in a running brook.

The triumph of virtue is not in resisting temptation, but in not having temptation.

We are many of us crucified in this life; and alas that it should be so! we are crucified, not as saviors, but as thieves.

Trying to overcome the prejudice of an ignorant person is like trying to turn a shallow stream into

a new channel—by the time you have changed the current, the water is wasted.

Democracy is a house of one story, so that everybody can live on the first floor.

Man's search for happiness consists in using the water that should quench his thirst to blow bubbles with.

Alice G. Wilson.

The Misfit Artist.

A FABLE.

A CERTAIN young man had a father. And the father was an artist. And when the young man cast about to see what he could do to support himself in luxury, he decided to become a plumber.

Now, this was a natural craving of his nature, for from his childhood he had put off doing that which he had to do.

But his father, who was a successful artist, and therefore a hard worker, wished him to become a member of the same honorable guild, and he grieved that his son should lean toward plumbing.

And his father took him aside, and said: "My son, my father was a hard-working artist, and his father before him, and I wish no son of mine to pursue so butterfly a trade as that of a plumber. We have always earned our bread by the sweat of our brows, and although bread has ofttimes been scarce, yet there has been a plenitude of sweat. Why depart from the traditions of a long line by becoming a plumber?"

And the young man made answer: "Father, I have surreptitiously learned the trade of plumbing, and I find it to my liking. And its emoluments are great. I do not care for work, and the painting of pictures is hard work."

But the young man was dutiful, and he studied art. And he became a mediocre and unsuccessful artist.

For he painted like a plumber.

Moral: A good many plumbers have been lost to the world.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Boy's View.

MA is reading a magazine—
  Nothing but print. It 's a stupid kind—
Never a picture at all, I mean.
  Ma just reads to improve her mind.
Pa is deep in the paper, and
  Reads the Congress and 'lection stuff
I 'm unable to understand,
  Because, you see, I 'm not old enough.

They 've set me down with a poky book
  "Of information," says pa. And, oh,
It 's full of rocks, and the things that took
  Place some thousands of years ago.
Shucks! do you think this interests *me*,
  When out in the barn, in a secret place,
Is the splendidest, dandiest story—gee!
  Pawnee Thunder, the Great Paleface!
That 's the kind of a book to read—
  Where there 's fighting. Old Thunder he 's
'Fraid of nothing. He draws a bead
  And puts the bullet just where you please.
My, he runs and he rides like fun!
  Strong—why, he gives them all a lief
To throw him down, and they can't, not one!
  The Indians call him "Medicine Chief."

Thirteen bucks (they 're Indian men)
  Catch him out on a hunting-trip.
Want to scalp him alive—and then
  Pa yelled "Will!" and I had to skip.
I hid the book in the horse's stall,
  Under a beam, till to-morrow. Now,
I 'm certain that Thunder kills them all,
  But, oh, I wish that I knew just *how!*

Edwin L. Sabin.

Song.

BUT yestereve my lad was here,
  And now he 's gone away;
He said he loved me passing dear,
  I had no word to say.
    'T is more than kind
    I 'd be, he 'd find,
    If he should come to-day.

He begged I 'd give him one small kiss,
  But I—I said him nay;
It seems I would not greatly miss
  So small a thing to-day.
    Have what he would,
    My laddie should,
    But oh, he 's gone away!

What care I for my Sunday gown,
  My hat with feathers gay?
I will not glance at lads in town
  When he has gone away.
    I 'd let him know
    I love him so,
    If he were here to-day.

Who 's that? My lad? He did n't go?
  He 's turning in this way?
Quick! Where 's the gown he fancies so?
  My heart! What shall I say?
    I must be sure
    To be demure—
    How *can* I be, to-day!

Beatrice Hanscom.

Inconstancy?

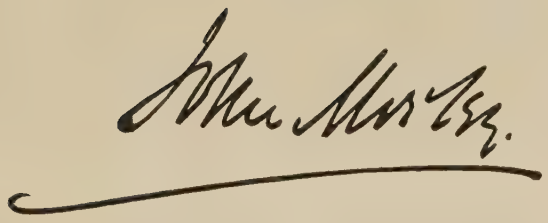
(FROM THE GERMAN.)

NEVER blame a maid for changing,
  Trying all the men she can;
She but seeks, in all her ranging,
  A constant man!

C. H. Page.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PORTRAIT OF



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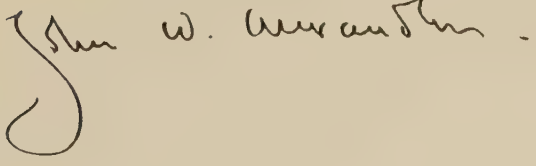

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

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IN FASCINATING CAIRO.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD,
Former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Egypt.

WITH PICTURES BY PAUL PHILIPPOTEAUX.

FROM its founding in 969 by the Fatimite califs, as an offshoot of the tented settlement of Fostat, to the present rule of Abbas Pasha, seventh khedive, or viceroy, of the dynasty of Mehemet Ali, Cairo—capital of Egypt, metropolis of the African continent, and chief seat of Mohammedan teaching—has had a romantic history. Scene of famous exploits of great personages, from Saladin to Napoleon, of sanguinary conflicts between Christianity and Islamism, and the memorable massacre of the Mamelukes; cradle of religions and cults; home of the "Arabian Nights" tales; the place where lasting principles of philosophy and science were conceived, and where Bible scenes were laid, Cairo has become the meeting-ground of winter idlers from every clime.

Cairo looks old, but comparatively is not; Alexandria has the appearance of newness, but was twelve hundred years old before the first stone of the present capital was laid. But the Cairo of to-day is only the development of Fostat, Old Cairo, New Babylon, and Heliopolis, probably. There has always been a great city there or thereabouts, changing in appellation with its locale.

The visit to Egypt has become almost as essential to Americans—and fully half of the eight thousand winter visitors are from the States—as the pilgrimage of good Mohammedans to Mecca. The Mohammedans' religion takes them but once to the sacred city of the prophet, but pleasure draws those favored by fortune to the Nile capital time after time. Cairo is more than interesting: it is fascinating. The antiquarian, the student, and the savant have always been at home there; and the invalid, real or imaginary, seeking a climate, finds in and about the khedival city the superlative of air and temperature.

Artists never weary of reproducing Cairo's picturesque scenes and vivid colorings. The blue of the skies, the splendor of the setting sun, the Turneresque afterglow, and the delicate browns of the desert, seem to be best suggested in water-colors. Like Venice, Egypt demands a master hand in oils.

The traveler of impressionable nature yields to the fascination of Cairo's quaint Eastern life, as perfect as if met far beyond the Orient's threshold, and doubly satisfying, because found within a half-hour of the crea-

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GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO.

ture comforts of hotels conspicuously modern. To walk the streets of an Oriental capital wherein history has been made, between meals, as it were, and delve by day in museums and mosques perpetuating a mysterious past, and dine *de rigueur* in the evening, with the best music of Europe at hand, explains a charm that Cairo has for mortals liking to witness Eastern life provided they are not compelled to become a part of it. If Egypt disappoints, the indecisive idler can in four or five days be back at Paris or the Riviera.

Every turning in the old quarters of the Mohammedan city has its story. The remnant of a fortified gateway, a dilapidated mosque, a Cufic text, each has its history, perhaps carrying one back to the days when Saladin went forth from El-Kahira to meet Richard and his crusaders on the plain of Acre; or the mind's eye sees the good Haroun-al-Rashid, freshly arrived from Bagdad, stealthily pursuing his midnight rambles. A hundred associations such as these are wrapped about the crumbling ruins of medieval Cairo, to this day rich with exquisite achievements of Saracenic art. Huge monuments of the earliest history of the world fringe the horizon as one looks from the ramparts of the citadel, teaching us how the years of Cairo are only as days in the sight of the Sphinx and the Pyramids. To the left is desolate Memphis, earliest city of the world; face about, and you behold the edge of the land of Goshen; two or three miles down the Nile, near the Embabeh end of the railway-bridge, Napoleon and his army, just a century ago, won the battle of the Pyramids over the Mameluke horde; and in a modern structure in the near foreground, the Egyptian Museum, rest the bodies of Seti and the great Rameses, while within a few paces of the spot from which you are viewing this matchless panorama sleeps the Roumelian warrior who by daring and bloodshed founded the dynasty now ruling Egypt. All this, and more, may be seen in an hour, if the blare of bugles, rever-

berated by the Mokattam Hills, does not inform you that the British soldier has decided it is time to close the gates of Saladin's stronghold, and you are awakened to the fact that your *table d'hôte* dinner begins in thirty minutes, and you must array yourself in conventional evening garb before you can partake thereof.

The suburbs have a double charm to students of the Bible. A visit to the Shubra road—the Corso of Cairo until fashion decreed the Gezireh drive—at sunset will illustrate the scriptural references to the sheep and the goats; and a pleasing picture may there be seen of the shepherd bearing in his arms a lamb or a kid too feeble to keep pace with the herd. The scene might have been taken from an engraving in an old Bible. One will not proceed far without seeing devout Moslems engaged in eventide prayer on the housetops. The wine-skin of old was the same as that used now by the water-carrier, seen a hundred times a day in Cairo, enabling one to comprehend the simile of new wine in old bottles. Aged men about the mosques and bazaars are appareled to-day as they were in Abraham's time, carrying the same staves; and the scribe, with inkhorn and pens of reed in girdle, joins the throng in the Khan el-Khalili to-day, and frowns upon the outcast Jew, as did the Pharisee upon the publican. A few minutes' walk from the hotels brings one face to face with the living Bible; a few minutes' drive in another direction may bring one face to face with the grotesque characters of a hotel costume ball, with *petits chevaux* for a diversion between dances. Cairo is paradoxical as well as fascinating.

Walk eastward from your hotel, and in five minutes you are in the medley of East and West. At the post-office observe the mingling of nationalities. A German nurse-maid, leading the little son of a prosperous Frankish merchant, is inquiring for letters at the *poste restante* window, and a patriarchal sheik

BRASS-WORKERS AT THE SOUTH GATE OF THE KHAN EL-KHALILI.

BEDOUINS.

in silken caftan and turban is negotiating a money-order to send to some up-Nile village. With a swagger indicating a sense of importance, Tommy Atkins enters, pouch over shoulder, to get the dainty billets-doux for the smart regiment quartered at Abbasiyeh, and home letters for officers and men. Another window is surrounded by students from El-Azhar. One is expecting his monthly remittance from the family in Tunis, and his ten or twenty comrades take a keen interest in the operation of attaching the Arabic hieroglyphics to the several receipts demanded in case of money-order or registered letter.

Over the way, ranged along the iron palings of the buildings of the Mixed Court, are the public letter-writers, gravely imperturbable, sitting at umbrella-shaded tables, willing to write anything for illiterate applicants, in any language, for a piaster or two. One is preparing the soul-impassioned letter of Bianca to her Giovanni, back in Naples or Brindisi, assuring him that she has not ceased to love him, although separated by the turbulent Mediterranean for more than a month. At another table one of the professional scribes is inditing for Youssef Mohammed a bid for clearing a canal at Assiut, for which the government has invited tenders.

The contrasts presented by the people thronging the streets are amusing and bewildering. The European element—Greek, Italian, and French—is everywhere blended with the Oriental. Egyptian women swing along in blue gowns and black veils hanging loose, allowing the neck and line of cheek to be easily seen, while concealing the only part of the face scrupulously hidden by an Oriental woman—the mouth. Bedouins stalk about with lordly mien, wearing around their turbans the striped *kufieh* of their desert tribe. Coptic effendis, uncomfortable in the clerical-cut coat signifying governmental employment, scamper along on donkey-back, feeling their own importance, but as obsequious as slaves on encountering a person of higher official station. A clatter of hoofs of a cavalry guard draws every one to window or balcony to see his Highness the Khedive dash past, in open carriage, with aide-de-camp by his side, hurrying in from Koubbeh to conduct the day's affairs of state at Abidin Palace. Running footmen, with bare, brown legs and embroidered jackets with flowing sleeves, carrying wands of authority, soon follow, commanding the populace to make way for the carriage of their master, perhaps a pasha making a call of ceremony, or the diplomatic representative of one of the great powers.

In the midst of this moving throng a camel-train comes noiselessly into the foreground, laden with rough building-stones slung in network sacks, contending with English dog-carts and bicycles for right of way. The camels never relax their supercilious expression, even when nibbling at beflowered Parisian bonnets on the heads of ladies seated in victorias in front of them. This, or a comic-opera-like medley fully as novel, may be seen from the veranda of Shepheard's or the new Savoy any day.

PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER.

Equally heterogeneous is the jumble of humanity on tourist-hotel terraces. Princes of ruling European houses rub shoulders in friendly manner with sovereign visitors from the States. The Englishman, who never tires of informing the stranger of the benefits conferred on Egypt by the wholly disinterested British "occupation," is everywhere. Grand duchesses and society queens share tables with dressmakers from Paris and elsewhere, each sipping afternoon tea, not knowing, perhaps not caring, who or what her vis-à-vis may be. An Omdurman hero, modest and good-looking in civilian dress, is the cynosure for a few minutes of every feminine eye and the recipient of courtly consideration from the managers of Cairo's hotels. The Egyptologist, with long hair, excavating at Thebes or Sakkarah, with half the alphabet appended to his name, or the irrigation expert, rescuing from the desert a province of tillable soil, is eclipsed by the Mahdi's escaped prisoner. However, the inclination of this tea-drink-

ing, gossiping—perhaps flirting—crowd is to forget cares and responsibilities, breathe the heavenly air, glance at the personals in the *Sphinx* journal, and watch indifferently the kaleidoscopic panorama of Egypt passing endlessly in the street. In a land of perpetual sunshine it is wonderful how the willingness to do nothing grows on human beings who in other places must be employed to be happy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY T. HEYMAN, CAIRO, P. DITTRICH, SUCCESSOR. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ABBAS HILMI, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

An amusing feature of street life is the manner in which the huckstering of fowls is conducted. The fellah woman, paying duty at one of the octroi bureaus, comes into Cairo with a donkey loaded with baskets of hens, ducks, and geese, their heads standing out in every direction as if enjoying the outing To sell a dozen fowls keeps the woman dickering all day. Her lord and master, maybe, is driving a flock of young turkeys through the crowded streets of the European quarter, singing the praises of his peeping, docile birds in a manner conveying a meaning only to the servant class. With a palm-branch he guides the flock wherever he wishes, keeping the birds clear of the traffic. The man loves to dicker, also, and has no appreciable regard for time. To effect the sale of a turkey requires a vast amount of palaver and much estimating of weight, in which numerous disinterested natives are invited to take part. Milk is sold in a manner too direct to

admit of adulteration, for the cow is milked in front of the customer's door; but skeptical Egyptians hint that the cows are systematically plied with lukewarm water before setting out. A ridiculous custom is to have a small boy accompany the cows, carrying under his arm a stuffed calf, to make them submit willingly to the milking process. Badly moth-eaten, with stuffing of straw protruding from a dozen places, this calf is always in view. It is a custom, and in Egypt custom is unalterable; and, presumably, cows are not looked upon as possessing sufficient intellect to know a live from a dead calf, or to recognize their own.

LORD KITCHENER, SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN.

Cairo presents the best exemplification of the confusion of tongues descending from the building of the tower of Babel that I know. Every language and patois of Europe, every shade of vernacular of Asia and Africa, may there be heard. It is humiliating to us of the Western world, who may have struggled the best part of a lifetime with a single foreign language, to find the Cairene able to speak fluently a dozen. The dragoman or the donkey-boy can exploit his vocation in a wonderful variety of tongues, although possibly unable to read his name in any. Ask your way in the street, and you must not be surprised if the information is given in a sentence made up of words from English, French, and Italian, perhaps with a Greek

WOMEN OF THE NILE.

word thrown in. Polyglot as Cairo is, the medley of coinages is none the less confusing. Send your dragoman to the bazaars in quest of some article, and he may return with the astonishing information that it costs "one napoleon, half a sovereign, and eighteen piasters tariff." It calls for pencil, paper, and patience to compute the price of the article you are endeavoring to buy through your polynumismatic servant. And the piaster, the basis of computation, has a confusing value. The piaster "current" of small transactions is only half as much as the piaster "tariff" of high life; and this latter is only five cents in American money.

Cairenes are ever out of doors. Their religious calendar teems with ceremonious anniversaries, added to which are the numerous fantasias and fête-days required by their devotion to the khedive; and if things of their own are quiet, there being no wedding to be celebrated, or friend setting out on the pilgrimage to Mecca or returning from the visit to the prophet's tomb, the native classes go to see the Greeks honor the name-day of their king, or the French colony commemorate the fall of the Bastille. With calendars ranging from the hejira to the Gregorian, it is indeed an off day when nothing is being celebrated. Cairo has three fixed Sabbaths. Friday is that of the Mohammedan, Saturday of the Jew, and the succeeding day the Sunday of the

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION AND A SABER DANCE.

Christian church. Being lunar, the Mohammedan year is eleven days shorter than our own. This makes it difficult for strangers to know just when a celebration is to occur, for the interesting function that your friend witnessed in midwinter fifteen years ago, and told you that you must not fail to see, now falls in midsummer.

Every Moslem knows by his almanac when the fasting month of Ramadan should begin; but the crescent moon must first be seen by the imperial astronomer in Constantinople, and the fact telegraphed to Cairo, before the citadel guns can announce to the Egyptian nation that the celebration of the ninth month of their year may officially begin. The streets then become thronged, the story-tellers at the cafés draw large audiences, and thousands of the faithful spend the night in the mosques. Ramadan is observed by the masses with fasting by day, for nothing passes their lips, even the cigarette being eschewed; but the instant the sun disappears below the horizon, feasting begins, and, with smoking and merrymaking, lasts well through the night. The mortality is very great when Ramadan comes in summer.

The occasion of a wedding is a favorite revel. Noisy processions, feasting of friends, and feeding of the poor, last nearly a week. The wealthy pasha or bey gives a public character to his nuptials by having a military band, and perhaps an escort of soldiers, head the procession bearing the bride to her new home.

A bride elect of the middle class is dragged indefinitely about the streets, hidden within a closed carriage by Persian shawls drawn over the windows, and preceded usually by a clattering band producing the most penetrating of music from discordant instruments. A string of camels brings the furniture and gaudily painted boxes to her future husband's house, and for several nights the home of the happy pair is bright with lamps, and gay with thousands of red-and-green flags stretched across the street. A spectacular procession is that in which the happy woman is carried in a palanquin borne by two camels, and surrounded by wild-looking fiends of the desert on other camels, who extract an unconscionable amount of noise from kettledrums. This is a survival of the Cairo of old, and if the procession be headed by half-naked mountebanks and swordsmen, who frequently engage in mimic combat, and a group of dancing-girls, it attracts great crowds. To the bride, however, crouched for hours within the palanquin, swaying and rocking with the stride of the camels, the ordeal must be as joyless as a crossing of the English Channel in choppy weather to one yielding easily to *mal de mer*. The poor man feels justified in borrowing at ten, perhaps twenty, per cent. a month, the funds essential to a proper celebration of his marriage, even if it takes years to liberate himself from the toils of the Greek lending him the money.

In the month of Shawal occurs the impressive ceremony of despatching the holy carpet to Mecca, when streets are filled with soldiery, officials of state in gold-embroidered uniforms, and thousands upon thousands of the followers of the prophet. Every true believer, if possible, passes the day in the streets, and women and children appear in gay attire. The ceremonial is held in the great square under the citadel. The khedive and other dignitaries are present in state to start formally the caravan bearing the sacred carpet, under military escort, on its journey to Arabia. The Egyptian troops in the capital, with bands playing, accompany the cavalcade to the outskirts of the city. A pyramidal wooden structure, covered with embroidered stuffs emblazoned in gold with quotations from the Koran, perched on the back of a camel of splendid proportions, contains the carpet. People press violently forward to touch the swinging drapery of the camel with their hands, and kiss it with unmistakable fervor; and as the procession passes through the narrow streets, many women let down from latticed windows shawls or face-veils to touch with them the sacred object. The pilgrimage takes place annually, and the carpet is placed on or near the sanctuary in the temple at Mecca where rests the body of Mohammed. The caravan returns to Cairo with the carpet of the previous year. With the pomp attending its despatch, and its journey to and from Mecca, the carpet costs the Egyptian government fully fifty thousand dollars. An item of expense is the newly minted coins thrown to the multitude by the khedive when bidding the chief of the caravan to guard jealously his priceless charge.

The man who has been to Mecca is supremely happy, knowing that paradise will be his reward for a life devoted to the teachings of the Koran. Neighbors who have not made the pilgrimage look upon him as an exalted person, admitting that his religion is of a quality superior to their own. He may wear interwoven in his turban a strip of green cloth, the prophet's own color, proclaiming to all whom it may concern that its owner has prayed within the holy of holies, and is evermore to be given the title of hadji. These dignities and privileges are as nothing, in his opinion, compared with the right to announce pictorially from his house-front the salient features of the trip to the sacred city. This he does in his own way, with his own hands, and with his own perspective. If he went from Cairo to Suez by railway—which he did on a third-class ticket, probably—he describes the fact by portraying in indigo blue an impossible locomotive, drawing a train of impossible pink cars. A steamboat of marvelous design, with paddle-wheels revolving in a mass of fish, tells in purple how the trip from Suez to Jiddah was made. A train of green camels informs the uninitiated how the pious man journeyed from the Red Sea coast across the sands to Mecca. Huge lions, with round and almost human faces, in bright orange, tell of dangers in the desert march. But all ends happily, for the pictured story invariably concludes with the caravan halted before the prophet's tomb, with the good man prostrating himself in prayer thereat. Hadji Youssef Achmet knows no joy greater than sitting in his doorway beneath this mural proof of holiness, receiving the salaams of passers-by. Eternal peace is his. He knows this, and every Mussulman seeing him knows it as well.

The strangest Cairo custom, perhaps, is the hiring of professional mourners, who, at

THE PROCESSION OF THE SACRED CARPET.

A BURIAL.

a funeral, do the shrieking, howling, and garment-rending for the bereaved family. These black-shawled and barefooted objects are frequently to be seen, like birds of ill omen, squatting outside a house wherein a person is dying, awaiting the signal to begin their lamentations, which presumably vary in degree according to the stipulated payment. They follow the corpse to the cemetery, bewailing at the top of their voices and rending their scanty clothing. The place of interment reached, the wailing stops suddenly; the women enjoy a chat by themselves, possibly discuss the prospects of further business, and, if satisfied with the money given them by the relatives of the deceased, trot off homeward. Other forms of bereavement give them employment also. A score of these hags follow to the railway-station the squad of policemen taking a convict to prison. The women howl and curse, throw handfuls of dust over their heads, scream voluble and wide-embracing Arabic oaths at the authorities, and make the street almost unbearable with shrieks and lamentations. When once the train is started for Tourah, the shrieking subsides, and the mourners are ready for further professional engagements. The conscripting of young men for the army being profoundly dreaded, hired wailers accompany their weeping relatives when the unhappy lads are marched to the barracks.

The Cairene, never cultivating physical exertion, emerges from boyhood to sedate manhood before he is twenty, with tranquillity as his chief characteristic. The middle-class man enjoys looking at dances, but never dances himself; he is fond of music, but never sings or plays. Everything athletic is foreign to his nature. He takes to sedentary amusements, and in shop or home will ponder long over a game of draughts or chess. If belonging to the class that goes to the café for diversion, he will watch for hours the antics of street hoodlums, or join in an interminable game of backgammon—which all Egyptians love—to decide who is to pay a few millièmes for the coffee or the smoke from the hubble-bubble. When he can sit for hours in front of the café, smoking the hubble-bubble, he realizes that he is doing the superlative of all that is grand, and feels justified in giving it the character of a public spectacle. This is the conservative Egyptian, who sees nothing good in the movement Europeanizing his beloved Cairo.

Men of the wealthy classes are becoming daily less and less Oriental in appearance and habits. They wear clothes of Parisian make, pose before the photographer's camera, speak fluent French, dance with foreign ladies, flirt

a little, and profess to think "five-o'clock tea" an institution reflecting the highest civilization. Each has his stall at the opera, and applauds at the right time. Between acts he calls on friends of the *haut ton* in their boxes, and perhaps recruits a coaching or river party for the following day. If the visitors are from abroad, the courteous native most likely will explain that as a lad he witnessed the premier production of "Aïda" in that very theater, Verdi's opera being an item in the program arranged by Ismail for the edification of the Empress Eugénie and other distinguished guests attending the opening of the Suez Canal. If the visitors are from Alexandria only, the Cairo gentleman probably rings the changes on the contrasting temperature of the two cities, wondering how Alexandrians can stand the excessive humidity of the coast. The visitors retaliate by claiming that the great dryness of the capital affects their health, whereas in Alexandria they are always well. Thus the weather, in its humid aspect, is sadly overworked as a topic of small talk in the country having the best and driest climate in the world. If this accomplished Egyptian would remove his inevitable tarboosh, in shape and shade of red the latest thing from Stamboul, he might to all intents and purposes pass for a European. But he never will, for he is as devoted to the religion of Islam as the man praying five times a day in mosque or street. His Europeanizing is only superficial, and in his heart, perhaps, he abhors all infidels.

The ladies of the rich man's household likewise know French, and affect gowns and ornaments from Paris and Vienna. Custom compels them to view the opera from screened boxes, and they are never included in coaching or river parties. They wear the gauziest of veils—exceedingly thin if their faces are beautiful—when driven from palace to palace in European-built carriages. If opportunity offers, they are not averse to peering from behind their carriage curtains at passing Europeans, revealing glimpses of their faces, and possibly the fact that they are smoking dainty cigarettes. Europeans are inclined to believe that Egyptian ladies admire European customs and perhaps wish to emerge from the veiled seclusion of the East. This is not the fact, for their adherence to the tenets of Mohammedanism is still rigid, and they look pityingly upon foreign women, so little valued by their lords as to be permitted to roam over the world with faces exposed to any man's admiration.

There is something profoundly impressive in the devotion of the Mohammedan to his religion. It governs his actions, pervades his

THE COURT OF EL-AZHAR.

thoughts, conversation, business dealings, and conduct of every-day life. He reads his Koran faithfully, for it lays down his standard of ethics, and is the foundation of his code of laws. See him at prayer, in the mosque, field, or busy street, addressing his supplications to Allah, through his prophet, liable by excitement to become a frenzied demon.

The provision of the Koran permitting four wives has become more honored in the breach by Cairenes than in the observance. Few Egyptians in public life have now more than one wife. Khedive Tewfik gave his in-

A HOWLING DERVISH.

with face turned to Mecca: his faith is complete and his sincerity unquestionable. He cares not how the onlooker may regard him. The fellah on the canal-bank utters the same fervent, heartfelt prayer as the pasha prostrate upon his silk or rug within the Mehemet Ali mosque. The cardinal requirement of the Koran, that food and riches must be shared with the unfortunate, is literally obeyed. The Mohammedan has no cant or hypocrisy in his nature. He is tolerant of all religions, but looks with horror upon the unbeliever. It is of the good Mohammedan that I write, and there are many such; not of the fanatic,

fluence to the monogamic idea, and the present khedive, although not taking a wife from the elevated class from which his mother came, is following his father's example. The middle class is gradually adopting the matrimonial precept of its superiors. Possibly its men found polygamy not particularly conducive to domestic tranquillity, in the absence of sufficient means to maintain several establishments. The common people, however, adhere to a plurality of wives, resenting what they look upon as a movement to abridge the Koranic custom and privilege.

The formality of divorce is much simpler

than that of marriage. Among those not burdened with estates and personal belongings it is as easy and direct as the dismissal of a servant. The words, "Woman, I divorce thee," uttered three times in the presence of witnesses, if attended by the return of the trifling sum that formed her dower, are as binding as the final decree of any court in the world. The restitution of dower sometimes lends complication, but it is necessary to render the husband's words effectual.

Woman's position in the Egyptian capital is materially benefited by the movement looking toward the education of native girls. Twenty years ago native ladies regarded education as the learning of sufficient French or Italian to read novels or follow the plot of the opera. The last few years have developed a desire among upper-class women to have their daughters educated with as much care as boys are, and an important adjunct to the household, consequently, is the European governess, most often English. A sister of the khedive, the Princess Khadija, is an active agent in improving the educational status of poor girls.

Most women visitors to Cairo are curious to see the interior of a harem. But this, as Europeans understand it, no longer exists in Egypt. Every native house, however, has its harem division, set apart for women, as the salamlik is for men—nothing more. In this department reside the wife or wives and children of the master, with the addition, perhaps, of his mother. In this case her rule is probably absolute. It is she who chooses instructresses for the children, orders the affairs of the household, and even prescribes the fabrics, fashions, and adornments of the women, who are simply the wives of his Excellency the Pasha. It is mother-in-law rule, literally. The windows of the harem usually overlook a courtyard or rear street, and are screened with mushrabeah lattices, penetrable only by the gaze of a person within. To minister to the wants of the women's division, a small army of servants—shiny black "slaves" from Nubia and Berber, and possibly a fair Circassian or two, imported from Constantinople—is essential. "Slavery" of this sort is scarcely bondage. It is the law of Egypt that manumission can be had for the asking, with little circumlocution or delay. These servitors are kindly treated, value their home, and shrink from any movement toward legal freedom. Except to the master and sons of the house, the harem is closed to all men, but women friends come and go freely. The tall, high-cheek-boned black men guarding the entrance to the harem, in these progressive days in Egypt possessing no suggestion of the houri scene of the stage, are trained from childhood to keep unauthorized persons from intruding, and have a highly developed aversion to sight-seers.

The howling dervish of Cairo is more or less a fraud. Go any Friday afternoon in the season—his religious fervor finds expression only during the tourist season—to the little mosque on the Nile bank midway between Kasr el-Ain and Old Cairo, and witness the weekly *zik'r* of these fiends. Sitting in a circle on the stone floor of a high-vaulted room are the dervishes, twenty or thirty in number. Their bearded leader, spectacled, and grave under his green turban, squats on a mat in the center. Standing outside the circle is a smooth and oily-faced old man, with a simple reed flute, flanked by others with large tom-toms. Clustered along two sides of the room are tourists, costumed in a way that would delight an arranger of up-to-date melodrama of the spectacular variety. Ladies, having misgivings as to what the entertainment is to be, seem to wish to sit behind the men, until the hotel dragomans having the visit in charge assure them that it is to be "very nice—very nice, yes!"

A hush of silence falls over dervishes and tourists, and the leader mumbles a prayer. The circle of performers break into response; first in quiet, measured tones, then faster, faster, faster. Their bodies sway in perfect unison, as, now growing vociferous, they affirm the creed of Islam. Faster, faster go the bodies, and the wild chant of "Allah la Ilaha," in perfect cadence, is becoming a volume like that of Niagara. The leader raises a warning hand, and the hush that follows instantly is broken only by the cooing of doves resting on the ledges of the windows in the dome. Then, low and mysterious, comes again the mumble of the leader. The dervishes spring to their feet. Off go robes and turbans, their stringy locks falling nearly to their hips. One of the howlers, placing his hand to the side of his mouth, strikes up a falsetto note that rises above the barbaric roar of the tom-toms and flute, plaintive, penetrating. Faster and faster swing heads and bodies; the air is filled with swishing hair; heads come perilously near striking the floor, or leaving their shoulders in the backward swing. Every dervish is frantic, beside himself with the ebullition of fervor, as he repeats in hisses the sacred exclamation, "Heû, heû, heû, heû, heû, heû, heû!" On, on

they go, until their mental intoxication is complete, and with staring eyes and frothing mouths two or three sink exhausted to the floor. Admirers break into the circle and lovingly carry into the air the dervishes who have "gone *melbûs*." The performance of the howling dervishes is over, and the coins given gladly by the spectators to get away from the mosque amount to enough to keep the howlers until the succeeding Friday. It is something to see—once. The motives of the whirling dervishes, like those of their howling brethren, are open to suspicion.

Another widely described institution, satisfying most spectators with a single view, is the dancing of the Ghawazi girls, to be witnessed at a dozen Cairo theaters and cafés. The Chicago Midway and certain places of amusement in Paris, by means of elaborations, have given this exhibition undeserved prominence. A performance wherein the feet are seldom lifted from the floor can be termed "dancing" only by courtesy; but as an illustration of what the muscles of the body may be trained to do, the *danse du ventre* is in a way remarkable. The Ghawazi, bred from childhood to their calling, are deemed essential at every form of Egyptian merrymaking, prince and fellah alike employing them. These women form a class, with headquarters at Keneh in Upper Egypt, and by the age of thirty have generally managed to wriggle themselves into a competency. They are not necessarily immoral, but are not respected, the habitual exposure of the face, if nothing more, placing them beyond the pale.

Ophthalmia is the curse of the native in Cairo. Of six people of the poorer class perhaps only two will have fair sight, and of the rest one will be blind, one can see from but one eye, and two will have otherwise defective vision. Few Egyptians have perfect eyesight, and the superstitious dread of falling under the baneful influence of the "evil eye" is responsible for this condition. Poor children go for years virtually unwashed, the parents' theory being that if their children are made attractive they are almost certain to be stricken by the evil eye. Their unclean faces attract hordes of insects, never brushed away by their idolizing mothers, for that would be unlucky. During the summer months especially, children's eyes are almost hidden by pestiferous flies, and a race of people with imperfect vision is the result. Even educated Egyptians have the superstition to some extent, and men and women of high degree wear rings of silver wire to protect them from the evil eye. Cairo would be a rich field for the exercise of a little practical philanthropy based on the employment of soap, water, and scrubbing-brush; but it would come into conflict with the religion, which makes of the blind man a person to be revered, and affords him an almost priestly occupation.

Strange to relate, Cairo is being adorned with statues, like cities in the Christian world. In his determination to make his capital a triumph of artistic beauty, Ismail courageously ordered a French sculptor, thirty years or more ago, to model a few figures of Egyptian military worthies. The faithful in Alexandria had permitted a colossal effigy in bronze of Mehemet Ali to be raised in the public square, although a tenet of the Koran was violated thereby. Another statue, perpetuating the military exploits of the second viceroy of Egypt, Ibrahim Pasha, was erected in the Place of the Opera in Cairo without provoking an outbreak among strict followers of the Koran. Moreover, the bronze lions guarding the Nile bridge were likewise accepted without protest. Ismail believed it would awaken the martial spirit of his subjects if every public square in Cairo could have its bronze presentment of a departed hero or notable; and if it amused him to turn the old city of the califs into a statuary gallery, who was to say nay? I suspect that Ismail must have seen the artistic side of the sculptured sentiment of the Campo Santo in Genoa. He was resolved, at all events, to erect images of distinguished Egyptians all over Cairo, and Frenchmen were employed to make them. Two were delivered before the national exchequer was seized with financial cramp and further supplies countermanded. For lack of money, perhaps, or through the discovery that it was forbidden by the religion of Islam to fashion the image of man, the statues were given a resting-place in a shed. Two or three years ago they were excavated from the dust of a quarter of a century, and, under the guidance of British engineers, were placed upright on granite pedestals in the new quarter of the city; and natives, squatting on their haunches in the squares thus embellished, find in them a subject for never-ending chatter. They have forgotten that Ismail had the figures made, and place the responsibility of the bronzes at the door of the *Inglēsy*.

Had Ismail not lost his throne, and the money-lenders of Europe been content to let him have as much cash as he wished, Cairo

would to-day be more beautiful. It was his dream to make an Eastern Paris of his desert capital. The French metropolis, he argued, could be reproduced, if the financial agents of Paris and London did not object. A considerable part of the money borrowed was spent by Ismail at Gizeh, nearly opposite the spot where tradition claims that Moses was found in the bulrushes. Gardens like the Tuileries extended from the Nile nearly to the edge of the Libyan Desert; dozens of lath-and-plaster structures, with walls painted in a style suggesting solidity, went up as if by magic, in the fulfilment of his building passion; and many are the stories told of the magnificence of everything he did. To this day, hidden away in Cairo cellars, are miles of iron fencing made to his order in Europe to inclose palace domains, a conspicuous feature of the ornamentation of which is the royal cipher "I. R.," surmounted by a monarch's crown. This was in anticipation of the successful outcome of negotiations pending at Constantinople for absolute independence. So certain was Ismail of positive rulership, perhaps deceived by the crafty Nubar Pasha, his negotiator, that it is related that a banquet was given to a group of favorite functionaries in celebration of the news that he believed would be promulgated on the morrow from the Sublime Porte—that the Sultan had consented to give him full sovereignty of the Nile country. The dinner was Lucullian in character, each dish a gastronomic triumph, and the program called for a *surpris* at the end of the feast. Only the khedive and his chef knew what it was to be. Clothed in immaculate white satin, the *cordon bleu*, wielding an enormous wooden knife, lifted the crust of a huge pie placed in the middle of the festal board, and out sprang a sprite in pink fleshings, dainty of face and form. With simulated bewilderment she scanned for a moment the faces of those at table, and, her choice decided, she stepped over dishes and decorations to the head of the table, and placed a kingly crown upon the brow of Ismail.

But an edict of another sort issued from Constantinople, and a few weeks after the *opera bouffe* feast Ismail was deposed from the khedivate and sent away from Egypt. He never saw his beloved country again, and when dying pleaded in vain to be taken from his gilded prison-palace on the Bosporus back to Egypt. Not until he was dead, however, was the consent of the Sultan and the powers granted.

Electric tram-cars now rush boisterously through the streets of Cairo, filled with people who never understood the "go fever" until the advent of the street-railway, two or three years ago; and the Egyptians' best friend, the donkey, has been cast out from the capital by the trolley-car. The Egyptians take so kindly to tram-car riding that one wonders if their ancestors, who developed astronomy and mathematics as sciences and begot culture, knew the secret of the electric current. The patrons of the tram-cars are soldiers, Levantines, small merchants and clerks, turbaned sheiks, Bedouins, and simple fellaheen in town on business—and perhaps this business is chiefly to have a ride on the cars. In every direction—to Bulak, the citadel, Abbasiyeh, through the Ismailiya quarter, even to the site of ancient Fostat—the cars run, their occupants looking pityingly upon wayfarers employing nature's locomotion or the humble donkey or stalking camel. The people have learned the intricacies of "transfers" and "round trips," and show sublime satisfaction over the street traction enterprise, that is doing more than all other agencies to obliterate the Cairo of old.

There is something painfully incongruous in the idea of being carried by trolley to the Sphinx and Pyramids. But the line enables the visitor who has first driven in state to Gizeh to go again and again at a cost of a few piasters. The authorities controlling public affairs were not so short-sighted when giving the concession for the Pyramids railway as newspaper readers may have believed. The line in no way mars the superb beauty of the embowered causeway leading from the Nile to Mena House, for it is a goodly distance to the southward of the carriageway. If the foreigners directing the tramway company failed to make money from the start, it was due for a year or more to their being called upon almost daily to pay for a life extinguished or body maimed by their modern cars of Juggernaut.

A proof of the claim that Cairo is being Europeanized at an all too rapid pace is offered by innumerable shop-signs of cigarette-makers, announcing that they are "Purveyors to His Highness the Khedive," when that potentate is known to use tobacco in no form; another is the ostentatious advertisement of a barbering establishment that its keeper is "Hair-dresser to the Right Honorable Diplomatic Agent of Great Britain, by Appointment," when it is seen that the gentleman referred to has no need for

such tonsorial attentions. If these illustrations fail to convince one that Cairo is adopting European ways and customs, the "Want to go shootin' t'-day?" or the "Want any-t'ing?"—the latter covering a multitude of sins,—that will be whispered in the stranger's ear by native vagabonds a dozen times during a stroll in the Sharia Kamel or the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, surely will; and the side-spring congress boots, made of questionable leather, and the ulsters and other English clothes of impossible check or plaid, disfiguring the fronts of clothing-shops in the Muski, will painfully accentuate the fact.

The bazaars, however, show no sign of European intrusion, and are to-day as Oriental as when Lane wrote his "Modern Egyptians." The bazaars of Damascus, possibly, are more correctly Oriental, but not so those of Constantinople and Smyrna. John Bull invades the bazaars of Cairo only as a sight-seer and purchaser, wearing sun-helmet and pugree, however chilling the wintry weather. He usually thinks the prices dear, and parts with his coins only after hours of dickering, and does not forget his bakshish. The bazaars are the only places in Egypt where the tourist receives bakshish. Elsewhere he gives it, or could give it, every minute of the day. Americans, on the other hand, regard the prices as cheap, and buy, buy, buy. It amuses them to sip the shopkeeper's excellent coffee and smoke his perfumed cigarettes. This hospitality partaken of, they buy more embroidered jackets, gauze scarfs, and inlaid weapons. Both British and American pay more than the things are worth, of course; but the transatlantic purchaser has a balance of time to his credit.

It is novel to buy silk fabrics by weight rather than by measurement. The slipper bazaar, with sun shut out by projecting lattices and awnings, is a subdued blend of red and yellow; black leather is seldom seen there. The crude art of the brass-workers' lane, where serious-faced youths embellish finger-basins and coffee-trays with designs conceived by their forefathers, when perspective was not valued, is popular. The carpet and rug bazaar is a busy mart, where prices are high and the sellers understand human nature. Turn to the right, turn to the left, go where you will, the shops appeal to some taste or fancy you possess. The jewelry bazaar, with its anklets and nose-rings of leaden-looking silver or brassy gold, has no temptation for the American, however.

The dingy passage where scents are dealt in is a nest of cheats who can sell a phial of common perfumed oil for genuine attar or essence without compunction. The tent bazaar, in which truly artistic appliqué awnings and hangings are wrought without visible pattern by men and boys, is always inviting. Two or three of these needlemen, perhaps, were sent to Chicago during the World's Fair; but a hundred will tell you they have been in Chicago, each producing dog-eared business cards or a stray coin of Uncle Sam's minting in substantiation of the statement. They are agreed that the exposition was a grand "fantasia," but most of them witnessed it vicariously. "Anteekas" are offered for sale in nearly every shop of every department of the vast labyrinth of bazaars. The scarab, especially, is pushed into your face on every hand, and whether you give a piaster or a dozen coins of gold, you will have the same uncertainty as to the genuineness of the sacred beetle. The Red Sea turquoise, gummed to a bit of reed, is likewise omnipresent; it is beautiful to look at, but may change color in a week.

The throng of people in the bazaars is a study in humanity, as entertaining, perhaps, as the contents of the shops. Rotund veiled women, enveloped in the unbecoming black-silk *habbeh*, displaying feet and ankles clad in magenta stockings and white slippers, seem to go out of their way to jostle Europeans, until driven off by one's dragoman. Donkeys, even camels, laden with merchandise, force their way through passages scarcely wide enough for two persons walking abreast. These, and persistent beggars and offensively dirty children, are the drawbacks to one's enjoyment of the bazaars. But they are interesting, withal.

On the way back through the Muski a half-hour may profitably be passed in viewing the fabrication of the mushrabeah work, to be utilized in artistic screens and tables. Primitive indeed is the method of turning the myriad bits of wood for the mushrabeah on tiny lathes revolved by hand, while the chisel is held by the bare feet of the operator, generally a lad, who guides the tool with the other hand.

The Muski used to be all that an Oriental street of shops should be, but the last dozen years have seen a great change in its character. There no longer is matting overhead, affording protection from the parching sun in summer. In its place swinging signs indicate the presence of modern establishments, including a "British Bar,"

where all and sundry are cordially invited to try the American drinks compounded by La Belle Violette. There are jewelers' shops that would attract notice in the Rue de la Paix in Paris, the windows of which are filled with diamonds and other precious stones of a size suggesting that the kilo had supplanted the karat as a standard of weight. The Muski is being Europeanized at a rate saddening to one who loved the Cairo of Ismail and Tewfik.

Habitués have their favorite mosques, as they have favorite singers at the opera or horses on the Gezireh race-course. With a city covering twelve square miles and having a sky-line effect of a forest of domes and minarets, there is a sufficient variety of places of worship to suit any taste. Diminutive Kait Bey, in the midst of the Tombs of the Mamelukes, is deservedly sketched and photographed scores of times every day. The unfinished mosque of Rifaiyeh, under the citadel, contains the body of spendthrift Ismail, who ordered its construction, but is otherwise unimportant. The gem of the Mohammedan artistic world, admitted to be so by good judges, is the venerable and bat-haunted mosque of Sultan Hassan, close to the Rifaiyeh structure, always spoken of by the faithful as "the superb." For architectural beauty this Saracenic pile surpasses the Byzantine St. Sophia at Constantinople. Its vast circular dome, springing from a square tower, with corner pendentives of marvelous design, is a liberal education in architecture. The Sultan Hassan mosque is one of the several artistic structures known to travelers of which the tale is told that the designers were put to death or had their hands cut off by their appreciative masters to prevent a repetition of their artistic triumph. The pencil-like minarets of the Mehemet Ali mosque, visible long before one reaches Cairo, are as beautiful as the Hassan dome is wonderful. This mosque, with its alabaster walls and rich carpets, is attractive in its way, but it is comparatively new, and consequently clean. Connoisseurs shake their heads, however, when debating any pretension to its being "good art." Only in Coptic churches does the visitor discover pictorial representations of sacred scenes and personages. The Mohammedan on occasion takes the spoils of war to his house of worship, but the presentment of human form never.

Strange to state, Cairo has no obelisk, nor has Alexandria. New York possesses the last of these relics, probably; London and Paris have each a fine one, while Rome and Constantinople have many. One cannot behold these reminders of the greatness of ancient Egypt, in the cities mentioned, without a feeling of pity for Cairo, where rest the Rameses, but whose nearest obelisk is on the plain of Heliopolis, six miles away. Most tourists drive out to see it, planning their excursion to include a visit to the ostrich-farm close by, and also to catch a glimpse of the Virgin's tree.

Early in my residence in the Nile metropolis I evolved a project for removing to Cairo the superb obelisk standing near the river's bank at Luxor, and if possible having the expense defrayed by a few wealthy compatriots finding health and recreation under Egyptian skies. First I sought the opinion of a New-Yorker, proprietor of a great newspaper, on the subject. Accustomed to seeing the pros and cons of a question at a glance, with natural shrewdness tempered by much diplomatic experience, he foresaw in a minute more obstacles to the project than I had discovered in a month's consideration of the scheme.

The engineering problems of bringing a monolith seventy-five feet long and weighing two hundred and twelve tons several hundred miles down the Nile, and reërecting it in Abidin Square, had chiefly interested me. My New York friend predicted an avalanche of reproach from the whole civilized world, that would surely be started as soon as the matter was made public. "It will not do at all," he said, in summing up. A Chicago friend, on the other hand, pronounced the scheme a good one. "Put me down for five hundred dollars toward the expense; and I can get a dozen more Chicagoans to give the same," he added.

In time I was forced to admit that the archæologists of France, Italy, England, and perhaps the United States, having provided their own countries with obelisks, would assail the suggestion to give dear old Cairo just one of the massive shafts that were indigenous to Egypt; and I saw enough in the opinion of the astute New-Yorker to cool my ardor and cause me to abandon the plan that sentiment had suggested. But I cannot help thinking that the capital of Egypt is entitled to possess an obelisk. How graceful the act if some great city in which the transplanted granite of Assuan is yielding to the ravages of climate would return to the country of the Pharaohs one of the priceless monuments of which it has been deprived!

No picture of Cairo that does not include the soldier can be considered complete, for the military aspect of the city is in almost aggressive evidence. When there is no campaign calling the troops to the Sudan, from six to nine thousand men are quartered in the capital. Nile palaces, khedival apartments in the citadel, and straggling pink barracks at Abbasiyeh shelter English regiments; while tucked in everywhere, even extending miles out of Cairo to the canvas city on the desert road to Suez, are Egyptian soldiers of all degrees of color and of every class. And what a variety of costumes! There are Arab lancers in uniforms of light blue, almost esthetic in shade; members of the camel corps and Sudanese infantry regiments of the blackest of black men, wearing *kaki* costumes of the color of the desert; and men of other arms of the military establishment, in the smartest of white clothes.

By company or regiment, soldiers are so frequently marched through the streets that the visitor might believe Cairo to be a vast military camp. Martial music is the adjunct of every function and every anniversary, religious and festive. Drum and fife corps, full military bands, some of them mounted, parade daily, playing frequently the beautiful khedival hymn. It is a part of the scheme of administration to keep the soldier in evidence, impressing the simple native with the importance of the army, in which he must serve, however reluctant. The obverse of the martial display is the recompense of the soldier—five cents a day for five years.

It has been the fashion to sneer at the fighting qualities of the Egyptian. He certainly is not the best soldier in the world; but Spartan virtues must not be looked for from a nation of Helots. Egyptian soldiers are well disciplined, make a good appearance on parade, and if properly treated and well led, as at Omdurman by Kitchener, can render fair service. Their comrades recruited from the Sudan, however, are fearless fighters, but lack the smartness of appearance essential to reviews and dress-parades. The superior officers of the khedival army are Englishmen, "loaned" by the British War Office, and paid by the Egyptian government twice as much as their services under the British flag would bring. A captain in his regiment in England is a colonel in Egypt, and a lieutenant is a captain or major.

General Lord Kitchener, sirdar of the Egyptian army and governor-general of the Sudan, is yet several years on the right side of fifty, is every inch a soldier, and only a soldier, and has the proverbial dash and courage of the Irishman. He went to Egypt resolved to win his spurs in a field where others had failed, and added his name to the list of great military leaders of the nineteenth century. As a reward for dealing the death-blow to Mahdiism, Kitchener's peerage and Parliamentary grant of thirty thousand pounds were not excessive.

The British army of occupation, independent of the Egyptian army, is in Egypt on financial terms liberal to the Egyptians, for the khedival government pays only the difference between the cost of home and foreign service, being less than half a million dollars yearly for the forty-five hundred men composing this contingent. Usually about three thousand Britishers are kept in Cairo; but, on occasions when there has been friction between the khedive and the British administrators, these have been countermarched so ingeniously as to give the impression that ten times as many redcoats were there. The English officers lend much to a winter's gaiety. Courageous fellows, trained to conquer, no season is complete that does not add to their conquests those of the ball-room. "Scarlet fever" is in the atmosphere of Cairo breathed by the girl visitor, but is seldom serious or lasting.

The diurnal procession of young women to the Nile bank just before the going down of the sun, to obtain the water required for the evening and early morning in their homes, presents a beautiful picture of womanly grace. These Rebeccas hold themselves erect and walk with superlative grace and majesty. If a promenading Fifth Avenue girl could exhibit half the naturalness she would be the envy of every spectator. Egyptian girls begin early to perform their share of the work of the home, and at the age of seven or eight years begin to carry half-filled water-jars, and at twelve think nothing of balancing a full half-hundredweight on their heads, walking leisurely homeward, chatting with neighbors bent on the same mission, and discussing the gossip of the neighborhood with unconcealed relish. For thousands of years their mothers did the same; but they carried the water-jars represented in biblical pictures. The present generation, discarding these, prefers the square two-gallon tins in which Standard oil has come to Egypt. They are lighter than the pottery jars, and if the modern Rebecca becomes excited in discussion, the petroleum tin never breaks in its fall.

Every petroleum tin coming to Egypt finds a use in the daily life of the people. The "slates" of school-boys are but sides of oil tins, on which they write their sums and quotations from the Koran with reed pens. The petroleum tins from America supply tinsmiths of the bazaars with material from which they fashion lantern-frames, household utensils, ornaments, and even bird-cages and traveling-boxes for the peasantry. Not a scrap is wasted.

Few sojourners in Cairo are aware of the interest surrounding the great university of the Mohammedan faith, El-Azhar. With its records continuous from the year 975, El-Azhar is clearly the world's oldest university, centuries older than the universities of Oxford, Paris, and Bologna. Its scholars are drawn from every land where the Koran is accepted. Surrounding an enormous open court are compartments for the students of different nations and schisms. One, for example, is reserved for those from Algeria, another for those from Morocco, one for Turks, still another for Indians, and so on. There is a division, even, for scholars sent from Mecca, and convening-places for followers of the four great sects of Islam—Shafeites, Malekites, Hanefites, and Hambalites.

An American or Englishman would think it a queer place of learning, for nowhere is there a desk or chair, and masters and pupils seem to go about everything backward. They remove their shoes on entering, but keep their heads covered, and their books read from right to left, the first page being, according to our way of reasoning, the last. There are more than ten thousand scholars and two hundred and twenty-five masters, and the period of instruction may be indefinitely extended, even for a lifetime. From three to six years is the usual course, however. The institution is so richly endowed—for few rich Mohammedans die without bequeathing something to El-Azhar—that no pupil is compelled to pay anything, although many contribute from choice to the expenses.

The instructors receive little or nothing as direct compensation. Well-to-do students voluntarily help them to live, and they receive generous contributions for teaching at odd hours in private houses, reading the Koran at weddings and funerals, and engrossing religious books and documents. A certain number of the masters receive, also, a traditional weekly contribution of loaves of bread, graded from a score to several hundred, which possibly find their way into outside shops and are sold. Students toil weary hours to learn the intricacies of the Arabic grammar, after which they may take up religious science, with the Koran as a text-book. Then follows jurisprudence, religious and secular. Literature, syntax, philosophy, prosody, logic, and Koranic teaching as directed to an upright life, round out the course.

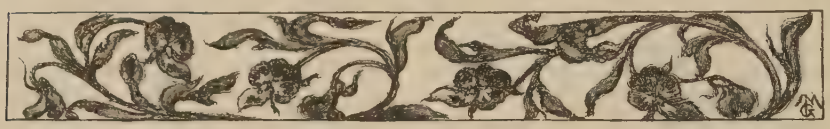
Instead of a professor occupying a "chair," he may be described as holding a "pillar," for when lecturing he sits on a sheepskin rug at the base of a stone post, with his students squatted in a semicircle before him. Nearly three hundred marble pillars support the roof of the porticos and such portions of El-Azhar as are not open to the sky, and each is a point of assembly for some particular subject in the curriculum of this extraordinary establishment. Outward evidences of superiority and position are unimportant, for the son of the pasha or sheik, in robes of silk, sits side by side with peasant youths clothed scantily in coarse cotton gowns. A thousand or two youths live within the walls of El-Azhar, subsisting on the most meager of diets. Juvenile pupils are taught little but the Koran. Day after day their masters drill it into them, not infrequently aided by a palm-branch, the youngsters swaying back and forth and sidewise in concert when reciting. The Koran is so familiar to the master that he detects the slightest error, and with him "reading" is only a feat of memory. With open book before him, he has "read" the same extracts from Mohammed's teachings all his life.

Cairo offers too many distractions for the real invalid requiring quietude, but its suburbs are all that can be desired by health-seekers. Helouan possesses sulphur baths similar to those of Aix-les-Bains, and sufferers from rheumatism have there a paradise of their own. Mena, at the foot of the Pyramids, is a Mecca for fashionables inclining to consumption. "Happily possessed of a golfing-ground and a marble swimming-bath, as well as a resident chaplain for the piously inclined, and a 'dark room' for the ubiquitous photographer, what more," asks the cynical writer of "Ziska," quoting from a Mena advertisement, "can the aspiring soul of the modern tourist desire?" Helouan and Mena share with Luxor and Assuan the patronage of those seeking a salubrious and perfectly dry atmosphere. "Miasma" is a word having no place in the vocabulary of Cairo or Upper Egypt.

A BACKWARD LOOK.

BY RUTH UNDERHILL.

UPON a wind-swept hill above the plain
I stood at noontide. Clear and cold the day
About me shone, and in its equal light,
Undimmed by cloud or shade, the whole world stood
Revealed in nakedness, clear-edged and hard,
No mark or scar upon its time-worn face
But hurt the sight in brazen fixity.
My wearied eyes I lifted to the sky,
Which burned like polished silver o'er my head,
And vainly cried: "Oh, give me back the dawn!
The awe-hushed mystery when earth and air,
In tender presence of the budding morn,
Do palpitate 'twixt dread and ecstasy;
When each shade holds a doubt, each doubt a hope!"



(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

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WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XXIV.

THAT night they left hastily and went down to the sea with torches; but it was dawn when they were on board one of the great ships, and the moorings were slipped, and the crew began to heave up the anchor. In his anger, Gilbert had called his men, and had gone on board also, and many hours passed before he realized what he had done. Then he began to torment himself.

His angry manhood told him that he was just and that he should not bear a girl's unbelief when he was manifestly in the right; but his love answered that he had left Beatrix without protection and perhaps at the mercy of her father, since he might come by sea at any moment and claim her from Count Raymond, who would give her up without ado. He wondered also why Sir Arnold had not appeared, and whether, having sailed from Ephesus, he had been shipwrecked. But his thoughts soon turned back to his work, and he sat on the rail by the main-rigging, amidships, looking down at the blue water as the ship ran smoothly along. What was there in Beatrix to hold him, after all? It was nothing but a boyish memory, revived by a mistaken idea of faith.

But suddenly he felt within him the aching hollow and the grinding hunger of heart that the loved woman leaves behind her, and he knew well that his anger was playing a comedy with him, as Beatrix had accused him and the queen of playing a play in the past night.

It was hard that she should not have believed him; and yet when one has seen and

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heard, it is harder still to believe against sight and hearing. If she had loved him, he said to himself, she could not have doubted him. He would never have doubted her, no matter what he might have seen her do. But at this he began to realize and understand; for in order to persuade himself, he pictured her sitting as the queen had sat, and a man bending over her and kissing her and calling her the love of his life and heart, and he felt another sort of anger rising fiercely in him, because the imagined sight was vivid and bad to see. Thereupon he grew calmer, seeing that she was not wholly wrong, and he began to curse his evil fate and to wish that he had not followed the queen, but had stayed behind at Antioch.

But it was too late now, for Antioch was gone in the purple distance, and it was toward evening.

The day dawned again, and darkened, and days after that, while he perpetually blamed himself more and more and began to find a fault in every doing of his life, and the gloom of the Northern temper settled upon him and oppressed him heavily, so that his companions wondered what had happened to him.

During all that time the queen never showed herself, but remained in her cabin with the Lady Anne, who had come with her and would not be denied. For Eleanor hated to see the king, and she was afraid to see Gilbert, whom she knew to be in the ship's company; and she was very sad, also, and cared not for the daylight nor for men's voices. It made it worse that she had tried to sacrifice herself for the woman Gilbert loved, but that it had been in vain, since she had not been believed, and he had, after all, come with her, she knew not why. As for the king, he sat all day long on the after-deck under an awning, telling beads, and praying fervently that the presence of the woman of Belial might not distract his thoughts when he should at last come to the holy places; for before anything else he considered his own soul as of great importance.

So they came to Ptolemaïs, which some called Acre, and they rode a weary way to Jerusalem, till the young King Baldwin of Jerusalem, the third of that name, came out to meet them with a very rich train. Then Gilbert lagged behind, for he had no heart in any rejoicing or feasting, seeing that he should not have come at all, and had come in anger. But Eleanor had gone out of the ship to the shore, more beautiful than ever, and serenely scornful of the king, since he had not even dared to use the power she had put into his hands, in order to tell her his mind and speak out his reproaches; and he was more ridiculous than ever in her eyes. From that time she paid no more attention to him than if he had not existed, for she despised a man who would not use the power he had.

As for Gilbert, though he was in such melancholy mood, when he saw the walls and towers of Jerusalem at last, a strange hope of peace fell upon him, and a certainty of satisfaction not like anything which he had known before, and it seemed to him that if he could but be alone in the holy places he should find rest for his soul. Therefore he rode in the rear of the train, though he was a man of consequence, and many young knights and squires looked up to him and kept him company, so that he could not escape altogether to an outward solitude.

His eyes looked up before him, and he saw the holiest city in the world, like a vision against the pale sky, as the day sank, and his whole being went out to be there, floating before him in a prayer learned long ago. Therein, as when he had been a child in his English home, he heard the voice of a guardian angel praying with him—praying for the good against the evil, for the light against the darkness, for the clean against the unclean, for the good self against the bad; and his heart made echoes in heaven.

He heard not the sounds that came back from the royal train, the high talking and glad laughter; for it would have jarred on him and set his teeth on edge, and he had shut the doors of the body upon himself to be alone within. It mattered not that young Baldwin was riding by the queen, already half in love, and making soft speeches within sight of the hill whereon Christ died, nor that he took a boy's mischievous pleasure in interrupting the king's droning litany, recited in verse and response with the priest at his side; nor that some of the knights were chattering of what lodging they should find, and the young squires, in undertones, of black-eyed Jewish girls, and the grooms of Syrian wine. They were as nothing, all these, as nothing but the shadows of the world cast by its own ancient evil at the foot of the cross, and he only was real and alive, and the cross only was true and high in the pure light.

And in this he was not quite dreaming, for the train that rode up from Acre was not all of those true crusaders of whom many had been with the army, both rich and poor, but of whom the rich had stayed behind in

Antioch and the poor had perished miserably by the swords of the Seljuks or by the wiles of the Greeks, when they had tried to come on by land; and many of them had been sold into slavery, and out of so many thousands not one reached Jerusalem alive. Of the forty or fifty who were first in sight of the city, scarcely three were in heartfelt earnest, and they were the Lady Anne of Auch, and Gilbert Warde, and the king himself. But with the king all faith took a material shape, which was his own, and the buying of his own salvation had turned his soul into a place of spiritual usury.

The Lady Anne was calm and silent, and when young Baldwin spoke to her she hardly heard him, and answered in few words, little to the point. She had trusted that she might never see Jerusalem, for she had hoped to die by the way, of wound or sickness, and so end in heaven, with him she had lost, the pilgrimage begun on earth. For she was a most faithful woman, and of the most faithful there is often least to tell, because they have but one thought, one hope, one prayer. And seeing that she had come through alive, she neither rejoiced nor complained, knowing that there was more to bear before the end, and trusting to bear it all bravely for the dear sake of her dead love. It may be, also, that she was the most earnest of those who had taken the cross, because all earthly things that had made her life had been taken from her.

But of all men Gilbert Warde had fought best and most, and in so far as bodily peril was counted, none had lived through so much as he: for many of his companions had been killed beside him, and others had taken their place, and even his man Dunstan had been wounded twice, and little Alric once, and many horses had been killed under him; but he himself was untouched, even after the great battle in the valley, and there were honors for him whenever he was seen. In this, too, he was high-hearted and thoughtless of himself, that when he saw the Holy City before him, he forgot the thousand risks of life and limb, and the hunger and cold and weariness through which he had passed, and forgot that he had won it well and fairly, thinking only that the peace he felt came as a gift from Heaven.

That evening, when there was a feast in Baldwin's palace, the Lady Anne was not there; and when the King of France called for the Guide of Aquitaine to present him to the King of Jerusalem, he was not in the hall nor within the walls; and by and by the queen herself rose and went out, leaving the kings at table.

For Gilbert had gone fasting to the Holy Sepulcher, with Dunstan bearing his shield, and with one to lead them. There he went in to the vast church which the crusaders had built to inclose all the sacred ground, and little lights broke the darkness here and there without dispelling it, but the poor Christian who led Gilbert had a taper in his hand. The knight came first to the deep-red stone whereon Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea anointed the body of the Lord for burial, and there kneeling down, he set his shield and sword before him and prayed that he might yet use them well. Then the man took him to the Golgotha, and he laid down his arms before him and stood trembling, as if he were afraid, and the drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead, and his low voice shook like a little child's when he prayed in the place where God died for men. Afterward he knelt and touched the stones with his face, and spread out his arms crosswise, not knowing what he did. But when he had lain thus some time he rose and took up his shield and sword, and the man led him farther through the darkness to other places. So at last they brought him to the tomb, and he sent away the man who had guided him, and bade Dunstan go back also; but he would not.

"I also have fought for the cross, though I be but a churl," said the dark-faced man.

"You are no churl," answered Gilbert, gravely. "Kneel beside me and watch."

"I will watch with you," said Dunstan, and he took his own sword and laid it next to Gilbert's.

But he knelt one step behind his master, on his left side. Here were more than forty hanging lamps burning above the stone of the tomb, and around the stone itself there was a fence of well-wrought iron, with a wicket with a lock of pure gold.

Then Gilbert raised his eyes, and looking through the iron fence, he saw that on the other side some one was kneeling also, and it was the Lady Anne of Auch, robed all in black, with a black hood half thrown back; but her face was white, with dark shadows, and her two white hands clasped two iron stanchions of the fence, while her sad eyes looked upward fixedly, seeing a vision, and not seeing men. Gilbert was glad that she was there.

So they knelt an hour, and another hour, and no sound broke the stillness, nor did they feel any weariness at all, because their hearts

were lifted up, and for a time the world fell away from them. Then a soft sound of footsteps was in the church, but stopped at some distance from the tomb, which was not then shut off within walls of its own. None of the three turned to see who was there, and there was silence again.

Eleanor had come alone to the sepulcher, and stood looking at the three, not willing to come nearer. As she stood gazing, her sins rose in her eyes and passed before her, many and great, and when her good deeds were hidden there was darkness in her soul, and she despaired of forgiveness, for she knew her own pride, that it could never be broken in her. She looked on that most faithful woman, and on that maiden knight whom she so dearly loved, sinning daily in her heart for him, and yet for his sake fighting her loving thoughts; and she would not have dared to go forward and kneel beside the pure in heart, in the holy light. All alone she drew back, and when she was so far that they could not have seen her, had they looked, she knelt down by a pillar, and drew her dark veil over her face, folding her hands in the hope of forgiveness and peace, and in great loneliness.

Some comfort she found in this, that for the great love of her life, the like of which she had not known nor was to know again, though she had wished evil and dreamed of sweetest sins, she had done a little good at the last, and that the man who knelt there praying had grown stronger and greater and of higher honor by her means. Yet the comfort was not of much worth in her loneliness, since she had given him to another, and none could take his place. Then she said prayers she knew, but they had no meaning, and she gazed from beneath her veil at the place where the Lord had lain; but she felt nothing, and her heart was as stone, believing what she saw, but finding no light of faith for her in the divine beyond.

At last she rose softly, as she had knelt, and leaning against the pillar, she looked long at the man she loved, and at the shield with the cross of Aquitaine, and, in it, at the spot she had once so fervently kissed. Her hand went to her heart, where it hurt her, and with the hurt came the great pure longing that, come what might to herself, all might be well with him; and her lips moved silently, while her eyes would have given him the world and its glory.

"God, let me perish, but keep him what he is!".

Shall any one say that such true prayers are not heard, because they are spoken by lips that have sinned? If not, God is not good, nor did Christ die to save men.

The daughter of princes, the wife of two kings, and the mother of many more in line after them, drew down her veil that none might see her face under the dim lights, and she went out thence, very lonely and sad, into the streets of Jerusalem.

At midnight came a priest of the church to trim the lights at the tomb; but the three did not move, and he prayed awhile and went away. But when the watchmen cried the dawning, and their voices came faintly in by the doorway, floating through the dark church, Gilbert rose to his feet, and Dunstan with him, and they took their arms with them, and went away, leaving the Lady Anne the last of them all, her white hands still clasping the iron, her sad black eyes still turned to heaven.

Faint streaks were in the eastern sky, but it was still almost dark as the two men turned to the left to follow the way by which they had come. Then, three steps from the door, Dunstan stumbled against something neither hard nor soft, and in many fights he had learned what that thing was.

"There is a dead man here," he said, and Gilbert had stopped also.

They stooped down, trying to see, and Dunstan felt along the body, touching the mantle and finding something sharp, which was the point of a dagger out of its sheath.

"He is a knight," said Dunstan, "for he has on his surcoat and sword-belt under his mantle."

But Gilbert was gazing into the face, trying to see, while the dust under the head gradually grew gray in the dawn, and the waxen features seemed to rise up out of the earth before him. But then he started, for, as he looked down, his own eyes were but a handbreadth from an arrow-head that stuck straight up out of the dead forehead, and the broken shaft, with its feathers darkly soiled, lay half under the body. Dunstan also looked, and a low sound of gladness came from his fierce lips.

"It is Arnold de Curboil!" exclaimed Gilbert, in unmeasured surprise.

"And this is Alric's arrow," answered Dunstan, looking at the point, and then handling the piece of the broken shaft. "This is the arrow that was sticking in your cap on that day when we fought for sport in Tuscany, and Alric picked it up and kept it. And often in battle he had but that one left, and would not shoot, saying that it was only

to be shot to save his master's life. So now it has done its work, for though he was shot from behind, the knight has his dagger in his dead hand under his cloak, and he must have followed you to the door of the church to kill you in the dark within. Well done, little Alric!"

Then Dunstan spat in the face of the dead man, and cursed him; but Gilbert took his man by the collar and pulled him aside roughly.

"It is unmanly to insult the dead," he said in disgust.

But Dunstan laughed savagely.

"Why?" he asked. "He was only my father!"

Gilbert's hand relaxed, and fell to his side, then he lifted it again and laid it gently on Dunstan's shoulder.

"Poor Dunstan!" he said.

But Dunstan smiled bitterly and said nothing, for he thought himself poor indeed, since, if the dead man had given him a tenth of his due, he should have had land enough for a knight.

"We cannot leave him here," said Gilbert at last.

"Why not? There are dogs."

Dunstan took up his master's shield, and without more waiting turned his back on his father's body. But Gilbert stood where he was, and gazed down into the dead face of the man who had done him so much harm; and he remembered Farringdon and the swift stroke that had killed his father, and Stortford wood, where he himself had lain for dead. He still saw in dreams how Curboil snatched his dagger left-handed from its sheath. Then, by strong association, he wished to see whether it were still the same one, a masterpiece of Eastern art, and he stooped down in the dawn to pull back the cloak and take the weapon. It was the same one, fair and keen with the chiseled hilt. He stuck it into his own belt, as a memory, for it had once been sheathed in his own side; then he drew the cloak over the dead face and went his way, following Dunstan to his lodging, just as the hushed city began to stir, musing on the strange chances of his life, and glad that, since his enemy was to die, it had not been his ill chance to soil the blade consecrated to the cross with blood so vile, and to slay with his own hands the father of the woman he loved.

Now also, as he thought calmly, he guessed that Beatrix must be in Jerusalem, and that Curboil, having taken her from Antioch, and meaning to kill him before he sailed back to England, had brought his daughter with him, fearing lest she should escape him again and find refuge against him.

He found little Alric sitting on the low door-step of the house where he lodged, his stolid Saxon face pink and white in the fresh dawn, and his thick hands hanging idly over his knees, while his round blue eyes stared at the street. He got up when Gilbert came near, and pulled off his woolen cap

"Well done, Alric," said Gilbert. "That is the second time you have saved my life."

"It was a good arrow," answered Alric, thoughtfully. "I carried it two years and made it very sharp. It is a pity the man broke the shaft with his head when he fell, and I would have cut off the steel point to use it again, but I heard footsteps and ran away, lest I should be taken for a thief."

"It was well shot," said Gilbert, and he went in.

XXV.

It had been early dawn when they had found Sir Arnold dead; it was toward evening when Gilbert and Dunstan followed a young Jew to the door of a Syrian house in a garden of the old quarter of the city, toward the Zion gate. All day they had searched Jerusalem, up and down, through the narrow streets of whitened houses, inquiring everywhere for a knight who had lately come with his one daughter, and no one could tell them anything; for Sir Arnold had paid well to find a retired house, where Beatrix might be safely guarded while he went out to seek Gilbert and kill him, and where he himself could hide if there were any pursuit. So they asked in vain, till at last they saw a boy sitting by the wayside on the hill of the temple, weeping and lamenting in the Eastern fashion. The guide, who was also a Jew, asked him what had chanced, and he said that his father was gone on a journey, leaving him, his young son, in the house with his mother. And there had come a Christian knight with a daughter and her woman and certain servants, desiring to hire the house for a time because it was in a pleasant place; and they had let him have it, he promising by an interpreter to pay a great price; but he had not yet paid it. In the morning the young man had seen Christians carrying away the body of this knight to bury it; and he had been to the house, but the knight's servants would not let him in, and did not understand his speech, and threatened to beat him; and now he was afraid lest his father should come home unawares and take

him and his mother to account for letting strangers use his house without even paying for it beforehand.

When Gilbert saw that he had found what he sought, he first gave money to the boy, to encourage him, and bade the interpreter tell him to lead them all to the house, saying that Gilbert himself would enter, in spite of the servants. The boy took the money, and when he measured Gilbert with his eye, he understood, and went before them with no more weeping; and the knight's step was light and quick with hope, for he had begun to doubt whether Beatrix were really in the city after all.

The house was low and white, and stood at the end of a small garden in which there were palms, and spring flowers growing in straight lines between small hewn stones, laid so as to leave little trenches of earth between them. There was a hard path, well swept, leading to the square door of the house, and on the door-post were clearly written certain characters in Hebrew.

Gilbert knocked on the door, not loudly, with the hilt of his dagger, but no one answered; and again louder, but there was no sound from within. Then he shook the door, trying whether it would open of itself by a push; but it was fast, and the two windows of the house that looked out on each side of the door were barred also.

"They think that some great force is with us, and are afraid," said the Jewish boy. "Speak to them, sir, for they do not understand my tongue."

And the interpreter explained what he said. Then Gilbert spoke in English, for he supposed that Curboil's servants must be Englishmen; but the Jewish boy knew that the words should sound otherwise.

"In Greek, sir! Speak to them in Greek, for they are all Greeks. That is why they are afraid. All Greeks are afraid."

The interpreter began to speak in Greek, clear and loud, but no sound came. Yet when Gilbert put his ear to the door he thought that he heard something like a child's moaning. It had a sound of pain in it, and his blood rose at the thought that some weak creature was being hurt. So he took little Alric's leathern belt, such as grooms wear, and bound it round his hand to guard the flesh, and he struck the door where the leaves joined in the middle, once and twice and three times, and it began to open inward, so that they could see the iron bolt bent half double. Then with his shoulder he forced it in, so that the bolt slipped from the socket, and the leaves flew open.

There was a little court within, around which the house was built, with a well for rain-water in the middle, after the fashion that was half Roman and half Eastern. Gilbert went in, and bade all be silent, that he might hear whence the moaning came; for it was more distinct now, and it seemed to come from the well, with a little splashing of water; so he went and looked down, and when he saw what was there he cried aloud for fear.

For there he saw an upturned face, half dead, with a white thing bound across the mouth, and hands tied together and struggling to strike the water, but weighted from beneath; and it was the face of Beatrix, two fathoms below him. There were holes in the two sides of the well opposite each other for a man's hands and feet, for going down into the cistern; and Gilbert lost no moment, but began to descend at once; yet long before he had got the bound hands together in his own, stooping and himself in peril of falling, the face had sunk below the dark, bubbling water.

With his feet firmly planted in the holes, and standing as it might be astride of the water, he lifted the girl up; and though she was so slight, it was one of the hardest things he ever had to do, for her clothes were full of water, and he was at a disadvantage; nor could his men help him till he had raised her so high that he could rest her weight on his right knee and against his own body. Then the others climbed down and slipped their belts under her arms, and she was taken out in safety and laid upon the pavement of the little court. And then the Jewish boy went to call his mother from the house of her sister, where they two had gone to live, for Beatrix had need of a woman.

Gilbert knelt down and laid her head upon Dunstan's coat, folded together, and covered her with his own mantle, gazing into the unconscious face, small and pale and pitiful, and he remembered how he had seen it last in Antioch, full of anger and unbelief, so that he had turned and left what he loved just when evil was at hand; and his heart stood still, and then smote him in his breast, and stood still again, as the smith's hammer is poised in the air between the strokes.

Beatrix did not move and seemed not to breathe, lying as one dead, and suddenly Gilbert believed that there was no life left in her. He tried to speak to Dunstan, but he could make no sound, for his tongue and

his throat were suddenly parched and paralyzed, so that he was dumb in his grief; but he took the small white hands, with the wrists cut by the cords, and folded them upon the breast, and he took his cross-hilted dagger with its sheath, and laid it between the hands for a cross, and gently tried to close the half-opened eyes.

Then, when Dunstan saw what his master meant, he touched him on the shoulder and spoke to him.

"She is not dead," he said.

Gilbert started and looked up at him, and saw that he was in earnest; but the man's lean face was drawn with anxiety.

"Sir," said Dunstan, "will you let me touch the Lady Beatrix?"

The knight's brow darkened, for that a churl's hands should touch a high-born lady's face seemed to him something monstrous and against nature; but in the moment he had forgotten something.

"She is quite dead," he tried to say.

Then Dunstan spoke, sadly kneeling down beside her.

"This lady is half my sister," he said. "I have some skill with half-drowned persons. Let me save her, sir, unless we are to let her die before our eyes. A Gipsy taught me what to do."

The cloud passed from Gilbert's face, but still he did not believe.

"In Heaven's name, do what you can, try what you know, and quickly!" he said.

"Help me, then," said Dunstan.

So he did as all skilled persons know how to do with half-drowned people, though only the Gipsies knew it then. They turned her body gently so that the clear water ran from her parted lips, and laying her down again, they took her arms and drew them over her head, stretched out, and brought them down to her sides, again and again, so as to make her breathe, and the breath was drawn in and breathed out again with a delicate foam that clung to her lips.

Still Sir Gilbert did not believe, and though he helped his man, in the despair of the instant, and in the horror of losing the least chance of life, it all seemed to him a desecration of the most dear dead, and more than once he would have let the poor little arm rest, rather than make it limply follow the motion Dunstan gave to the other.

"She is quite, quite dead," he said again.

"She is alive," answered Dunstan; "stop not now one moment, or we shall lose her."

His dark face glowed, and his unwinking eyes watched her face for the least sign of life. Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed, and time seemed facing death—the swift against the immovable and eternal. Gilbert, the strong and masterful in fight, humbly and anxiously watched his man's looks for the signs of hope, as if Dunstan had been the wisest physician of all mankind; and indeed in that day there were few physicians who knew how to do what the man was doing. But at last the glow in his face began to fade, and Gilbert's heart sank, and the horror of so disturbing the dead came upon him tenfold, so that he let the slender arm rest on the stones, and sighed. But Dunstan cried out fiercely to him:

"For your life, go on! She is alive! See! See!"

And even as Gilbert sadly shook his head in the last failure of belief, the long lashes quivered a little with the lids, and were still, and quivered again, and then again, and the eyes opened wide and staring, but broad awake; and then the delicate body shook and was half convulsed by the miracle of life restored, and the slight arms quivered with nervous strength, resisting the men's strong hands, and a choking cough brought the bright color to the pale cheeks.

Then Gilbert lifted her from the pavement to the stone rim of the well, that she might breathe better, and presently the choking ceased, so that she lay quite still, with her head against his breast, and her weight in his arms. But still she did not speak, and the man's heart beat furiously with joy, and then stood still in fear, lest the worst should come again, whereof there was no danger; but he did not know, and Dunstan and Alric were suddenly gone, seeking wine in the house. Just when the girl seemed to be sinking into a swoon they brought it, a short draft of Syrian wine; for little Alric was not wise, but he would have found wine in the sandy desert, and he had gone straight to a corner where a leathern bottle with a wooden plug was hung up in a cool place.

Beatrix drank, and revived again, and looked up to Gilbert.

"I knew you would come," she said faintly, and she smiled, but Gilbert could not speak.

By this time the Jewish boy had brought his mother, and they carried the girl into a room, and the woman took care of her kindly, fearing lest a Christian should die in her husband's house, and also lest she should not be paid the value of the rent, but with womanly gentleness, also, wrapping her in dry clothes of her own before she laid her to rest.

For Arnold de Curboil's servants had been all Greeks, and when they had learned that their master had been killed in the night, they had bolted and barred the house, and had bound Beatrix and her Norman tirewoman hand and foot and gagged their mouths with clothes, in order that they might carry off the rich plunder, but at first they had not meant to kill the women. Only when they were just about to slip away, one at a time, so as to escape notice, they held a council, and the most of them said that it would be better to throw the women into the well, lest either of them should help the other, and, getting loose, escape from the house and cause a pursuit. So they threw the Norman woman down first, and when they saw that she sank the third time, being drowned, they threw Beatrix after her. But the well was not so deep as they had thought, and was narrow, so that Beatrix had kept her head above the water a long time, her feet just touching the body of her drowned servant. And in this way the faithful woman had saved her mistress after she was dead. When this was known, they took her from the well and bore her to burial without the city, while Beatrix was asleep.

That night Gilbert and Dunstan lay on their cloaks within the half-broken door of the house, which could not be bolted, for they were tired, having watched by the sepulcher all the night before that; and little Alric kept watch in the courtyard, walking up and down lest he should sleep, for the Syrian wine brought drowsiness, and he had the whole bottle to himself. But he drank slowly and thoughtfully, and when he felt that his head was not clear, he let the wine alone and walked up and down a long time, talking to himself and warning himself to keep sober. This being accomplished, he swallowed another draft, wisely sipping it by half-mouthfuls, and then walked again, and so all night, and in the dawn he was as fresh and rosy and sober as ever, but the big leathern bottle lay quite flat and disconsolate on the pavement; for he came of the old English archers, who were good men at a bowl, and steady on their legs.

In the morning Gilbert awoke and sat up on the pavement, while Dunstan was still sleeping, and as Alric came near Gilbert made a sign that he should not wake the man, but let him rest. He looked at his man's face, and thought how much this servant of his had suffered, being quite half as gentle of blood as he himself; and he remembered how he had fought ever bravely, and had shed his blood, and had never taken gifts of money from his master, save for great necessity, and had asked for a sword rather than for a tunic when he had raised the riot to save Beatrix and the queen in Nicæa; and Gilbert was ashamed that such a man, who was in truth the eldest born of a great house, should be a starving servant. So when he opened his eyes and started up at seeing his master awake, Gilbert spoke to him.

"Dunstan," he said, "you have fought with me, you have endured with me, we have fasted together on the march, and we have drunk of the same spring in battle while the arrows fell about us, and now, God willing, we are to be brothers, when I wed the Lady Beatrix, and but for you I should be mourning by her grave to-day. It is not meet that we should be any longer master and man, for you have gentle blood in you, of a great house."

"Sir Gilbert," answered Dunstan, flushing darkly, "you are very kind to me, but I will not have gentlehood of a father who was a murderer and a thief."

"You prove yourself gentle by that speech," answered Gilbert. "Had he no other blood to give you than his own? Then the Lady Beatrix is also the daughter of a thief and a murderer."

"And of a lady of great lineage. That is different. I am no peer of my lady sister. But if so be that I may have a name, and be called gentle, then, sir, I pray you, beg of your sovereign in England that I may be called by a new name of my own, that my ill birth may be forgotten."

"And so I will," said Gilbert, "for it is better thus."

Afterward he kept his word, and when she had her own again, Beatrix gave him a third share of her broad lands to hold in fief to Gilbert Warde, though he had no rightful claim, and because he had saved her life; he was called Dunstan Le Sauveur, because he had saved her and many, and he had favor of King Henry and fought bravely, and was made a knight, and raised up an honorable race.

But on that morning in Jerusalem, in the little court, Beatrix came out, still weak and weary, and sat beside Gilbert in the shade of the wall, with her hand between his, and the light in her face.

"Gilbert," she said, when she had told him what had happened to her until then, "when I was angry and unbelieving in the queen's chamber in Antioch, why did you turn and leave me, seeing that I was in the wrong?"

"I was angry, too," he answered simply.

But, womanlike, she answered him again: "That was foolish. You should have taken me roughly in your arms and kissed me, as you did by the river long ago. Then I should have believed you, as I do now."

"But you would not believe my words, nor the queen's," he said, "nor even when she gave herself up to the king, to prove herself true, would you believe her."

"If men only knew!" Beatrix laughed softly, her little bird-laugh that had the music of a spring day.

"If men knew—what?"

"If men knew—" she paused, and blushed, and laughed again. "If men knew how women love sweet words when they are happy, and sharp deeds when they are angry. That is what I mean. I would have given my blood and the queen's kingdom for a kiss when you left me standing there."

"I wish I had known!" exclaimed Gilbert, happy but half perplexed.

"You ought to have known," answered the girl.

Her eyebrows were raised a little with the half-pathetic look he loved, while her mouth smiled.

"I shall never understand," he said, but he began to laugh, too.

"I will tell you. In the first place, I shall never be angry with you again—never! Do you believe me, Gilbert?"

"Of course I do," he answered, having nothing else to say.

"Very well. But if I ever should be—"

"But you just said that you never would be!"

"I know; but if I should,—just once,—then take me in your arms, and say nothing, but kiss me as you did that day by the river."

"I understand," he said. "Are you angry now?" But he was laughing.

"Almost," she answered, glancing sidewise in a smile.

"Not quite?"

"Yes, quite!" And her eyes darkened under the drooping lids.

Then he held her so close to him that she was half breathless, and kissed her till it hurt, and she turned pale again, and her eyes closed.

"You see," she said very faintly, "I believe you now."

HERE ends the story of Gilbert Warde's crusading; for he had reached the end of his Via Crucis in the Holy City, and had at last found peace for his soul, and light and rest for his heart, after many troubles and temptations, and after much brave fighting for the good cause of the faith against unbelievers.

After that he fought again with the army at Damascus, and saw how the princes betrayed one another, when the Emperor Conrad had come again, so that the siege of the strong town came to naught, and the armies were scattered among the rich gardens to gather fruit and drink strong wine, while their leaders wrangled. Also at Ascalon he drew sword, and again saw failure hanging over all, like an evil shadow, and chilling the courage in men, so that there was murmuring and clamoring for the homeward path. There he saw how the great armies went to ruin and fell to pieces, because, as the holy Bernard had known, there was not the faith of other days, and also because there was no great leader, as Eleanor had told the abbot himself at Vézelay; and it was a sad sight, and one to sicken the souls of good men.

But though he fought with all his might when swords were out, there was no sadness in him for all these things, for life and hope were bright before him. Little by little, too, he had heard how all the poor pilgrims left at Attalia had perished; but he knew that if he had led them, Beatrix would have died there in the court of the little house in Jerusalem, and he held her life more dear than the lives of many, whom his own could hardly have saved.

Moreover, and last of all, he had learned and understood that the cause of God lies not buried among stones in any city, not even in the most holy city of all; for the place of Christ's suffering is in men's sinful hearts, and the glory of his resurrection is the saving of a soul from death to everlasting life, in refreshment and light and peace.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

A ROMAN CHORUS.

BY MYRON R. SANFORD.

IN the pleasant interest which the reading of Horace always rouses, thirty-three students in Middlebury College recently agreed to attempt the representation of a typical chorus to Apollo and Diana in the time of Augustus. They knew the danger of the essay, and were well aware that, with a slight deviation from the classic norm which they had set before themselves, the illusion that they were a Roman chorus might be broken, and prove them simply a group of self-conscious Americans in awkwardly hanging white gowns. Nor did they presume to say that they could successfully imitate the choir chosen by Augustus to render the "Secular Hymn." Yet, though their undertaking should come to completion with much labor, and with many errors inevitable to their unique venture, they believed that a fairly accurate general impression could be given.

Truth to the originals, so far as practicable, was considered the first requisite, chiefly, of course, for its own sake, while the educational interests of the audience, and the reflex effect on the chorus, would naturally fortify the desire to make the copy as faithful as possible. Every tunica, toga, and palla was an imitation of a classic cut, though the material itself was not the pure wool of the Romans. Yet the special variety of cheaper cloth which was used—the finest quality of unstarched cotton stuff procurable—was, after a few experiments, coaxed into plaits which imitated closely the soft foldings of a genuine toga. The employment of this substitute was not an original idea. It is often adopted in the theaters, where, previously treated to a scalding process, it takes on a woolly, crinkly appearance. The making of the sandals, the construction of the musical instruments, and the dressing of the hair, offered no special difficulties, since innumerable patterns are left us. The laurel for the crowns and branches, while not *Laurus nobilis*, that species not being found in America, was brought from a neighboring State as the nearest imitation of the ancient bay. The necklaces of amber and of Roman pearls, and the arm-bracelets, were as good imitations as could be improvised, while some of

PUTTING ON THE TOGA.

the clasps and ornaments lent some little feeling of realism to the wearers in the fact that they were from Rome itself.

To cut over one third of a mile of cloth into drapery is not difficult; it is a matter simply of stuff and scissors. But to produce patterns that would infold the body properly, and fall away in the graceful lines of

The difficulty came later. Given tunicas, togas, and pallas proved to be of right dimension, and warranted the correct pattern for Marcus or the gentle Tullia herself, could they have appeared to try the fit, how were these Americo-Romans ever to get into them, how wear them after once in? The young women, with much deftness, soon

CYMBAL-PLAYER. SISTRUM-PLAYER.

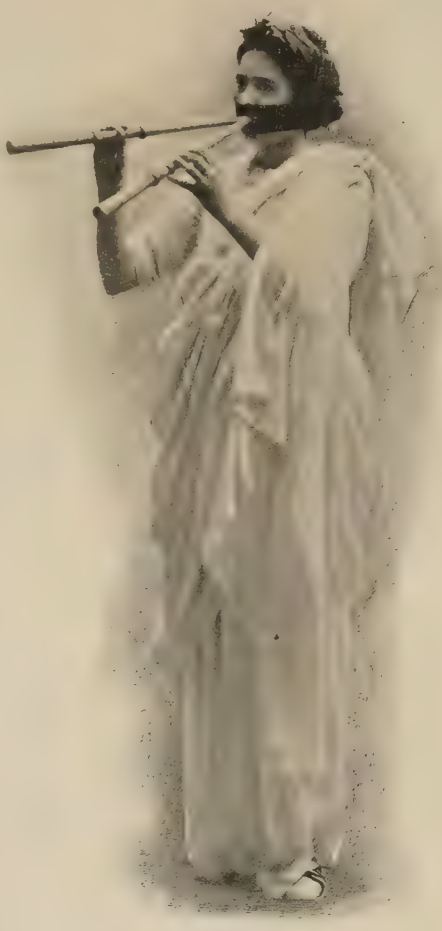
beauty which flow in the robing of ancient statuary, seemed a formidable undertaking. Nor were the patterns of the stola, toga, and palla the same at all times. The fashions varied, as with us, though in a much more limited way. In the luxurious years of the later empire the importation of silks and other costly fabrics necessarily caused many changes in the dress of both men and women. Yet, in the case of priests and celebrants, the style of the mantles varied but little, and for our chorus only patterns of the simpler sort were needed, and all from the same creamy-white material. Thus a possibly complicated color problem was avoided, while the general question of the right cut proved easier of solution than had been thought.

managed to take the awkward lines out of their drapery, and wore their folds with grace and dignity. It is certain that they assumed Tullia's garb much more easily than she could have adopted their own. But in comparing the dress of women with that of men it should be said that the palla is not so large, and consequently not so unwieldy, as the toga.

The toga was originally a rectangular piece of woolen cloth, bleached or unbleached, three times the wearer's height in length, and twice that in breadth. The corners, from being rounded a little, were clipped more and more, until the shape approximated an oval. Later, individual cutting to an exact fit changed the pattern even

THE PROCESSION

further. A breadth of from eighteen inches to two feet was folded back along the upper edge, so that, where it came over the right shoulder, the arm, or even the head, might be covered by simply raising this loose fold. The most common way of putting it on was to let one end fall over the left shoulder from behind, until it nearly touched the ground in front of the left foot, then, bringing the rest of the length around the back under the right arm, to give it a fling (with the right hand, of course) over the left shoulder, where the second end would fall nearly to the ground, but behind the body. There were other ways of arranging it according to individual taste or prevailing fashion. We read that the slaves sometimesevenspent hours in pressing and folding the toga that it might set off to the best advantage the person of some exquisite.



TIBIA-PLAYER, WITH CAPISTRUM.

To a young man accustomed to clothing *stricta et singulos artus exprimente*, as Tacitus puts it, the manipulation of this mantle, sometimes eighteen feet by twelve, is no trifling matter. To wrap one's self in it was easy enough. Indeed, not to get wrapped was the difficulty in handling its anaconda length. The first attempts to "assume the *toga virilis*" usually produced a result almost as much like a cephalous cotton-bale as a noble Roman in flowing drapery. Repeated attempts brought improvement, but, owing to lack of time, not enough trials were made to give any particular dexterity. Yet, even to those still struggling in the swathings, the grace of the garb began to be evident, though, at the same time, there may have lingered a strong suspicion that it was a style of dress that was better adapted to Caius in his leisurely stroll to the bankers' shops in the Forum than to one running for the car of modern civilization. That is, it became plain from this actual trial, however imperfect the venture, that a man of the nineteenth century, while gaining convenience in the "fit" of his clothes, in taking out the loose folds has lost all the lines of beauty and of expression.

The repugnance of all our sculptors to the work of outlining the human form in the present conventional dress is too well known for discussion. Let alone the question of beauty, our clothes are impassive. They have no part with our emotions, grave or gay. How swift in the Roman life the sympathy of dress with feeling is evident in

OF THE CHORUS.

statuary and painting, as well as told in all their literature. To "wrap one's face in the mantle," to "rend the garment," to "cast the toga from the shoulder," told of the more violent passions, but the play of the simpler emotions was equally well pictured also in the varied manner in which the drapery fell about the body. It is true that even now we say that we do not like the "cut of one's coat"; but it is a metaphor which has forgotten its classic origin, and there is no picture beyond it. But when, however, Sulla warned the optimates to keep a sharp eye on the youthful Cæsar, because of the defiant hitch of his girdle, it is plain enough that the dictator had seen something in the way that the young populist was wearing his gown of which he did not approve.

It was fitting that the lines of the drapery of the celebrants should be such as to suggest the solemn nature of the occasion. This result, in general, was produced by length of folds and the avoidance of all abrupt and flying effects. The robes were set in motion in slow and gentle waves only. Even the necessary movement of the musicians was tempered and subdued by the proper toning of the draping, where, on the other hand, the wildness and abandon of a bacchanalian chorus would have expressed itself in all the quiver and fling which the mobile texture would have allowed.

TIBIA-PLAYER, WITHOUT CAPISTRUM.

It would be too much to say, indeed, that ancient Roman music could be rendered with entire accuracy. Some of the lesser details of the problem are still unsolved. Yet there is no trouble in reproducing the general effect if attention is paid to what is certain. A fairly faithful representation does not necessarily require a perplexing weighing of the authorities on such questions as the relation of the tetrachord and intervals to our octave, or a comparison of the many ancient modes with two of the composers of the later centuries, beyond simple experiments to show that all variations in the position of tone and semitone give, to our hearing, general minor effects. In this old chorus there was no part-singing, since all voices chanted the air. Harmony was a later thought in music. But in mixed choirs it must have happened frequently that the voices were two or even three octaves apart, a fact which, it is easy enough to see,

would add to, rather than detract from, the effect. The discovery has been made, however, that some of the instruments which one would expect to have been on the same key were probably a fifth or a seventh apart—a suggestion, at least, of modern harmony. This may have been by accident rather than by design, and possibly these chords were heard in a vocal rendering. But there is no evidence on the subject. Even were this the case, the effect would have been entirely different from our part-singing, and, so far as proof is at hand, there is no probability that there ever was a theme or melody with accompanying chords as in later composition. Another element in this antique music of which we are sure is that of swing, or movement. We have lost the tunes to which the chants of Horace were set, but the time has been perfectly preserved.

TUBA AND LITUUS.

Most ancient peoples seem to have been fond of the amœbean or antiphonal effect in their chorus-singing. If the twenty-first ode of the first book of Horace, the one selected by the Middlebury chorus to illustrate the antiphons, is examined, this character of the song will at once be evident. Verse 1 must have been chanted by the maidens, verse 2 by the boys, stanza 2 by the maidens, stanza 3 by the boys, while it is possible that all joined in rendering the last stanza. Nor is the musical arrangement of the "Secular Hymn" entirely clear, and much discussion has arisen over various portions. But doubt about the allotment of certain stanzas is a matter of small consequence in seeking the truthful effect of the ode as a whole.

A study of the score of the chant just mentioned would be necessary in order to get any idea of the impression produced. The music was simplicity itself, and must depend, not on any peculiarity of its melody, but upon uniqueness of rendering, before the result could be called Roman. The movement at the beginning was dignified and stately, the intonation ringing, full, and precise, while the rolling back and forth of the melody between the higher and the lower voices gave no chance for monotony. But after three stanzas the now united voices swung off in slightly quicker time into beautiful measures—an imitation, which it is hoped was somewhat truthful, of one of the several minor modes. At the end of this stanza the tonic was caught up as the initial note of a new key, in which, with more rapid yet perfectly accented movement, there were repeated the opening strains of the prayer to the two deities. This repetition from another tonic afforded a new range to the trained voices, while the invocation itself seemed to gain in intensity as it rose once more in slightly higher and swifter notes.

The first attempts to render the ode were not particularly encouraging, since voices apparently harmonious in soprano, alto, tenor, and bass combination did not at once seem in unison-singing to produce just the right quality of sound. The effect was

ragged. But every rehearsal gave a more perfect finish, and brought the octave chords into a more perfect sympathy. Fortunately, a few of the voices had been well trained, and many were of particularly good timbre. As the drill continued the tones became more and more harmonized, until, at the last, the volume rose and fell like the many blended reeds of a rich and full instrument. It was evident from the first that only the most patient and long-continued drill would be able to bring the desired effect; but at the end no one grudged the outlay of time and trouble.

The problem of the most fitting musical instruments to support the singers was solved satisfactorily only after experimenting. The elaborate accompaniment of the modern choir, which, not always content to follow, sometimes leads so powerfully as to seem to cause a real rivalry between vocal and instrumental expression, was entirely unknown in the Roman chorus. Yet that the necessity of a reed tone to mellow and blend with the voice was felt from very early times is evident in the countless references of the old writers. Even in public reading or speaking the soft breathing of the tibia seems sometimes to have been heard from the rear of the stage, not only to modulate the voice, but to afford a harmonious background as well.

THE BENDING LYRE.

To offer the most perfect imitation, then, there should have been made from reeds or bronze one or two double tibias after the many models left us in ancient statuary and painting, which, further, should have been attuned until the timbre was in sympathy with the united voice-tones. Obviously, this would have occasioned a long delay, even if final success were possible. The tibias were made, it is true, but they were dummies, and the real players stood in the rear of the chorus. At Harvard a few years since, on the presentation of the "Phormio" of Terence, the two tibia-players, pretending to accompany the actors, stood in a somewhat conspicuous position, and imitated so well the action of performers that most of the audience were deceived. The instruments really heard, a clarinet, an oboe, and a bassoon, though rarely were more than two of the three played at the same time, were not in sight at all. It was at first thought that the saxophone would prove the best imitation for our chorus, since the many strong voices needed considerable support. In rendering a modern song it would have served well enough, but this instrument, even with the most skilful playing, could not be modulated to its proper place; nor did its tone blend with the voices as well as had been hoped. One trial was enough to banish the coronet. Nor did the flute, though exceptionally well handled, give quite the proper effect. Its shrillness was exactly what was needed to imitate the Roman pipe, but it failed in volume. Finally a union of clarinet with flute proved the happy solution.

In order to introduce the chorus in the most pronounced processional character, the singers, after intentional delay, came through a door at the rear of the audience-room, and reached the stage by passing in divided column through the aisles. From the time that the faint cry of "Io, Io," was heard in the distance, during the stately marching of the now present celebrants, and through the weird rise and fall of the chanting which followed, the effect upon the audience was peculiar, and by no means easy of description. The hush which fell seemed neither that of interest in a musical program nor of surprise at unusual costumes, but rather like the spell wrought in the presence of mystic sights or sounds. Whether the realistic reproduction of the ancient dress, as the slowly moving mass of white drapery, folding and unfolding with the movement of the wearer in a hundred lines of grace, dazed the audience into a sudden belief that they saw rehabilitated forms of the old Palatine chorus, whether it was the rapt, unconscious look of the singers themselves that held the eyes in a sort of fascination, or whether the rich and solemn antiphonal, varying greatly in volume and range as it

swept majestically back and forth between the youths and maidens, had more power to hold in strained attention, it is hard to say. An attempt on the part of some of the members of a convention later to analyze the impression resulted in the conclusion that it was a combination of causes rather than a single characteristic. Each feature was impressive in itself, yet dependent on all other parts for support. Had one failed, the others would also have been dragged down with it.

The bearing of the chorus early became an important question. Ideally one would say that it should be that of rapt exaltation. Yet it is easy to see that too severe an attempt to produce this might result in a very stagy, if not idiotic, effect. On the other hand, the carriage of a nineteenth-century chorus was unthinkable. They sing the passion of their song to responsive echoes. There is no anachronism. Even in character-singing, to imitate old music it is not always difficult to see that the choir are waiting on the sympathy of the audience, and that they are keeping in mind what every musician knows, namely, that chords, however intricate, played on one instrument, are repeated automatically to the last thrill upon another near by. But in the case of our chorus any hint of contemporaneity was just what was not desired. And because this remoteness in time was a prominent effect sought from beginning to end, also, in the Apollo-Diana invocation, for the reason that a hymn to the gods should be chanted to them, not sung to an audience, the celebrants set before themselves a simple aim, that of absolute unconsciousness of the assembly. Every one readily undertook this task of disassociation; to attempt more, promised danger. When the final hour arrived it was plain that the line had been drawn in the right place. The abstracted look and the statue-like movement were in consonance with the character of the presentation, yet did not become affectation.

THE WAVING LAUREL.

The first design of the chorus was simply to enliven the work of the Horace class. It was proposed to its members that they try to feel the environment of the literary court of Augustus, not only by reading about it, but by attempting to thrust themselves into it as well. Undertaken at first with doubt of success, growing enthusiasm broke down all difficulties. Indeed, only *con amore* could such an attempt succeed. The occasion of a convention of Latin teachers from all parts of the State enlarged its educational scope and gave an object-lesson to the many rather than to the few. The amount of information gained by those who took part in this presentation was evidently very considerable. The necessary searching of authorities and the examination of hundreds of copies of types of ancient art awakened some to quite new views of our heritage from the classic world. The study of photographs alone, of which a plentiful supply was afforded, proved a small education. The camera has a sharp eye for a bad sinus, and in the matter of photography the students enjoyed unusual advantages, since a skilled artist caught something of their enthusiasm, and after weeks of labor has permanently recorded his work for the college in a processional of unusual size and finish.

SOME FAMOUS MEN OF OUR TIME.

VON BUNSEN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS FRIENDS.

BY JOHN BIGELOW.

"IN his death Europe has lost one of its chief attractions for me," was the first remark of a prominent American when told of the demise of this gifted German. I believe his words express the feelings of nearly every American and every Englishman—and there were many of both nationalities—who was so fortunate as to enjoy Von Bunsen's acquaintance and friendship. I first met him at a supper-party given by the late Mr. Bancroft while minister in Berlin, and on the evening of his seventieth birthday, October 3, 1870. Among the guests besides Von Bunsen were Mommsen, Curtius, Gneist, Grimm, Dorner, and Meyer, the private secretary of Queen Augusta, besides other notabilities whose fame has not yet become acclimated on this side of the Atlantic. I had little conversation with Von Bunsen on this occasion, which owes its place in my memory chiefly to a remark addressed to Mrs. Bancroft and me by Professor Curtius as he was about leaving.

"When King William came to the throne eight years ago," said Curtius, to whom the king had already confided the direction of the education of his only son, the crown prince, "the king said to me that he was too old ever to do anything himself to render his reign memorable, but that he hoped that he might be instrumental in preparing the way for his son to accomplish the unification of Germany and become illustrious."

When Curtius told this story, the old king, who only eight years before had cast his horoscope so modestly, had already associated his name with by far the most memorable events in the history of Germany, whether in ancient or modern times, while the crown prince was destined to be but the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the Marcellus of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

Von Bunsen was one of five sons of the learned Chevalier von Bunsen, who, from being secretary of legation to Niebuhr while the latter was the Prussian minister at Rome, succeeded him finally as Prussia's representative at that court, and subsequently was appointed Prussian ambassador to London, a position which he held until near the close of his life. His son George was born at Rome in 1824, and during his father's official residence in Italy. When the latter was promoted to the British embassy George became his private secretary. He was notably precocious. He wrote Latin when only five years of age, and read Plato's "Phædo" at twelve. One of the results was that in his early manhood his eyes gave way and compelled him to abandon the philological studies to which he had proposed to devote his life. He then took refuge upon a farm in Rhenish Prussia, whence he was sent by the Liberals to the Prussian Parliament, of which he was already an active and conspicuous member when I made his acquaintance at the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Like his father before him, he brought an English wife with him to Berlin, where he had then recently taken up his residence and was just completing the elegant mansion in Maien Strasse in which he resided the remainder of his life. I and my family were permitted to eat with him his first Christmas dinner in his new home in 1870, and to witness the interesting ceremonies with which cultivated Germans are wont to distinguish this from ordinary holidays.

HUMBOLDT.

DURING that evening I spoke casually of Varnhagen's last batch of letters from Humboldt, the then recent perusal of some of which surprised me. Von Bunsen exclaimed, "Varnhagen behaved villainously in this matter." He afterward added: "Humboldt showed the best side of his character to my father and the worst to Varnhagen." "This," he said, "illustrated the difference in the effect the two personalities had upon my father, who had a profound respect for Humboldt, and thought Varnhagen had grossly abused the intimacy with which Humboldt indulged him."

On a subsequent occasion Von Bunsen told me that Humboldt in his latter days was completely under the influence of a rascally

valet named Seiffert, and, to the disgust of his friends, bequeathed to him all his effects, of little value, it is true, for the old man left no property of any account. Even his private letters and papers went to the wretch. This was a severe trial to Mme. von Bülow, his niece, of whom he was really very fond and who had been so much with him. Humboldt, he said, had embarked all the money he could command in his expedition to Central America, and when he came back he was poor. King Frederick William allowed him to understand that at his table a plate would always be laid for him and that he would always be welcome to it. He had led such a wandering life that he had accumulated few books or curiosities, partly, no doubt, because he had had no permanent home in which to store them. One day he was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill.

"No," said Humboldt, "but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again."

Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside, and said: "By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live."

The king and the queen, said Von Bunsen, were for years in the habit of sending Humboldt a present on his birthday. At length it became difficult to know what would be acceptable to the old man, whose wants were so few and tastes so simple. It was their habit to send an aide-de-camp to him a few weeks before his birthday to ascertain, if he could, the sort of gift likely to be most acceptable to him, and whatever that might be, of course it was sent. Shortly previous to one of these anniversaries, and in reply to a similar inquiry, the royal couple got word that the philosopher would be pleased to receive a double bed. They wondered what in the world could have put it into Humboldt's head to ask for a double bed, having probably never slept in one in all his life, and having been habituated from childhood to the least luxurious sleeping arrangements imaginable. The old man died, however, before the expected birthday anniversary arrived. It then transpired that the provident valet had concluded it would be a nice thing for him and his wife to have a spick-and-span new bed with the royal arms upon it, and had taken advantage of the king's regard for Humboldt to try getting one at their Majesties' expense.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN MEXICO.

SPEAKING one day with Von Bunsen of England's happy inspiration to retire from the Mexican expedition of 1862–63, in which she had rather inconsiderately embarked with France and Spain, he told me some interesting revelations made to him by Sir Charles Wyke, who was at the time British minister in Mexico.

When Sir Charles wrote to his government an account of the order he issued for the removal of the British force from Mexico, which he did as soon as it transpired that France had determined to march into the interior and occupy Mexican territory, regardless of the tripartite treaty, by which it was agreed that the allies were simply to occupy the seaports and collect the duties until their several claims were discharged, he was surprised and very much disturbed at getting no approval or disapproval of his action from the Foreign Office. When he returned a year or so later he yet failed to get any satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary silence. Subsequently, and after Lord Clarendon's retirement from office, he found an opportunity of asking his lordship to enlighten him upon that subject. Lord Clarendon then told him that the cabinet had been pretty equally divided about the propriety of Sir Charles's order, one half sustaining it and the other half recommending his recall. To produce as little disturbance as possible in the queen's council in dealing with this deadlock, directions were given to send all the papers to Clarendon with a request for his opinion as to the course the government should take in the premises. Clarendon investigated the case very carefully, and finally sent in his opinion that the government ought not only to sustain its minister, but would do wisely to make him some formal acknowledgment of the nation's obligations for the course he had pursued.

The French emperor was very much incensed against Sir Charles for his order and against the English ministry for sustaining him. He at that time was the sovereign who

inspired more fear than any other in the world, which explains the hesitation of the English cabinet in formally approving Sir Charles's action. Von Bunsen said that he thought this almost, if not quite, the only international dispute settled upon the sole responsibility of a diplomatic representative. He also commented upon the queen's part in enabling her government to make this honorable retreat from the Mexican expedition. She had insisted upon inserting in the expeditionary treaty a clause securing to England the right to withdraw from the expedition when she did. But for this clause, under which her minister derived the power he so wisely exercised, England, like France, might have been compelled to make an ignominious retreat from Mexico or a yet more ignominious sojourn there.

Talking one day of the French emperor's motive in seeking to put an Austrian prince upon the throne from which Iturbide had been expelled some forty years before, I had given as my theory that in this way the emperor had hoped to conciliate Austria and the Church, the two powers from the hostility of which he had then most to fear, and from the friendship of which he had the most to expect. Von Bunsen said that my theory was plausible and probably sound, except in so far as it assumed that Francis Joseph was to be gratified by Maximilian's acceptance of the rôle assigned to him. "So far from such being the case," said Von Bunsen, "when his brother came to take leave of him on setting out for Mexico, the emperor would concede to him only a military salute, simply touching his forehead with his fingers."

Von Bunsen said that Sir Charles Wyke, when asked what he thought was the emperor's controlling motive in going to Mexico, replied that "the emperor was a bad financier; had an idea of acquiring Sonora and inexhaustible wealth; that the taxability of France was pretty much exhausted, and he thought to himself what a nice thing it would be to receive a large cake of gold every three months without having to ask his subjects or the Chambers for it."

That such sordid motives chiefly influenced De Morny and a few men nearest the emperor no one doubts, but there was nothing about which the emperor was so much concerned, except for his own life and the perpetuation of his dynasty, as for some sort of friendly *modus vivendi* with the Church. Neither is there any doubt that the prospect of deriving wealth from Mexico helped to reconcile him to the expense which its conquest would involve, and but for which he would never have undertaken it with so light a heart and against pretty nearly the unanimous judgment of his cabinet.

BISMARCK.

On February 27, 1871, the Emperor of Germany communicated to the Emperor of Russia by telegraph the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace and the termination of the Franco-German war. His telegram closed as follows:

> Thus we are at the close of a glorious and bloody war in which a frivolity without example has forced us to engage. Prussia will never forget how much she owes to you that that war has not taken extreme proportions. May God bless you.
>
> Your friend who will recognize his obligation to you all his life, WILLIAM.

To this despatch the czar sent the following reply:

> I thank you for your communication of the preliminaries of peace. I share your joy. God grant that a durable peace may result from it. I am glad to have been able to testify my sympathies as a devoted friend. May the friendship that unites us insure the welfare and glory of both countries.

Speaking of this correspondence the day it appeared in the Berlin paper, Von Bunsen said that it was designed by both the royal and imperial correspondents as a rebuke to England; that Bismarck used the telegraph very freely as one of the instruments of his foreign policy, of which this despatch to the czar was a specimen; also the despatch which precipitated the war, to the effect that the king had been insulted by the French ambassador, Benedetti, and which Von Bunsen said was inspired by Bismarck; not that Bismarck wanted war, but that, as it seemed to him inevitable, the quicker the better for Germany, and hence the inflammatory telegram which made every German ready to fly to arms. The despatch to the czar above cited Von Bunsen said was designed to signalize the decidedly unfriendly feeling to which Germany had been provoked toward England by her conduct subsequent to the investment of Paris, and especially by the speech Lord Lyons, then English ambassador in Paris, was instructed to make to M. Thiers, then recently elected president of France, condoling with his countrymen upon their loss of territory. This, Von Bunsen said, had given deadly offense to the Germans.

CRUELTIES IN PARIS.

SPEAKING of the attempts of the English and French press to convict the Germans of gratuitous cruelty and outrage upon the French, Von Bunsen said that the most inhuman and extensive massacre ever perpetrated by any people, in modern times at least, was perpetrated by Changarnier in putting down the Red Republicans on the first, second, and third days of July, 1848. On the first day they shot all; they took no prisoners—at least, they kept none. The Conciergerie was filled one day with prisoners, and the same night the National Guard procured ladders and climbed to the windows, through which they shot every prisoner they found there. At another time they led the prisoners in a file along the banks of the Seine, shot them, and threw them into the river.

These facts, said Von Bunsen, are recorded in a report made to the French government by the officers who executed its orders, which was copied by a Prussian who was permitted by chance to have access to it, and who sent it to the Prussian government, where it is now among the archives of the Foreign Office.

THE EDUCATION OF AN HEIR APPARENT.

SPEAKING one day of the difficulty of rearing an heir apparent to a throne with healthy moral proportions, Von Bunsen quoted to me the reply that the tutor of the then Czar of Russia, Wasil Jonkowski, made when asked how he had succeeded with his imperial pupil. He said he believed he had succeeded in bringing the prince to the age of eighteen without his despising his fellow-creatures.

BRIGHT AND GLADSTONE.

I CALLED Von Bunsen's attention one day to one of Grant Duff's "Elgin Speeches" he had lent me, in which speaking of Bright, aside from his opinions and looking merely to the literary form in which he turned them out, his voice, and elocution, he regarded him as incomparably the greatest of living orators. I asked Von Bunsen if this was not a compliment paid to Bright less to honor him than to annoy Gladstone. He replied that when that speech was made Grant Duff and many of his Liberal colleagues were by no means friendly to Gladstone, but since then their relations had changed. However, he continued, this subject he had heard much discussed, but he believed there was no substantial diversity of opinion in regard to Bright's superiority as an orator. Bright was an Englishman, Gladstone a Roman; Gladstone had no humor, Bright had much. He thought these differences had infected Gladstone with a sentimentalism toward France all through the war, and were inspiring *Scrutator* and others in the "Times" in their efforts to show that France was not so much in the wrong, that she did not fight so badly, etc., while with Germany everything, in his opinion, was pretty much the reverse.

I may add of my own knowledge that Gladstone was held responsible for the "Apology for France" that appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" during the war, and attributed by the press to his son Herbert.

A MODEST GENERAL.

VON BUNSEN said that he was informed by a prominent Austrian just previous to the memorable defeat of Austria by the Germans in 1866 that the Emperor Francis Joseph sent for General Benedek and said he had selected him to take command of his army in the impending war with Prussia. The general replied that he had never had the command of more than thirty thousand men in his life, and did not think himself equal to the discharge of the flattering duty which his Majesty would impose upon him.

The emperor said he had carefully considered the whole matter and had decided that Benedek was his man for the emergency; that there was no one else to be considered besides him. "But," said the general, "why does not your Majesty take the command? You are the born head and commander of the army." "Because," replied the emperor, "I have lost confidence in myself, and I should not inspire the army with confidence. You would do much better. Besides," he added, "there will be no war; the Prussians have always backed out from a fight with Austria, and they will now. So you will have no difficulty in accepting the command."

Within a month or so from the time of this conversation the Austrians were scattered like autumnal leaves in a gale.

VON MOLTKE'S IDEA OF A BATTLE.

AMONG the guests at Karlsbad during our stay there was General von Etzel, who had been commander of the infantry at the battle of Königgrätz, which resulted in the over-

whelming defeat of the Austrian army and transferred to Germany the military leadership of the German-speaking people in Europe.

I was surprised one day, after we had been exchanging salutations with the general, to be told by Von Bunsen that he was supposed to have lost the battle of Königgrätz and was then doing penance for it. I asked what he meant, when he knew that the Austrians were driven from the field and had to beg to have their capital spared. He said in reply that if Von Etzel had moved the ten thousand troops under his command as he was ordered to, the whole Austrian army would have been surrounded and taken prisoners, over two hundred thousand men at least. To improve what appeared to be a great opportunity, and sure, if availed of, to result in a very substantial advantage, Von Etzel was tempted to take the responsibility of disregarding his instructions, which, instead of effecting the capture of the entire Austrian army, as Von Moltke intended, simply resulted in the pursuit and slaughter of the Austrian troops, until the king himself put a stop to the useless waste of life.

Von Moltke, said Von Bunsen, regarded the battle not as a victory for him, but as a defeat. He has only one notion of a battle, and that is to capture, not to kill, the enemy. A dead enemy does not count with him. He shoots only in order to capture, and every man killed is a leaf taken from the victor's chaplet.

Poor General von Etzel never had another command, fine soldier and accomplished officer as he was. He had made the mistake of supposing that there was one moment in the battle of Königgrätz when he knew better how to fight it than his commander-in-chief did.

METTERNICH AND THE ROTHSCHILDS.

I CHANCED to mention to Von Bunsen, as a fact likely to interest him, that Prince Metternich, the Austrian ambassador in Paris during the last empire, once told me that his father left him an immense quantity of letters, documents, etc., of great historic value, which he expressed the hope of one day finding leisure to edit.

Von Bunsen said: "The old prince was a *blagueur*. My father knew him well. For reasons of his own he was specially devoted to my father, who as a young man spent hours and days with him. He told me that in all his intercourse with him he never heard him utter anything that was striking or worth remembering."

I remarked that the same might be said, perhaps, of Napoleon III. In reply to this Von Bunsen quoted his reply to some friends who were in dismay at the popularity of Changarnier: "Une ligne du 'Moniteur' suffira pour cela."

Referring again to Metternich, Von Bunsen said that he was supposed to be ready to receive money at any time from any one. When the members of the Congress of Vienna were about to separate, the Czar Alexander, it is said, sent for him, and said in substance: "Prince, I do not feel disposed to permit the friendship which we have contracted for each other during these last months to terminate here. I wish to cultivate it. I would like you to write me as often, at least, as once a fortnight. Of course I cannot expect you to take so much trouble for my entertainment without a suitable gratification. I shall give orders to my legation in Vienna to place at your disposal —— rubles," a sum as considerable, perhaps, as all the rest of the prince's fortune at that time. The prince, who, of course, was not at all oblivious of the French proverb that *qui prend s'engage*, is reported to have received the proposal, and doubtless the money, without a blush. Nor was the prince supposed to be particular, said Von Bunsen, from whom or whence money came. Whenever a new loan was made the Rothschilds had the reputation of sending him costly presents.

At one time the prince and the princess, having occasion to pass through Frankfort, were the guests of one of the Rothschilds. As they were getting into their carriage to leave, Baron Rothschild said to the princess, "You have neglected to bring your shawl; allow me," and with that he threw over her shoulders an Indian shawl, such as in those days were rarely seen except on the shoulders of princesses of the blood royal.

During the famous Congress of Vienna, already referred to, each of the several monarchs present was the guest of some nobleman. On one festive occasion Baron Rothschild was invited *par exception*. He modestly went to take his place, not among the more exalted guests. When they discovered Rothschild, however, they all rose, one after the other, and saluted him, except the King of Prussia. Some one asked the king why he did not salute the great European banker. "Did I not?" he replied. "Well, I suppose it was because I was the only one who did not owe him anything."

This reminds one of a line in one of Pope's satires:

I never answered: I was not in debt.

The Emperor of Austria, said Von Bunsen, presented Metternich with the Johannisberg estate on the Rhine. The title to the estate was a matter of dispute between the Austrian and German governments, and therefore difficult to dispose of except as a gift to some common benefactor of Germany and Austria. It was in consequence of large orders from the crowned heads of Russia and Austria, at ridiculously high prices, that the Johannisberg got its reputation—a reputation far beyond its real merits, which it has managed to maintain to, at least, a profitable extent. The prince was born at Coblenz. The family were dependants of the Bishop of Treves, who made the daughters abbesses and the sons something else. The King of Prussia, having occasion, as he thought, to make the prince some gratifying testimonial, purchased the house in which he had been born, and which frequently had changed hands since it ceased to belong to the family. The king sent the title-deeds of the property to the prince as a present, with a pleasant letter. The prince sent the papers at once to his agent, with instructions to sell the property and remit to him the proceeds.

Napoleon I thought meanly of Metternich, who once aspired to the hand of one of the Bonaparte princesses. The emperor said to her, "Amusez ce niais là."

A CHECK TO NAPOLEON III.

WHILE Schleinitz was minister of foreign affairs in Prussia, said Von Bunsen, Napoleon III formally proposed to him to have Spain included among the first-class powers. "Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," was the minister's reply; "but to preserve the present equilibrium of Catholic and Protestant powers of the first class it will be proper at the same time to receive Sweden and Norway, which both by territorial extent and population have equal pretensions to that rank." Nothing more was heard from the Tuileries about making Spain a first-class power.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE TUILERIES.

VON BUNSEN told another story which some Orleanists got off at the expense of French majesty. Home, the spiritualist, was for a time a favorite at the court of Napoleon III. He had been entertaining the imperial family one evening with communications of more or less importance from the spirit-world, the spirits that evening being more than usually communicative and larky, so to speak.

At last Home approached the emperor, and said: "Sire, there is a spirit specially desirous of speaking directly with your Majesty." After a little hesitation, and not without some surprise, the emperor asked from whom or what this request came. Mr. Home, after a little, said that the author of this request had not made himself known, and seemed indisposed to do so. The emperor finally consented to interview or be interviewed by the spiritual anonym. He had barely got the words out of his mouth than he experienced an irresistible *vis a tergo*, kicking him the entire length of the room and violently against the opposite wall. The emperor got himself together again as soon as he could, and then sternly turning to Home, asked what was the meaning of this performance. Home said, "Sire, that was Louis Philippe."

WILLIAM I AND SCHILLER.

VON BUNSEN said that the emperor (William I, grandfather of the present sovereign of Germany), when a young man, was much in love with the Princess Radzivil, of a royal Polish family, and wished her to become his wife. Questions about the rights of the heirs of such a marriage to inherit the crown were raised by the crown lawyers of so formidable a character that he felt obliged to look elsewhere for a consort.

He was in the room of the Princess Radzivil, who was ill, when the arrival of the Princess of Weimar, who had come on to be affianced to him, was announced. The Polish princess died soon after this, and before the marriage of the emperor. Her death was said to have been a great, some even said an incurable, grief to him.

Schiller's statue by Begas was unveiled in Berlin this month. The old king was accused of interposing all kinds of obstacles to its erection. It had been ordered by the democrats at the time of the Schiller Centennial in 1859. Dozens or more had been ordered at that time for other cities of Germany, and all were on their pedestals within two years. The king's lack of sympathy for Schiller, as exhibited in turning such a very cold shoulder toward this work, was much criticized, and not a few jokes about it were cracked at his expense. A comic paper represented

some one expressing astonishment that the statue was so small. "Oh," was the reply, "it is only twelve years old; it will grow." Everything was done by the entourage of the king to belittle the occasion, and the whole ceremony was over in half an hour. The king looked on from a window, but spoke not a word, and left as soon as he could with decency, if not sooner. The king inherited his hatred of Schiller. His father had a special dislike of him, and during his lifetime forbade "The Robbers" and some of his other plays from being put upon the stage. In the short-sighted policy the king pursued on this occasion, he missed an excellent opportunity of making friends of the democrats. By making a bit of a time over the statue in the interest of letters and the arts, he might easily have put the obnoxious political phase of Schillerism quite out of sight. But the good old man—for he had many virtues—had little feeling for letters or literary men.

A STORY OF FARADAY.

In August, 1883, Von Bunsen, with his eldest daughter, visited the United States as one of the invited guests on the occasion of "driving the last spike" on the Northern Pacific Railroad, of which Mr. Villard was president. On reaching New York the foreign guests were entertained at a garden-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Villard at their country place at Hastings, to which I also was favored with an invitation.

The guests at my table at the luncheon were Professors Gneist and Hoffman and Von Bunsen. While thus refreshing ourselves both physically and mentally, Hoffman told the following story of Faraday, whom he had known very intimately. They were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors, when Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a paper. Hoffman asked him why, with his house supplied regularly with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street. Faraday replied: "I was once a newsboy myself, and sold papers on the street."

FRENCH POLITICS FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

Of French politics Von Bunsen's impressions, as seen from the German point of view, were always interesting. Under date of July 15, 1884, he wrote:

Of European politics—I am too full to write concerning them. France is considered here as being politically in a very hopeful condition. Ferry and some of his colleagues have given signs of moral courage rare in France, rebuking, for instance, the peasants for their luxurious habits, which alone or chiefly make them to be beggars at the door of Father l'État, screaming for more protective duties, subventions, and I know not what. Jules Ferry, in particular, seems to have taken most people by surprise by his calm appreciation of fact and undoubted firmness. To me, personally, the steady perseverance in truly liberal practices in France is a source of daily pleasure.

Modern France is making the experiment (for the first time) of giving liberty to everybody to make fools of themselves. Louise Michel's trial was perhaps an exception, but the French accepted it, and there is nothing further to be said about it.

The only drawbacks in France, visible to an outsider, are, first, the finances, which certainly march from bad to worse, and the (apparently) fainéant position of the president in the constitution of the republic.

You need be in no fear regarding a conspiracy of monarchies to overthrow the Third Republic, as they tried at Valmy.

Although not one of the initiated, I think I can state positively that what we deprecate in France is not the republic, but the spirit of Louis Quatorze. Somehow, I find nowhere an inclination to admire anything French. Such an appreciation as on the opposite page you would rarely meet with. Everybody seems to understand in this country that an Orleans king must go to war with Germany if he would succeed in being proclaimed at all, in order to make people forget his family's money greed; a Bonaparte must do the same in order to make people forget the loss of public liberties, and that the republic alone gives some security in that respect. This view of things does not exclude, of course, a desire to demonstrate to France *ad oculos* that there are no chances of an alliance for her, except with England, who is not only changing in her policies, vacillating and unstable, but clashing with French interests everywhere. Queen Isabella and Victor Emmanuel and Francis Joseph had each promised sixty thousand men for a war against Germany in 1869, and Sweden ten or twenty thousand; it is well done on the part of Bismarck, and the crown prince at his instigation, to prevent a recurrence of such awkward intrigues, is it not?

In the winter of 1890–91 I wrote Von Bunsen, from Paris, of a suggestion made me by a French gentleman of considerable political responsibility and much interested in restoring more pleasant relations between France and Germany; which was briefly that the fortifications of Metz should be leveled to the ground, and the territory which had been taken from France as indemnity for the past and security for the future be either restored or neutralized and placed under the

protection of the first-class powers. It was in reply to this proposition, which I placed in as favorable a light as my conscience would permit, that Von Bunsen wrote me on January 13, 1891:

Never believe a single word about Elsass-Lothringen being ceded *à l'amiable*, or, what comes to the same, but is fraught with greater peril to peace, constituted as a separate state.

You, from an independent standpoint, cannot for a moment doubt that such an independent state would instantly become a hotbed of French intrigue, like Belgium or (in future) Luxemburg, with the purpose of annexation. There is nobody in Germany who would not gladly give up the strip of Lorraine kept back in 1870, if only Metz was not contained therein, an incomparable starting-point for the eighteenth (I think that will be the cipher) invasion of Germany.

But why we should divest ourselves of a purely German country like Elsass, German by origin and by language, no one in this country can understand. The victories of 1870, not their natural sequence, are the cause of French frenzy. There is much talk of a wish entertained by William II to bring about disarmament. I do not understand and I therefore disbelieve the story, although it came to me some weeks ago from a good source. Who can control the execution of such a treaty, if one should be made?

Von Bunsen recurs to the proposed neutralization or cession of Metz in the two letters under date of January 13, 1891, and January 24, 1891, from which the following extracts are made:

You have followed up your most flattering letter by the interesting number of the "Petit Journal." The article has made me sad at heart. We learn French in order to enjoy Molière, and Frenchmen, with an effort, learn German to prepare for their next invasion, not to read the works of their immortal honorary fellow-citizen Schiller.

How merrily would your chuckle have sounded through the room I am writing from if you had heard that newest French hoax, not at Paris, but out of France! Those admirable comedians have a plausible way of asking you for the contents of your purse, as if the sacrifice was on their side and not on your own. What equivalent do they offer for our cession, direct or indirect (the difference, believe me, is nil), of Elsass and the strip of land near Metz? Their good will, forsooth! And you, a historian and psychologist, to believe that they would forget their battles, uniformly lost? It is impossible. For this reason we try to interpose an impassable barrier, as nature interposes one in favor of the British Isles, which, to avenge Waterloo, the Prince de Joinville called upon France, so late as the winter of 1847–48, to cross in war-steamers.

Our barrier is easier to raise (I am told) in Elsass than the river could at any time have become.

When my late friend Johannes Brandis, private secretary to the Empress Augusta, visited Prevost Paradol at Paris in 1869, the Frenchman said: "Pray, do not deceive yourself; there will be no war. If we win, we keep the left bank of the Rhine; if you win, you keep Elsass." We, too, remember Elsass. Two thirds of Elsass are Protestants. There German sympathies prevail, because Germany's destinies are Protestant.

A friend of mine who went to live among them, not a tourist, received the same answer everywhere, viz.: "Show that you are as *determined* as you are *able* to keep us, show it *in a second war* which the French intend, and you will find us demonstrative. But now why we do not choose to put ourselves between two stools?—a *Bauern* logic, but intelligible and excusable."

In refusing for my own person to listen to the charming French hoax even when taken *au sérieux* by my revered friend, I believe I am expressing the view, not of a controlling set, but of everybody in the country, and I wish I had your eloquence to convey my convictions to the French, that, in proportion as they learn to believe in the barrier above mentioned, will they see the folly of their ways.

Of course we know that as soon as the czar will be forced by his own Panslavist party—yet, forced—to invade Austria or Germany, France will no longer keep her sword sheathed. May a kind Providence preserve Europe; we can do no better than defend ourselves.

I follow[1] with intense admiration the glorious progress made by the French republic, in common with England and Italy, toward a point in public education long time reached in most parts of Germany. Do you remember the true patriot minister's French maps,—I speak of Duruy,—showing the spread of analphabetism in France under the Second Empire? Why, *la belle* France was black over two thirds of her territory, Flemish France and Elsass, characteristically enough, being white. I say this, not to minimize French merits, but to explain our more equable expenditure on educational matters. Also, I beg of you not to forget that our elementary education is still mainly paid for from municipal exchequers.

I am far from not appreciating, though I do not fully accept, your arguments, not even that of to-day. To put my belief crudely: we prefer the possibility of war, *i. e.*, the present condition of things, to the certainty of war, *i. e.*, that hypocritical suggestion of your plausible friends. I repeat it without hoping to convince you: there is more chance in Jules Ferry's and others' statesmanlike lines of action teaching the French to forget Metz as they have forgotten Waterloo than there is in Elsass being left to its neutrality.

You think differently. *Quisquis praesumitur bonus* is a sentence which you apply to all Gauls, we only to individual Gauls, and not in their aggregate.

[1] I possess splendid material on the subject.

Von Bunsen's early and protracted residence in England, and the interesting relations, social and domestic, which he contracted in that country, had no inconsiderable influence in shaping his political views and forming his party associations. Before his return to make his home in the Fatherland he had parted with the medieval notions of government which still prevailed in all the continental states and especially in Prussia, and to which he was never able entirely to accommodate himself. He took a lively interest in all humane and charitable movements, and upon retiring from Parliament until his last illness they pretty exclusively engrossed his thoughts and time, and helped him to decline repeated entreaties to reënter parliamentary life. His mind had been so admirably trained that there is no sphere of intellectual activity in which he might not, if so disposed, have achieved distinction. His memory was marvelous, a result mainly due, no doubt, to an extraordinary power of mental concentration. He could read nothing carelessly, not even a newspaper. I have known him to pick up an old newspaper at a country inn, read it from one end to the other, and then entertain me by telling what he had been reading, even to the accidents or casualties and police reports, of which he not only did not omit a single detail, but would use almost the precise words of the writer. The animating principle of Von Bunsen's life was progress—growth; growth as an individual and growth of the community of which he was a member. He was always studying how the condition of human society could be ameliorated, and I am persuaded, had he elected to remain in England and become a British subject, that his talents, his acquirements, his broad sympathies, and his singleness of purpose would have developed him at an early period of his life into a successful party leader.

AT THE DOOR.

A LITTLE COMEDY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

(*Mrs. X. and Mrs. Y. are parting at the door-step.*)

X. Well, dear, if you must go—good-by!

Y. Yes, dear, I really must. I wish I might stay longer, but I have so much to do this afternoon that I hardly know which way to turn. The baby must have new shoes today, and I promised that I would match a sample for one of the maids. You know what it is to keep house. I never know how I am going to get the thousand and one things I have to do—

X. It 's the same with me, I can assure you; I am so driven all day that I positively can never call a single moment my own. And yet I economize every instant of the day, rushing from one thing to another till I wonder I am in possession of my senses.

Y. There, don't say a word! I know just how it is. There are some women who fritter away their time and then wonder they cannot accomplish more, but you and I—Now I really must gossip no longer; once more, good-by!

X. Good-by. Come and see me soon again, dear. I have enjoyed your call so much!

Y. I think I am very forgiving, for you have owed me a call for ever so long!

X. But, Lizzie, one moment—you surely are mistaken, dear. I am always so punctilious about calling. Let me see, I was here last just after your cook left; and, by the way, you never told me why you parted with her. Why was it? She always seemed so neat and respectful, and so tidy about her kitchen.

Y. You mean Olga? Yes, there were many very nice things about Olga, but she was so terribly wasteful that I really could not put up with her. Of course after having a cook like Julia McKenzie I found Olga a terrible trial to my patience. I did my best to keep her on account of her old mother, but it was of no use; I could not stand her another minute. It was really too much for human patience. But I must not keep you with my foolish complaints. Good-by!

X. Did you know that I had a new cook, too?

Y. Why, no! You never told me. Then I suppose Marie is gone? Now, that is what I call a real trial! When did she go?

X. A week ago. And you never would believe in what a state she left the kitchen! Why, the pans looked as if they had never come within speaking distance of scouring-sand! I just dread the hour when a cook leaves! It is almost worse than when they come. Still, I must n't unload my troubles upon you—especially when you have these of your own. I do think that we women are the drudges of the world! If men only had one half of the burdens that women bear without complaining, they—well, I don't know what they *would n't do!* We poor women have to suffer in silence, no matter what may come! I do hope that if we have to live over again I won't have to be a woman, so there! What a beautiful day it is after the rain!

Y. Beautiful! Is n't it strange how invariably it rains on wash-day? Seems to me that we never have a sunny Monday. And then it is sure to be more or less cloudy on Tuesday and Wednesday.

X. I 'm sure it always *pours* on Sunday, when one has one's best things on. The children insist that it is always drizzling, at least, on Saturday; so it is to be hoped that Thursday and Friday are sometimes clear!

Y. Here I am keeping you standing on the door-step as if we were waiting to see the circus go by! I have n't been to the circus for years; have you?

X. Not I. I have no need of circuses. The children give me all the circus I need, every day. How you manage with your five I 'm sure I don't see. What do you do with them all? When do you find time for that lovely embroidery of yours?

Y. Do you really like it? I 'm so glad; for I feel that if I could n't embroider I should die! Badly as I do it, it is my greatest comfort—after John and the children, of course. Why don't you learn? Miss Moscovitz is such a lovely teacher, and her prices are absurdly low—only six dollars a lesson. Why, I learned four new stitches for only eighteen dollars. It was like picking them up in the street.

X. I should like to, of course; but Will is so fussy over small expenses. He 'd think eighteen dollars for embroidery lessons a sinful waste, and yet he 'd think nothing of spending any amount for a cigar in a single evening—I 've known him to do it without winking.

Y. I know just what you mean; John is the same way. He considers money spent for a spring bonnet as quite thrown away, and yet he 'll lay out as much as ten or fifteen dollars on a suit of expensive clothes and not give it a thought! Men are certainly the most unreasonable creatures in nature—except women, perhaps. For at least we know our faults and admit them to each other—which is more than men do, goodness knows! But I must hurry off. What time is it? My watch has stopped.

X. I don't know; my watch has n't run this winter. I 'm afraid there is something the matter with it; it never did go, anyway. It 's early yet. Come in and have some tea before you go.

Y. You really won't mind if I do? Your tea is so good, you know. And my errands can wait just as well as not; I do hate to feel hurried and driven! You 're sure you won't think me silly?

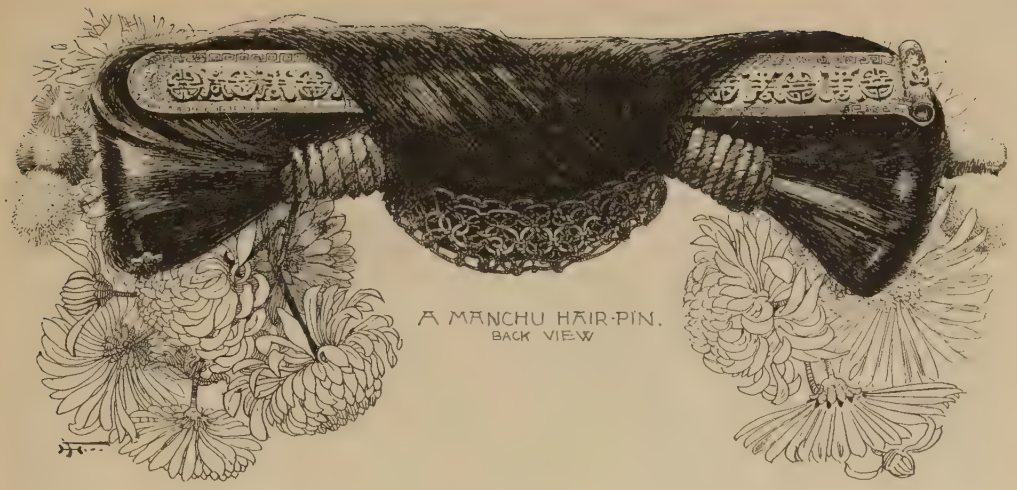
X. Only if you don't come. Come, dear, and we 'll have a good talk.

(*She hesitates, and is lost!*)

DEATH UNTO LIFE.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

I SAW Life coming toward me. Then she passed
With smile supernal.
Men, looking after, said: "Lo, Death!" But I:
"Lo, Life eternal!"



A MANCHU HAIR-PIN.
BACK VIEW

THE STREETS OF PEKING.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN AND W. H. DRAKE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

PEKING is the most incredible, impossible, anomalous, and surprising place in the world; the most splendid, spectacular, picturesque, and interesting city in China; a Central Asian city of the far past; a fortified capital of the thirteenth century handed down intact.

Peking is the capital of all China, yet what interests and piques one most, gives Peking its own individual character, and distinguishes it from the other cities of the empire, are the things that are not Chinese, the contrasts and the contradictions. Peking is by first intention a permanent Tatar encampment, a fortified garrison of nomad bannermen surrounding Pai-ching, the northern palace of the conquering khan of khans. The Tatar ruler of four hundred millions of subject Chinese is closely surrounded by his faithful Manchu clansmen from beyond the Great Wall, who scorn and hate and secretly fear the masses of Chinese more than any outer enemy; who have thrown themselves into the arms of Russia through fear of the Chinese; who have bargained that Russia shall send soldiers to their aid when needed; who have held back and turned back the wheels of progress, with a certain prescience that the new order would relegate them to poverty and extinction. Every Manchu is borne on the rolls as a bannerman, and receives his stipend, even if he never bends a bow or hurls a stone in military drill. But the Manchu bannermen are no longer the fierce warriors their ancestors were, nor their khan even a hardy huntsman like the early Manchu emperors.

There had been three cities there before Kublai Khan did his "stately pleasure-dome decree," and

> So twice five miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers were girdled round

to make the splendid capital Marco Polo first described. The plan, the palaces, the walls, all date from Mongol times, the thirteenth century. The same quaint military customs of the middle ages are observed. The soldiers are drilled in archery and quoits, and the nine city gates are clanged to at sunset, shutting Chinese subjects out in a separate city by themselves, as if their conquest were just accomplished.

Only a short time ago one traveled from the sea-coast to Peking as Marco Polo traveled, sailing, poling, and tracking up the Pei-ho River from Tientsin in native boats during the season of open navigation, or following the frightful land road on ponies, in mule-carts or mule-litters, ignominy, tedium, and discomfort pushed to the extreme in any mode of progress, until, late in 1897, the locomotive shrieked within three miles of the ancient, gray city walls. Although one travels toward it across the great level plain that extends from Peking's suburban hills for seven hundred miles southward, the city walls are not distinguished until one is near them. Then they stretch in such long, endless perspective

that one loses measure of their vastness, and the eye accepts them quite as much as it does a range of hills or any natural feature of the landscape.

Two cities, the Chinese and the Tatar City, the outer and the inner city, lie side by side, each entirely surrounded by a great defensive wall, and the Manchus' citadel even more strongly walled and defended from the Chinese City than from the outer plain. The Tatar, or the inner city, as it is called, holds in its center the Yellow or Imperial City, and within that again is the Purple Forbidden City, the actual palace inclosure, the home of the Son of Heaven. One enters first the Chinese City through a deep arch in the solid walls, and after two miles comes to the more impressive walls and gate-towers of the Tatar City, each gate with a semicircular enceinte around it. A great waste space extends along the outer side of the Tatar City walls, where carts stray in lines of ruts, donkeys wander, and camels move in files like automatic silhouettes, all enveloped in clouds of dust. If one enters the Tatar City through the deep arch of the Hata-men, he comes almost immediately upon the Chiao-min Hsiang, or Legation street, which runs parallel with the city wall for a mile, before debouching on the great square in front of the palace gate. All the foreign compounds are on or near that street, but it is a straggling, unpaved slum of a thoroughfare, along which one occasionally sees a European picking his way between the ruts and puddles with the donkeys and camels; envoys, plenipotentiaries, and scions of *la carrière diplomatique* having lived along this broad gutter for nearly forty years, and had just the effect upon imperial Peking that many barbarians had upon imperial Rome. But for the matchless climate of this northern, treeless plain, the same dry, clear, sparkling, exhilarating air of our Minnesota or Dakota, the surface drainage, or rather the undrained, stagnant, surface sewage, would have killed all Europeans by zymotic diseases long ago. There is no water-supply for this city of a half-million people, although the Mongol and Ming dynasties constructed and maintained a splendid system, and, save for cisterns of rain-water, householders must depend upon wells, the water of which, impregnated with all the salts of the Chihli plain, is as hard and harsh as that of the Nile at Cairo.

One can best see Peking and fix the idea in his mind by ascending the walls and taking a bird's-eye view of the two great cities of low, black-tiled houses that lie side by side. Forty feet above the streets and smells one has a splendid, satisfying, inspiring view, and after one such prospect the ground-plan and the four distinct walled cities are kept in mind. There is a quiet, shady, forgotten lane running along the inner Tatar side of the stupendous masonry pile, where no Chinese are allowed, and a gate-keeper with a greedy palm opens a small wicket in a blocked-up gate, and lets one ascend a sloping terrace walk to the terre-plein between the parapets. Up aloft there one may walk in peace on a broad flagged way more than thirty feet wide, between the vast projecting buttresses, and which extends unbroken for fourteen miles around the Tatar City, and for sixteen miles around the Chinese City. Great towers like temples, with curving gable-roofs shining with green tiles, rise over each of the nine city gates; the towers empty, and squads of ragamuffin soldiers herding in small stone huts beside the parapets. The populace do not relish seeing foreigners on the wall, and once, while leaning on the parapet directly over the Hata-men arch, the smoking soldier-in-chief came, spoke and gesticulated earnestly, and our servant translated: "He say must come back here. People see you now, and get very mad. Maybe he lose his job."

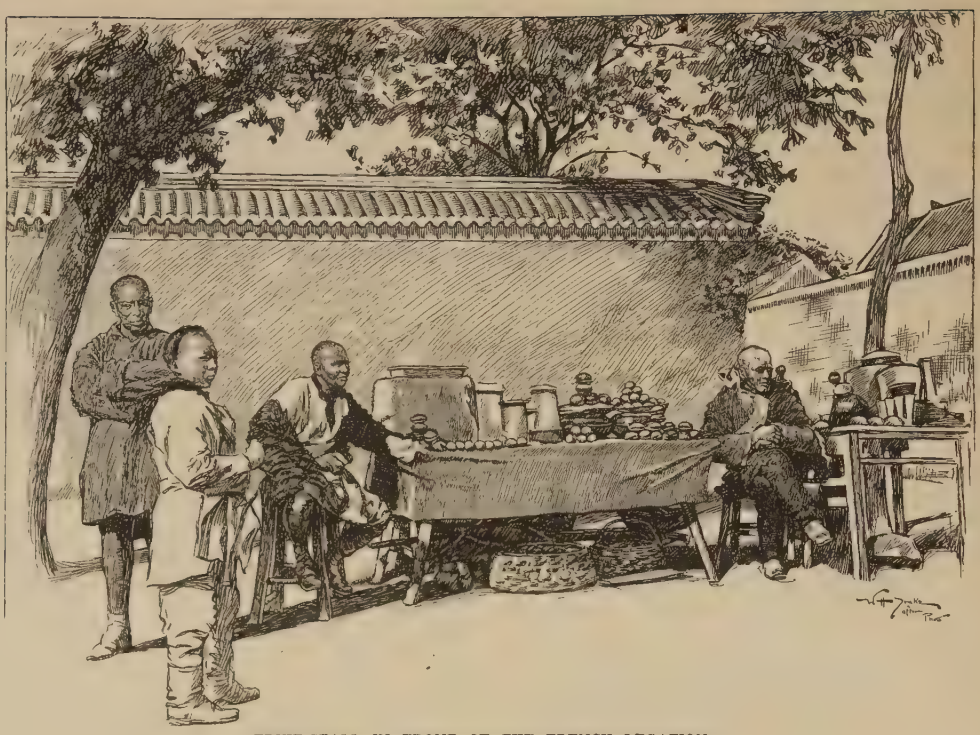
From this Hata-men, or Chung-wen-men (the Gate of Sublime Learning), one looks northward for three miles across tiled roofs and tree-tops to the towers over the north gates of the Tatar City. Temple roofs and yamun roofs soar among the trees in the Tatar City, and one can trace the long walls and great red gates of the Yellow or Imperial City, within which again the yellow-tiled walls of the Purple Forbidden City are traced for two miles from the great south gates to the tree-covered knolls of the *meishan* at the far end of the palace grounds. The magnets for the eye in all this view are the great, glistening, yellow-tiled palace roofs that rise in the heart of the bowery citadel, overlapping as they stretch in long perspective; but, after the satisfaction of looking upon these palace walls and gables, I suffered an acute disappointment in those famous yellow tiles. They do not flash and glitter with a clear, golden glory, as on the dragon palace of one's dreams, and the imperial yellow of these tiles is a coarse, opaque, dingy tint, not the pure yellow of mustard-flowers, but the gritty, pasty, powdery, surface yellow of mustard-paste. No tall towers or great pagodas, no flags or banners, show from the forbidden precincts, and the shimmer of these great

roofs is all that one sees of truly imperial Peking. Southward the rectangle of the Chinese City is a monotony of tiled roofs or waste tracts, the domed roof of the Temple of Heaven, in its great park, the only feature dominating.

One may walk the mile from the Hata-men to the Chien-men, the main, meridional, or front gate of the Tatar City, which faces the great square, or *place d'armes*, before the palace gate, and there find himself at the very heart of Peking, or at least over its main artery. The great streams of trade and travel between the inner and outer cities go through the tunnel of that gate and the two lateral gates in its semicircular enceinte, carts, donkeys, camels, chairs, wheelbarrows, and foot-passengers streaming through from sunrise to sunset. The main south gates of the palace are closed and lifeless, no guards, or flags, or minions going in and out, to give the red doors and yellow roofs any more value than blank walls. In winter picturesque Mongols in long yellow gowns and quaint fur hats hold a daily horse-market in that open square, and always a legion of fakers and peddlers are encamped there and about two little, yellow-roofed temples within the enceinte. Arcades of rich shops surround this palace square, and streets stretch away under *pailows*, or skeleton gates of honor erected by imperial permission to the memory of deceased ones of great virtues and exemplary lives. Through them streams of busy life converge to this focal point, until the hum, the shouts, the movement and clouds of dust give one an idea of the busy, living Peking of to-day. The middle gate in the Chien-men's encircling enceinte is opened only for the emperor's use, and gives directly upon a marble bridge crossing the moat, whence a splendid broad street continues, at first under rows of monumental pailows, due south for two miles to the parks surrounding the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture, where the emperor worships in state twice each year.

Nowhere in China is the street life so busy, bright, and picturesque as in Peking, with such unceasing variety of type and costume, incident and spectacular display. The most noticeable and striking feature, the peculiarity which gives most brilliancy and interest to all street scenes and outdoor life, is the presence of women—tall, splendid Manchu women, who walk with sturdy tread freely on their full-grown, natural feet, and balance their magnificent head-dresses with conscious pride. The Manchu women's coiffure is the most picturesque, and their long Manchu robe the most dignified of any costume in Asia. In my first breathless delight in each of these striking figures, these far-northeastern living pictures, I berated all my traveled acquaintances, who, harping on the dirt and the dilapidation, the offensive smells and sights, of Peking, had never told me of these Manchu women, with their broad gold pins, wings of blue-black hair, and great bouquets and coronals of flowers, the bewitching pictures in every thoroughfare. Nor any more had they given me an idea of the bewildering interest and richness of the street life, something of which at every moment catches and dazzles the eye and fixes one's attention—the real sights of Peking, not the walls and temples and monuments set down in the abbreviated and scholarly local guide-book, but the throngs of all classes of two races, who give continuous performances all over the twin cities. At the Chien-men all activity centers, and the open-air dramas are most diverting. The emperor's sacred middle south gate opens upon a broad marble bridge, carved to the fineness of lace and once snow-white, but now grimed, greased, battered, worn, and stained with the dirt of ages, its graceful balustrades half hidden by the frightful company of beggars and lepers assembled there.

Where life centered there was death also, and I never went to this main gate of the Chinese City without encountering a funeral. Often my cart was blocked on the broad meridian street by some grievous and elaborate parade. And what a motley grief wears at this capital! One hears the funeral from afar as the clang of cymbals and gongs and wind-instruments, the howls of the hired mourners, and all the air is filled with the mighty *boo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo-hoos* wheezed from a long horn that looks, and is worked, like a gigantic garden syringe. The boo-hoos of the mourners were feeble and in minor keys compared with this sobbing pump, and the mourners often stopped dry-eyed, in the midst of a wail, to gape at us as we thrust our heads from cart-fronts the better to see them and the Falstaffian parade. Abbé Huc long ago remarked that the Chinese possess "the most astonishing talent for going distracted in cold blood"; and these funeral parades all prove it. For a first-class funeral the manager of such pomps and vanities gathers up street boys and beggars, tricks them out in uniform coats and peaked hats, and assigns them embroidered um-



FRUIT-STALL IN FRONT OF THE FRENCH LEGATION.

brellas, red-and-gold-lettered standards and boards, which they hang over their shoulders at all angles as they straggle along. Other ragamuffins carry imitations of the dead man's treasures, which are burned at the grave in order that he may have them in the world beyond—card houses and carts, paper men, women, horses, jewels, clocks, vases, and curios of every kind, heaps of paper coin and paper money, myriad sheets of false gold and silver foil, and *sycees*, or shoe-shaped ingots—all these consumed in magnificent, extravagant show of wealth and belief in a material future life.

Lucky days must have been many during the autumn month I spent at Peking, for the gorgeous red wedding-chair conveying a bride to her home was another frequent sight. Not a glimpse could one get of the jeweled creature within, and one had to speculate on the unseen, like the bridegroom himself. More splendid than the red box of the bride was the red-bodied cart of rank, carrying a palace beauty about the Imperial City, which I often met near the palace gates. The first such vision, a young Manchu beauty in full ceremonial dress, with her hair piled high with gorgeous flower-bunches, and loops, chains, and tassels of pearls pendent from the great gold bar balanced across her blue-black hair, quite took my breath away. "Emperor's relatives," said my awe-struck servant, as he balanced himself on the cart-shaft; and the glimpse of that radiant, motionless heathen goddess, clearly visible in full face and then in profile through the gauze curtains of her cart, lifted the Peking cart forever from the realms of the commonplace. At every red-bodied cart in range I fixed all attention, most usually rewarded by the tableau of some fat, spectacled mandarin sitting cross-legged in unctuous ease; but one vision of a statuesque court beauty repaid one for many disappointments.

The Peking cart has been dwelt upon with vituperation, ridicule, and abuse by all who have endured its jolts and poundings, but the half cannot be told. The lines of the one conventional cart model in common use have not been changed since Marco Polo's time, and this primitive, archaic vehicle has solid axles with hubs like kegs, and nail-studded wheels heavier than those of any Roman chariot. A good road would be ruined in a week by such cart-wheels, and the cart must go if ever Peking streets are paved or macadamized. Each mule steps in the other's tracks, each wheel cuts deeper the rut already made in the dirt road, and as the square platform or body rests directly on the

axle, the occupant gets the full benefit of every jolt and obstacle. The gait of the mule affects one, too, and if it steps briskly, even on smooth ground, one begs the carter to say "Wu-wu-wu" to the mule and slow down its gait. One enters the cart head first, stepping up on a little stool, putting the knee on the shaft, crawling in on the padded floor on all fours, turning, and tucking his heels under him as he faces front. Anything less graceful or less dignified cannot be imagined, and for mighty mandarins and ministers, princes, potentates, and foreign envoys, to crawl into a vehicle on all fours, and sit flat on its floor until the time comes to dismount feet foremost, and drop one foot on the tiny stool so dangerously near to the mule's heels, passes all belief. There are variations in carts which modify the degree of misery, the Chinese official cart being very long in the body, with the axle placed so far back that one has a little of the spring of a buckboard, and a surcease from the pounding, that is almost equal to the pleasure of sitting sidewise on one shaft and dangling one's heels close beside the mule's heels in clouds of dust or spatters of mud. The official cart has more black trimmings on its barrel-top canopy, which is of cloth instead of cotton stuff, and the carts of highest rank have a broad strip of red cloth around the base. The official cart has always windows at the sides, so that the occupant is not restricted to one tunnel-like view ahead. The windows are covered with black-silk gauze, and it is good form always to drop the front curtain of gauze, and ride in visible retirement safe from the clouds of nauseous dust. In winter thick curtains shut out the cold, and the cart is a nest of furs, with Mongol braziers besides, that are not unlike the Cashmerian's fire-basket. In rainy weather the cart is enveloped in oiled paper, and in summer an extension canopy or curtain is stretched out to protect the carter and his mule from the blaze of a desert sun. Foreigners have modified the cart of the country by cutting an entrance-door at one side and a hole in the bottom, below which a box or well for the feet permits one to sit with bent knees. By making fast an upholstered drawing-room chair with extra-strong springs in the seat, and using many pillows, one may be carted about Peking with some comfort; and, moreover, if he stays long enough to forget the barbarian world and to lose the keen sense of comparison, he will even be sensible of points of style in the two-wheeled mule-cart, with its mounted outrider in turban hat, that would be side-splitting features in any circus procession at home.

Good riding-ponies are to be had in Peking, selected from droves which the Mongol herdsmen drive down from the plains every autumn, and from the saddle one has sight over the carts and crowds of people in the highways. There are donkeys, too, for hire, but they are looked on with scorn in Peking, only the commonest people using the despised animals. Sedan-chairs are restricted to official use; the bearers are slow, slipshod joggers to any one who has known the perfection of motion behind the steady, swinging tread of Hong-Kong bearers. There are camels, to be sure, and the strings of slow, silently moving creatures bringing coal and wool into the city are the most frequent and characteristic sights of Peking, the swinging, automatic, silent tread of the shaggy beasts being fascinating and hypnotic, and forever associated in background with the vista of the endless city wall. These two-humped, woolly Bactrian camels, that

BRITISH TOURIST AT THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE.
(He wonders why he is not taken for a native.)

cross Siberia in great caravans over the winter snows, and can travel only during the cool night hours in summer, are not like the swift dromedary of Egypt and Arabia in gait.

The French, German, Japanese, Spanish, and Italian legations, the club, the hotel, the bank, and the two foreign stores are grouped closely together, facing and touching one another half-way down Legation street; and, across a once splendid bridge, the American and Russian legations face, and the British legation, adjoining, stretches along an infragrant canal, or open sewer, that drains away from lakes in the palace grounds. The British and French legations were former palaces of an emperor's sons, and all these official European residences are maintained on a scale of considerable splendor. The sudden transfers from the noisome streets to the beautiful garden compounds, the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, with their brilliant companies living and amusing themselves exactly as in Europe, are among the greatest contrasts and surprises of Peking.

The whole stay of the envoys at Peking has been a long story of trial and fruitless effort, of rebuffs and covert insults. Personal audience with the sovereign was delayed for fifteen years, and then for another fifteen, on flimsy and insolent pretexts, and then accorded to them in the hall built, and used for centuries, for receiving the homage of vassal and tributary princes, and in other inferior halls. The matter of audiences was just approaching the enlightened stage when the famous coup d'état unsettled things. The wives of the envoys had never been received by empress or empress dowager, nor recognized in any way until they were invited to the palace soon after the coup d'état of 1898. Then the dowager empress was most gracious and cordial to her guests, but the young empress was neither seen nor heard of during the afternoon feast. Save for the New Year's audience at the palace, and a formal exchange of visits with the officers of the various boards of government, the diplomats have had no social relations with the government to which they are accredited, and none know less of Chinese life than those officially acquainted with the Emperor of China.

The picked diplomats of all Europe are sent to Peking, lodged sumptuously, paid high salaries, and sustained by the certainty of promotions and rewards after a useful term at Peking—all but the American minister, who is crowded in small, rented premises, is paid about a fourth as much as the other envoys, and coming untrained to his career, has the cheerful certainty of being put out of office as soon as he has learned his business and another President is elected, his stay in Peking on a meager salary a sufficient incident in itself, leading to nothing further officially. The diplomats in exile lead a narrow, busy life among themselves, occupied with their social amusements and feuds, often well satisfied with Peking after their first months of disgust, resentment, and homesickness, and even becoming sensitive to any criticism or disparagement of the place. They have their club, the tennis-courts of which are flooded and roofed over as a skating-rink in winter, their spring and autumn races at a track beyond the walls, frequent garden-parties and picnic teas in the open seasons, and a busy round of state dinners and balls all winter.

When the Pei-ho River freezes at the end of November, Tientsin and Peking are shut off from the rest of the world until March, and, save for the telegraph and the mail by overland couriers, have no communication or escape. An ice-breaker at the mouth of the Pei-ho might remedy that, or steamers could regularly run to some of the small railroad towns on the coast near the Great Wall; but others than the Chinese grow conservative when they live long in the land of the cue. One year a British gunboat stays at Tientsin for the protection of the foreigners there and at the capital, and the next winter an American gunboat is expected to freeze in as guardship. The Japanese always keep a gunboat there.

During recent years Peking has been such a hotbed of intrigue, secret conventions, and concession-seeking, of high-handed and under-handed proceedings, that a diplomat's life has not been a happy one, or his position a sinecure. With coup d'états before breakfast, executions overnight, rioting soldiers at the railway-station, mobs stoning legation carts and chairs at will, and telegraphic communication broken whenever the soldiers could reach the wires, the legations called for guards of their own marines. Thirty and forty guards were sent to each of the European legations, save the Russian legation, which required seventy men-at-arms and Cossacks to protect it. Last to arrive were *nine* marines to defend the modest premises rented to the great republic of the United States of North America, the want of actual roof area to shelter more guards

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

NATIVE BOATS ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

obliging the American minister to ask that the thirty other marines should remain at Tientsin, eighty miles away. This would have been farcical and laughable, humiliating to American pride only, if there had not been real danger and need for guards for the little community of foreign diplomats, shut like rats in a trap in a double-walled city of a half-million fanatic, foreigner-hating Chinese, with a more hostile and lawless army of sixty thousand vicious Chinese soldiers without the walls and scattered over the country toward Tientsin.

Peking is sadly lacking in guide-book sights, in buildings, monuments, public works of art, or historic spots that can appeal to one to whom Chinese dynasties and rulers are but empty names, shibboleths, and symbols of the ceramic craze only. All that is best worth seeing in the way of temples is barred and forbidden; each year some other attractive or interesting place is closed to visitors, and the difficulties and annoyances of entrance to any of the show places make the scant sight-seeing that is possible in Peking a trial and a test of endurance. One must bargain and pay to enter anywhere, and when one has satisfied the greedy gate-keepers, a swarm of neighborhood idlers and children troop in without price, crowd around and elbow one, trip his feet, and make the air hideous with jeers, catcalls, and mimickings of foreign speech. One may have murder in his heart, but he does not do it, does not dare to notice or lay stick upon a single baboon tormentor; for a Chinese crowd is an uncertain, uncontrollable quantity, with no fear of mandarin, emperor, or foreign powers.

The great set sights are the Observatory on the walls, the Examination Hall, the Confucian Temple, the Lama Temple, the Clock-Tower, the Drum-Tower, the palace gates, the Temple of Heaven, and the Temple of Agriculture. The last two objects are sequestered in vast parks at the extreme south end of the Chinese City, and one sees them by the aid of opera-glasses from the nearest point of view on the south wall. The old Observatory, with its quaint old bronze instruments, mounted on elaborate arrangements of writhing dragons and clouds, is the finest work of ancient art to be seen at the capital. The old buildings below and the platform on the wall are successors of the tall tower of the Persian astronomers and astrologers who came with Kublai Khan. Jesuit astronomers came from France, and Louis XIV sent with them a bronze celestial globe to the Emperor Kanghsi, after which the learned priests designed, and Chinese artists modeled, the splendid series of instruments on the high platform. The Chinese were apt pupils of both Arab and

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

WALLS OF PEKING, WITH CONTINUOUS STREAM OF CAMELS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

WALLS OF PEKING AND MOAT IN WINTER.

Jesuit teachers, and the Board of Astronomers is one of the most important of the government departments to-day. They compute eclipses and calculate solar and lunar incidents with precision for the official calendar or almanac; but when the moment of the eclipse arrives, the members of the honorable board assemble in the courtyard in state robes, and frantically beat tom-toms to scare away the dragon which is about to swallow the sun or the moon.

The Examination Hall nearly adjoins the Observatory, a great inclosure filled with tiled sheds, suggesting cattle-pens. There learning abides and honors emanate, and civil service, by competitive examination, is carried to burlesque every third year, when three thousand diplomaed students from all the provinces are penned up while they write essays on Confucian philosophy to prove their fitness to act as civil and judicial officials, and squeeze the last possible cash from the common people. One enters through tottering yellow pailows and dilapidated gates to the literary stock-yards, with the rows of brick alcove cells where the candidates are kept in solitary confinement for three days and two nights. A central bell-tower overlooks it all, and at the end are the pavilion and halls where the judges first select three hundred and sixty papers from the three thousand, from them choose the best eighteen essays, and then the three superior ones, whose authors are to rank with the immortals. These three are given the highest degree of doctor of literature by the emperor himself, and their names are cut on tablets at the Confucian Temple. With the abject worship of learning, the reverence for the written word, and the senseless exaltation of the literati, which prevail in China, one may have believed that these examinations are uncorrupted in this land of universal corruption; that these triennials are fair and thorough tests of learning; that the judges are honest and upright; and that the wholesale moral and

material decay of China has spared this one feature of the national life. One learns that the examination-papers and the necessary essays may be bought beforehand; that the judges may be bribed to recognize certain marks; that needy scholars, without influence to push them after they have won a degree, will personate the dunces of great families, for whom offices, honors, and emoluments are waiting as soon as they receive the stamp of the literary examiners; that not only fraud and corruption and collusion are rampant in these classic halls, but that intimidation is also resorted to, and the judges are threatened, hounded, stoned, beaten, and "hustled" by mobs of fellow-provincials and family followers waiting upon the success of individual candidates. Peking is filled with disappointed scholars who have failed at the examinations and have a scorn of trade or honest work, and with successful candidates who have passed the ordeal, but lack the money or influence necessary to securing a government office—these idle, useless, worthless literati the bane and terror of the government. They are not yet enlightened enough to become political agitators, reformers, or bomb-throwers, but they constitute a force to be reckoned with when progress really makes a start, when China awakens.

One thumps and jolts his way northward a mile and more, either by shady streets of old Manchu residences, or along the main street running from the Hata-men's arch, the latter a broad, busy thoroughfare, lined with shops with gaudy fronts and gables, and double-lined with booths, matting and canvas stalls. Carts traverse a raised causeway,—a dike between two awful ditches of open sewers or cesspools,—and the traffic is so great, and blockades are so frequent, that one is in constant terror of being backed into these foul ditches and pools of horror by a locked wheel, a balking mule, or a crumbling bank's edge. Where a broad, lateral street crosses at right angles each approach is

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

PAILOW AT THE WEST END OF LEGATION STREET.

spanned by a grand pailow, these commemorative modern arches in Peking being strangely shabby and rickety compared with the splendid carved granite and marble pailows of the Grand Canal and South China. At this cross-roads of commerce—the Four Pailows—the great banks, the tea, silk, medicine, and confectionery shops of the Tatar City are gathered, and there is always a blockade of carts, chairs, wheelbarrows, camels, mules, and donkeys, and an incredible stream of people—Mongols from the plains, Manchu notables and common folk, priests, spectacled Chinese, and always the Manchu women in their gorgeous coiffures as brilliant features in this fashionable shopping quarter. The Four Pailows tea-shop has a front so carved and gilded that one can hardly credit its consecration to commerce and trade; but he buys there the same perfumed oolong, redolent of jasmine-buds or *Olea fragrans*, that is served one at the superior silk- and curio-shops, until he learns to like it and forever associate it with certain stone-floored interiors, the dazzle of splendid fabrics, and crowded displays of rich art objects. The Four Pailows drug-store is carved and gilded out of all reason, and the confectioner's shop as alluring without all the sugared and honeyed sweets on the counters. At the Four Pailows silk-shop one is ushered in, according to his purse and rank, to farther and farther courts, the tribute of signal esteem being isolation in a far-back, lonely, stony sepulcher or little trade temple, with two reserve alcove rooms, where braziers and hot tea are needed to thaw and cheer one between the waits for more and more baskets and armfuls of silks, satins, brocades, velvets, crapes, gauze, linen, and furs from their separate storehouses. Tailors and embroiderers ply the needle and the goose in long side-buildings, and there is a room of remnants that would set Occidental shoppers wild, while in the mirrored sales-room near the street Manchu matrons, in their flowered and gold-barred coiffures, deliberate over the stuffs for their future finery.

At the far north end of this busy main street one passes the first pailowed entrance and open court of the Lama Temple, which was for years the great sight and show place of Peking, but is now closed past the most extravagant bribes, no fees sufficing for the gate-keeper and the horde of vicious, ravening Mongol Buddhist priests. Visitors used to pay roundly to enter and penetrate the five courts, to hear the yellow-robed lamas at service, and see the colossal gilded Buddha, the remarkable bronze and enamel altar-vases, the books and pictures. Then they paid as extravagantly at each gate of departure from the dangerous demesne, and such an experience as Mr. Henry Norman relates in "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is sufficient warning to

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LEGATION STREET.—RUSSIAN COMPOUND AND FLAG.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

PORCELAIN PAILOW BEFORE THE HALL OF CLASSICS.

tourists for all time. The place was first the palace of that son of Kanghsi's who succeeded him as the Emperor Yung Cheng, and who upon his accession made it over for religious uses, together with an endowment sufficient to support three thousand lamas. Their number diminished to one thousand as the great religion lost life and vogue in China, and there are now only about five hundred tonsured, yellow-robed scoundrels there, a band of sacerdotal villains, whose countenances suggest that they, like other priests in China, are fugitives from justice, criminals of the deepest dye, who adopt the religious life as a cloak and refuge. A living buddha, ruled by the dalai-lama of Tibet, has his residence there, and until a few years ago visitors used to visit and converse with this holy one.

The gate of the Confucian Temple is always slammed shut at sight of foreign visitors, who treat through well-worn cracks in the panels for the privilege of entering, poking silver dollars and Peking *tiaos* or bank-notes through, until Cerberus is satisfied. Meanwhile the rabble gathers, and when the gates swing open all the tag-rags, Arabs, beggars, and neighbors stream in without price, and fairly prevent one from seeing the first court with their maddening chatter, jeers, and horse-play. Venerable cedar-trees shade the first flagged court, where the deeply bayed gate-house, or ante-temple, is raised on a terrace, and this splendid entrance-porch, with its stone tablets and stone drums, is all for the emperor's use at his annual visit. The commoner passes by a humble wicket to a long, flagged quadrangle, where ancient cedar-trees shade yellow-tiled pavilions and stone tablets of

honor. Broad marble steps, with a sloping panel between carved in high relief with noble dragons, lead to the grand terrace or platform on which the great red temple, or memorial building, stands. The crowd lags, holds back at the terrace steps, and when the guardian unlocks and swings open the double-latticed doors, one treads the vast, columned hall in silence—something of dignity, splendor, and impressiveness to be enjoyed in Peking at last, without filth, insistent squalor, and insulting epithets offending one's every sense. Massive teak columns tower to the shadowy, paneled ceiling, thick coir matting covers the stone floor, and behind the altar-table is the red wooden shrine containing the tiny, sacred tablet of Confucius. The tablets of Mencius and the lesser sages are ranged on each side, and votive tablets from the worshiping emperors, who have paid homage to China's greatest teacher, are hung around the dark-red walls. On one visit to the Confucian Temple we found a great crowd jeering around a tourist in the gateway whom the gate-keeper would not admit at any price. This elderly Englishman, with an unwonted consideration for the sensibilities of an alien people, had thought to don Chinese dress that he might go about unobserved. Top-boots, a flowing blue-silk gown, and a deer-stalker's cap, with a long raven-black cue, attached with a safety-pin, made a combination to which his rosy English face and stubby white hair added a last contradictory touch. The guardians evidently took him for a lunatic, and the people could not be blamed for their roars of laughter. When he showed his "disguise" at the lama temple, a crowd of holy men fell upon him, took his money, despoiled him of the gown and the cue, and left him to walk home bareheaded.

We were baited for a Chinese holiday, however, when we went out, and by a narrow lane reached the back gate of the adjoining Hall of Classics. Within the south

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

SUN-DIAL AT THE HALL OF CLASSICS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

TRAINED BIRDS.

gate of imperial entrance there is first a broad green lawn, with tiny pavilions or temples at each side, and facing it a noble brick-and-stone pailow of three arches, half covered with glazed green and yellow tiles and ornamental panels—the most splendid and glittering monument that learning could wish for. Its arches frame a charming picture of the central pavilion within a marble-bridged pond, the audience-hall where the emperor sits in state on a red throne similar to the greater throne and dais of his palace. There is an interesting old sun-dial on the terrace at the back of the quadrangle, which, like all Chinese dials, has its summer face to tell one the standard time until the 22d of September, and the nether winter face to mark the hours until the 22d of March.

When one is a little hardened to it, he may dare to enter one of the local temple fairs, which are always occurring somewhere about the city, since each temple has its anniversary fête-days, and at least once a month bursts forth with more red papers, lanterns, and incense-sticks, peddlers and crowds. The best known of these popular fairs is that at the Lung-fu-ssu Temple, near the Confucian Temple. On the ninth and tenth, nineteenth and twentieth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth, days of each month, the street leading to the temple was taken possession of by holiday crowds, peddlers, fakers, and touts, and there were kaleidoscopic pictures of all Pekingese life. Bird-sellers offered one every kind of feathered pet that could swing in a cage or perch on a twig, and one of the attractive features of Peking streets is in the numbers of men and boys whom one sees carrying pet birds about. It is a Chinese custom, at which many Manchus affect to sneer, but it argues for gentle, poetic traits of character that one would otherwise surely deny these hard-featured, unattractive people. Old poetry and old pictures show men of the lower provinces carrying their nightingales off for an airing to some hill temple or classic vale; but in Peking grimy and tattered old men, little boys, and even gay, official messengers, go about the streets with tiny birds on twigs.

On the street approaching Lung-fu-ssu one encounters the first of the fair, and there may buy pet crickets, black little skeletons of things, which are trained, and fight as gamely as Manila cocks. One may buy, too, airy bamboo boxes to keep them in in summer, and thicker boxes which cricket-fanciers carry in the folds of their garments to keep the tiny creatures cozily warm in the bleak days of winter.

One has to step quickly in this street before Lung-fu-ssu, comprehending all in swift glances, buying as well as reading as he runs; for if one loiters the crowd closes in around him, packed ten and twenty rows deep, in a gaping, jabbering circle. Several times I went into and, by main force only, with the microbes, germs, bacteria, and what not, that constitute Peking dust. The hot-chestnut man spiced the air with his nuts roasted in shallow pans full of black sand set over a mud-oven fireplace—the same institution of all Central Asia, and which the tourist meets again in the bazaars of Peshawar.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

FEATHER DUSTERS FOR SALE.—ENTRANCE GATE OF LUNG-FU-SSU.

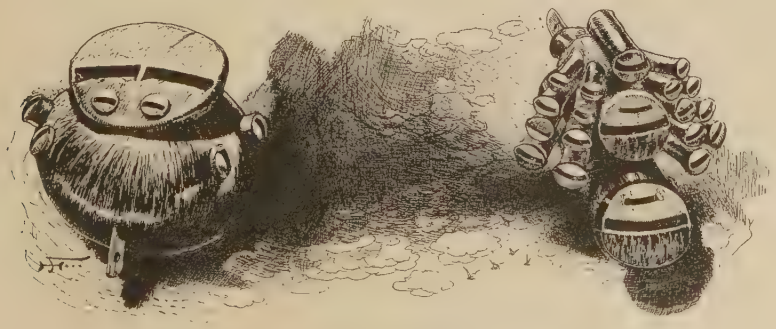
got out of a florist's garden, where dwarf trees, ragged chrysanthemums grafted on artemisia stalks, and some cockscombs were shown. Nothing in Peking was more disappointing and disillusioning than the vain autumnal search I made for chrysanthemums worthy to rank with those of Japan or those of the foreign settlement of Shanghai.

Things old and new, for use and ornament, were spread over the flagged courts and the terrace walks and on booths. Fortune-tellers, money-changers, letter-writers, professional menders, cobblers, barbers, and dentists were there. Quack doctors spread out their magic pills and bottles of eye-water, while the legitimate old school of Chinese medicine was represented by apothecaries, who made tempting spread of the time-honored roots and herbs, musk, dried rats, lizards, frogs, and toads, clots of so-called dragon's blood, and lumps of nameless things warranted to cure, although powdered thickly The hot-peanut man was there too, and in Peking the American learns that salted almonds and peanuts are a Chinese invention almost as old as gunpowder. The cold-slaw man presided over great bowls of tasseled strips of cabbage, that he sheared off with fascinating skill with a huge cleaver. There were mounds of the famous white Peking pears, of the fine large grapes, that they know how to keep for a year by an ancient cold-storage system of pottery jars buried in the ground, and heaps of gorgeous red-orange persimmons, that made color-studies of delight. The rich, dried fruit of the jujube-tree, with its narrow, pointed seed like a date, and commonly known as the Tientsin date, was offered us in boxes or beaten into smooth, rich jujube paste. Then there was the crab-apple man, with a great broom on his shoulder, that proved to have every straw strung with crab-apples preserved in honey—a favorite sweet with the Mongo-

lians beyond the Great Wall, who knew how to preserve their tart fruits in honey long before the peasants around Bar-le-Duc began to immerse their currants in honey. There was the candy-man with slabs of peanut candy and sesame brittle as well, the latter the same sesame seeds, cooked in a rich sorghum syrup, and cooled in thin cakes, that furnish that wafer of delight known as *gujack* in the Panjab, and that one buys in the cold weather all over northern India. The Mongols and the Moguls took with them in their conquests all the love of sweets which the Turks, the Persians, and all the people of Central Asia still manifest, and by their sweets one may trace the path of the conquering khans. Besides sesame brittle, one may buy delicate sesame wafers, the sesame flour beaten in water with either salt or sugar, and baked in a thin wafer that might well be introduced at fastidious tables on the other side of the globe. One sees macaroni made of millet or buckwheat flour in process of manufacture everywhere about Peking streets, hanks and skeins of the doughy filaments swinging by doorways in the sun and wind, and acquiring a fine bloom of the richly composite dust of the streets.

To the Lung-fu-ssu fairs I went again and again, bewitched by the life and movement that went on in the courts of the dingy red roofless temple of deserted altars. I went to watch the Manchu women in their holiday dress, to look for the fabled sleeve dogs, or buy chrysanthemums and pigeon whistles, the latter the most unique and ingenious playthings in Peking. The pigeon whistle is made of thinnest bamboos and of tiny gourds scraped to paper thinness, and when fastened beneath the tail-feathers of a pigeon the tiny organ-pipes emit a weird, elfin, Æolian melody as the bird flies. Every morning and afternoon the vault of the Peking sky is swept with the sweet, sad notes of scores of pigeon whistles, as the carrier-birds wing their way across the walls with bankers' messages and quotations of silver sales—a stock report and ticker service older than the telegraph and automatic tape, a service of market reports as old as time. These swirls and sweeps of melody were strangely sad and thrilling, and the whistling flight of these musical pigeons, the "mid-sky houris" of the hoary East, was something that I waited and listened for each day. There are some twenty kinds of pigeon whistles, ranging from the simple, single bamboo tube of one stop to those with elaborate sets of pipes which a musical-instrument maker might admire. Each bamboo pipe or gourd whistle is as light as thistle-down, and if one even holds it in his hand and sweeps the air, it responds with mellow wind-notes of weird charm. The pigeon whistle is the most delicate and exquisitely constructed toy imaginable, a thing one might expect to find in Tokio or Paris, but never in half-barbaric Peking, the city of dreadful dirt, of the clumsy cart and the rocking camel, the dilapidated capital of Kublai Khan, the racked and ruined relic of the splendid city of the Ming emperors.

HONEYED CRAB-APPLES.



PIGEON WHISTLES.

JOHN MORLEY.

A STUDY.

BY A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

ONE Sunday the writer of this article was paying a visit to the house of Mr. John Morley. Like many members of Parliament, Mr. Morley is kept so busy during the week by the absorption of his political duties that he has to see his friends and intimates on Sunday afternoons. The writer, when he reached the study of Mr. Morley in his roomy but simple house in Elm Park Gardens, thought he heard a noise as of singing, and of that particular kind of singing, with its regularity, its softness, its tender melancholy, which suggested the hymn. He could scarcely believe that such Sabbath-like and orthodox sounds could belong to the household of a man who passes for one of the leading assailants of the orthodoxy of his epoch, and ventured to make an inquiry—a somewhat bold proceeding with a man so essentially reserved as Mr. Morley. The answer was that the singing came from a relative, who belonged to the orthodox faith. It was a curious contrast—that muffled, tender echo of the conventicle from a believing woman's voice in the room below, and this man of thought, surrounded by the weapons of literature and philosophy, by which he had made war on all the little and great Bethels of the world, in the quiet room up-stairs.

This scene has in it a certain fitness as an introduction to a study of a man who combines in himself both the religious revolt of his epoch and the old wistful recollections and tendencies of the typical English home.

The tyrannous epoch of our lives, after all, is our childhood and early youth; and so it has been with Mr. Morley. The son of a doctor, with abundant work, probably insufficient pay, the haunting anxieties that always pursue the man whose income and that of his family are dependent on the unstable factors of health and life, Mr. Morley has never seen the joyous freedom from care which belongs to the very rich or the very poor. His own life has also been that of the professional man. He came to London without any influence, with scarcely an acquaintance. The Oxford from which he had come had entirely subversed the dogmatic teachings of his boyhood. It was the Oxford in which, as he himself has put it, the sun of Newman was setting and that of Mill was rising—a significant juxtaposition to Mr. Morley in particular, for he represents a transition period of thought and creed which seeks to find some *via media* between the inspiring pietism of the one teacher and the clear-eyed and destructive science of the other.

The way of the young journalist in London is hard to-day; it was harder in Mr. Morley's youth. He always shows a certain disinclination to speak of his earliest struggles. Others less reticent recall the fact that he was engaged, while still a stripling, on a certain literary gazette, the opulence of which may be gathered from the fact that the payment was at the rate of seven and sixpence per column, careful deduction at the same time being made for quotations. From the literary gazette Mr. Morley migrated to the "Morning Star"—organ of John Bright and Richard Cobden, in the epoch which was astir with the great agitation for the reduction of the franchise and the admission of the working-man to a share in the government of his country. At thirty years of age Mr. Morley was editor-in-chief of this journal, a position of considerable importance to have been reached in a few years by a young man who had no capital but his literary genius. The "Morning Star" died with the concession by Disraeli of household suffrage, and the acceptance of cabinet office by Mr. Bright.

Then came Mr. Morley's connection with the "Saturday Review." The story of that periodical has already passed into the history of journalism. It was started, as is well known, by the late Mr. Beresford Hope, brother-in-law of the present Marquis of Salisbury. The Marquis of Salisbury at the time was a younger son, and had earned the wrath of an aristocratic father by what was then considered a *mésalliance*, namely, marriage with the daughter of a judge. With only a small allowance and a growing young family, Lord Robert Cecil, as he then was,

had to supplement his income by writing for the press. He had already become a regular leader-writer to the "Standard," the chief organ of Toryism in the press. His Toryism was of far too independent a character, and he had too little sympathy with the leadership of so detached a spirit as that of Disraeli, to find himself altogether at home in the columns of the regular party organ. The "Saturday Review" gave Lord Salisbury a larger and freer platform.

The "Saturday Review," fortunately, was Tory only in its political columns. Its literary pages were open to writers of all opinions, with the result that it had on its staff perhaps the most brilliant band of men that ever contributed to an English journal. Mr. Morley was one of its most frequent and regular writers. It was, indeed, an article in the "Saturday Review" which brought him the most influential and valuable friendship of his life. It had been proposed by a friend of his that he should be introduced to Mr. John Stuart Mill, then the idol of that younger race of philosophers to which Mr. Morley belonged. But Mill was getting old and delicate, and had the shrinking of men in that epoch from new acquaintances. An article in the "Saturday Review," under the title "New Ideas," gave another turn to the business, however, for Mill asked who was the author, and desired to be introduced to him.

The gentleness and unselfishness, the lofty idealism of Mill, were well fitted to confirm the young follower in the gospel of which he had already become a devoted adherent. There is no friendship in his life to which Mr. Morley looks back with greater gratitude and more enduring affection than to that with Mill. "Time has done something," Mr. Morley has written, "to impair the philosophic reputation and the political celebrity of John Stuart Mill; but it cannot alter the affectionate memory in which some of us must always hold his wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardor with a calm and settled mind."

Another influence of Mr. Morley's young mind was George Meredith. Meredith then, as now, lived mostly in a country house nestled in the Surrey hills, a fine starting-point for the long and arduous tramps which were an equally strong passion with both Morley and Meredith. And finally, Herbert Spencer and George Eliot and Frederic Harrison must be numbered among those who influenced Mr. Morley's early mind. Through Mr. Frederic Harrison Mr. Morley was brought in contact with the religious views of Comte and with the religious organization which Mr. Harrison has faithfully upheld for many years. Mr. Morley is not a man to have faith in mere schools, and there was much in the religious system of Comte which one cannot imagine his ever tolerating. But he always has seen the fine side of Comtism, and in some of his own ideals and aspirations there are the underlying and root ideas of the French philosopher.

The "Fortnightly Review" was started as the organ of the new scientific and religious thought which was then bursting upon the world, and which is now almost ancient history, so quickly does thought advance and so quickly does it grow old, like other things, in this age of lightning-like change. George Henry Lewes, the companion of George Eliot, himself a man of unusually wide reading and knowledge, and a thorough devotee of the new ideas, was the first editor. When he retired Mr. Morley became his successor, and for a considerable number of years was not only the guide of the new organ of new ideas, but its chief and most brilliant contributor. He had a great band of collaborateurs—Huxley, Clifford, Lewes, Herbert Spencer. He himself was mainly attracted by two studies—the writings of Burke and the writings and lives of the French Encyclopedists. The choice of subject was by no means accidental, and it enables one to understand much in the philosophy and career of Mr. Morley. But, curiously enough, the English public paid so much attention to the French as to forget the English studies of Mr. Morley. For years there floated before the imaginations of the average man—whether the Tory defending the church establishment, or the narrow nonconformist jealous for the conventicle—the legend that Mr. Morley was French rather than English; and it was considered charitable and accurate to describe him as a Jacobin, and by preference, among the worthies of that school, to compare him to Saint-Just. Mr. Morley, like the Encyclopedists,—who, by the way, were not in the least like the Jacobins,—was in revolt against the crimes and superstitions of some of the ancient creeds; but few men could have a greater natural and cultivated aversion for the doctrines and practices of the Jacobins. Mr. Morley hates dreams. When he was editor of a newspaper he constantly wrote to his subordinates to avoid dithyrambics; and the crazy visions of Rousseau

and his devotees fill him at once with anger and disgust.

Two things only could reasonably account for this misapprehension, so wide-spread and so popular. Mr. Morley is at bottom one of the most genial of men, largely tolerant, kindly, modest in putting forward his own views, the best of listeners to the views of others. It is a striking proof of this that when once a certain number of ladies and gentlemen agreed to write down the name of the man among their acquaintances whom they would select as their companion on a desert island that of Mr. Morley appeared on all their lists. But nature has given him a certain sternness of feature: a long and strong nose; a face not lean and hungry like that of Cassius, but still thin and in rigid lines; a full and compressed mouth, that looks stern in repose; and a figure which remains spare in middle age—all of which suggests fanaticism to the full-bodied Englishman. In addition there is in Mr. Morley's face and air a great deal of shy reserve, of pride and dignity, of the repose that comes to be the expression of most men who have been the companions of books and high thoughts throughout their lives, all of which might suggest something in him of that same air of aloofness and loftiness in Saint-Just, which stirred the bile of Danton.

The other reason for this popular estimate of Mr. Morley was that, in the hot eagerness of his youthful attacks on the accepted religious formulas, and especially on that hard, frigid, and mechanical deism which is his especial abomination, he insisted for a while on printing "God" with a small instead of a capital G. It was a small business; probably nobody would laugh at it more heartily today than Mr. Morley himself; but it was just sufficiently within the grasp of popular intelligence and popular prejudice to stick. And finally, to write about French revolutionaries was, in the careless inferences of most men, to feel like a French revolutionary. People did not stop to think that, at the very moment Mr. Morley was attempting to do justice to the creators of the French Revolution, he was writing glowing panegyrics of Edmund Burke, the greatest enemy the French Revolution had ever had.

And now let us see what Mr. Morley became in religion when he had surveyed all the schools. I recall that little scene in his house with which this article started. It will serve as the key-note of his creed, with its mixture of wistful reminiscence, its faint and tender echo of once-loved ideals, and its stretching forth to something not wholly unlike as an ideal for the future. At once it will be seen that such a man cannot rest satisfied with mere negation, and that in his philosophy there must be a place for the spirituality which is at the root of the ancient creed. Mr. Morley belongs to the nineteenth and not the eighteenth century. He does not consider his work done, as did Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, when he has destroyed the old faith. He has followed the tendency of his time in being a revolutionary in religion instead of a mere revolutionary. In passage after passage he insists that the new creed must retain something of the spirit of the old. Indeed, sometimes it is hard to see much difference between Christianity as modified by modern thought and the form of Christianity which Mr. Morley sees emerging from the ruins of ancient superstitions. Take this passage, for instance:

> The tendency of modern free thought is more and more visible toward the extraction of the first and more permanent elements of the old faith to make the purified material of the new. In what ultimate form, acceptable to great multitudes of men, these attempts will at last issue, no one can tell. For we, like the Hebrews of old, shall all have to live and die in faith, not having seen the promises, but having seen them afar off, and being persuaded of them and embracing them, and confessing that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Meanwhile, after the first great glow and passion of the just and necessary revolt of reason against superstition have slowly lost the exciting splendor of the dawn and become diffused in the colorless space of a rather bleak noonday, the mind gradually collects again some of the ideas of the old religions of the West, and willingly, even joyfully, suffers itself to be once more breathed upon by something of its spirit. Christianity was the last great synthesis. It is the one nearest to us. . . . Whatever form may be ultimately imposed upon our vague religious aspirations by some prophet to come, who shall unite sublime depth of feeling and lofty purity of life with strong intellectual grasp and the gift of a noble eloquence, we may at least be sure of this, that it will stand as closely related to Christianity as Christianity stood to the old Judaic dispensation.

I give another passage for the purpose of showing how far Mr. Morley is in deeper sympathy with some of the tendencies of the old faith than with the blank creed of those French philosophers whose lives and works were his first and favorite study.

> A bald deism has undoubtedly been the creed of some of the purest and the most generous of men, but . . . are you going to convert the new

brains of the Western world with its fair word of emptiness? Will you sweeten the lives of suffering men, and take its heaviness from that droning, piteous chronicle of wrong and cruelty and despair which everlastingly saddens the compassionating ear like the bemoaning of the midnight sea? Will you animate the stout of heart with new fire, and the firm of hand with fresh joys of battle, by the thought of a being without intelligible attributes, a mere abstract creation of metaphysic, whose mercy is not as our mercy, or his justice as our justice, or his fatherhood as the fatherhood of man? It was not by a cold, a cheerless, a radically depraving conception such as this that the church became the refuge of humanity in the dark times of old, but by the representation to men, sitting in bondage and confusion, of godlike natures moving among them under figure of the most eternally touching of human relations—a tender mother ever interceding for them, an elder brother laying down his life that their burdens might be loosened.

I make one more quotation before I pass on to the consideration of Mr. Morley as a politician. The quotation will be found to have a strong bearing on that side of his life. It is this:

How pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the convention of the hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space, as one hears the wail of misery that is forever ascending to the deaf gods, as one counts the little tale of years that separate us from the eternal silence!

Here is a key-note of character. Take that passage in connection with those I have already quoted, and you get a clear image of the inner kingdom of Mr. Morley's mind. Rejecting the dogmas of the churches, he is yet profoundly religious; unable to share the orthodox hopes of future life, he yet is full of the briefness of this; in something like a spirit of despair he has to turn away from the spectacle of human misery, because he cannot narcotize himself by the faith in the Deity at once of the pietist and the Encyclopedist—the Deity that is at once all-powerful and pitiless or remote. Mr. Morley finds a substitute for the old faiths, not in blank negation, but in a new creed that embodies much of the old. In other words, in rejecting the dogmas of Puritanism Mr. Morley has remained a Puritan in spirit.

This attitude of mind is very well illustrated by a story told of Mr. Morley by the late Charles Berry, the well-known nonconformist clergyman. Here is the story in Mr. Berry's own words:

The Countess of Aberdeen once gave me a beautiful instance of Mr. Morley's fine and reverent spirit. When staying with them at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, the countess, with her charming consideration for other people's convictions, told Mr. Morley that he need not come down to family prayers, as she understood such exercise might not be in harmony with his sentiments. Mr. Morley's reply revealed at once the splendor and humility of his character. He said he would certainly come down, if only to renew his own sense of littleness amid the mysteries of life, and to begin the day with a feeling of fellowship in service with the humblest member of the household. A similar testimony comes to me from Scotland. A friend of mine, who was staying with him in the Highlands in company with Mr. Fowler and a goodly muster of notabilities, said that the pleasantest hours of that very pleasant visit were the Sunday evening hours, when the whole company gathered around the piano and spent the time in singing hymns. It may surprise some people to learn that among those who joined most heartily and reverently in the exercise was Mr. John Morley.

Such, then, was the inner life of the man who entered the House of Commons at forty-nine years of age; a man of moderate fortune in an assembly pervaded by an atmosphere of luxury and wealth; a man of letters among "pushful" and successful lawyers and merchants; no longer in the heyday of youth, but after a life of hard struggle in the most wearing of professions. He was of all men the least fitted for his new environment. He had spent his life in the study, and though it had been a militant life, his conflicts had been with the noble and worthy but spectral forms of ideas. In the House of Commons he had to deal with many men born and bred in an atmosphere of intrigue, of fierce personal ambitions, of mean expedients, of hollow professions. Mr. Morley had dwelt in thought on the eternal, the spiritual, the "droning, piteous chronicle of wrong and cruelty and despair which everlastingly saddens the compassionating ear," and had always been mentally alive to the thin partition that stands between us and the eternal silence. In the House of Commons men have to think of the hour, of even the moment; of the ready and shallow retort, the small details of the orders of the day. A personal incident will reveal the effect upon him of these new influences.

I was walking with Mr. Morley through one of the division lobbies within a year or two of his entrance into Parliament. To the lobby came the echoes of the speech that was being made inside, hollow, remote, with a certain irony and mockery added to them as they reached the ear in the space outside which they were originally uttered. Mr.

Morley's comment was that the sense of the hollowness of parliamentary speech, which was always so strong within him, was never so strong as when he thus heard a speech in the mocking echoes of the division lobby.

There were, then, plenty of disillusions ready for such a man as Mr. Morley in such an assembly as the House of Commons; but events made additions. Mr. Chamberlain and he had been intimates and friends for years; Mr. Chamberlain went one way on the home-rule question, Mr. Morley another. There was between the two, and between many others of the old Liberal party, all the bitterness which comes to friends whom political differences estrange. And political differences were aggravated by personal misunderstandings; and sometimes, even among those who had remained with him, Mr. Morley found the vacillations that come from the conflict of principle and personal ambition.

In addition to all this, Mr. Morley is not of the temperament that feels itself quite at home in such an assembly as the House of Commons. He once said to a friend that there was an atmosphere of personal contention in the place which disgusted him. This was a characteristic saying from one whose conflicts had been the conflicts of the spirit rather than of the flesh—the conflicts with ideas, and not with men. And Mr. Morley, like many men accustomed to study and to probe ideas to their very roots, is devoid of the readiness and alertness of mind that are the special requisites of the House of Commons.

And yet, curiously enough, Mr. Morley, who has done comparatively little in the House of Commons, has some of the gifts in a remarkable degree that make for success in political life in England. He is not only a good speaker: at times he can be well described as a great orator. To understand his powers it is necessary to see him on the platform, especially when he is surrounded by a sympathetic audience. Put this man before four or five thousand men, and all the hesitation, the self-distrust, the pained silence of the House of Commons, disappear, and he becomes one of those whose voice can sway the multitude at their own will. Often he holds such an audience spellbound for an hour or more, the slight form transforming itself into something impressive, vivid, inspiring; the voice ringing with all the inner glow of the conviction, the strong emotion, the large vision of the man. And what is remarkable is that these speeches, while impressing enormously the immediate audience before the speaker, are equally impressive to the much larger audience outside. The wonderful literary finish, the striking and original figures, the apt phrase, the homely sense in the midst of the brilliant eloquence, make Mr. Morley's speeches the most widely read of any of his time, and the most keenly enjoyed.

During the home-rule struggle it was the speeches of Mr. Morley—I had almost said, and his speeches alone—which profoundly impressed the public mind. In many of these speeches he spoke with the most eloquent words he has ever used. I will give just one specimen as illustrative of his platform eloquence. I give it the more confidently as I believe it is the passage which most commends itself to his own judgment. He was speaking in a great hall in the southern part of London; that hall is close to the asylum for the insane, known among Londoners as "Bedlam":

> Gentlemen, many of you will pass to-night on your way home the great hospital for sufferers from the most piteous and moving of all the calamities that affect our species—what the poet calls "the mind diseased." Not so many years ago, within the mournful precincts of those asylums, the sufferers were chained to walls, were flogged, were starved, were shut up in strong dark rooms. We look back on these things in horror. We shudder to think that they went on even in our time. They have passed away. The barbarous engines of violence and restraint have vanished, with the blessed effect that just as the treatment has become more humane, so the management has become easier, so have the chances of recovery and of cure become more hopeful. The analogy is applicable to the body politic. It is by a wise mildness that rulers minister to the mind diseased; it is by prudent lenity that you pluck from the memories of nations, as of men, a rooted sorrow; it is by conciliation, by justice, by speaking to the manhood in a people as in individuals, it is not by dungeons and chains, that you rase out the written troubles of the brain. They call their bill an engine for quenching a conflagration. There is no conflagration. It is not that. The time was when the Irish peasants saw no light on their horizon save that which shone upon them from across the floods of the great Atlantic. But now they see a new light nearer home. They look no longer westward alone; they look eastward too. They see a beacon of hope and of sympathy from England which will not be put out. This ill-omened measure which we have begun our campaign against to-night is a measure for dashing out the beacon-light. It will fail. The light will still shine, and we English Liberals will never rest until the people of Ireland are no longer mocked, but enjoy the same reality of constitu-

tional privileges and civil rights which have made the glory, the prosperity, and the strength of our own island.

I have not said much about Mr. Morley as a writer; but my quotations from Mr. Morley as a speaker, to a certain extent, cover the same ground, for there is no man of our time whose spoken word so closely resembles his written word. Indeed, it is perhaps one of the reasons of that unreadiness which is the bane of his parliamentary life that he rarely rises to speak until he has first written out every syllable of what he is going to say. But I must illustrate his style by an extract from one of his books. I take the following passage as characteristic, contrasting the genius of Byron and Carlyle:

In England the greatest literary organ of the Revolution was unquestionably Byron, whose genius, daring, and melodramatic lawlessness exercised what now seems such an amazing fascination over the least revolutionary of European nations. Unfitted for scientific work, and full of ardor, Mr. Carlyle found his mission in rushing with all his might to the annihilation of this terrible poet, who, like some gorgon, hydra, or chimera dire planted at the gate, carried off a yearly tale of youths and virgins from the city. In literature only a revolutionist can thoroughly overpower a revolutionist. Mr. Carlyle had fully as much daring as Byron; his writing at its best, if without the many-eyed minuteness and sustaining, pulsing force of Byron, has still the full swell and tide and energy of genius; he is as lawless in his disrespect for some things established. He had the unspeakable advantage of being that which, though not in this sense, only his own favorite word of contempt describes, respectable; and, for another thing, of being ruggedly sincere. Carlyle is the male of Byronism. It is a Byronism with thew and sinew, bass pipe and shaggy bosom. There is the same grievous complaint against the time and its men and its spirit, something even of the same contemptuous despair, the same sense of the puniness of man in the center of a cruel and frowning universe; but there is in Carlylism a deliverance for it all—indeed, the only deliverance possible. Its despair is a despair without misery. Labor in a high spirit, duty done, and right service performed in a fortitudinous temper—here was, not indeed a way out, but a way of erect living within.

Against Byronism the ordinary moralist and preacher could really do nothing, because Byronism was an appeal that lay in the regions of the mind, only accessible by one with an eye and a large poetic feeling for the infinite whole of things. It was not the rebellion only in "Manfred," nor the wit in "Don Juan," nor the graceful melancholy of "Childe Harold," which made their author an idol, and still make him one to multitudes of Frenchmen and Germans and Italians. One prime secret of it is the air and spaciousness, the freedom and elemental grandeur of Byron. Who has not felt this to be one of the glories of Mr. Carlyle's work, that it, too, is large and spacious, rich in the fullness of a sense of things unknown and wonderful, and even in the tiniest part showing us the stupendous and overwhelming whole? The magnitude of the universal forces enlarges the pettiness of man, and the smallness of his achievement and endurance takes a complexion of greatness for the vague immensity that surrounds and impalpably mixes with it.

Remember further, that while in Byron the outcome of this was rebellion, in Carlyle its outcome is reverence, a noble mood, which is one of the highest predispositions of the English character. The instincts of sanctification rooted in Teutonic races, and which in the corrupt and unctuous forms of a mechanical religious profession are so revolting, were mocked and outraged, where they were not superciliously ignored, in every line of the one, while in the other they were enthroned under the name of Worship as the very key and center of the right life. The prophet who never wearies of declaring that "only in bowing down before the Higher does man feel himself exalted," touched solemn organ notes, that awoke a response from dim religious depths, never reached by the stormy wailings of the Byronic lyre. The political side of the reverential sentiment is equally conciliated, and the prime business of individuals and communities pronounced to be the search after worthy objects, of this divine quality of reverence. While king's cloaks and church tippets are never spared, still less suffered to protect the dishonor of ignoble wearers of them, the inadequateness of aggression and demolition, the necessity of quiet order, the uncounted debt that we owe to rulers and to all sorts of holy and great men who have given this order to the world, all this brought repose and harmony into spirits that the hollow thunders of universal rebellion against tyrants and priests had worn into thinness and confusion. Again, at the bottom of the veriest *frondeur* with English blood in his veins, in his most defiant moment there lies a conviction that, after all, something known as common sense is the measure of life, and that to work hard is a demonstrated precept of common sense. Carlylism exactly hits this and brings it forward. We cannot wonder that Byronism was routed from the field.

This specimen, and those I have elsewhere quoted, suffice to give a good idea of Mr. Morley's style. Contemptuous of glitter, it is yet glowing; it has movement, variety, above all things the strong and palpable pulsation of inner passion. In this respect the style is not only the man, but the revelation of the man. It unveils him, so to speak, and shows how much of scorn, of indignation, of pity there are underneath his typically English reserve of manner and frigidity of look.

The position of Mr. Morley, like that of most politicians, varies constantly with the times and the seasons. Even since the earlier pages of this article were written Mr. Morley has taken steps which have entirely transformed his relations to his own party. With Sir William Harcourt, as is known, he has separated himself from the official leaders of the Liberal party. It was a step which, whether right or wrong,—and this is not the place to discuss that question,—is very characteristic of the man, is in worthy accord with the whole bent and tradition of his life. There are two Englands, and never were the two in greater contrast and conflict than at this moment. There is the England pushful, greedy of money, of power, of all the lusts of the flesh, the England of the bourse, of the race-course, of the gold-mine, of the battle-fields; or, to put it briefly and concretely, the England of the Rand and of Omdurman. And there is the other England, the England of the conventicle; of men who cling with something of narrowness and unworldliness, and now and then of obscurantism, to tendencies that made the Roundhead the master, and for a time the tyrant, of England. Even when the voice of the one England is loudest, that of the other England is not altogether silent, though there are many epochs when the voice of the one rises so thunderous that it is difficult to believe in the existence of the other.

We are passing through such an epoch now. The vast and rapid fortunes made in the Transvaal, the crowning triumph of Kitchener in Central Africa, the full springtide of prosperity, luxury, self-glorification, which all these things have produced, and which to-day make London, with its vast hotels, its brilliant restaurants, its crowded race-courses, its glittering equipages, its frenzied pursuit of pleasure, the most luxurious capital in the world—all these things have created an epoch in which the old puritanic spirit of England seems for the moment submerged and destroyed. And, by a curious coincidence, the Liberal party, which is by the very roots of its being largely arrayed against all these things, which finds its real inspiration, strength, and being in the modest bourgeois, the severe simplicity of the conventicle, and the simple homes of the poor, is at this moment largely influenced by a man who is the very type and embodiment of all the other tendencies of the time. A lover of the race-course, a relative of the greatest financial house of our times, a friend of princes and a confidant of the court, an ardent imperialist, with a sincere and vehement faith in his race and in its mission of expansion and conquest, Lord Rosebery has, to a large extent, arrayed the Liberal party on the side of that England of luxury and conquest and arrogance to which the Liberal party ought, in the natural course of things, to be opposed.

One voice raises itself most eloquently against all these tendencies. It is the voice of a man who, having left all the churches and the chapels, yet retains their innermost faiths and tendencies. The conflict between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley is not a conflict of persons nor of to-day, but a chapter, an episode, in a secular English struggle.

By a strange paradox, the open and avowed iconoclast of the old dogmas is yet the most faithful exponent of their best and innermost tendencies. Mr. Morley is to-day England's greatest nonconformist.

CLIMAX.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

DEAD at the climax!
Music, color, love,
Mounting in triple blazoned majesty;
Gift of the gods all other gifts above,
So fell the golden Greeks of tragedy!
Now, while the trumpets knock upon the gates;
Now, while the crash of brass intoxicates!
Dead at the climax! This is victory!
His overturnèd chariot wins the race,
As Death's voice sweeps the field where mortals flee,
And hoarse with blood-stained triumph cries,
"Give place!"
Dead at the climax! While with life elate,
Dead at the climax! O supremest fate!

CARICATURE OF ELECTION OF 1764. IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FRANKLIN AS POLITICIAN AND DIPLOMATIST.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

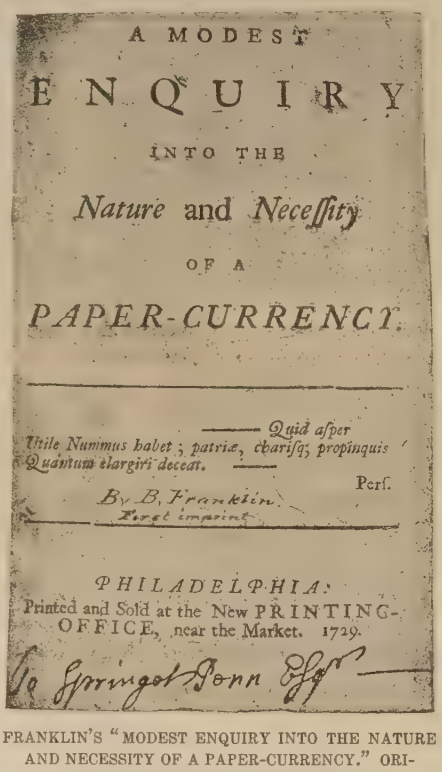
BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

"THE first mistake in public business is the going into it," remarked Poor Richard, and the worldly-wise sage was speaking from the "experience" which keeps a "dear school," for Franklin, when he penned the sentence, had been over twenty years a public servant. The admonition, however, was little heeded, for he continued to hold office almost unceasingly to the end of his days. "I have heard," he said, "of some great man whose rule it was, with regard to offices, *never to ask for them, and never to refuse them;* to which I have always added, in my own practice, *never to resign them.*" On another occasion he asserted, not altogether truthfully: "I never solicited for a public office, either for myself or any relation, yet I never refused one that I was capable of executing, when public service was in question; and I never bargained for salary, but contented myself with whatever my constituents were pleased to allow me."

Franklin's entrance into politics may be said to date from his beginning to print the "Pennsylvania Gazette," for he relates: "The leading men, seeing a newspaper now in the hands of one who could also handle a pen, thought it convenient to oblige and encourage me," and they gave him, as already told, the public printing. The same year he secured the favor of the populace in another way. "About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money," and Franklin, taking advantage of it, "wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet . . . entitled 'The Nature and Necessity of a Paper-Currency,'" which "was well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it, for it increas'd and strengthen'd the clamor for more money, and they happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slacken'd, and the point was carried by a majority in the House." In his twenty years' active labor at his press, the printer succeeded in making it a producer of wealth; but at this time he had yet to learn the lesson that value is made by material and labor, and not by words and promises. Later in life his intercourse with Hume, Price, Turgot, Mirabeau, and, most of all, with Adam Smith, who submitted each chapter of his "Wealth of Nations," "as he composed it," to Franklin for discussion and criticism, opened his eyes to the truths that every paper dollar issued banishes or takes out of circulation a metal

one, so long as there is one left, and that beyond that, however the printing-presses may be worked, there will be no more money, the total value of the mass decreasing as rapidly as the volume is swelled, and in excessive issues tending even to fall so sharply as to produce an actual contraction, not augmentation, in the standard of value. "I lament with you," he told a friend, in speaking of the Continental currency, "the many mischiefs, the injustice, the corruption of manners, etc., that attended a depreciating currency. It is some consolation to me, that I washed my hands of that evil by predicting it in Congress, and proposing means that would have been effectual to prevent it, if they had been adopted. Subsequentoperations, that I have executed, demonstrate that my plan was practicable; but it was unfortunately rejected."


A MODEST
ENQUIRY
INTO THE
Nature and *Neceſſity*
OF A
PAPER-CURRENCY.
——— *Quid aſper*
Utile Nummus habet; patriæ, chariſq; propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat. ———
Perſ.
By B. Franklin.
Printed and Sold at the New PRINTING-OFFICE, *near the Market.* 1729.

FRANKLIN'S "MODEST ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND NECESSITY OF A PAPER-CURRENCY." ORIGINAL IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

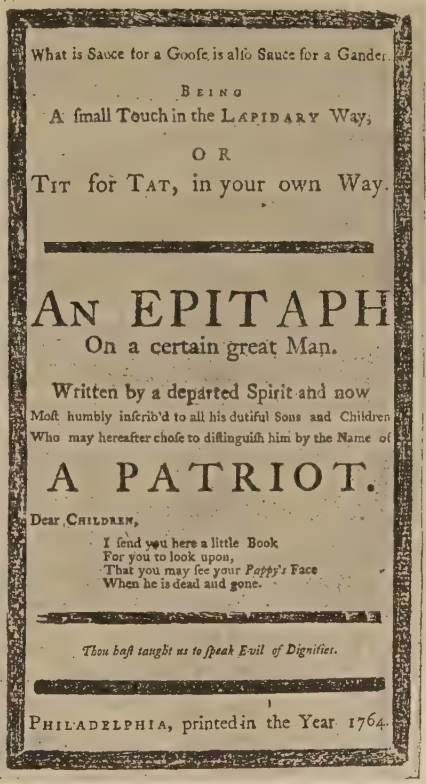
However erroneous the economic views of the young printer might be, they brought Franklin into political notice, and in 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly "without opposition"—a place of value aside from its salary, he states, because it gave him "a better opportunity of keeping up an interest among the members, which secur'd to me the business of printing the votes, laws, paper money, and other occasional jobbs for the public, that, on the whole, were very profitable." The year following he was reappointed, but not unanimously, "a new member" making "a long speech against" him. This opposition disturbed the office-holder, and he sought to placate its originator, not by "servile respect," but by a very typical artifice:

> Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him, expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting he would do me the favour of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately, and I return'd it in about a week with another note, expressing strongly my sense of the favour. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says: "*He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged.*" And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return, and continue inimical proceedings.

"I now began," Franklin relates, "to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs," and in succession set about methods for bettering the city watch, the fire service, and, somewhat later, the cleaning and paving of the streets. In 1737, as already told, he was made postmaster of Philadelphia, which brought him forward yet more prominently. But most of all it was his pamphlet, "Plain Truth," which, though it "bore somewhat hard on both parties . . . had the happiness not to give much offence to either," that may be said to have made a public man of him. "The share I had in the late Association, and so forth," he wrote, "having given me a little present run of popularity, there was a pretty general intention of choosing me a representative of the city at the next election of Assemblymen; but I have desired all my friends who spoke to me about it to discourage it, declaring that I should not serve if chosen." His wish to keep out of office was idle, however. The governor made him a justice of the peace. This office, Franklin says, "I try'd a little, by attending a few courts, and sitting on the bench to hear causes; but finding that more knowledge of the common law than I possess'd was necessary to act in that station with credit, I gradually withdrew from it." The corporation of the city elected him to

the common council, and later to the office of alderman, an honor of which his mother doubtingly wrote: "I am glad to hear you are so well respected in your town for them to choose you an Alderman, altho' I don't know what it means, or what the better you will be of it besides the honour of it." Nor did his plea avail to save him from election to the Assembly, for "the citizens at large chose me a burgess to represent them," and "my election to this trust was repeated every year for ten years, without my ever asking any elector for his vote, or signifying, either directly or indirectly, any desire of being chosen." Despite his endeavors to escape the office, he confesses that the "station was agreeable to me, as I was at length tired with sitting there to hear debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so unentertaining that I was induc'd to amuse myself with making magic squares or circles, or any thing to avoid weariness."

From this election to the Assembly dates the real beginning of Franklin as a political influence, yet in a very brief space of time he made himself one of the dominant factors. Entering the arena on the question of public defense, he was quickly in opposition to the Penn brothers, the proprietors of the colony, the moot point being the question of taxing the proprietary lands. The popular view was that their lands should bear an equal share, and Franklin became the leader of the party advocating this, his chief opponents being the office-holders and gentry; and for years the contest was waged, with a bitterness and vituperation unexampled in colonial politics, without the aristocratic party being able to defeat him or to prevent him from carrying his measures. At last, however, aided by some assistance from him, they compassed their endeavor. In 1764 the frontiersmen, chiefly Scotch-Irish, believing that the Quaker influence in the Assembly prevented proper measures being taken for the defense of the borders from the hostile Indians, deliberately massacred a small village, men, women, and children, of peaceful and semi-civilized Indians in the interior of the colony, the remnants of the tribe which had welcomed and made the treaty with Penn, their only crime, as Franklin said, being that "they had a reddish-brown skin and black hair." The brutality of the deed fired Franklin, and he wrote an account of it, perhaps the most righteously angry paper he ever penned, in which he mercilessly lashed and well-nigh cursed "the *Christian white savages* of Peckstang and Donegal." This was enough to consolidate the Presbyterian party, not merely on the frontier, but in the city, against him, and in the election of 1764 they united themselves with the proprietary faction. "You can scarcely conceive," he told a friend, "the number of bitter enemies that little piece has raised me among the Irish Presbyterians." Another publication of Franklin's, too, served to gain the coalition of yet a third class of voters. Some years before, in a strictly scientific pamphlet, he had philosophized on the question of immigration, and asked, "Why should the Palatine boors be suffered to swarm into our settlements, and, by herding together, establish their language and manners, to the exclusion of ours? Why should Pennsylvania, founded by the English, become a colony of aliens, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us?" This was reprinted now to injure him with that people, and succeeded only too well. Yet, though the Irish and German votes were thus united against him, —a combination almost unfailingly success-


What is Sauce for a Goose is alſo Sauce for a Gander.

BEING

A ſmall Touch in the LAPIDARY Way;

OR

TIT for TAT, in your own Way.

AN EPITAPH

On a certain great Man.

Written by a departed Spirit and now

Moſt humbly inſcrib'd to all his dutiful Sons and Children

Who may hereafter choſe to diſtinguiſh him by the Name of

A PATRIOT.

Dear CHILDREN,

I ſend you here a little Book
For you to look upon,
That you may ſee your *Poppy's* Face
When he is dead and gone.

Thou haſt taught us to ſpeak Evil of Dignities.

PHILADELPHIA, printed in the Year 1764.

A POLITICAL SQUIB AGAINST FRANKLIN. ORIGINAL IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ful in America,—and though he was pelted with pamphlets, broadsides, and caricatures impugning his every public act and laying bare his private life, his hold was so great with the masses that he would have been reëlected but for an error of judgment in the party managers. A graphic account of the struggle was written by a Pennsylvanian:

The poll was opened about 9 in the morning, the 1st of October, and the steps so crowded, till between 11 and 12 at night, that at no time a person could get up in less than a quarter of an hour from his entrance at the bottom, for they could go no faster than the whole column moved. About 3 in the morning, the advocates for the new ticket moved for a close, but (O! fatal mistake!) the old hands kept it open, as they had a reserve of the aged and lame, which could not come in the crowd, and were called up and brought out in chairs and litters, &c., and some who needed no help, between 3 and 6 o'clock, about 200 voters. As both sides took care to have spies all night, the alarm was given to the new ticket men; horsemen and footmen were immediately dispatched to Germantown, &c., and by 9 or 10 o'clock they began to pour in, so that after the move for a close, 7 or 800 votes were procured; about 500 or near it of which were for the new ticket, and they did not close till 3 in the afternoon, and it took them till 1 next day to count them off.

The incident is one of peculiar interest, because it is the only time Franklin ever failed of an election, and, indeed, his political success was so uniform that a Quaker demanded of a mutual acquaintance, "Friend Joseph, didst thee ever know Dr. Franklin to be in a minority?" Yet, though defeat is hardest to the most successful, he seems to have taken it well. "Mr. Franklin," continued the above narrator, "died like a philosopher"; and writing of his opposition to the Paxton rioters, and of the resulting political effect, the defeated assemblyman said: "I had, by this transaction, made myself many enemies among the populace; and the governor (with whose family our public disputes had long placed me in an unfriendly light, and the services I had lately rendered him not being

A SYMBOLICAL PLATE DESIGNED BY FRANKLIN. ORIGINAL IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

of the kind that make a man acceptable), thinking it a favorable opportunity, joined the whole weight of the proprietary interest to get me out of the Assembly; which was accordingly effected at the last election, by a majority of about twenty-five in four thousand voters."

The triumph to the proprietary party was more apparent than real: though they had succeeded in defeating Franklin, they had not been able to beat his party, for "the other Counties returned nearly the same members who had served them before, so that the old faction" had "still a considerable majority in the House." The Assembly, therefore, when met, chose Franklin its agent to go to Great Britain with a petition to the king that he end the proprietary government; so all his opponents had accomplished was to place him in a position to do them infinitely more injury than would have been possible had he been reëlected to the Assembly.

Once already Franklin had been appointed

agent of the colony for a similar service, and the importance of these two visits to Great Britain is scarcely to be magnified. It was not that he was able to accomplish all he endeavored for his colony, though in the first mission he had been fairly successful, but that they brought him into relations with many of the leading men in England, immeasurably broadened his horizon, and trained him in diplomacy. When in 1776 Congress sent him across the water to enter into relations with France, it was not a raw, untrained negotiator who went, but one schooled by fourteen years of the most difficult kind of diplomatic service; for colony agents, unlike foreign ministers, were compelled to plead their causes and compass their ends without the argument of the armies and fleets which are so influential a factor in international disputes. Yet so successfully did he perform this difficult task that Pennsylvania rechose him year after year, and in succession Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia voted him their agent, so that in time he came to be the representative of four of the colonies.

Warmly attached as Franklin was to Pennsylvania, he seems never to have been swayed by local interests, as was so common in his time. As early as 1751 he foresaw that a union of the colonies was necessary, and was thinking out methods for overcoming provincial prejudices and antipathies, while marveling that the "Six Nations of ignorant savages should be capable of forming a scheme for such an union, and be able to execute it in such a manner, as that it has subsisted ages, and appears indissoluble; and yet that a like union should be impracticable for ten or a dozen *English* colonies, to whom it is more necessary and must be more advantageous, and who cannot be supposed to want an equal understanding of their interests." When news came, early in 1754, that the French had driven the English from the forks of the Monongahela, he wrote an editorial comment, in which he warned the people that the enemy would never have dared to commit the aggression but for the "present disunited state of the British Colonies, and the extreme Difficulty of bringing so many different Governments and Assemblies to agree to any speedy and effectual Measures for our common Defence and Security; while our Enemies have the very great Advantage of being under one Direction, with one Council, and one Purse." Then he added a cut symbolizing the condition, which attained such instant popularity that it was frequently reprinted, and which again was used with telling effect at the outbreak of the Revolution, and when the Federal Constitution was under discussion.

Only a few days after this warning, Franklin went to work to put his idea into concrete form. He had been named one of the commissioners to negotiate a war alliance with the Six Nations, and "on his way to the meeting," so he states,

> I projected and drew a plan for the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be necessary for defense, and other important general purposes . . . By this plan the general government was to be administered by a president-general, appointed and supported by the crown, and a grand council was to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies, met in their respective assemblies . . . Many objections and difficulties were started, but at length they were all overcome, and the plan was unanimously agreed to, and copies ordered to be transmitted to the Board of Trade and to the assemblies of the several provinces. Its fate was singular: the assemblies did not adopt it, as they all thought there was too much *prerogative* in it, and in England it was judg'd to have too much of the *democratic*. . . . The different and contrary reasons of dislike to my plan make me suspect that it was really the true medium; and I am still of opinion it would have been happy for both sides the water if it had been adopted. The colonies, so united, would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves; there would then have been no need of troops from England; of course, the subsequent pretence for taxing America, and the bloody contest it occasioned, would have been avoided. But such mistakes are not new: history is full of the errors of states and princes.

Franklin was too inherently the statesman not to look further than the mere union of the American colonies, and almost from his entrance into public affairs he was considering the relation between the colonies and the mother-country, and striving to find means to maintain it. Years before ill feeling had been developed, he declared: "I have long been of opinion, that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are, nevertheless, broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected." "With the increase of the colonies," he predicted, "a vast demand is growing for British manufactures, a glorious market wholly in the power of Britain, in which foreigners cannot interfere, which will increase in a short time even beyond her

power of supplying, though her whole trade should be to her colonies; therefore, Britain should not too much restrain manufactures in her colonies. A wise and good mother will not do it. To distress is to weaken, and weakening the children weakens the whole family." And with true prescience he wrote:

It has long appeared to me that the only true British policy was that which aimed at the good of the *whole British empire*, not that which sought the advantage of *one part* in the disadvantage of the others; therefore all measures of procuring gain to the mother country arising from loss to her colonies, and all of gain to the colonies arising from or occasioning loss to Britain, especially where the gain was small and the loss great, every abridgment of the power of the mother country, where that power was not prejudicial to the liberties of the colonists, and every diminution of the privileges of the colonists, where they were not prejudicial to the welfare of the mother country, I, in my own mind, condemned as improper, partial, unjust, and mischievous, tending to create dissensions, and weaken that union on which the strength, solidity, and duration of the empire greatly depended.

As this implied, Franklin was a warm partizan of the connection between Great Britain and her colonies. Even after the Stamp and Revenue acts should have shown him how selfishly bent on her own narrow interest the mother-country was, he ascribed those measures solely to a corrupt Parliament, and expressed the hope that "nothing that has happened, or may happen, will diminish in the least our loyalty to our Sovereign, or affection for this nation in general. I can scarcely conceive a King of better dispositions, of more exemplary virtues, or more truly desirous of promoting the welfare of all his subjects. The experience we have had of the family in the two preceding mild reigns, and the good temper of our young princes, so far as can yet be discovered, promise us a continuance of this felicity." As for the colonies, he said: "They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain; for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard. To be an *Old-England* man was, of itself, a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us." Thus he wrote when America was ablaze with opposition to the parliamentary acts, but still he could assert:

And yet there remains among the people so much respect, veneration, and affection for Britain, that, if cultivated prudently, with a kind usage and tenderness for their privileges, they might be easily governed still for ages, without force or any considerable expense. But I do not see here a sufficient quantity of the wisdom that is necessary to produce such a conduct, and I lament the want of it.

In answer to the charge that the colonies desired independence, he replied: "The Americans have too much love for their mother country," and he assured Lord Chatham "that, having more than once travelled almost from one end of the continent to the other, and kept a great variety of company, eating, drinking, and conversing with them freely, I never had heard in any conversation from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for a separation, or hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America."

Feeling this strong loyalty himself, Franklin worked unendingly to prevent the breach. Convinced as he was that "the government cannot long be maintained without the union" of the two, he retorted, when it was urged that in time the colonies by their growth would become the dominant half: "Which is best, (supposing your case)—to have a total separation, or a change of the seat of government?" Early and late he preached the necessity of a closer union, but it fell on ears deafened by self and immediate interests, and he was forced to acknowledge that all his arguments were in vain, for

The Parliament here do at present think too highly of themselves to admit representatives from us, if we should ask it; and, when they will be desirous of granting it, we shall think too highly of ourselves to accept it. It would certainly contribute to the strength of the whole, if Ireland and all the dominions were united and consolidated under one common council for general purposes, each retaining its particular council or parliament for its domestic concerns. But this should have been early provided for. In the infancy of our foreign establishments it was neglected, or was not thought of. And now the affair is nearly in the situation of Friar Bacon's project of making a brazen wall round England for its eternal security. His servant, Friar Bungey, slept while the brazen head, which was to dictate how it might be done, said *Time is*, and *Time was*. He only waked to hear it say, *Time is past*. An explosion followed, that tumbled their house about the conjurer's ears.

"If such an union," he argued, "were now established (which methinks it highly imports this country to establish) it would probably subsist as long as Britain shall continue a

nation. This people, however, is too proud, and too much despises the Americans, to bear the thought of admitting them to such an equitable participation in the government of the whole." "Every man in England," he complained, "seems to consider himself as a piece of a sovereign over America; seems to jostle himself into the throne with the King, and talks of *our subjects in the colonies*," and with real indignation he charged that "angry writers use their utmost efforts to persuade us that this war with the colonies (for a war it will be) is a national cause, when in fact it is a ministerial one." The British, he maintained, "have no idea that any people can act from any other principle but that of interest; and they believe that three pence in a pound of tea, of which one does perhaps drink ten pounds in a year, is sufficient to overcome all the patriotism of an American."

In noting, however, that "the English *feel* but they do not *see;* that is, they are sensible of inconveniences when they are present, but do not take sufficient care to prevent them," he was too inherently fair-minded not to acknowledge the faults of the colonies as well, and especially of those politicians who were striving to foment divisions. "I think the New Yorkers have been very discreet in forbearing to write and publish against the late act of Parliament," he wrote to a friend in America. "I wish the Boston people had been as quiet, since Governor Bernard has sent over all their violent papers to the ministry, and wrote them word that he daily expected a rebellion." When the mob in Boston destroyed the tea, he grieved over a lawlessness which had "united all parties in England against the American cause"; and though he was the agent for Massachusetts, he risked his position by honestly telling the leaders in that province that "I cannot but hope that the affair of the tea will have been considered in the Assembly before this time, and satisfaction proposed if not made; for such a step will remove much of the prejudice now entertained against us, and put us again on a fair footing in contending for our old privileges as occasion may require." When his advice was disregarded he complained: "And so we shall go on injuring and provoking each other instead of cultivating that good-will and harmony so necessary to the general welfare."

Again and again he begged the extremists in Massachusetts not to excite the people, for all the ends desired could be gained by peaceful methods far more certainly than by law-breaking and violence. "In the meantime I must hope that great care will be taken to keep our people quiet," he advised, "since nothing is more wished for by our enemies than, by insurrections, we should give a good pretence for increasing the military among us, and putting us under more severe restraints." His fear, he declared, was

That imprudencies on both sides may, step by step, bring on the most mischievous consequences. It is imagined here, that this act will enforce immediate compliance; and, if the people should be quiet, content themselves with the laws they have, and let the matter rest, till in some future war the King, wanting aids from them, and finding himself restrained in his legislation by the act as much as the people, shall think fit by his ministers to propose the repeal, the Parliament will be greatly disappointed; and perhaps it may take this turn. I wish nothing worse may happen.

SYMBOLICAL PRINT BY FRANKLIN. IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

If but the people could be kept quiet for a time, Franklin held, the outcome could not be doubtful. "It must be evident," he affirmed, "that by our rapidly increasing strength, we shall soon become of so much importance that none of our just claims of privilege will be, as heretofore, unattended to, nor any security we can wish for our rights be denied us." So he counseled even a submission to the parliamentary encroachments, certain that their period must be brief.

The colonies are rapidly increasing in wealth and numbers [he pointed out]. In the last war they maintained an army of twenty-five thousand. A country able to do that is no contemptible ally. In another war they may perhaps do twice as much with equal ease. Whenever a war happens our aid will be wished for, our friendship desired and cultivated, our good-will courted. Then is the time to say, "*Redress our grievances.* You take money from us by force, and now you ask it of voluntary grant. You cannot have it both ways. If you choose to have it without our consent, you

must go on taking it in that way, and be content with what little you can so obtain. If you would have our free gifts, desist from your compulsive methods, and acknowledge our rights, and secure our future enjoyment of them." Our claims will then be attended to, and our complaints regarded.

However much he might counsel moderate opposition and even temporary submission, he did so because he believed it the most certain way of obtaining justice from Great Britain, and not because he thought her conduct either prudent or justifiable. Long before the attempt to tax the colonies, and, so far as known, before any other American had protested against such a course, he claimed that "It is supposed to be an undoubted right of Englishmen not to be taxed but by their own consent given through their representatives."

His opposition to parliamentary taxation began with the earliest attempt. To a friend he wrote: "Depend upon it, my good neighbour, I took every step in my power to prevent the passing of the Stamp Act. Nobody could be more concerned and interested than myself, to oppose it sincerely and heartily. But the tide was too strong against us. The nation was provoked by American claims of independence, and all parties joined in resolving by this act to settle the point. We might as well have hindered the sun's setting. That we could not do. But since it is down, my friend, and it may be long before it rises again, let us make as good a night of it as we can." When, contrary to his expectation, the colonies refused to allow the act to be enforced, and a movement to repeal the act began, he told another: "You guessed aright in supposing that I would not be a *mute in that play*. I was extremely busy, attending members of both Houses, informing, explaining, consulting, disputing, in a continual hurry from morning till night, till the affair was happily ended. During the course of its being called before the House of Commons, I spoke my mind pretty freely. Enclosed I send you the imperfect account that was taken of that examination."

How strongly he felt the rights of his native land was shown by something else he wrote at this time, in which he asserted that:

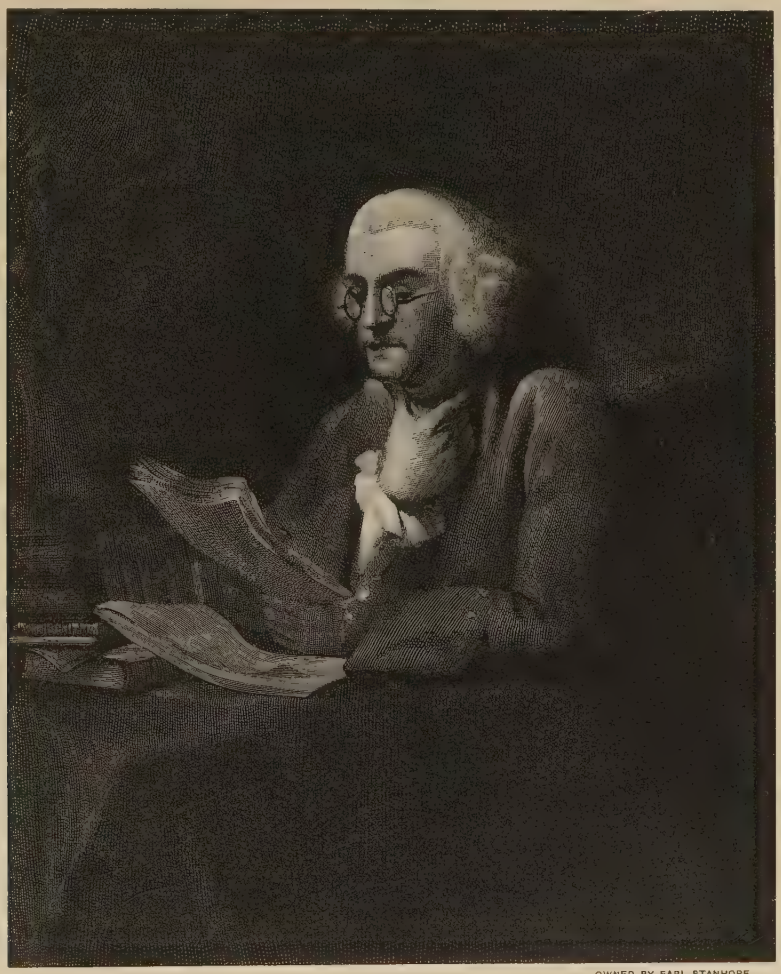
> I can only judge of others by myself. I have some little property in America. I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend the right of giving or refusing the other shilling, and, after all, if I cannot defend that right, I can retire cheerfully with my little family into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger.

While other pleaders of the American cause were striving to explain previous acquiescences in parliamentary legislation, he saw the futility of such attempts, and took up the one consistent position: "The more I have thought and read on the subject, the more I find myself confirmed in opinion that no middle doctrine can be well maintained, I mean not clearly with intelligible arguments. Something might be made of either of the extremes; that Parliament has a power to make *all laws* for us, or that it has a power to make *no laws* for us; and I think the arguments for the latter more numerous and weighty than those for the former." This doctrine was so in advance of what even the most extreme partizans of American rights thought of asserting that Franklin never advocated it publicly. On the contrary, he was prepared to accept any compromise which would satisfy the two countries, his purpose being to bring about a return of good feeling.

Undoubtedly this desire to keep a middle ground was partly induced by his dual office-holding, for in these years in which he labored so unceasingly to prevent separation he held the royal office of joint Deputy Postmaster-General from the crown, and several agencies from the colonies, and Franklin loved public office too well to wish to risk the loss of either. So strong, in fact, was the itch that, upon it being hinted to him that he might be given a better crown position than that he held, he did everything in his power to gain the favor of those in office. A vague message from the Duke of Grafton suggesting this as a possibility was sufficient to make Franklin assure the go-between, to use his own words:

> I was extremely sensible of the Duke's goodness . . . and very thankful for his favorable disposition towards me; that, having lived long in England, and contracted a friendship and affection for many persons here, it could not but be agreeable to me to remain among them some time longer, if not for the rest of my life; and that there was no nobleman to whom I could, from sincere respect for his great abilities and amiable qualities, so cordially attach myself, or to whom I should so willingly be obliged for the provision he mentioned, as to the Duke of Grafton, if his Grace should think I could, in any station where he might place me, be serviceable to him and to the public.

As if this was not a sufficient forgetting of his own aphorism that "a ploughman on his legs is worthier than a nobleman on his knees," for some weeks he left no stone unturned to cultivate the ministry. Acting on advice, "I accordingly called at the Duke's and left my card; and when I went next to Mr. Cooper, directing me to be at the Duke of Grafton's next morning, whose porter had orders to let me in. I went accordingly, and was immediately admitted. But his Grace being then engaged in some unexpected business, with much condescension and politeness made that an apology for his not

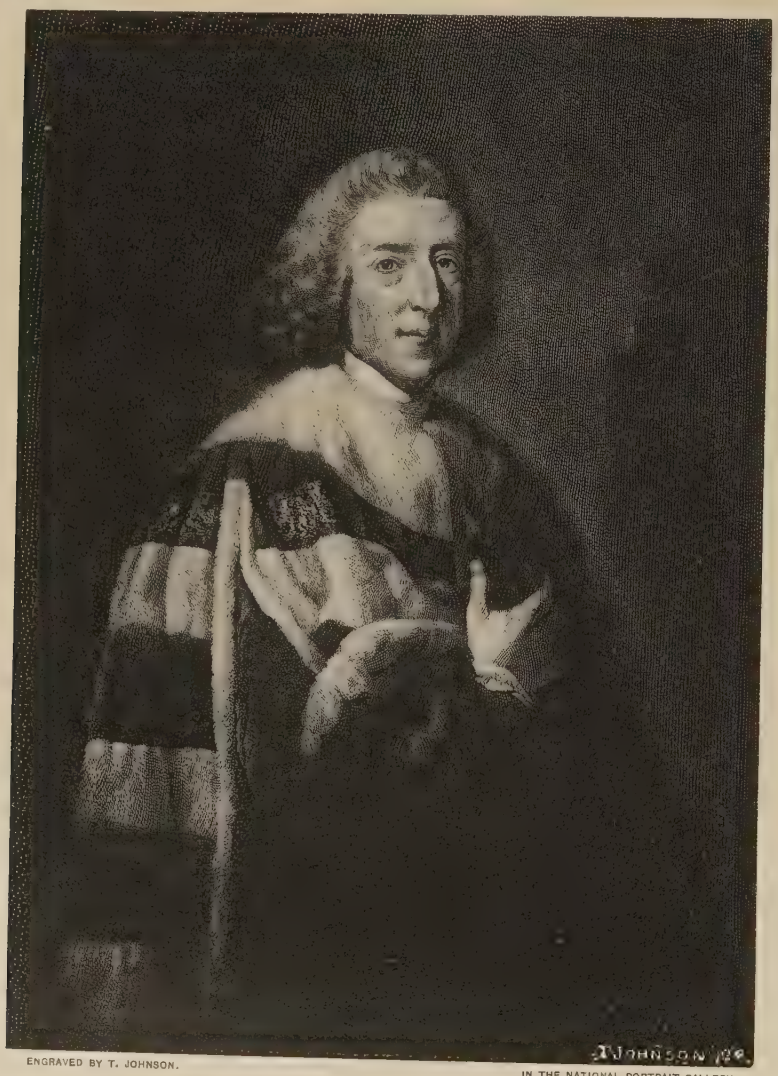


ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. OWNED BY EARL STANHOPE.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. (PAINTED BY D. MARTIN.)

the treasury, his Grace not being there, Mr. Cooper carried me to Lord North, chancellor of the exchequer, who said very obligingly, after talking of some American affairs, 'I am told by Mr. Cooper that you are not unwilling to stay with us. I hope we shall find some way of making it worth your while.' I thanked his Lordship, and said I should stay with pleasure, if I could any ways be useful to government. He made me a compliment and I took my leave . . . The Thursday following . . . I received another note from Mr. Cooper, directing me to be at the Duke of Grafton's next morning, whose porter had orders to let me in. I went accordingly, and was immediately admitted. But his Grace being then engaged in some unexpected business, with much condescension and politeness made that an apology for his not discoursing with me then, but wished me to be at the treasury at twelve the next Tuesday. I went accordingly, when Mr. Cooper told me something had called the Duke into the country, and the board was put off, which was not known till it was too late to send me word; but he was glad I was come, as he might then fix another day for me to go again with him into the country. . . . He assures me the Duke has it at heart to do something for me." All the office-seeker's complaisance, however, proved but a waste of

time. "Instead of my being appointed to a new office," he had to tell his son, "there has been a motion made to deprive me of that I now hold, and, I believe, for the same reason, though that was not the reason given out, viz., my being too much of an American."



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM. (PAINTED BY RICHARD BROMPTON.)

Once assured that he was to receive no new appointment, there was an amusing change in his attitude.

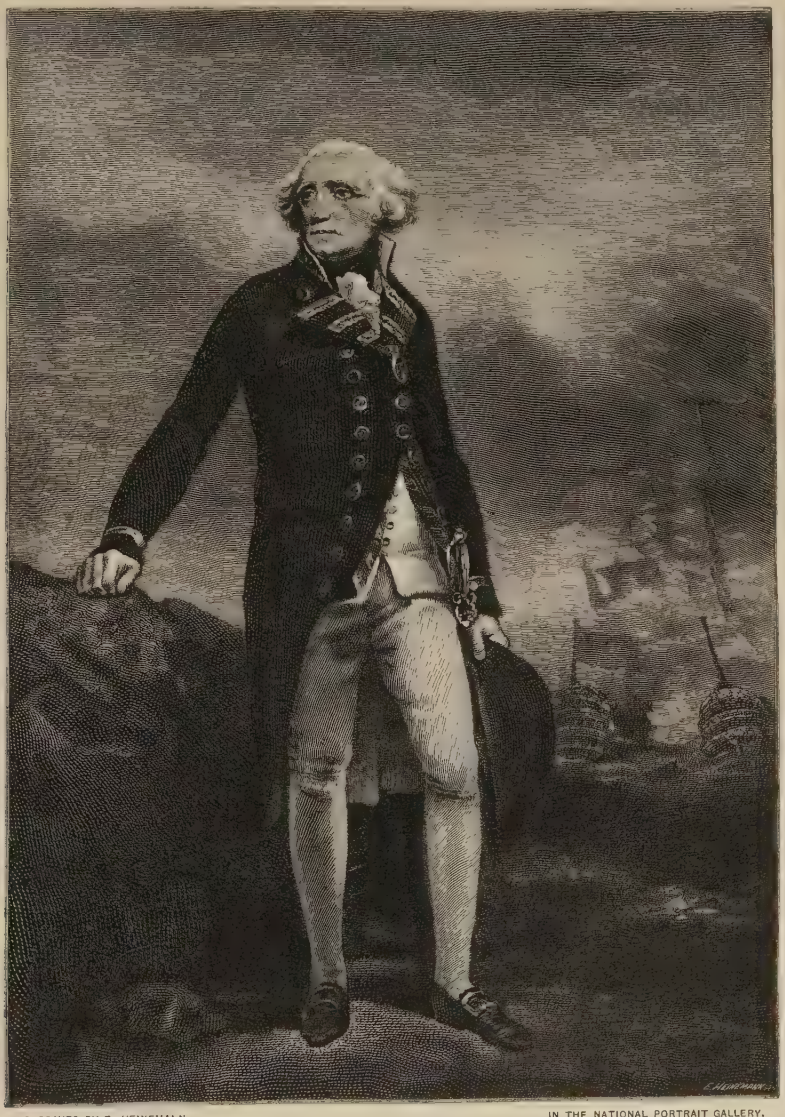
I am now grown too old to be ambitious of such a station as that which you say has been mentioned [he wrote]. Repose is more fit for me, and much more suitable to my wishes. There is no danger of such a thing being offered to me, and I am sure I shall never ask it. But even if it were offered, I certainly could not accept it, to act under such instructions as I know must be given with it.

Whether love of country or love of office was the governing motive for his endeavors to maintain or restore concord, he narrowly escaped the usual fate of the go-between. Because he counseled acquiescence in the Stamp Act, and had a friend nominated to a stamp commissionership, he was deemed in America to be little better than a traitor, and popular anger against him was so fanned by his political opponents that there was danger for a time of a mob taking vengeance on his family and property.

Fortunately for Franklin, he was summoned before Parliament and questioned, at the time that body was considering the repeal of the Stamp Act, and he published this "Examination" in a pamphlet, which proved remarkably popular, quieted the furor against him, and once more brought him into favor.

Despite this self-vindication, as he continued to counsel moderate measures, Franklin was from this time mistrusted by such Whigs as James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Dickinson, R. H. Lee, and other extremists, and they did not consider him as belonging to their party. Yet this did not gain him favor with the government party in Great Britain, and after years of labor he could only describe his position as follows:

Being born and bred in one of the countries, and having lived long and made many agreeable connexions of friendship in the other, I wish all prosperity to both; but I have talked and written so much and so long on the subject, that my acquaintance are weary of hearing, and the public of reading, any more of it, which begins to make me weary of talking and writing; especially as I do not find that I have gained any point in either country, except that of rendering myself suspected by my impartiality; —in England, of



ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

RICHARD, EARL HOWE, K. G. (PAINTED BY HENRY SINGLETON.)

being too much an American, and in America, of being too much an Englishman.

It was in 1774 that the maintenance of this mediatorial position was made impossible to him by a famous sequence of events. Complaining to "a gentleman of character and distinction" of the sending of troops to Boston, and the other repressive measures, Franklin was assured that none of them originated with the ministry, but were "solicited and obtained by some of the most respectable of the Americans themselves, as necessary measures for the welfare of that country." Upon Franklin doubting his statement, "he called on me some days after and produced to me . . . letters from Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson, Secretary Oliver and others," recommending the sending of troops and men-of-war, and advising that in the colonies "there must be an abridgment of what are called English liberties." "Though astonished, I could not but confess myself convinced." With these in his possession, the colony agent believed it possible to bring about a reconciliation, and he begged permission to let his countrymen know of their existence, for he honestly believed that this would end the ill feeling against Great Britain, and place it instead upon the shoulders of the letter-writers. In this judgment he was entirely correct, for he was shortly able to write the colonial secretary that "a sincere disposition prevails in the people there to be on good terms with the mother country . . . and it is said that having immediately discovered, as they think, the authors of their grievances to be some of their own people, their resentment against Britain is thence much abated."

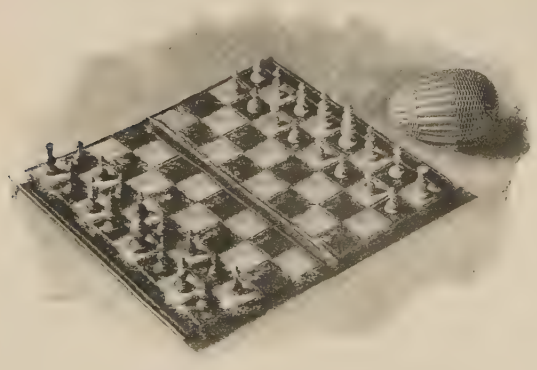
Unfortunately for the hope of the colony agent, the British ministry, which for years had been vacillating in the policy to be pursued as regards America, was at that moment in one of its numerous periods of reaction, and, with a folly which to-day seems unbelievable, instead of availing itself of this opportunity, it sought to use it as a means of destroying the one American who had consistently striven to heal the breach. Upon a hearing before the Privy Council of a petition from Massachusetts Bay for the removal from office of the writers of these criminatory letters, instead of dealing with the petition, the solicitor-general, Alexander Wedderburn, launched into a savage personal attack upon Franklin, whom he charged with having obtained the letters by fraud, if not by theft.

I hope, my Lords [he said], you will mark and brand the man, for the honor of this country, of Europe, and of mankind. Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred, in times of the greatest party rage, not only in politics but religion. He has forfeited all the respect of societies and of men. Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritoires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called *a man of letters; homo* TRIUM [that is, FUR, or *thief*] *literarum!*

Then, after reasserting the sacredness of a private correspondence, he continued:

This property is as sacred and as precious to Gentlemen of integrity, as their family plate or jewels are. And no man who knows the Whatelys, will doubt, but that they would much sooner have chosen, that any person should have taken their plate and sent it to Holland for his avarice, than that he should have secreted the letters of their friends, their brother's friend, and their father's friend, and sent them away to Boston to gratify an enemy's malice. . . . A foreign Ambassador when residing here, just before the breaking out of a war, or upon particular occasions, may bribe a villain to steal or betray any state papers; he is under the command of another state, and is not amenable to the laws of the country where he resides; and the secure exemption from punishment may induce a laxer morality. But Mr. Franklin, whatever he may teach the people at Boston, while he is *here* at least is a subject.

There has been much discussion as to whether Franklin acted honorably in transmitting these letters, which might have been saved had his own simple statement been properly weighed. The letters were shown him by a personal friend, a member of Parliament, "whom I am not at present permitted to name," but who, Franklin asserts, was



IN THE POSSESSION OF C. S. BRADFORD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FRANKLIN'S CHESS-BOARD, CHESSMEN, AND HOLDER.

"a gentleman of character and distinction." The colony agent, deeming it "my *duty* to give my constituents intelligence of such importance to their affairs," finally won from this friend the privilege of sending the letters to the Massachusetts leaders. It is clear, therefore, that he had no reason to believe that they had been wrongfully obtained, or that his friend had not the right to allow him to transmit them; on the contrary, he declared that "he came by them honorably." If blame there is, it must rest on this still unknown man, and Franklin, in bearing all the vituperation which was heaped upon him, was but sacrificing himself to shield another. The probabilities favor the view that this was William Strahan, whose position as printer to the king made it necessary that his share should remain unknown.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM OWEN, R. A. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY CHARLES STATE.

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN, LORD LOUGHBOROUGH, FIRST EARL OF ROSSLYN.

Wedderburn's attack was, with the facts at his disposal, wholly unjustifiable, and would have been without weight but for the circumstances which produced it, for his speech was in truth but the expression, Franklin says, of "a court clamor . . . raised against me as an incendiary." "And the decrying and the vilifying of the people of that country, and me as their agent among the rest, was quite a court measure." His assertions are proved by the conduct of the Privy Council, for, without even a pretense of judging the cause before them, during Wedderburn's speech "all the members of the Council, the President himself (Lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright." Another eye-witness states that "he made them so far forget themselves, and the character in which they officiated, as to cry out, 'Hear him! Hear him!'" and Franklin speaks of their frequently breaking into applause.

One of the ablest lawyers of the period, and one fitted to hold the scales impartially, in his account of the trial, said: "I had the grievous mortification to hear Mr. Wedderburn wandering from the proper question before their Lordships, pour forth such a torrent of virulent abuse on Dr. Franklin as never before took place within the compass of my knowledge of judicial proceedings, his reproaches appearing to me incompatible with the principles of law, truth, justice, propriety and humanity."

Franklin took this attack calmly, but none the less it stung him deeply. However bitterly he felt, personally, he still, though further injured by being deprived of his office of joint Deputy Postmaster-General, strove to bring about some agreement. "I long labored in England," he asserted later, "with great zeal and sincerity, to prevent the breach that has happened, and which is now so wide that no endeavors of mine can possibly heal it. You know the treatment I met with from that imprudent court; but I keep a separate account of private injuries, which I may forgive; and I do not think it right to mix them with public affairs." With Lord Chatham, who sent for him, he discussed the possibility of reconciling the two countries, and was present by his invitation when the earl made his motion in the House of Lords for the withdrawal of the troops from Boston, and again when he submitted a plan of conciliation; indeed, Franklin was charged in the ensuing debate with being the author of it. Nor did he limit his efforts to those in opposition, but did his utmost to reach some common ground of agreement with Lord Howe, the chosen instrument of the ministry, already "ashamed" of the treatment accorded to him. Howe promised to grant Franklin, if he would but secure the pacification of the colonies, "any reward in the power of government to bestow," a promise which Franklin said was to him "what the French vulgarly call *spitting in the soup*." But not taking offense, he agreed that, if Lord Howe received the appointment of commissioner to America, and the propositions to that country were such as met his approval, he would gladly go as

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO NEGOTIATE THE TREATY OF PEACE (1783).

From a photograph given by Charles Sumner to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of an unfinished picture by Benjamin West, owned by Lord Belper. Order of figures from the left: Jay, Adams, Franklin, Laurens, Temple Franklin.

his secretary. He even guaranteed, "without any instruction to warrant my so doing, or assurance that I should be reimbursed, or my conduct approved," that the tea should be paid for, if the colonies were but granted justice, "an engagement in which I must have risked my whole fortune." All these negotiations came to nothing, however, and when at last convinced that it was but a waste of time, he took ship for America.

The abuse and persecution the ministry had heaped upon Franklin had not merely restored his former popularity in America, but had enormously added to it. He was quickly elected to the Continental Congress, to the Pennsylvania Assembly, and to the Pennsylvania Convention. Congress appointed him Postmaster-General and a member of many important committees; Pennsylvania made him chairman of the Committee of Safety, which was practically the governorship of the colony, and the Convention chose him for their president. "My time," he wrote a friend, "was never more fully employed. In the morning at six, I am at the Committee of Safety, appointed by the Assembly to put the province in a state of defence; which committee holds till near nine, when I am at the Congress, and that sits till four in the afternoon."

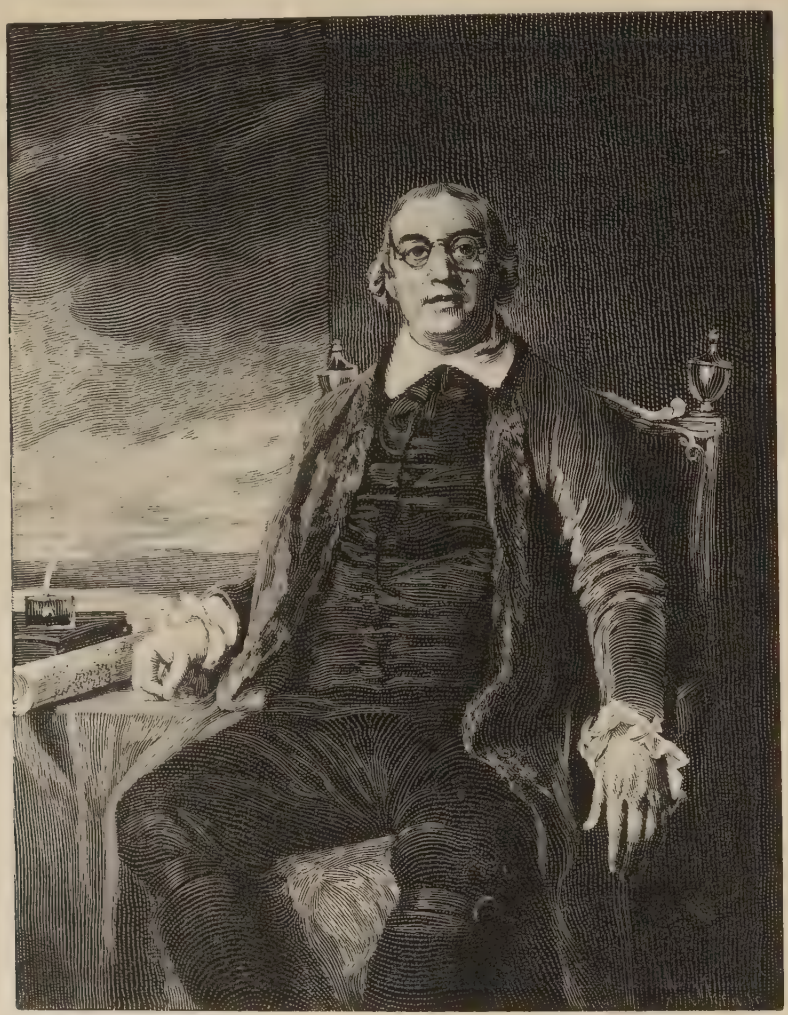
How Franklin avoided, so far as possible, any share in the drafting of the public papers of the Congress has been told already. Nor was he more forward in debate. It was Poor Richard who remarked, "Here comes the orator, with his flood of words, and his drop of reason," and during his whole life Franklin was no speech-maker. "I served," Jefferson said, "with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves." John Adams, in one of his periodic outbursts against the man whom the public deemed greater than himself, contrasted his own services in Congress, in which he claimed to have been "active and alert in every branch of business, both in the House and on committees, constantly proposing measures, supporting those I approved when moved by others, opposing such as I disapproved, discussing and arguing on every question," with those of Franklin, who was seen, he says, "from day to day, sitting in silence, a great part of his time fast asleep in his chair." Yet Franklin was appointed on every important committee, and Adams on few; and the sage, could he but have read his brother congressman's comparison, might fairly have retorted, with the wisdom of Poor Richard, "He that speaks much, is much mistaken," or, "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise."

However little Franklin may have seemed to have accomplished to those who elected to think so, one service he attempted is not to be passed over. As he had been among the first to suggest a union of the colonies under Great Britain, so he was foremost in advocating their immediate union in their contest with the mother-country; and long before the majority of Congress saw the wisdom of the purpose, or were even willing to consider it, he drafted and laid before that body his Articles of Confederation, the first true step toward a national union. In the politics of Pennsylvania, too, he wielded a most dominating influence, for it was chiefly through his exertions that the old Penn charter was abrogated, and a new republican constitution obtained in its stead. In the effecting of this change, too, he succeeded in finally crushing the proprietary or aristocratic party, which had fought him with such bitterness for over twenty years, so that never again did it recover its influence in the State —a blow the leading families never forgave, and the resentment of which expresses itself socially even to this day in Philadelphia.

Vital as were his labors in local politics, in the Congress, in Canada, at Cambridge, and at Staten Island, he was more needed, and in fact seems to have been preordained by nature and training, for another service. Once the war, from being an attempt to wrest rights from an acknowledged sovereign, became a conflict to maintain independence, the new-formed country turned for assistance to France, then the great enemy of Britain. Almost alone of the congressmen, Franklin had traveled in that country, and had both friends and repute there. Even more important, however, was the fact that already semi-approaches had been made to him by those in authority. Years before, when the excitement over the new doctrine of colonial taxation was sounding a warning which the British people would not hear, there were others quick to heed the murmur of discontent and complaint, and to recognize in it a means for injuring their foe as they had never yet been able to do. But if the times were ripening, the colony agent was not yet ready to part with old lamps for new ones.

Du Guerchy, the French ambassador, is gone home [he relates], and Monsieur Durand is left minister plenipotentiary. He is extremely curious to inform himself in the affairs of America; pretends to have a great esteem for me, on account of the abilities shown in my examination; has desired to have all my political writings, invited me to dine with him, was very inquisitive, treated me with great civility, makes me visits, &c. I fancy that intriguing nation would like very well to meddle on occasion, and blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies; but I hope we shall give them no opportunity.

I was fond to a folly of our British connections, and it was with infinite regret that I saw the necessity you would force us into of breaking it. But the extreme cruelty with which we have been treated has now extinguished every thought of returning to it, and separated us for ever. You have thereby lost limbs that will never grow again.



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, FROM THE PAINTING BY WALKER OF THE PORTRAIT BY ROMNEY, FORMERLY OWNED BY CLARENCE W. BEMENT, ESQ.

DAVID HARTLEY.

Not quite ten years after this was written, Franklin was sailing across the Atlantic, one of three commissioners sent to beg the aid of France; and to an English friend who chided him for disloyalty, he replied:

It has been said of Franklin by the historian of American diplomacy that he must be considered the one true diplomat America has ever produced; and when his services, and the circumstances under which they were rendered, are weighed, the statement seems justifiable. Almost from the moment of his arrival in Paris, he came to exercise an influence with the French ministry which can hardly be exaggerated. The reiterated charge of his enemies was that he was the

tool of France and always acted in her interests; but his successor in office, Jefferson, who was of all men the best fitted to know the truth of this, asserted:

> As to the charge of subservience to France, . . . two years of my own service with him at Paris, daily visits, and the most friendly and confidential conversation, convince me it had not a shadow of foundation. He possessed the confidence of that government in the highest degree, insomuch, that it may truly be said, that they were more under his influence, than he under theirs. The fact is, that his temper was so amiable and conciliatory, his conduct so rational, never urging impossibilities, or even things unreasonably inconvenient to them, in short, so moderate and attentive to their difficulties, as well as our own, that what his enemies called subservience, I saw was only that reasonable disposition, which, sensible that advantages are not all to be on one side, yielding what is just and liberal, is the more certain of obtaining liberality and justice. Mutual confidence produces, of course, mutual influence, and this was all which subsisted between Dr. Franklin and the government of France.

This individual opinion all the documentary evidence goes to reinforce, and it is impossible, in studying it, not to conclude that the opposition to and attacks upon Franklin by his own countrymen were due primarily to the dislike and the jealousy of his fellow-commissioners, Lee and Adams, who, unable to compete with him in France, were driven to raise a cabal against him in America, composed of almost the identical elements which endeavored to bring about the removal of Washington from the command of the armies, and which successfully wrought the political ruin of John Dickinson and Robert Morris. "Dr. Franklin," Jefferson long after said, "had many political enemies, as every character must, which, with decision enough to have opinions, has energy and talent to give them effect on the feelings of the adversary opinion. These enmities were chiefly in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the former, they were merely of the proprietary party. In the latter, they did not commence till the Revolution, and then sprung chiefly from personal animosities, which spreading by little and little, became at length of some extent. Dr. Lee was his principal calumniator, a man of much malignity, who, besides enlisting his whole family in the same hostility, was enabled, as the agent of Massachusetts with the British government, to infuse it into that State with considerable effect. Mr. Izard, the Doctor's enemy also, but from a pecuniary transaction, never countenanced these charges against him. Mr. Jay, Silas Deane, Mr. Laurens, his colleagues also, ever maintained towards him unlimited confidence and respect."

Strangely enough, Franklin was saved from his countrymen by the intervention of France. Very early in the mission the ministry of that country deliberately took the step of ignoring Franklin's fellow-commissioners, and again and again, in granting aids, stipulated to him that Lee and Adams should know nothing; and so Franklin was forced repeatedly, in writing to Congress, to tell them that "the other commissioners are not acquainted with this proposition as yet . . . I being expressly enjoined not to communicate it to any other person, not even to the other gentlemen." It was not strange, under these circumstances, that his fellow-commissioners united in abusing him. Lee complained that "if Dr. Franklin's jealousy and intolerant spirit, together with the artifices successively employed, had not incapacitated the other from serving their country and the common cause by their advice and information," many imaginary ills would not have come to pass; and Adams asserted that Vergennes made Franklin his confidant only "because he could manage him as he pleased." Their fellow-commissioner took all their abuse and plotting calmly, and one anecdote will serve to show how little it moved him:

> Mr. Z. [Adams] while at Paris had often pressed the Dr. to communicate to him his several negotiations with the Ct. of France, wch. the Dr. avoided as decently as he could. At length he received from Mr. Z. [Adams] a very intemperate letter. He folded it up and put it into a pigeon hole. A 2d, 3d & so on to a fifth or sixth he recd. & disposed of in the same way. Finding no answer could be obtained by letter, Mr. Z. [Adams] paid him a personal visit & gave a loose to all the warmth of which he was susceptible. The Dr. replied, I can no more answer this conversation than the several impatient letters you have written me, (taking them down from the pigeon hole,) call on me when you are cool & good humored & I will justify myself to you.

"Dr. Lee's accusation of Capt. Landais for insanity," wrote Franklin, "was probably well founded; as in my opinion would have been the same accusation, if it had been brought by Landais against Lee; for though neither of them are permanently mad, they are both so at times; and the insanity of the latter is the most mischievous." Of Adams he said: "The extravagant and violent language held here by a public person, in public company,

which have a tendency to diminish the union with France, are here, and I hope there [in America], imputed to the true cause—a disorder in the brain, which, though not constant, has its fits too frequent." Whether it was jealousy or insanity, the time came when, practically, the public business had come to a standstill, and, convinced of this, Franklin offered to resign; but the French government interfered, and through their American envoy secured the recall of Franklin's rivals, and the election of Franklin as sole minister to France.

The Congress have done me the honor [Franklin said] to refuse accepting my resignation, and insist on my continuing in their service till the peace. I must therefore buckle again to business, and thank God that my health and spirits are of late improved. I fancy it may have been a double mortification to those enemies you have mentioned to me, that I should ask as a favor what they hoped to vex me by taking from me; and that I should nevertheless be continued. But this sort of consideration should never influence our conduct. We ought always to do what appears best to be done, without much regarding what others may think of it. I call this continuance an honor, and I really esteem it to be a greater than my first appointment, when I consider that all the interest of my enemies, united with my own request, were not sufficient to prevent it.

An interesting feature of these years of negotiation were the indirect overtures made Franklin by the British ministry. Though George III was convinced that "hatred of this country is the constant object of his mind," he yet thought it "proper to keep open the channel of intercourse with that insidious man," and through David Hartley and other informal agents he endeavored to negotiate an arrangement which should regain at least a nominal sovereignty over the colonies, and by ending the war with them enable England "to avenge the faithless and insolent conduct of France." But Franklin held that "the true political interest of America consists in observing and fulfilling, with the greatest exactitude, the engagements of our alliance with France, and behaving at the same time towards England so as not entirely to extinguish her hopes of a reconciliation," and so he refused to play false to an ally, or consider a reunion with Great Britain, on any terms.

You may please yourselves and your children [he told one of these negotiators] with the rattle of your right to govern us, as long as you have done with that of your king's being king of France, without giving us the least concern, if you do not attempt to exercise it. That this pretended right is indisputable, as you say, we utterly deny. Your Parliament never had a right to govern us, and your king has forfeited it by his bloody tyranny.

"The English seem not to know either how to continue the war, or to make peace with us," he told Washington, even after Yorktown; but finally a treaty was concluded, and, his work done, he turned homeward, writing to the Englishman who had striven most for peace the following farewell: "I cannot quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my ever dear friend, Mr. Hartley. We were long fellow-laborers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but, having finished my day's task, I am going home *to go to bed.* Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening."

This hope for a rest was but illusive. No sooner had he landed at Philadelphia than "the two parties in the Assembly and Council, the constitutionists and anti-constitutionists, joined in requesting my service as counsellor, and afterwards in electing me as President. Of seventy-four members in Council and Assembly, who voted by ballot, there was in my first election but one negative, besides my own." "I had on my return some right," he acknowledged to a friend, "to expect repose; and it was my intention to avoid all public business. But I had not firmness enough to resist the unanimous desire of my country folks; and I find myself harnessed again in their service for another year. They engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

It is poetically appropriate that his last public service was performed in the Federal Convention, and that no man in that body contributed more to bring about the lasting union of the States, of which he had been among the earliest suggestors, and for which he had worked so unceasingly. His closing remarks, "whilst the last members were signing," form a fitting end to his own career.

Dr. Franklin, looking towards the president's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him, that painters had found it difficult to distinguish, in their art, a rising from a setting sun. "I have," said he, "often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the president, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun."

A BAYOU BLOSSOM.

BY CONSTANCE GROSVENOR ALEXANDER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

A SWEEP of big-leaved vines, all rank and lush,
With growth so poison-fed by mantling mists
That steal up from the sluggish bayou-bed,
That every leaf 's a curlèd cup of death—
Tough, twining stems that spring from underooze
Bubbling beneath this crawling stream, and pierce
The iridescent slime that greens its marge.
Strange tropic birds brood here and hatch their young,
Sun here their radiant wings, and flash the light
Against yon somber, drooping Southern moss.
Great golden flies, a-quiver o'er this tarn,
Poise on its bordering reeds, and curious snakes
Lift jeweled heads above the slime to blink
At swift green lizards on the warted stems.

Far in, beyond the darkling curtained oaks,
A tiny pool, clear, lucid, like a soul
Unspotted, lies, and on its quiet breast,
Amid a bed of smooth, cool leaves alone,
One splendid lotus springs in purity.
Petal on petal, stainless, white at ends,
But shading rosily toward its heart,
It glorifies the tiny spot of good
In all this leprous, waste luxuriance.
Of all the world, none knows the pool save this
One perfect blossom, and she dwells on it.

THE MARRIAGE OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

(SEE PAGE 903.)

ALEXANDER'S DEATH.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: CONCLUDING PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
President of the University of California.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

WHEN in February or March, 324, the armies of Hephæstion and of Alexander and the fleet under Nearchus met at Susa, the great days of the conquest were at an end. Men could now look back upon the work and estimate results.

It was just ten years since Alexander, then a youth of one-and-twenty, had crossed the Hellespont and entered Asia. He had received as an inheritance from his father the plan and policy of uniting the Greeks and bringing them to the service of Macedonian ambitions, by leading them, or promising to lead them, against the Persians. This plan he idealized into a contest between the East and the West, dreaming himself another Achilles. His youthful enthusiasm and vigor, under the inspiration of success, raised it to enlarged dimensions.

What was to come after victory and conquest he seems, from the first, not to have planned, or at least but vaguely. He would conquer the barbarians and avenge the insults of Xerxes. He would glorify the plain old nationality of Macedonia, and provide its sturdy warriors and himself with food enough to feed the craving after war and enterprise and conquest. Scarcely more than this was in his mind. But the years and the facts had brought a development of his ideas that gave his plan a larger and a different form. He had acquired respect for much he had observed in Oriental life and character. There was more in the world than he had thought. He had seen the strength and the resources of the old civilization of Mesopotamia. The men of Bokhara were as brave and manly as the best he knew in Greece. In the Nile Delta men of different races and civilization were found mingling peacefully together in a coöperative life. The idea of bringing the East and the West together in a composite civilization, to which each should contribute its best, grew upon him with the years. But the old-line Macedonians adhered to their first theory of the conquest, well summarized in the dictum, "To the victors belong the spoils." They had undertaken the war for a Macedonian "expansion" that meant only exploitation. Their ideas did not grow with his; hence the murmurings we hear in the transition years from 330 to 327. They interpreted his new internationalism as outright apostasy, and cast at him the slurs which, translated into modern local idiom, taunt with Anglomania or un-Americanism him who has abated somewhat of his provincial bias. They were hard men, and narrow, and incapable of understanding their master's mind. What they thought about him and said about him in this regard, as also in regard to his supposed claim of divinity, is to be interpreted as no better than a crude caricature of the original. Small men's reports of large ideas are all caricatures.

Alexander's interest had shifted from an expansion that meant imposition from without to an expansion which encouraged cooperation and development from within, and with this shifting of interest Macedonia and its claims had been relegated from the center to the outskirts. It was now merely one province of an empire. In its name and by its military power empire was administered and maintained; but that name and power was no end unto itself, but only an opportunity for order, under whose covert interchange might flourish, prejudice abate, and the larger civilization arise. From Aristotle, his teacher, Alexander had imbibed the aristocratic doctrine that the Greek, by virtue of his superior intelligence and independence of will, was natural lord of the barbarian; but experience of the facts proved the doctrine vainly academic, and led the mind of the conqueror away from the dicta of aristocracy toward the ideals of the imperialistic democracy. When he broke on this issue with Aristotle he broke with the old world.

Ten years of conquest had consolidated into one colossal organization all the organizations of life, thought, religion, and law in the central known world, and for this one organization the conqueror conceived a government and a life not imposed by one of its members as from without, but contributed by all its members as from within. It is in

ALEXANDER QUELLING THE MUTINY.

(SEE PAGE 905.)

the formulation of this idea, rather than in feats of arms, that Alexander's first claim to greatness rests. The winnings of his battles vanished away; the outward organization of his empire perished with his death; but the idea lived and bore fruit. Rome took the shell, Byzantium and the East kept the substance, and from Byzantium and the East came cosmopolitanism and the inner light, the seeds of the Renaissance and of the Reformation.

The completion of the war of conquest was to be celebrated by the army at Susa in a grand five days' fête, and Alexander chose to give the festival a form which should symbolize the significance he wished his conquests to attain—the marriage of Europe and Asia. As unique as his conquests was his method of celebrating them. He and his generals and friends, two-and-ninety of them in all, took them wives from the noblest Persian families, and at the date of the greater Dionysia, the Eastertide of the Greeks, celebrated the joint weddings in one great public fête. Plutarch,[1] in one of his essays, glorifies with rhetorical exuberance the symbolism of the wedding-feast in contrast with that of Xerxes's bridge, for they sought to join Asia to Europe, "not with rafts and timbers and senseless bonds, but by the lawful love of wedlock, and by community of offspring."

Alexander himself married Statira, the eldest daughter of Darius. Hephæstion received Drypetis, a younger daughter; Craterus, a niece of Darius; Perdiccas, the daughter of the satrap of Media; Ptolemy and Eumenes, two daughters of Artabazus; Nearchus, the daughter of Mentor; Seleucus, the daughter of Spitamenes the Bactrian.

We have, fortunately, preserved to us an account of the festival in the words of Chares of Mitylene, who was master of ceremonies at the court, and therefore a prime authority. The account is a fragment of Chares's ten books on the life of Alexander, which has been preserved to us in Athenæus's[2] famous scrap-book, "The Diners-out," and also in part in Ælian's[2] "Varia Historia." "It was a hall of a hundred couches (each large enough for two to recline at table), and in it each couch, made of twenty minas' worth of silver, was decked as for a wedding. Alexander's had feet of gold. And to the feast were bidden all his Persian friends, and given places on the opposite side of the hall from himself and the other bridegrooms. And all the army and the sailors and the embassies and the visitors were assembled in the outer court. The hall was decorated in most sumptuous style, with expensive rugs, and hangings of fine linen, and tapestries of many colors wrought with threads of gold. And for the support of the vast tent which formed the hall there were pillars thirty feet high, plated with silver and gold, and set with precious stones. And round about the sides were costly portières, embroidered with figures and shot through with golden threads, hung on gilded and silvered rods. The circuit of the court was half a mile. Everything was started at the signal of a trumpet-blast, whether it was the beginning of the feast, the celebration of the marriages, or the pouring of one of the various libations, so that all the army might know.

"For five days the wedding-festival continued. There participated many Greeks and many barbarians and men from India. And famous jugglers and showmen were there: Scymnus of Tarentum, and Philistides of Syracuse, and Heraclitus of Mitylene. After them the rhapsode Alexis of Tarentum gave a recitation. Then there came on the cithara virtuosi: Cratinus of Methymna, Aristonymus of Athens, Athenodorus of Teos. Heraclitus of Tarentum, and Aristocrates the Theban, gave songs with the cithara, and to the accompaniment of the flute sang Dionysius of Heraclea, and Hyperbolus of Cyzicus. There were flute virtuosi who played the Pythian air and then led the dancers; they were Timotheus, Phrynichus, Caphisias, and Diophantus. And there were plays by the tragic actors Thessalus and Athenodorus and Aristocrites, and by the comedians Lycon and Phormion and Ariston. Phasimelus, the harp-player, too, was there. The crowns that were brought as presents aggregated a value of fifteen thousand talents."

Arrian, too, adds a little: "The weddings were celebrated in the Persian form. Great chairs of state were set along in a row for the bridegrooms, and after the banquet the brides came in and took their seats, each beside her own husband. And the bridegrooms welcomed them and kissed them. The king was the first to begin, and all the rest of the weddings followed the same form. This seems to have been one of the most popular and friendly things Alexander ever did. Each man took his own bride and led her away. And Alexander furnished them all with dowries. And the names of all the other Macedonians who had married Asiatic

[1] Plutarch, "De Alex. Magni Fortuna aut Virtute," i, 7.
[2] Athenæus, xii, p. 538 ff.; Ælian, "Var. Hist.," viii, 7.

THE DYING ALEXANDER RECEIVING HIS SOLDIERS.

wives he caused to be registered, and found there were over ten thousand of them, and these all received from him wedding-gifts."

Proclamation was now made throughout the army that all who were burdened with debt might, on registering with the paymasters and stating the amount of their debts, receive money for their liquidation. This was at first thought too good to be true, and few registered. Men suspected in it a device for finding out who had been living extravagantly. When Alexander heard this he reproached them for their distrust of him, and ordered his paymasters hereafter, on the presentation of evidences of debt, to pay without registering the debtors' names. Thus some twenty thousand talents of good money were put into circulation. Large gifts of money were also made to all who had rendered distinguished service in the wars. A few of those most conspicuous for personal bravery received as a mark of highest distinction golden crowns. Heading this roll of honor were Peucestas and Leonnatus, the heroes of Multan; Nearchus, the admiral; Onesicritus, the pilot; and Hephæstion, the lieutenant-general.

Alexander came now to face the question of the future constitution of his army. Thus far the Greco-Macedonian element, even when, as in the Indian campaigns, in the minority, had been kept distinct, and had furnished the reliable nucleus of the army. A large number of these men were now becoming, either from age or the exhaustion of the long campaigns, unfit for further service. At least ten thousand men would shortly have to be discharged and sent back to their homes. Should their places be filled by the importation of others? It was not in harmony with Alexander's conception of a real and permanent conquest, such as he desired, that a country should be held in subjugation by a foreign army. His purpose of welding Persia and Greece into an indivisible whole was better served by other means. He had caused to be collected from various provinces of the East, and from the cities lately founded, a body of recruits, some thirty thousand in number, all young men of the best intelligence and vigor, and these, after being drilled in the Macedonian tactics and equipped with Macedonian arms, he proceeded to distribute among the different regiments of his own best troops.

This was a terrible shock to the old Macedonian sense of propriety. The veterans had never shown the slightest objection to the presence of foreign brigades and regiments in the army, but now when Bactrians, Parthians, Arachotians, and Zarangians, fine fellows and magnificent horsemen though they might be, were admitted within the sacred lines of the companion cavalry, and eight young Asiatic princes were enrolled in the agéma, it was accepted as an insult. The suspicion, too, that with this procedure Alexander was preparing the way ultimately to dispense altogether with the service of his own countrymen, and to replace them with barbarians, revived the old bugbear of his Persomania, and hurried discontent into open sedition. At Opis on the Tigris, whither the army had moved in the early summer, when it was learned that some of the old soldiers were to be discharged, the opposition flamed up suddenly into outright revolt. This was a new thing in the army of Alexander.

In the presence of the assembled host the king had arisen to make his announcement. The wars, he said, were now past. The great purpose for which they were fought had been achieved. Among those who had served him so well many were now weary of absence from home, wounded, enfeebled. He would not settle them in remote cities, as he had done with many of their comrades, but would provide them return to their homes, and bestow upon them such rewards as would make them objects of envy wherever they went.

A storm of protests here interrupted the words of the king. "You have used us up, and now you cast us aside! Take your barbarian soldiers! Will you conquer the world with women? Come, let us all go! Keep all or none! Why don't you get your father Ammon to help you?" Such were the words hoarse voices shouted, now in challenge, now in mockery.

The tumult grew. The army was a mob. Alexander sprang from the platform on which he stood straight into the midst of the throng. Here one, there one of the ringleaders he caught by the arm, pointed at, or called by name, as he placed them under arrest. The muteness of terror fell upon them all. He returned to the dais, and facing their sullen silence, addressed them:

"Not to prevent your leaving me and marching homeward do I now speak further to you. So far as I am concerned, go where you will. But one word to show your thankfulness to those who have made you what you are. My father Philip found you poor and vagabond, clad in skins, feeding a few sheep on the mountain-sides, and fighting to protect these from the neighboring Thracians and Illyrians. He gave you the soldier's cape

to replace the skins, settled you in cities, gave you laws and manners, made you masters instead of slaves of the barbarians about you, added Thrace to Macedonia, opened the mines of the Pangæum to your industry, the harbors of the sea to your commerce. He made you the rulers of those very Thessalians before whom you had lately shrunk with deadly awe. He humbled the Phocians, and gave you entrance into Greece by a broad highway. Instead of your paying tribute to the Athenians and obeying the Thebans, these states now look to us as arbiters of their weal. He entered the Peloponnesus, and was declared commander-in-chief of all the Greeks for the war against Persia, bringing not more glory to himself thereby than to you and your state. This is what my father did for you, great when viewed by itself, small in comparison with what we have done.

"From my father I received in inheritance a few gold and silver goblets, a treasury containing less than sixty talents, and five hundred talents of debts. I borrowed eight hundred more, set forth from a land that afforded subsistence not even for you, and opened you a way across the Hellespont, that the Persian masters of the sea controlled. The satraps of Darius I overwhelmed at the Granicus. Ionia, Æolia, both Phrygias, and Lydia I overran, and the fruits of victory came to you. The blessings of Egypt and Cyrene fell into your lap. Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, are your possession. Babylon and Bactra and Susa are yours; the wealth of the Lydians, the treasures of the Persians, the stores of India, the great outer sea, all are yours. From among you come satraps and generals and taxiarchs. And what have I from all these toils except it be this purple and this diadem? Nothing have I acquired for myself, and no man can point to treasure-stores of mine, except to point to these your possessions or what is kept in store for you. What use have I for them? I eat as you eat, sleep as you sleep. Nay, indeed, my fare is simpler than that of many of your self-indulgent ones. I often sit up at night, I know, to watch for you, that you may sleep in quiet.

"Or will any one say that while you endured privation and toil I did not? Who of you can say that he has suffered more for me than I for him? Come now, who of you has wounds, let him bare himself and show them, and I will show mine. No member of my body is without its wound. No kind of weapon whose scars I do not bear. I have been wounded by the sword, by the arrow from the bow, by the missile from the catapult; I have been pelted with stones and pounded with clubs, while leading you to victory and to glory and to plenty, through all the land and the sea, across all the rivers and the mountains and the plains. I have wedded like as you have wedded. Your children will, many of them, be akin to mine. Those of you who have debts have I relieved from debt without inquiring how, despite abundant pay and richer booty, you acquired them. Golden crowns have been awarded as the imperishable memories of your bravery and my esteem. To those who have died all the honors of war have been paid. Their graves are nobly marked. Statues of bronze rise for them in their native cities. Their children, freed from the burdens of taxation, enjoy the civic honors. And no man under my leading has fallen in flight.

"And now I was minded to send to your homes such of you as were no longer fit for war, and to make you shine in the eyes of men. But you *all* wish to leave me. Then get you gone! Go home and tell them that your king Alexander, who conquered the Persians and the Medes and the Bactrians, who brought beneath his sway the Uxians, the Arachotians, and the Drangians, who carried his arms to the shores of the Caspian, passed the Caucasus, crossed the Oxus, the Tanaïs, and the Indus, who penetrated unto the Great Sea, marched through the deserts of Gedrosia, and took possession of Carmania—go tell that after he had brought you back to Susa you deserted him, and left him to the protection of the conquered foreigners. Mayhap this report of yours will appear glorious in the eyes of men, and righteous in the sight of the gods. Get you gone!"

Alexander turned abruptly and retired into his palace. None but his immediate staff attended him. The soldiers stood there still in dazed silence. They were without counsel. No man knew which way to turn. So that day passed, and the next. No word came from the palace. No one had seen Alexander. No one had been admitted to audience. Then on the third day came the news that the chief commands were being assigned to Persians and Medes, that new regiments of foreign troops were being organized to replace the old—a Persian foot-guard, Persian cavalry companions. They could no longer restrain themselves. Running in a body to the palace, they cast their arms upon the ground, threw themselves as suppliants beside them, and humbly called upon their

master, beseeching him to show his face and have pity upon them. And then he forgave them, and the reconciliation was sealed in one great love-feast, whereat Persian and Macedonian sat down together in peace, and the king and his guests dipped wine from the same mixer and joined in pouring the same libations, and Grecian prophets and Magian priests invoked the blessings of the gods together.

So the last effort of the old Macedonian spirit to assert itself settled away in failure. The personality of the king had been the one controlling factor in the result. Ten thousand men were now sent back home, each having received a talent in addition to full pay. Craterus, who was sent with them in command, was commissioned to succeed Antipater in the government of Macedonia, Thrace, Thessaly, and Epirus, while Antipater was ordered to come with fresh troops into Asia. This interchange had its political purpose in the interest of the new internationalism, and even the ten thousand were missionaries of the new gospel.

The return of Alexander from the far East began now to make itself felt among the old Greek states. The arrival of the absconding treasurer Harpalus, in the early summer (324), was the first symptom, and the long investigation conducted by the Areopagite court dragged on till December, forming a leading subject of the local gossip.

In July Nicanor, as special ambassador, had appeared at the Olympic festival with a proclamation from the king recommending the various states to restore to citizenship all those who had been banished for political reasons. Twenty thousand of such unfortunates are said to have been assembled at the festival to hail the proclamation with their plaudits.

This, too, was a movement toward the opening of a new political era. It not only signified the canceling of accounts inherited from the old régime, but it was sure to add in all the cities a considerable and an influential contingent to the body of those who sympathized with Alexander and the new régime.

Most of the cities acceded readily to the request, but at Athens it started up much bubbling in the political pot. So did also the movement started by monarchical enthusiasts in various cities for awarding divine honors to the king. There is no sound reason for supposing that this movement originated in a decree or proclamation from the throne: had there been such a proclamation we should have heard of it through some other source than the fable-loving Ælian of the second century A. D. Certainly nothing like the establishment of an Alexander cult was at that time intended by any one, and there are no traces of any such thing until long after his death.

That the idea appealed in any wise to the century after him is to be attributed to the paling of interest in the gods of the old city system, and the yearning for a broader and higher basis of confidence and reverence—a yearning which sought its satisfaction in adoration of the state, the magnified *polis*, whose representatives and "first citizens" the old-time gods had been. In obedience to this instinct the head of Alexander, decked with the lion-skins of Heracles or the horns of Ammon, appeared as the genius of the state upon the coinage of his successors, in place of the old gods who typified the city-state, and set the fashion for all the coinage of the Western world from that day to this. So the way was prepared for the later worship of the genius of the Roman Empire, out of which Christianity, with its theory of the carnal body and the divine spirit, and its recognition of a kingdom of heaven as well as of this world, and of the duty to render not only unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, but unto God that which is God's, created a Holy Roman Empire, with its dualism of state, which is body, and church, which is soul.

From Opis Alexander went to Ecbatana, where his friend Hephæstion fell sick of fever and died, and was mourned by him and buried, as Patroclus by Achilles. In the spring of 323, after spending the winter in subduing the unruly mountain tribes of the Cossæans and Uxians, he marched toward Babylon, and rejecting the warnings of the Chaldean priests, who said that mischief awaited him, he entered the city. Already on his march embassies had come to meet him from distant peoples,—the Libyans, the Bruttians, Lucanians, and Etruscans,—for already the shadow of surmise concerning his ambitions had fallen upon the far West.

On his arrival in the city delegations from many Greek cities awaited him, with testimonials, crowns, and felicitations. Some brought him, too, special appeals for favor, and laid before him as court of highest resort questions of internal politics and order to settle. These were busy days, but in the midst of it all he found time to discuss and introduce radical changes in the tactics of the army, to initiate on a large scale a reconstruction

of the canal system in the marshes about Babylon, and also to arrange in detail a plan for the conquest and occupation of Arabia. This last involved the building of a fleet and the sending out of parties for preliminary exploration. Earlier he had sent Heraclides into Hyrcania, with orders there to build a fleet and explore the Caspian.

This betrays a plan, of which we have other[1] indications also, to take up the work he had abandoned at the Danube and again at the Jaxartes, subjugate the Scythians, and join his empire together at the north. Nowhere do we find, however, safe evidence of any immediate plan of wider and all-embracing conquest. The after-world easily dreamed him such plans, but he himself, if we may judge by what men who knew him said, and by the things he actually did, had no formulated plan further than to join into one empire, as a consolidated whole, the Europe of his knowledge and the realm of Darius, and to round this out by filling the gap between the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea with Arabia, and the gap between the Jaxartes and the Danube with Scythia.

By the end of May (323) fleet and army were ready for the expedition to the Arabian coast. On the morning of June 2 the king fell sick. A part of the night before, and all of the preceding night, he had spent in drinking and merrymaking at the house of Medius the Thessalian. On returning home the second night "he bathed, took a little food, and slept where he was, because he felt a little feverish"; so we have it on the authority of the Court Journal, from which Plutarch and Arrian freely cite in giving their accounts of the illness. He was carried out on his couch to offer the wonted morning sacrifice, then lay all day indisposed in the great hall of the palace, but able still to give instructions to his officers and appoint the departure of the army for the 5th of June, and of the fleet, which he intended to accompany, for the 6th. In the evening he went by boat to the gardens across the river, there bathed and slept. The next day (June 3) he bathed, offered the morning sacrifices, chatted and played dice with Medius awhile, sent orders to his generals to meet the next day at daybreak. He was feeling better; but the fearful swamp-fever of Babylon was in his veins, and he was deceived. That night the fever raged the night through. In the morning (June 4), after bath and sacrifice, he conferred with Nearchus and other officers of the fleet, and charged them to be ready to start on the day after the next, for he counted on being well enough to set out at the appointed time. The fever steadily increased. On the 8th it assumed a dangerous form. The generals were now ordered to remain in constant attendance in the hall, the captains before the palace gates. He recognized his generals, but was unable to speak. Thus far he had offered the daily sacrifice; after this day he was no longer able to. Two days before he had discontinued the baths. No hint is given us of any treatment employed by the physicians. Years later the story gained currency, and has since been repeated by ancient and modern writers, that he was poisoned; but medical experts who have reviewed the symptoms so explicitly stated in the record of the Ephemerides, or Court Journal, have no hesitation in asserting that poisoning was out of the question, and that the disease was certainly a fever. There is no allusion in any way to localized pain or inflammation. While his excesses of the two nights preceding the attack had undoubtedly made him physically less capable of resisting disease, the story of his having died from the results of hard drinking is another form of canard.

His condition passed steadily from worse to worse. In his environment hope gave place to panic. On the 12th rumor spread among the soldiers that he was dead. Some believed his body-guards were concealing the fact for a purpose. They surrounded the palace, demanding admittance. Even when convinced that he was still living, they insisted they must see him once more. They forced their way through the gates. Grief and love were their excuse. In awe-struck quiet the rude old soldiers filed through the room where he lay. He reached out his hand to each of them, feebly raised his head a little, and spoke with his eyes his farewell.

Toward evening of the next day, June 13, 323, he died, thirty-two years and eight months of age, having reigned twelve years and ten months. He left no testament, and, except for the unborn child of Roxane, no heir. His friends, who in his last moments pressed him to tell them to whom he left the throne, caught only the whispered words, "To the best man." This was the test his own claim of leadership had stood.

Over city and camp there rested the stillness of death. Doubt, terror, dismay, swallowed up grief. For the moment the pulse of the world stood still. The empire of the world lay there soulless and in swoon. Alex-

[1] Arrian, iv, 15, 6.

ander had been its soul, but Alexander was gone from among the living. The king was dead, but no man cried, "Long live the king!"

There was no lawful heir. Heracles, the son of Barsine, Memnon's widow, whom Alexander had taken from among the spoiled of Issus, could not count as such. Except for the unborn child of Roxane, no other could claim to be of Alexander's seed. Nearest of kin was the feeble-minded Arrhidæus, Philip's son by the Thessalian Philinna, and so half-brother of Alexander. This was all that the principle of legitimacy had to offer wherewith to awake the empire into life again.

On the other side stood military power, embodied in the leaders of the army—all picked men, and tried, all noblemen as well as generals, any one of whom might have given the empire life, could he only command the allegiance of the rest. But that was out of the question. From the first council meeting their views went wide asunder. Ptolemy, at one extreme, argued for a division of the empire among the generals; Meleager, at the other, called for the immediate recognition of Heracles or Arrhidæus as king. He would not await the birth of Roxane's child. Roxane was an Asiatic. The child might be a girl. Meleager spoke the feeling of the ultra-Macedonian legitimists. They wanted a king, and that a Macedonian. But it was another proposition, that of Perdiccas, which prevailed. Perdiccas, since Hephæstion's death, had been the chief of staff; he held the insignia of royalty and the signet-ring, and was for the time the most influential of the generals. He proposed to await the birth of Roxane's child, and if it were a son to proclaim him king. Meanwhile four men, Perdiccas, Leonnatus, Antipater, and Craterus, with Perdiccas at the head, were to constitute a board of regency. This the nobility, represented by the cavalry, accepted; but when the yeomanry of the phalanx heard of it, their loyalty to the monarchical idea took offense. They scented in the scheme a return to the rule of the barons. The army was rent in twain. The monarchical infantry proclaimed Arrhidæus, under the name of Philip, king. The aristocratic cavalry, forced to withdraw from the city, stood threateningly before its gates; but before blood was shed a compromise was effected, in which the influence of Perdiccas again reasserted itself. The cavalry and the nobles agreed on their part to recognize Philip-Arrhidæus as king, stipulating only that in case Roxane should bear a son he should also receive recognition as king. The phalanx in its turn accepted the rule of the generals, with Perdiccas as regent. The empire was to be divided into satrapies among the great captains. From that day the principle of legitimacy got no more than formal hearing. A month later Roxane bore a son, and he was duly proclaimed king, with the name Alexander. So there were two kings, one a half-wit, one an infant, both under the care of Perdiccas, and later, after his downfall and death (321), under that of Antipater. After the death of this faithful old regent (319) both fell upon troublous times. Their kingship had never been more than an empty name, and they but meaningless insignia passed from hand to hand in the mêlée of politics and civil war. Both came to their death by violence, Arrhidæus, with Eurydice, his queen, in 317, by order of Olympias, Alexander's mother, and the little Alexander, together with Roxane, in 311, by order of Cassander. Olympias had already met a like fate five years before. An attempt to use the name of Heracles, Barsine's son, for political effect, brought him too, and his mother, in 309, to their end, and so the line of Alexander perished from off the earth.

But in Alexander's line had never lain the hope of continuing his empire. The king had died too young. The achievements of the army were too recent. The visible forms of power rested still in the arm of military force. The only hope lay in the predominance of one of the generals over the others. For a while it seemed that Perdiccas might be that one; again it was Antigonus, again Seleucus. But each one whetted the sword against the other, and the empire went down in a tangle of strife and carnage. With the close of the century, and the issue of the battle of Ipsus (301), it had resolved itself into four well-ascertained domains—Syria and Babylonia under Seleucus, Egypt under Ptolemy, Thrace and Asia Minor under Lysimachus, Macedonia and Greece under Cassander. Twenty-five years later the portion of Lysimachus had disappeared before the cyclone of the Celtic incursions, and three great kingdoms survived. So in substance the ruins remained until the consuls and the legions came, and unity again emerged under the name and the standards of Rome.

Surely if we estimate in terms of external organization, Alexander's empire had perished with him. His head appears on coins, his name and his memory were abundantly

conjured with, but within ten years after his death all serious purpose of restoring the structure to unity had shifted into mere political pretense. If a man's life-work is to be judged only by what he erects into formal organization, then we must pronounce the career of Alexander a failure, and more than a failure. He had dismantled what he found, and built nothing sure in its place. His dream of fusing the East and the West had been fulfilled and embodied in no visible institution, no form of government or law, of state or church. Greece, Egypt, and the Orient were still in government asunder.

No wonder that historians have written the story of Greece—among them great names like Niebuhr and Grote—and seen nothing more in the career of Alexander than a brilliant disturbance of the world's order, an enthronement of militarism, an annihilation of Greek liberty, and an undoing of Greece in all that makes her life of interest to the world. It is another thing that their blindness could see in Alexander himself only a mad opportunist and greedy conqueror, whose life, had it been spared, could have wrought no more than further conquest; for Alexander was of all things an idealist, and they who have not read that in the story of his life may as well not have read it at all. Grote set himself to write the achievements of the Greek democracies. In the life of the free city Greek life had for him attained its consummation. What came after this in the maturing of history was to his eyes destruction, and not development. Alexander and the Macedonians were the agents of destruction, and in them could be found no good thing. Grote, looking through the eyes of Demosthenes, and captivated by the brilliancies of a single form of life and a single set of institutions, under a single class of conditions, assigned to them an absolute validity for all conditions. Grote and Demosthenes are each in his way types of historians and statesmen who have spent their strength in deploring the waste of goodly seed-corn scattered on the fields, their eyes turned toward the former harvest, not the next. The old maxims, the old creeds, and the good old times are reasserted, defended, and bewailed long after they have passed to their larger fruitage in the unfolding of a larger life.

In the five years that elapsed between Alexander's accession to the Macedonian throne and his entrance into Babylon (331) the world had passed from one harvest-time to another, but most men knew it not. In the year 330 all Athens was assembled in the theater, hanging upon the words of Demosthenes and Æschines as they fought their famous duel *De Corona;* but the issues with which the orators dealt were all six years old, some of them sixteen. The Athens in which these issues had been vital had long since gone forth from its narrow plain into the larger world. Nothing is surer evidence thereof than the sight of these men playing with the shards of an empty tomb.

When Alexander's career began, the culture of the world, fixed in two main types, the feminine and the masculine, if we may broadly characterize them so, was still centralized and located, on the one hand in the wealth and settled industrial life of the Mesopotamian and the Egyptian river valleys, on the other in the free energy of the old Greek city communities. When his career ended, the barrier separating these domains had been broken down, never to be raised again.

When Alexander came upon the scene, Greece was still the old Greece, the composite of autonomous cities and cantons. In this form it was past the bloom, and was ripening to seed. All that the little communities could accomplish for history through living for themselves had been accomplished. In the miniature life of their isolated valleys, opening to the sea, they had developed a social system in which, as individual achievement directly counted, and individual responsibility was directly assessed, personality gathered to itself unwonted consciousness of power. So it was that here man first, as it were, discovered himself—first saw with clearness the power and the right of the free human soul. Man as a base-line for measuring the universe, man as a source of governing power, arose in Greece; it was Greece that shaped the law of beauty from which came the arts of form, the law of speculative truth from which by ordered observations came the sciences, and the law of liberty from which came the democratic state. This was what the old Greece held in keeping for the world. Alexander was the strong wind that scattered the seed; again, he was the willing hand of the sower. When he planted seventy cities of the Greek type on Oriental soil he acted with plan and purpose. The city was Hellenism in the concrete. As a principle of social order, Hellenism was the government of communities of men located in territory, and the source of authority was from within; orientalism was the government of territory

in which lived men, and the source of authority was from without.

In the centuries following Alexander the urban life, based on the Greek, gradually sought its centers outside the old limits of Greece, in the domain of a greater world. Alexandria, Rhodes, Pergamon, Antioch, Byzantium, instead of Athens, became its representatives. The forms of Greek culture, which were transmitted direct to the afterworld through Rome, were those which lived here in the greater Greece. Until modern scholarship tunneled a route back to the Old Greece, it was the taste and the intellectual interests of Alexandria, rather than those of Athens, that passed current as Greek. In the New Greece the culture of the Old assumed a world-form, and prepared itself for universal extension.

The dialects of cantons shrank back before a universal type of standard Greek, the *lingua franca* of the Levant. Local citizenship slowly yielded to a sense for citizenship of the world, and cosmopolitanism was born. The worship of the old city gods, based on community of blood, gave place to a yearning for something that might symbolize the higher unity of human life. The old cities had passed over into the life of a greater whole, but this was as yet without body, and, except for the vision and type of a deified Alexander, without expression or symbol. It remained for Rome to satisfy the instinct of the times. Its deified emperors replaced the Alexander type, and with the acceptance of Christianity a Holy Roman Empire, joined of body and soul, arose to claim the larger allegiance of men,—prototype of which had been the old allegiance to the Greek cities, now melted and dissolved in the fluid of the state.

The existence of Christianity as the embodiment of the higher life of European civilization is the best evidence of the reality and permanence of Alexander's empire. Religion is always in antiquity a surer guide to the real conditions of nationality than is political organization. Christianity as a system, and as the historian sees it, is a pure and simple expression of Alexander's world. Its inner life, its heart, is of the East; its philosophic organization, its brain, is Greek. It blended Jew and Gentile in a brotherhood larger than that bond of blood and tribe which the mixing of the peoples had annulled.

In Christian Europe of to-day the domain of Protestantism represents the individualism of the Northfolk; the domain of Roman Catholicism marks the limits of the Roman Empire; the domain of the Eastern Church, the sphere of influence of ancient Greece and Byzantium. In Asia and Africa Mohammedanism holds the ground overrun by the Macedonian arms, and the frontiers of its predominance to the east are those of Alexander's empire, from the Jaxartes to the Indus. Beyond there is another world, another order of life and thought. Though Islam is an after-growth of orientalism, it bears in its fiber the evidence that Western spirit once helped till the soil whereon it grew.

The seed-ground of European civilization was neither Greece nor the Orient, but a world joined of the two. Most of the settled types of thought and things that go to make up the culture-life of the West here acquired their outline form. Through the whole range from the species and varieties of cultivated trees and garden fruits to the forms and methods of industrial art, the standards of taste, the molds of civic and social life, the categories of literary form, the ordered schemes for conduct, thought, and faith—in them all the creation of the types and the first selection of the standards were the handiwork of this old-time larger world of men. Into this world we must take them back to find in true perspective their motive and their meaning. It was a world in which the dawning instinct of cosmopolitanism first shaped provincial and domestic products to the universal use of men.

The story of Alexander has become a story of death. He died himself before his time. With his life he brought the Old Greece to its end; with his death the state he had founded. But they all three, Alexander, Greece, the Grand Empire, each after its sort, set forth, as history judges men and things, the inner value of the saying, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth alone."

THE "OREGON'S" GREAT VOYAGE.

BY LIEUTENANT EDWARD W. EBERLE, U. S. N.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN AND HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

THE battle-ship *Oregon* was hauling out of dry-dock at the United States naval station on Puget Sound on the 16th of February, 1898, as we received the startling news of the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana harbor. For a time the officers and men seemed horrified, as they stood about the decks in little groups discussing the disaster and recalling the names of friends and shipmates who were serving on board the ill-fated ship. But the feeling of horror soon gave way to longing for an opportunity to avenge our comrades of the navy. It was a matter of congratulation that, come what might, the *Oregon* was in excellent condition, that she had her bilge-keels completed, and that she was ready to sail at high speed to any part of the globe.

We were soon hurrying down the coast to San Francisco, where we received orders to prepare immediately for a long cruise. Here Captain Charles E. Clark[1] came on board and took command. Everybody was happy over the prospect of going either to Cuba or to Manila, and our crew worked day and night taking on board sixteen hundred tons of coal, five hundred tons of ammunition, and stores to last six months. In the early morning of March 19, 1898, after working all the previous night, the *Oregon* sailed proudly out of San Francisco, the harbor of her christening, on what proved to be the most renowned cruise in modern naval history. The ship was deep in the water, displacing nearly twelve thousand tons; but she seemed to be animated with the same enthusiastic and eager spirit that filled the hearts of our men as she started on the four-thousand-mile run to her first port, Callao, Peru, at a good speed, which she steadily maintained for sixteen days.

As soon as everything had been "shaken down" at sea, our drills began, and morning, noon, and night we exercised at battery drill and at battle-stations. Ordinary routine and drills for parade were abandoned, and each day the ship threw off some outward disguise of peace and became more nearly what she should be, a battle-ship. After clearing the headlands of San Francisco Bay, a course was set to the southward, and we had started on our long passage. Soon the weather became very warm, and we were truly "sailing through summer seas," or, more correctly speaking, through torrid seas. All hands suffered very much from the excessive heat, and we had to abandon our quarters below and live on deck. The range of the thermometer was from 95° to 150°, according to the part of the ship.

Nothing of note occurred until we approached the equator, when we received a royal visit from his gracious Majesty King Neptune, ruler of the seas. We had on board many landsmen who had never visited the king's domains, and on the day we crossed the "line" drills were suspended, in order to pay appropriate homage to King Neptune and his court when they came on board, with elaborate ceremony, to transform our landsmen into sons of the sea. Next day the war routine and drills were resumed, and they were not again suspended during the voyage.

In the early morning of the sixteenth day out, we anchored in the harbor of Callao, and found our coal-barges awaiting us, together with orders to leave port as soon as possible. We eagerly asked for war news, and found that there had been little change in the situation since our departure from San Francisco; our relations with Spain were still much strained. In the hope and belief that we were to continue on around the Horn, our men began the disagreeable task of coaling ship with light hearts and merry songs. The coal simply poured on board day and night, and at the end of fifty hours we had taken in eleven hundred tons, which gave us seventeen hundred on board.

The Peruvians were very friendly indeed; but as we had heard that members of the Spanish colony in Lima had made threats against the ship, we took means to prevent attack or surprise. All sentries and lookouts were doubled and supplied with ammunition;

[1] A portrait of Captain Clark and an account by Lieutenant Eberle of the *Oregon's* part in the battle of Santiago will be found in "The Story of the Captains," page 104 of THE CENTURY for May, 1899.—EDITOR.

the steam-cutters were armed and sent out to patrol around the ship all night, with orders to stop any boat that should approach within five hundred yards of the ship, and to fire or ram if necessary. The search-lights and six-pounders were kept ready for instant use. Although war had not been declared, we were taking no chances. These precautions were taken in every subsequent port, and our arrival in Callao really marks the date when the ship was placed on a war footing. At Callao secret orders were received from Washington, and only the captain knew what our future movements were to be. While in port we received warning of the presence on the Atlantic coast of South America of the Spanish torpedo-gunboat *Temerario*, and the Peruvian papers were filled with reports of terrible things that she was expected to accomplish in the Straits of Magellan. Although the *Temerario* was the bugaboo of many future cable messages, and we were continually on the watch for her, she caused us little uneasiness, as we were prepared to give her a warm reception.

On the morning of April 7, after fifty hours in Callao harbor,—fifty hours of continuous hard, hot work,—the *Oregon* set sail. For some reason, many people in Callao had anxiously inquired about our time of sailing and our port of destination; but we had courteously answered that we did not know. Strangely enough, just as we were ready to leave, a dense fog shut down upon the harbor, and we silently hove up anchor and went to sea. When the fog had cleared away and the *Oregon* was not to be seen, no doubt the people who were so curious to learn of our movements charged us with playing a "Yankee trick" by stealing out of the harbor under cover of the fog, thus concealing our course.

In the run from Callao to the Straits of

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGILL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE "OREGON" HAULING OUT OF DRY-DOCK AT PUGET SOUND NAVAL STATION. AT THIS MOMENT NEWS CAME OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE."

Magellan we anticipated severe weather. Sure enough, as soon as we had cleared the headlands, we encountered head winds and seas, which continued throughout the passage, increasing in force as we approached the coast of Patagonia, the seas becoming long and moderately heavy. Nevertheless, the ship was forced along at a speed of from twelve to thirteen and one half knots, and in order to make an anchorage at Tamar Island before dark; but, the gale increasing, we did not arrive there until after nightfall. Consequently we could not enter the inner anchorage between the many reefs, and were obliged to anchor outside in fifty-five fathoms of water. That proved to be a very wild and stormy night—a night of great anxiety for those on watch; but with two anchors down,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYÉ & HABENICHT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LIEUTENANT E. W. EBERLE OF THE "OREGON."

During the battle of Santiago Lieutenant Eberle was in command of the forward 13-inch turret of the *Oregon*.

she behaved beautifully, although she took much water on board at times. However, our drills were never discontinued on account of the weather. During this passage all the guns' crews had daily target practice with subcaliber and small arms. On April 16 we were running before a moderate gale, with thick, rainy weather, trying to make the entrance to Magellan Straits; and it was a relief when, about noon, through a rift in the fog and rain, we sighted the Evangelistas and Cape Pillar. We went ahead full speed and engines ready for instant use, we rode out one of the most severe gales that had been experienced along that storm-swept coast for many a month. The wind blew with hurricane force, the rain drove in torrents; in fact, it was one of those nights that try the souls of seafaring men: but the good ship *Oregon* held on well, as if aware that she was destined to render her country distinguished service. At early daylight the ship was under way for a high-speed spurt through the Magellan Straits, in order to

make Punta Arenas before dark. We were now to make a run through the waters where the *Temerario* was to be expected. All guns were loaded and manned, and many lookouts were stationed "alow and aloft" to keep a search for smoke and for Spanish torpedo-vessels in hiding behind points of land. The narrow, tortuous channels of Magellan Straits offer excellent opportunities for the work of torpedo-vessels, enabling them to lie quietly under cover of the many headlands, and then dart out and discharge a torpedo into a passing ship without a moment's warning. We took every precaution against surprise, and our rapid-fire guns were ready to give torpedo-boats a warm greeting at very short notice. We kept in mid-channel whenever possible, and avoided coves. If a suspicious vessel should be sighted in the open strait at a safe distance, our plan was to head away from her and give her ample warning by hoisting the international signal: "Appearances threatening; be on your guard. Do not approach closer, at your peril." If the vessel should approach after having been warned, and after we had headed away from her, the orders were to open fire and sink her. However, not a vessel was sighted to interrupt the *Oregon's* notable run through Magellan Straits. It was indeed a remarkable

COALING.

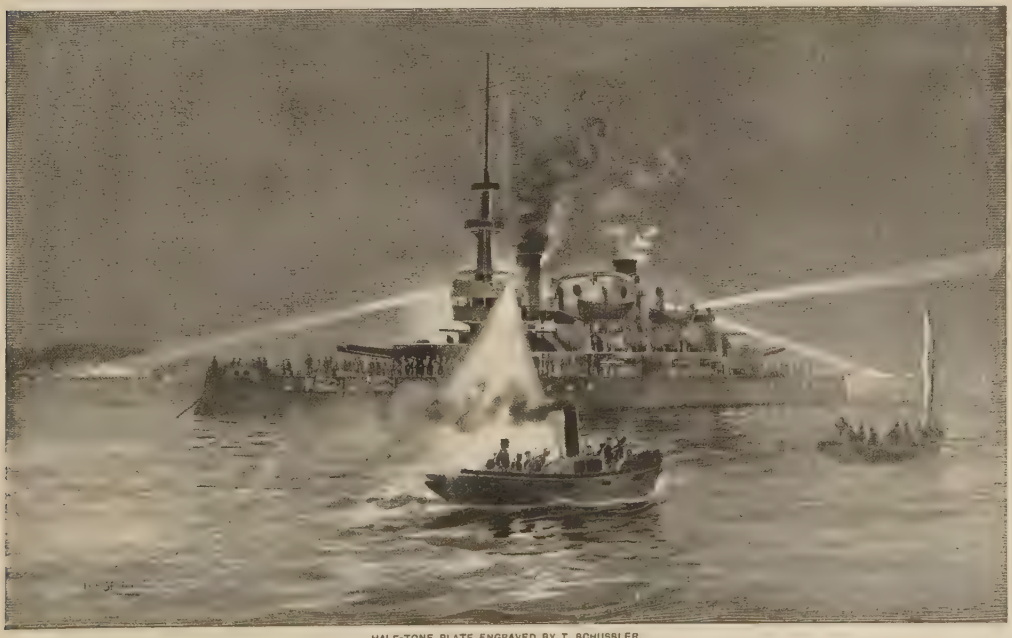
LOADING 13-INCH AMMUNITION.

display of speed for a battle-ship to maintain fifteen and one half knots per hour for eleven hours, using assisted draft, and this with her regular fire-room force, at the end of a rough passage of twenty-six hundred miles from Callao, since her contract speed was only for fifteen knots for four hours under forced draft with every condition favorable. Even with the highest speed ever made through Magellan Straits, we did not reach Punta Arenas until after dark, and we entered that port with the ship cleared for action, all hands at battle-stations, and with four search-lights carefully scrutinizing the harbor for the *Temerario* or other Spanish vessels. The moment our anchor was down we hoisted out the steam-cutters, and soon we had them patrolling around the ship to overhaul the approaching boats discovered by our search-lights. The captain of the port came on board, and felt very much relieved to find an unexpected American man-of-war; for, as he told us, the entire population had been in a high state of alarm over our arrival, believing that war had been declared between Chile and Argentine, and that the *Oregon* was an Argentine vessel coming to bombard the town. Punta Arenas has no cable communication, but the last steamer from Valparaiso had brought news that war was imminent between the United States and Spain. We were here joined by the *Marietta*, and both ships were soon rushing coal on board day and night, at the same time keeping

patrol-boats on duty and guns loaded ready for use. At daylight of April 21, the *Oregon* and *Marietta* sailed from Punta Arenas under sealed orders, the latter vessel steaming ahead as a scout, in order to signal the approach of any suspicious vessel. In the afternoon we spoke an American steamer bound from Montevideo to the Klondike, which signaled that there were "prospects of peace."

The ship was now on an absolute war footing: no lights were carried, guns were kept loaded and search-lights ready for use, and the men slept at their battle-stations on deck and in the fighting-tops. We exercised frequently at subcaliber target practice with all the guns of the main and the secondary batteries, the *Marietta* throwing barrels and boxes overboard for us to fire at as we steamed along. During good weather the *Marietta* maintained a speed of ten knots, but head winds and seas often reduced her speed to seven or eight knots. After getting clear of Magellan Straits and well north in the Atlantic, we had successfully passed through the stormy region of our long trip—the region of heavy seas and severe gales, where European wiseacres had predicted disaster for our 11,000-ton battle-ship. Now, however, began other dangers, and a long period of anxious days and sleepless nights for the dear ones at home; but as our ship plowed her way north through the Atlantic, straining every nerve to reach Cuba in time for the war, our enthusiastic crew had little thought that the nation's eyes were upon us. At 4:30 A. M., April 30, we signaled the *Marietta* to follow us to Rio de Janeiro, and then we went ahead at a fifteen-knot gait in order to reach Rio in the afternoon, so that we could see what vessels were in port, cable to Washington, select a secure anchorage, and get coal alongside before dark.

When we steamed into the beautiful bay of Rio at 4 P. M. on the last day of April, we found there the *Nictheroy* (purchased from Brazil by the United States and renamed the *Buffalo*). All hands were very anxious for news, and memorable were the cheers that greeted the news that war had been declared. In a few moments our band was on deck, and between the rounds of cheers the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" and of "Hail, Columbia" floated over to the Brazilian fleet and the crowds that lined the wharves. The crew uncovered and stood at attention during the playing of the national anthem, and then followed more cheers and the inspiring battle-cry, "Remember the *Maine!*" a watch-word often heard about the decks as the men turned to the coal-barges and worked as they had never worked before. The intense heat and the long and trying working-hours of those days and nights were borne without a murmur. In view of the warning despatches concerning the *Temerario*, we took every



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

THE "OREGON" IN PUNTA ARENAS HARBOR.

THE "OREGON" MEETING WITH HEAVY WEATHER.

precaution against any treacherous manœuver in a friendly port. The *Oregon* steamed far up the bay, and took an unusual anchorage in mid-harbor, so that no vessel could have an excuse for approaching us. Then we informed the Brazilian government and the Brazilian admiral that we expected them to prevent any hostile acts by Spanish vessels within neutral waters, and warned them that in self-protection we should sink any Spanish vessel that should attempt to approach within half a mile of our anchorage. The Brazilian government proved very friendly indeed; and realizing the justice of our demands, the admiral promised to prevent any Spanish vessel from entering the harbor at night, or from approaching our anchorage during the day. Our steam-cutters patrolled all night, the search-lights were in use, and the rapid-fire guns were always manned. The *Marietta* anchored as a picket-vessel in a position covering the harbor entrance. Her orders were: "If a suspicious-looking vessel is sighted entering the harbor, and if she answers to the description and to the picture furnished by the department, inform her that if she approaches the *Oregon* within half a mile she will be sunk. Blow siren; turn on search-light, and keep it on her all the time. If she is being escorted to an anchorage by a Brazilian man-of-war, turn on search-light and flash it several times to attract attention. The officer of the deck will answer either signal by three blasts of the whistle, and immediately sound the call for general quarters."

At night the Brazilian admiral sent a cruiser outside to patrol the harbor entrance, and with her search-lights and those on the forts it would have been impossible for a Spanish vessel to enter the port unseen. It was even necessary to place sentries over our coal-barges, as Spanish sympathizers with bombs in their possession had been apprehended near them. All the coal was carefully examined as it came on board. The Spanish minister protested against our taking coal and remaining in a neutral port longer than twenty-four hours, but the Brazilian government allowed us ample time for coaling and for making necessary repairs.

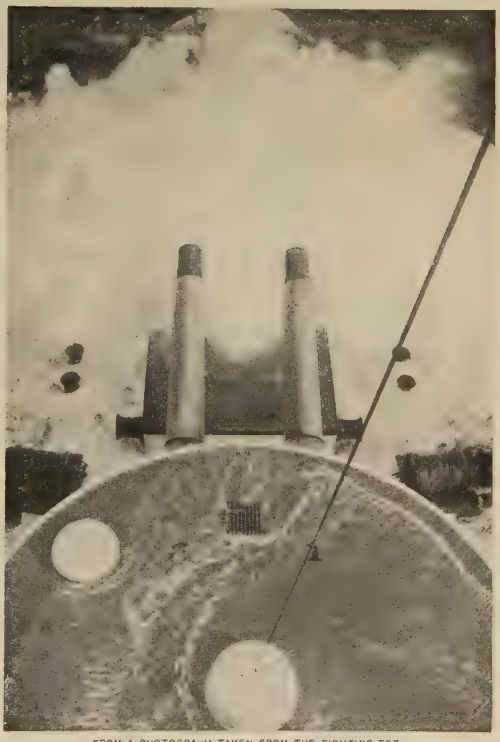
On the afternoon of the second day of May came the news of Commodore Dewey's superb victory in Manila Bay. The scene that followed the publication of this news might be likened to an Indian war-dance. Our black, coal-begrimed men fairly went wild. They cheered; they danced in the coal-barges and on the decks, and made the harbor ring; and then the coal came on board more rapidly than ever, while the band played patriotic airs. All afternoon and well into the night there was a combination of music, cheers, and shoveling coal. There were cheers for Commodore Dewey, for the

Asiatic Squadron, and for our captain and officers. Our minister and the American colony came on board and joined in the love-feast. While the crew kept up their rejoicing, the captain and officers were secretly and carefully considering this important despatch from the Navy Department: "Four Spanish armored cruisers, heavy and fast, three torpedo-boat destroyers, sailed April 29 from Cape de Verde to the west, destination unknown. Beware of and study carefully the situation. Must be left to your discretion entirely to avoid this fleet and to reach the United States by West Indies. You can go when and where you desire. *Nictheroy* and the *Marietta* subject to the orders of yourself."

The Rio papers were filled with startling rumors about Admiral Cervera's fleet and the little *Temerario*, and each day reported the enemy's fleet awaiting us outside the harbor. On May 3 the official despatch, "Inform the department of your plans. The Spanish fleet in Philippine Islands annihilated by our naval force on the Asiatic station," caused a repetition of the preceding day's enthusiasm. Our reply to the department was as follows: "The receipt of telegram of May 3 is acknowledged. Will proceed in obedience to orders I have received. Keeping near the Brazilian coast, as the Navy Department considers the Spanish fleet from Cape de Verde Islands superior, will be unsuitable. I can coal from the *Nictheroy*, if necessity compels it, to reach the United States. If the *Nictheroy* delays too much I shall hasten passage, leaving her with the *Marietta*. Every department of the *Oregon* in fine condition."

Then, at seven o'clock in the morning of May 4, the *Oregon* and the *Marietta* steamed majestically out of the harbor of Rio. Many of the good people of Rio were confident that we were going to certain destruction, for the papers had led them to believe that Admiral Cervera was awaiting us outside, and the Brazilian admiral even sent a cruiser out ahead of us in order to prevent an engagement in neutral waters.

At the request of the government of Brazil, we had agreed to sail twelve hours in advance of the *Nictheroy*. We steamed about fifty miles from Rio, and then back again to meet the *Nictheroy*. We lay off the harbor entrance all night, steaming away before daylight in order to prevent detection; but, to our dismay, the *Nictheroy* did not come out, and so we sent the *Marietta* back in the direction of Rio to wait another twelve hours. After waiting thirty-six hours in all, we sighted the *Nictheroy* coming out with the *Marietta;* but as she could not make more than seven knots, the question arose whether we should remain with this slow vessel or continue northward at high speed. The *Oregon* would be an important addition to Admiral Sampson's fleet; the department had been urging us to make a quick passage; the enemy's fleet was supposed to be seeking us, and we felt that we could make a better fight single-handed than if accompanied by slow vessels that would have to be protected. All these considerations were weighed, and our gallant captain decided to part company with the two vessels, and to proceed north at full speed. So in the middle of the night we signaled the *Marietta:* "Proceed with the *Nictheroy* to Bahia, and cable the depart-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE FIGHTING-TOP.

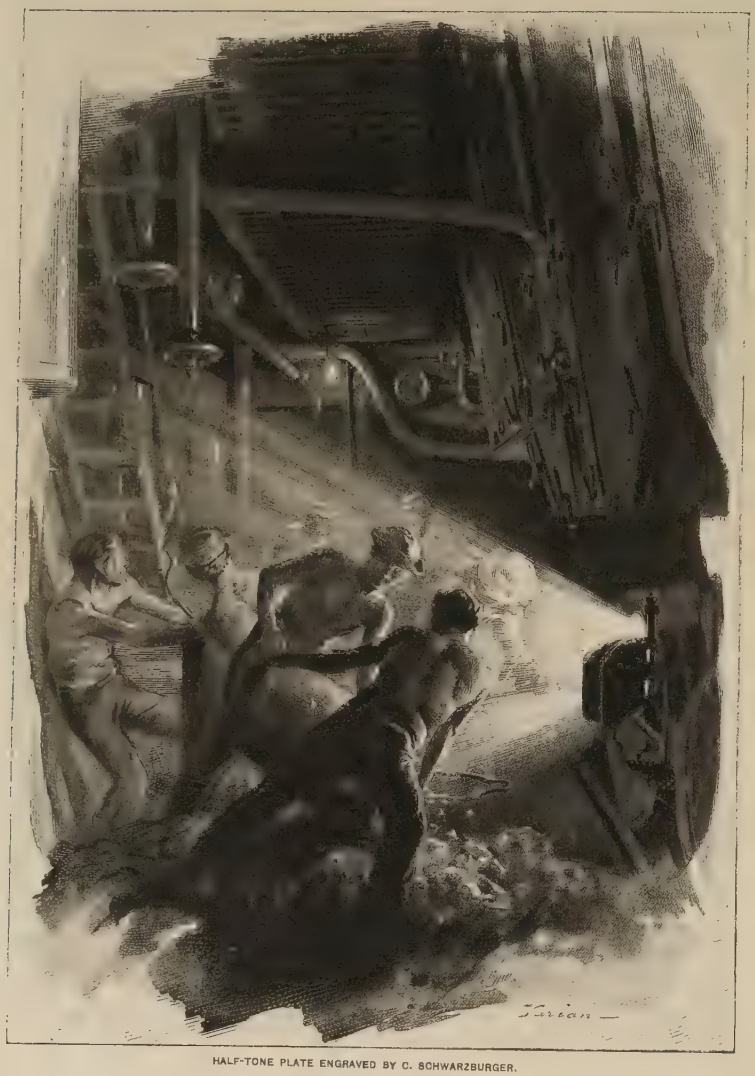
SEAS BREAKING OVER THE FORWARD DECK OF THE "OREGON" WHEN STEAMING AT 12 1-2 KNOTS, DURING A GALE OFF THE WEST COAST OF PATAGONIA.

ment," which message she answered with "Good-by and good luck." Then we went ahead full speed.

The following day, when upon the high seas, all hands were called aft on the quarter-deck, and the captain read to the men a portion of the message, which told that the Spanish fleet was supposed to be in search of the *Oregon*. This was followed by a scene

of great enthusiasm, five hundred men joining in an outburst of cheers for the *Oregon*, her captain, and her officers. Every preparation was made to meet the enemy's fleet. The ship was "cleared for action." All woodwork was torn out. Even the expensive mahogany

Before leaving Rio, our men had purchased a large supply of red ribbon, of which they made cap-bands, bearing in letters cut out of brass the inspiring words, "Remember the *Maine*"; and this legend the cap of every *Oregon* man bore throughout the war.



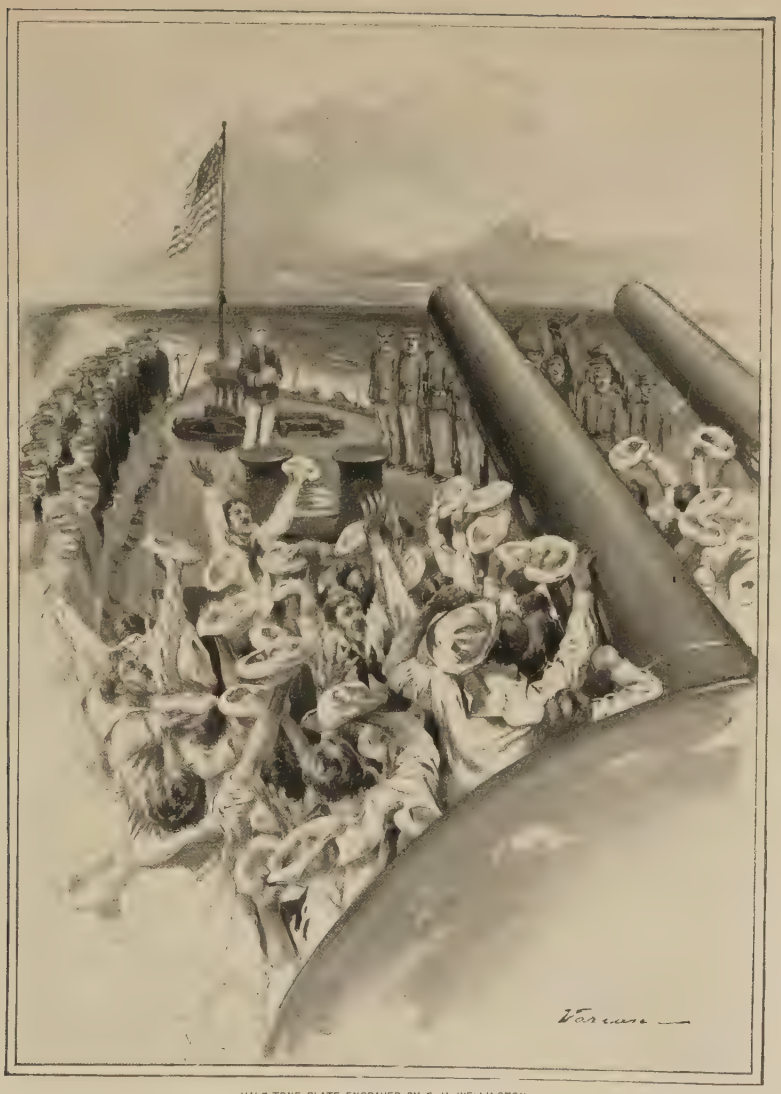
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

BOILER-ROOM OF THE "OREGON."

pilot-house was reduced to a skeleton in order to prevent its being set on fire by Spanish shell. The ship was painted the dull gray war color, and the graceful white vessel that had steamed out of Rio harbor was transformed into an ugly lead-colored fighter. To lessen the danger of conflagration, preparations were made to throw overboard all our boats upon sighting the enemy's fleet. Everybody was eager for active duty at any odds.

We now steamed to the northward along the coast of Brazil, intending to touch at Bahia or Pernambuco to communicate with the Navy Department. One forenoon was spent at target practice, all the guns being fired, and the shooting being excellent.

On May 8, after dark, we anchored in the harbor of Bahia, and early next morning sent the following cable message to Washington: "Much delayed by the *Marietta* and the *Nic-*



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE SUPPOSED PROXIMITY OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

theroy. Left them near Cape Frio, with orders to come home or beach, if necessity compels it, to avoid capture. The *Oregon* could steam fourteen knots for hours, and in a running fight might beat off and even cripple the Spanish fleet. With present amount of coal on board will be in good fighting trim, and could reach West Indies. If more should be taken here I could reach Key West; but, in that case, belt-armor, cellulose belt, and protective deck would be below water-line. Whereabouts of Spanish fleet requested." We made arrangements for coal, but in the evening this answer to the captain's message was received: "Proceed at once to West Indies without further stop Brazil. No authentic news the Spanish fleet. Avoid if possible. We believe that you will defeat it if met." And then in the middle of the night the ship went to sea, standing well off the coast in order to make a wide sweep around Cape St. Roque, where Admiral Cervera's fleet was supposed to be awaiting us. Captain Clark's plan of battle was as follows: Upon sighting the Spanish fleet, we were to sound to general quarters, go ahead full speed under forced draft, and head away from the enemy. The purpose of this manœuver was to "string out" the enemy's vessels in their chase after us. When their leading vessel should approach within close range, we were to turn on her and destroy her with our terrific broadsides, and then devote our attention to the other vessels in succession. We were confident that not more than two of these vessels could equal our speed; and by mak-

IN THE FIGHTING-TOP.

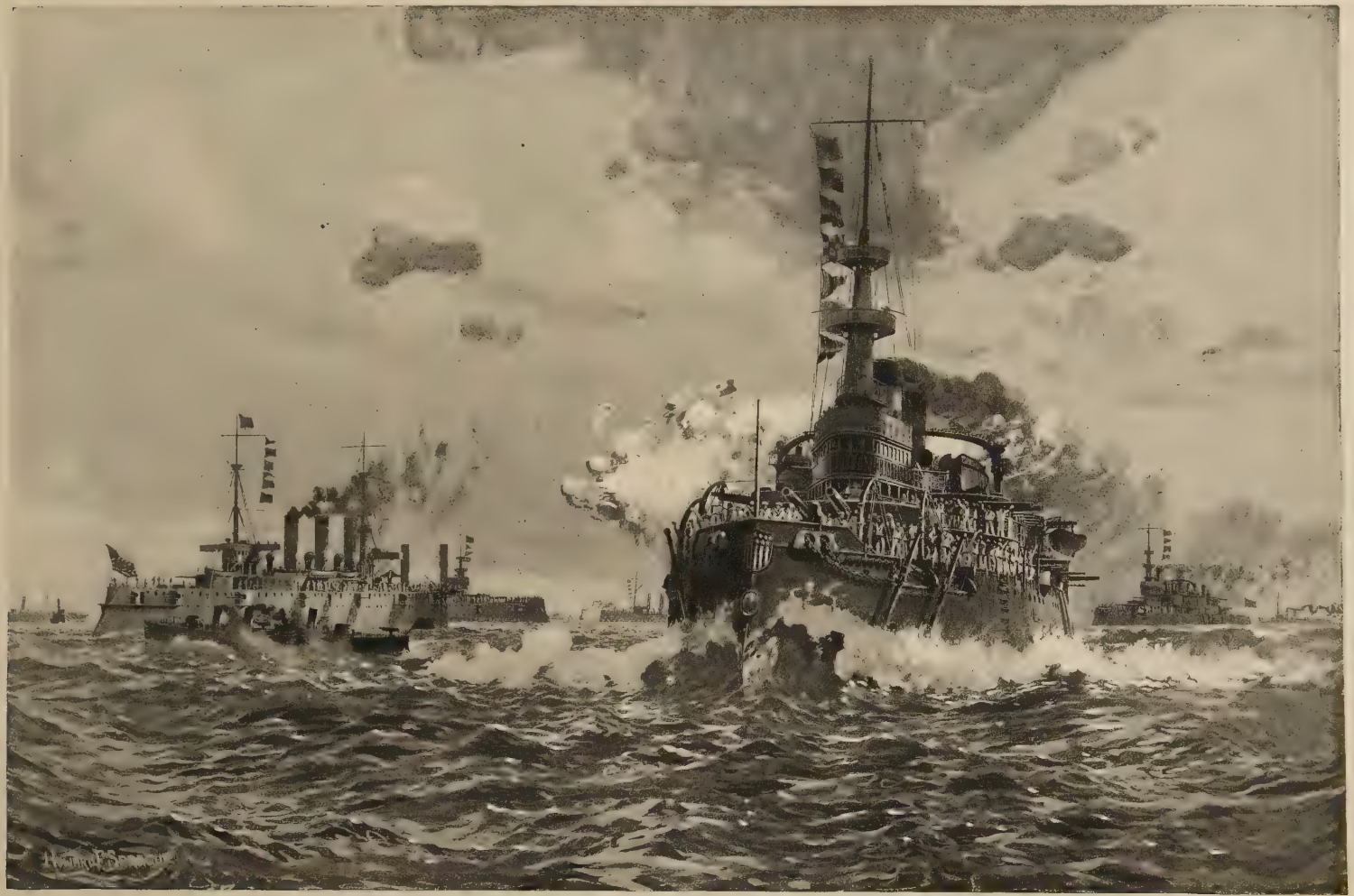
ing a running fight we expected to eliminate the possibility of the enemy's surrounding us or either ramming or torpedoing the ship. How well this plan would have succeeded is clearly shown by the *Oregon's* work on July 3; for on that historic day this very manœuver was, by chance, executed, with the difference that we chased and overtook, in turn, several of the enemy's vessels, instead of their chasing us.

About eight o'clock in the evening of May 12, when off Cape St. Roque, we sighted a number of lights, which had the appearance of a fleet sailing in double column. Not a light was burning on the *Oregon*, and she passed right through the midst of the vessels undetected, for she could not have been seen a hundred yards away. What those lights were we have never been able to ascertain, but, according to the log of the *Colón*, the enemy's squadron was not off Cape St. Roque at that time.

We passed several sailing-vessels, among them the little sloop *Spray*,[1] and in answer to our inquiries all stated that they had seen no Spanish ships. On May 15 the *Oregon* made her best run of three hundred and seventy-five miles, and at daylight on May 18 she came to anchor in the harbor of Bridgetown, Barbados. Having been in two yellow-fever ports, the ship was placed in quarantine, although no one had been allowed on shore in those ports, and all on board were in good health. Her Majesty's officials were most friendly, and gave us a cordial welcome, but rigidly enforced the neutrality laws. The white inhabitants of Barbados were strongly American in their sentiments, and boat-loads of them pulled around the ship, cheering and wishing us success, while the negroes would shout: "American bully boys! You knock Span-yard in a cock hat, and then we give you a good time."

We were allowed sufficient coal to reach a home port, but could remain only twenty-four hours; and neither of the belligerents was supposed to send or receive cable messages until twenty-four hours after our departure. As the American consul had managed to send a despatch to the State Department announcing our arrival before

[1] This vessel contained Captain Joshua Slocum, who was completing his long voyage, alone, around the world, the second part of the narrative of which appears in this number of THE CENTURY. In his last article Captain Slocum will describe his encounter with the *Oregon*.—EDITOR.



THE "OREGON" JOINS THE FLEET AND SALUTES THE FLAGSHIP.

FROM "ST. NICHOLAS."

the government censor reached the cable office, the Spanish consul was permitted to cable our arrival to his government. We here heard the rumor that a Spanish fleet of sixteen vessels was at Martinique, only ninety miles away, and that Spanish vessels had been seen cruising off Barbados the previous day. We seemed to have the enemy's vessels all around us, and none of our ships was near at hand. We began coaling as soon as possible, and to the anxious inquiries of a few shore people, supposed to be Spanish emissaries, we stated that we should probably sail next morning. But about nine o'clock that night we suddenly cast off the coal-barges and steamed out of the harbor. We kept all lights burning brightly, and set a course direct for Key West, so that the Spanish spies could see our lights and report to the Martinique fleet the direction in which we had sailed. But when we were five miles from the harbor we suddenly extinguished every light, turned about, made a sweep around Barbados, and laid a course well to the eastward of all the islands, thus by a strategical move frustrating any night attack by the enemy's torpedo-boats and armored vessels which we believed to be at Martinique. We passed around to the northward of the Bahamas, and after dark on May 24 anchored off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and sent the following despatch: "*Oregon* arrived. Have coal enough to reach Dry Tortugas or Hampton Roads. Boat landed through surf awaits orders." As we learned afterward, the announcement of our safe arrival sent a thrill of joy and thanksgiving throughout the country. About two in the morning came this answer: "If ship is in good condition and ready for service, go to Key West, otherwise to Hampton Roads. The department congratulates you upon your safe arrival, which has been announced to the President." Our anchor was hove up in a hurry, and with light and happy hearts we were soon on our way to Key West to join Admiral Sampson's fleet in Cuban waters, ready for duty. We reached Key West on the morning of May 26, and anchored off Sand Key, having made the run of fourteen thousand miles in just sixty-eight days, having passed through two oceans and circumnavigated a continent, having endured most oppressive heat and incessant toil, having demonstrated to the skeptics of Europe that heavy battle-ships of the *Oregon* class can cruise with safety under all conditions of wind and sea, and at the end of this remarkable voyage having had the pleasure to report the ship in excellent condition and ready to meet the enemy.

Our noble and beloved captain, who had so ably executed his trying task, received congratulatory messages from every part of the country, including this telegram from the Secretary of the Navy: "The department congratulates you, your officers and crew, upon the completion of your long and remarkably successful voyage."

MARATHON.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

AND this is Marathon—this sweep of plain
Austere and treeless! yet 't is glorious ground,
Albeit naught save one unfeatured mound
Stands monument to the undaunted slain;
But at the sight the old heroic strain
Moves in the breast as at some martial sound:
Again the victor Greeks are glory-crowned,
The Persian hordes back driven to the main!
E'en gnawing Time, with his insatiate greed,
Wears not the splendor of some names away,
But, star-like, they endure, undimmed and fair:
'T is so with Marathon, though the spot to-day
Is but a wilderness of grass and reed
Lying at peace beneath the Attic air.

MRS. SIDDONS. PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BAS-RELIEF IN BRONZE, PRESENTED BY CITIZENS OF OLYMPIA AND OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON TO ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE "OLYMPIA," AND TO BE PLACED BETWEEN THE GUNS OF THE FORWARD TURRET. DESIGNED BY PAUL W. MORRIS AND DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AS A NATIONAL HERO.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.

IN asking me for some words upon Admiral Dewey, the editor of THE CENTURY has called for a congenial task which has one great element of ease—that of saying nothing but what is good. The old Roman adage need not be called up in this case hereafter: "The picture of his life is all lights and no shadow."

The country has so frankly recognized the great qualities he has displayed, and its debt of gratitude to him, that no argument of mine need be added to convince them. The names of three great admirals will stand out conspicuously in modern history, each of whom rendered transcendent service to his country: Nelson, the real victor of Napoleon and establisher of European peace; Farragut, the far-reaching effect of whose services in the Civil War has yet to be recognized by the general public; and Dewey, whose attack was as bold as that of Farragut at Mobile Bay (and I can use no higher praise), as successful as Washington's Trenton victory, and whose diplomacy and tact, after his destruction of the Spanish squadron, make a shining page which will not be the least in his glorious record.

Dewey, like Farragut, is one of the men of the service whose life has been in the steady treadmill of duty, without any conspicuous events to bring him before the public, except those of the Civil War. His fine career in this has been known to the service, where in our long and intimate intercourse we come to know and estimate one another in a way hardly possible in any

other community. His gallantry and ability were thoroughly known; neither could have had a better test than in the lurid episode of the destruction of the *Mississippi*, when she grounded under the batteries at Port Hudson, and had to be abandoned and burned. He was then but a young fellow of twenty-five, the first lieutenant of his ship, already a trusted man. His services upon this occasion truly deserve to be described as brilliant and distinguished. The preparation of the ship for thorough destruction by burning had to be carried on under a heavy fire of the enemy. The range was short, and the enemy, by means of bonfires on the bank, had thoroughly illuminated the doomed ship. Dewey proceeded with his work with a vigor and energy rarely seen, and an imperturbability which, when coupled with such energy, is, by the world's consent, called heroic. His presence at the capture of New Orleans, at Port Hudson, and in the two attacks at Fort Fisher, had given him a fuller experience of battle than falls to the lot of most naval men, however long their lives, and he led his squadron into action at Manila, no doubt, with a feeling of emulating his gallant and conspicuous experience under our other great admiral now nearly forty years ago.

From 1865 his life was the life of ordinary naval routine, which, whatever else it may do, molds a man on inflexible lines of duty and honor; he served at sea in many ships, and did excellent duty on shore, particularly in the Lighthouse Board and in the Bureau of Equipment, of which he was chief, and on the Board of Inspection, of which he was the head. He was always a great student of history, and it is to his studies, no doubt, combined with his great practical experience of war, that his glorious success is due.

The service knows Dewey as an ideal head of a fleet. Perfectly courageous, of thoroughly balanced judgment, and quick of decision, he has the qualities which carry one to fame if opportunity be given. The man and the hour fortunately came together, and the country is richer in another brilliant page of history and another heroic figure.

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THE DEWEY MEDAL. PROVIDED BY ACT OF CONGRESS FOR PRESENTATION TO PARTICIPANTS IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA. DESIGNED BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

Whatever this war has cost or may cost (and I believe, from my knowledge of Cuba, it was a most righteous war), it will be repaid to the country in the very wonderful influence upon the young people of our land, who will surely grow to manhood and womanhood with exalted views of patriotism and duty, which it is worth almost any sacrifice to have instilled. I have been much touched by the unconscious exhibition among our children of this exaltation of spirit, which, as I think it has affected them, can only work for good, and not for harm. I do not think that it has inculcated in any wise a warlike spirit for war's sake. As I have observed it, it has been a spirit of purest patriotism, and in this I see one of the best hopes of our country.

Dewey in this light stands for far more than the brilliant victor in a famous fight, or as the author of a proud page of history.

His career has given a lofty impetus to the young, which will bear noble fruit in nobler aspiration. He has become one of the most valued possessions which a nation can have —a national hero. After all, the Romans read more deeply into the human heart, and into the impalpable causes which sway humanity, when they apotheosized their great men, than we are apt to grant. Washington, Nelson, Farragut, and the others on the long list of men of heroic deeds, stand for aspiration and noble planes of life and thought. Every name added is the world's gain, and to such a list we add the name of Dewey.

A PIONEER BOYHOOD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST IN THE FORTIES.

BY JAMES BURTON POND.

IN the autumn of 1843 I was four years old and living in a log house in the town of Hector, Tompkins (now Schuyler) County, New York. One of my earliest recollections is of a conversation between my father and mother regarding the expected visit of an uncle and his family, who were coming to bid us good-by before moving to Illinois. My uncle had the "Illinois fever"; he had just returned from a "land-looking" in Illinois, where he had preëmpted a new farm. I remember listening to my uncle's glowing description of the new country out in the far West beyond the Great Lakes, where he was going to make a new home. When he had gone my father talked constantly of Illinois, and the neighbors said he had Illinois fever.

We passed the long winter in our log house adjoining my grandfather's farm. All the clothing and bedding people had in those days was home-made, and every household had its loom. In our home, in the single room on the first floor were father's and mother's bed, the trundle-bed, where four of us children slept (lying crosswise), the loom, the spinning-wheel for wool and tow, the flax-wheel, the swiffs, reeling-bars, and the quill-wheel, besides the table and chairs. We had two rooms in the attic, one a spare room and the other for the hired help. Frequently during the long evenings my grandmother and other neighbors would come in with their knitting and their tow-cards, and either knit or card tow or heckle flax, talking about Illinois, where my uncle had gone. That mysterious word was unfathomable to me. It was finally decided that we should go there too, and all our furniture, with bedding, spinning-wheels, loom, and crockery, was packed up, and on Monday morning, March 20, 1844, we started for the new country. At Ithaca our goods were put on board a canal-boat, and the next morning I awoke to find myself on Cayuga Lake, in tow of a steamer. For days we traveled slowly on the Erie Canal, with no memorable incidents except an occasional "low bridge," one of which swept our provision-chest nearly the length of the deck. At Lockport we passed through the great locks, and at Buffalo father took steerage passage for his family in the propeller *Republic*, passing through Mackinaw Strait, and landing at Southport, Wisconsin (now Kenosha), on the evening of April 6, 1844.

That evening my uncle, he of the Illinois fever, met us with his horses and farm-wagon. Father hired another team, and we started for my uncle's new home near Libertyville, Lake County, Illinois, where we arrived the following morning. The house was a log hut with one room and an attic. We found my aunt sick with fever and ague. She was wrapped in thick shawls and blankets, sitting by the fireplace, and shaking like a leaf. Before supper was over, mother had a chill and a shake which lasted nearly half the night. The next day it rained hard, and we all had chills, and my father and uncle went to town, two miles, for some medicine. They returned with a large bundle of thoroughwort weed, or boneset, a tea made from which was the order of the day. It was very bitter, and I used to feel more like taking the consequences of the ague than the remedy.

It was too late for father to secure a farm during that first summer in Illinois, and he obtained work in the blacksmith's shop in Libertyville, hiring two rooms for his

family in the frame court-house, a half-finished building on a high spot of ground. It was neither plastered nor sided, only rough boards being nailed on the frame, and when it rained and the wind blew we might as well have been out of doors. Here our first summer and winter in Illinois were spent.

As father had a shake every other day, he could work only half the time, and we were very poor. The ague was in the entire family, my sister and I invariably shaking at the same hour every alternate day, and my mother's and father's shakes coming at about the same time. I have known the whole family to shake together; nor did the neighbors escape. There were few comfortable homes and few well people. Boneset tea was a fixture on every stove fireplace. When my morning to shake arrived, I used to lie down on the floor behind the cook-stove and almost hug the old salamander, even on the warmest summer days, my sister on the opposite side, my younger brothers snuggling up close to me, and my mother sitting as near the fire as she could get, all of us with our teeth chattering together.

So the long, dreary, rainy, ague summer passed away, to be followed by a wet and open winter. Father's scanty earnings were our only support, and my uncle and his family, who were on a new farm two miles away, were even poorer; for my father occasionally had a few dollars in money, while uncle had nothing but what a farm of "new breaking" produced the first year, and with no market for even the slightest product. My aunt, who was broken down and discouraged, would occasionally walk the two miles to see us, and my mother and she would talk about the false hopes and glittering inducements that had led their husbands to become victims to the Illinois fever.

The spring came early, and father rented a farm with ten acres already plowed and a log house, about three miles east of the village, and there we moved. He had the use of a yoke of oxen, farm-utensils, one cow, seed-grain, and he was to work the farm for half of all it could be made to produce. He filled in odd moments by splitting rails and fencing the ten acres with a seven-rail staked and ridered fence.

The farm was in the heavy woods near the shores of Lake Michigan. A stream of water ran through a deep gully near the house, and there father caught an abundance of fish, while there was plenty of game in the woods. One day he came in and said he had found a deer-lick, and that night he prepared a bundle of hickory bark for a torch-light, and with that and his rifle he left us for the night, and came in early in the morning with a deer. It was the first venison I had ever eaten, and the best. My father's gun supplied our table with venison, wild duck, and squirrel in abundance. Mother, who had brought a collection of garden seeds from the East, managed the garden, and we had corn, beans, cucumbers, and pease, while tomatoes we raised as ornamental plants and called "love-apples." They were then considered poisonous, and it was some years later before we found out that they were a wholesome table delicacy.

We spent only one summer in this place, and then my father rented a farm on the prairie, in the township of Brooklyn, Lake County, about five miles west of Little Fort (now Waukegan, Illinois), and we went there early in the autumn of 1845. It was a happy day for my mother when we moved from our ague-stricken gully, for she prophesied that out on the prairie, where there was pure air, we might possibly escape fever and ague. Only two years before, mother had come from a refined home in western New York, and she had been shut up in these dreary woods in a log house all summer, living on game and boneset tea. Scarlet fever, chicken-pox, and the itch had gone through the family, and I do not believe she had experienced many happy hours during the summer, except in her garden. We had no church, no neighbors, and no team, and she had an infant in her arms almost constantly. The children were more or less ill, and all the duties of housekeeping were upon her.

We were up early, and started at sunrise for the eight-mile ride to our new home. Father had come the day before with two teams and a hired man. The chickens had been caught and put into coops that were fastened on the rear end of the wagon, the "garden sauce" was gathered, and two pigs were put into one of the packing-boxes originally brought from the East. The new home was another log house, but a good one, built of hewn logs, and a story and a half high. The owner had built a tavern and was not going to work his farm any longer, so he rented it to father and kept his tavern across the way.

The minister from Little Fort called, and arrangements were made for a church home, and we used to drive five miles every Sunday to "meeting." There was a school for the children, and surrounded as we were by intelligent and thrifty neighbors, my mother

began to wear a cheerful look. At this time the family consisted of six children, of whom I was the second, and the eldest son.

Here father began to utilize me, and I saved him many steps; for he seemed to have something for me to do all the time, both when he was at work and when he was resting. On Mondays I was allowed to stay about the place and help mother, pounding clothes, tending baby, and bringing wood and water. I was able to carry only about a third of the pail of water, but my young legs were expected to make frequent journeys to and from the spring, which was over in the cow-pasture, about thirty rods from the house. It was protected from encroachment of cattle and hogs by a three-cornered rail fence, which I had to climb and lift my pail over every time I went for water.

My brother Homer was my constant companion, and he used to help me with my work. Once I had lifted him over the fence to dip up water for me, when he lost his balance, and fell into the spring. The water was about up to his chin, and very cold. He screamed, and mother ran to help him out, dripping with water and dreadfully frightened. We got into the house as father came in to dinner. I was so sorry and frightened over what had happened that I was already severely punished ; but father began to scold, and then decided to give me a whipping. He went out to the pasture near the spring and cut some willow switches, and after giving me a severe talking to, began laying the switches on my back and legs. I feared my father ever afterward. Nothing that I could do to please him was left undone, but it was always through fear.

EMIGRANTS.

We lived on a public thoroughfare where hundreds, and I may say thousands, passed on their way to take up new homes in Wisconsin, then the extreme outskirt of civilization in the Northwest. There was not a day in which several wagon-loads of emigrants did not pass our door, and the road was a cloud of dust as far as one could see over the level prairie country. The usual emigrant wagon contained an entire family, with all its earthly possessions, and in some of them families had lived for many weeks. Occasionally a length of stovepipe protruded through the canvas cover, and it was known that this wagon belonged to an aristocratic family, such a one usually having two wagons, one being used as a living-room. Nearly every family had from one to four cows, a coop of chickens attached to the tail-gate, from two to five pigs traveling under the wagon, and occasionally a drove of sheep and a loose colt near by. There was sometimes a rich caravan, or association of families, which had entered a large tract of land and was moving in a body, with horse-teams, droves of cattle, and horses.

As we lived near the road, people usually stopped at our house, either for a drink of fresh spring-water (a scarcity in those days), or to purchase milk, butter, garden-stuff, or anything that we could spare. These were the pioneers of Wisconsin, and were mostly from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. They were the second generation of pioneers of their native States. In asking where they were from we generally asked, "What are you?" If from New York, it was "Empire State"; if from Pennsylvania, "Keystones"; if from Ohio, "Buckeyes." Many more Illinois pioneers moved on to Wisconsin in those days than remained, owing to the dread of fever and ague. In this endless train of "movers" it was not uncommon for my mother to meet people whose families she had known in western New York.

THE LAND-LOOKER.

The land-looker was as much an occupant of the road as the emigrant. He was the advance-picket who had preceded on foot every family that passed, and had located his quarter-section, built his preëmption shanty, and inhabited it three days, which allowed him to hold it one year, while he could return for his family. These men were passing daily, winter and summer, and the tavern near us was crowded nightly with them and with emigrants. Our house, too, was a shelter for many. Father saw the enterprising home-seekers daily, and heard the accounts of those who were returning from their prospective homes after having located; and their glowing descriptions of the country, the climate, and its freedom from ague, gave him the "Wisconsin fever." Mother, however, looked distrustfully on the favorable reports brought back daily, and she pitied the people moving north.

Father had provided a fair living for his large family—sumptuous, indeed, compared with that of our first year in the West. We had friends and neighbors and schools. The owner of the farm wished my father to hire it for two years more, but father would argue

that this was his chance to get a home, and here was an opportunity for his boys; he could make nothing on rented land, and he had only been able to keep his family alive for three years. Mother said: "Supposing we do preëmpt, it is only for a year or two, and then the land must be entered and paid for at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Where is the money coming from?" Father told her that many of the emigrants who had no money got friends or speculators to furnish it for half the land. Mother was not enthusiastic, but she finally consented to go if father could get his sister in Connecticut to enter the land for him when due, and to hold it in her name until father could, at some future time, pay for it.

My aunt consented to this, and in February there came a letter from her inclosing a draft for one hundred dollars, with which to buy a yoke of oxen and a wagon with which to work the farm.

So my father was fitted out as a land-looker, and mother worked all day and all night to make his knapsack. It was about the same as all the men wore who had passed our door. It was made of bedticking, larger than an ordinary pillow-cover, with a lapel over the top fastened with a large button. Wide straps of the same material went from the top over the shoulder, around under the arm, and were made fast at the bottom of the sack. In this knapsack mother packed a change of clothing, with all the provisions it would hold, and early one morning father started for Wisconsin to look for a home of our own, carrying besides his knapsack an ax, an auger, and a window-sash with four panes of glass, eight by ten, which all land-lookers carried.

Father had been gone three weeks when a letter came telling us that he had located a farm in the town of Alto, the southwest-corner township in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin; that it had a log house on it, twelve by fourteen, which he had bought; that ten acres had already been broken by the man of whom he had bought the claim, and that he would return at once with his wagon and oxen for the family.

In March, 1847, we started for the new home. Father had hired one of our neighbors who had a team to take mother, my eldest sister, and the three younger children, with a load of household goods, to the new claim, which was one hundred and fifty miles away in the wilderness. Comfortable seats were arranged on the wagon for mother and the children. There was no shelter from the rain or sun, but not a drop of rain fell during the journey.

The day of our starting was an eventful one in the neighborhood. People came from the neighboring villages, and work was suspended on all adjoining farms that the neighbors might bid us good-by. The women and children embraced my mother, and many a tear was shed, and many a shout and good wish went up for her safe journey and long life of usefulness. The pastor of the church said he had lost the most useful member of his congregation, and that our going would almost cripple the Sabbath-school. Father, my brother, and I were to follow with the oxen and a wagon-load containing the remainder of the household effects. We drove two milch-cows and five pigs, and in a coop on the end of the wagon were eight chickens.

We were soon in the long line of dust, making our proportion of what we had been accustomed to see for two years. I was to help drive the cows and pigs. Whoever has attempted to drive a hog knows the discouragements with which I met. Whoever has never attempted it can never know. It seemed that if we had wanted them to go the other way it would have been all right. They scattered in different directions several times, and some of them succeeded in getting back home. My chagrin was increased by passing or meeting other emigrant boys whose pigs and cattle kept quietly near the wagons and walked gently along.

It took all day to go about six miles. We stopped overnight near a farm-house, and father, after getting the cattle and pigs in the barn, built a fire by the roadside and prepared our supper. He made tea, and with the cold chicken and bread and butter which mother had given us for the journey, we fared sumptuously. Father brought an armful of hay from the barn near by, and with plenty of coverlets he made up a bed under the wagon, where we three slept soundly. This was my first camping out.

We passed through Whitewater, Wisconsin, and stayed overnight at the public tavern—there were no hotels in those days. It was a great experience for my brother and me, sitting at a long table, having our supper and breakfast served to us.

At Fort Atkinson we met the first band of Indians I had ever seen. There was a chief and three or four young buck Indians, as many squaws, and a number of children, all of the Black Hawk tribe. They were on ponies, riding in single file into the town as we were going out. I was so frightened that I cried,

and as the chief kept putting his hand to his mouth, saying, "Bread—hungry—bread—hungry," father gave him a loaf of bread. It was not enough, but it was all father would let him have. Homer and I were in favor of giving him everything we had if he would only move on.

After leaving Watertown we came out on what is known as rolling prairie—for miles in every direction a green, wavy sheet of land. No ornamental gardener could make so lovely and charming a lawn, gently rolling, and sloping just enough to relieve the monotony of the flatness of the long stretches of prairie and openings we had passed through. Father told us that these great prairies would always be pasture-land for herds of cattle, as the farmers could not live where there was no timber. To-day the finest farms I know of in America are on these great prairie-lands, but at that time the prospectors avoided such claims and preëmpted only the quarter-sections skirting the prairies, where the oak openings supplied timber for log houses, fences, and fuel.

Trails were now branching in every direction, and after five days of this travel it seemed as though we had been wandering for months without a home. That day we had started at sunrise, resting for three hours at noon, the usual custom at that time. It was ten o'clock when we reached our home.

We were in another log cabin, twelve by fourteen feet square, with hewn log floor, one door, and one window containing the sash with its four panes of glass which father had brought on his journey.

We boys slept in the low garret, climbing a ladder to go to bed. Owing to the exhaustion and excitement of the night before, we were allowed to rest undisturbed, and the sun was well up and shining through the chink-holes in our garret when we awoke. Father had gone with the team to a spring a mile west for a barrel of water. There was no water on our claim, and we were obliged to haul it on a "crotch," a vehicle built from the crotch of a tree, about six by eight inches thick and six feet long, on which a cross-rail is laid, where a barrel can be fastened. The oxen were hitched to it, and they dragged it to and from the spring.

Two beds were fitted across one side of the single down-stairs room in our cabin, and father had to shorten the rails of one bedstead to get it into place. Under it was the trundle-bed on which the babies slept, and when this was pulled out, and with the cook-stove, table, four chairs, wood-box, and the ladder in place, there was very little spare room. By father's order, the lower round of the ladder was always my seat.

THE FIRST SCHOOL AT ALTO.

THERE were neighbors from a half mile to three and five miles away, and they called and offered their assistance to contribute to our comfort. It was found that there were seventeen children within a radius of five miles, and the subject of starting a school was discussed. Mr. Boardman, who lived just two miles west of us, had moved into his new log house, and offered his old preëmption house for a school-house. Mr. Wilbur had a maiden sister who could teach. It was arranged that the school should begin the following Monday, and the men in the neighborhood, with the pupils, were to meet at the school-house at eight o'clock, an hour before school-time, and put the house in order. On Monday morning we were up early, and four of us children started with my father to school. There was no road or trail in the direction of Mr. Boardman's house, so father took his ax and blazed the trees along the line on both sides, so that we could find our way back. After a mile and a half we came to a marsh through which ran a deep stream of clear water. None of us could go across until father and I returned to the wood and cut two long poles, which were hewed on one side and then thrown across the stream. They formed a pedestrian bridge which was used for several years.

The school-house was a log shanty six logs high, with holes for a window and a door, which had been removed and were now a part of Mr. Boardman's new house. Trees were cut down and the trunks split open and holes bored in the ends of each half of the log; legs were put in, and then they were hewed as smooth as an ax could make them, and placed on the ground for benches. Four of these "puncheon" benches were made, and at half-past nine the teacher took her place on a chair, which had been brought especially for her, and called the school to order.

The first thing to do was to get an idea of what books the pupils had. Mother had sent all her children had ever owned, and so had others, and there were Cobb's Spelling-book, Dayball's Arithmetic, Parley's Geography, McGuffey's Reader, Saunders's Spelling-book, Ray's Arithmetic,

Spencer's Spelling-book, Adams's Arithmetic, and Saunders's Reader, gathered from all parts of America. There were no duplicates. The school opened with a prayer by Mr. Wilbur.

We were not long in wearing a well-beaten path between our house and the school, which for a number of years was a thoroughfare for pedestrians.

My chief duty after school was to hunt up the cows and drive them home in time for milking, and I came to know every foot of country within a radius of ten miles. No boy's country life can be complete without having hunted cows. "Old Red" wore the bell. Every neighbor in the country had a bell-cow and a cow-bell, and my friend Matt Wood and I always arranged that our cattle should herd together, and they were invariably driven to the same range in the morning. Each of us boys owned dogs, and we knew not only every cow-bell, but every woodchuck-hole and every gopher-hole, and many a time, I fear, father used to milk after dark because our dog had found a deep gopher-hole, and that gopher must be had, milk or no milk, supper or no supper.

We had some hard experiences hunting cows, especially after midsummer, when the grass was dried up and the cattle strayed to the green edges of the marshes, or the green stubble where wild hay had been mown and gathered by the settlers, or when frost had killed the grass, and the cows wandered into far-away regions looking for fresher fields. There were few familiar landmarks among these great ranges of uninhabited country, and once, while following some imaginary cow-bell, the darkness came on, and I finally became so discouraged as to give up the hunt and turn back. Finding no trail to follow, I was lost and frightened, for to lie out in the woods, on the prairie or marshes, overnight in those days was not safe. There were wolves, lynxes, bears, and wildcats—wolves in abundance. I do not believe that I was ever a coward, but I had imagination, and there were shadowy forms in every thicket, and the wind said strange things, and in the air I could hear flitting spirits. I was alone, with no one to speak to me. Now I stood near a tree the lower branches of which would enable me to climb quickly if there was immediate danger. I knew a wolf could not climb an ordinary tree, but a bear or wild-cat could, and I must find a strong club with which to keep at bay any bear that might approach. But there was no club or any possibility of obtaining one, and my study was how to protect myself in that tree in the dark, for the animals could see as well in the dark as in daylight. My imaginative mind and cautious vigil kept me awake near the tree, and as nothing appeared to attempt to devour me, the tree finally became my friend. Imaginary objects were less frightful, and I felt that by keeping watch on all sides I commanded the situation.

The gray of the morning came, and I began to feel secure: with light there is nothing to fear. But where was I? It had not occurred to me that I could not easily return home as soon as daylight came, but I found myself looking forth upon a new country. In the darkness I had walked to an unknown land. I did not know which way to go; nevertheless, I started on a run, crossing cow-paths that I had never seen before, hills, ravines, and marshes. The sun was up, but I recognized nothing. I kept on crossing unfamiliar roads, and becoming weary and dizzy, sat down and cried. I did not fear my father's whipping if I could only see home. At midday I was still going on, and at last came out on a hilltop in sight of a log house. I must stop and ask for something to eat, and possibly I would learn the way to Alto. I walked slowly toward the house, which seemed new to me. It looked lonely. There was not a human being in sight, and the door stood open. I cautiously approached and quietly looked in. A woman sat on a chair, with her back to me, holding a child. I withdrew, for I dared not disturb her, nor did I dare go away. What should I do? I hesitated and went back. Finally I made a noise in my throat. The woman jumped, and, looking around, sprang for me. I was in the arms of my mother.

I had got home without the slightest knowledge of where I was, not even seeing a foot-path or a road, or recognizing anything until my mother spoke. All the people had been looking for me during the morning, and were then out. Dinner-horns were being blown, and the settlers were scouring the country; and it was not until darkness drove them home that the news of my having found myself became known. The cows were out over a week, and were found twenty miles away, nearly dried up, which meant almost starvation to us for the winter.

The first summer father planted and raised two acres of potatoes, with some cabbages, onions, beets, carrots, and five acres of corn, and he succeeded in splitting rails and putting a fence around ten acres of land. I

was trained to all branches of usefulness on a new farm. Once in two weeks I went for the mail to the nearest village, eleven miles away, often returning to tell father that there was a letter in the office with sixpence postage to pay. In those days there was no compulsory prepayment on letters, and it was sometimes months before a turn of any kind would bring the money to get the letter out of the post-office. The New York "Weekly Tribune" was always a member of our family, and our copy was read by everybody in the settlement. For three years I walked to the village every week for that paper. We children had to listen to my father read it every Sunday afternoon, as it was wicked to play out of doors, and we had only morning church to attend.

A PIONEER CHRISTMAS.

FATHER came home from Milwaukee at Christmas-time, bringing the flour of a few bushels of wheat, a pair of shoes for my brother and me, a new pair of boots for himself, and some unbleached muslin. Were n't we happy! It was a day of rejoicing. I remember father's going to the woodpile and in a few moments cutting a pile of wood, which gave us the first hot fire of the season. That afternoon mother made bread, and we had salt, pepper, tea, and fresh meat, for father had bought a quarter of beef.

MY FIRST FOURTH OF JULY.

I WAS very tall for my age, and overgrown. I suffered from growing pains, and the boys called me lazy. Our nearest neighbor, Eli Farnham, did not like me. One day he was passing our house with his oxen and wagon; father was standing in the door, and Farnham stopped, I supposed to see father, but he came up to me, and said:

"James, when did you get into my cellar and steal raw turnips to eat?"

"Never," I replied. "I was only joking with Matt Wood the other day when we went by your house, and just in fun I said, 'Let 's go into Farnham's cellar and get some raw turnips. I got some there once.' He knew as well as I did that I was joking, for there ain't any turnips this time of the year."

"You told him you pried open my cellar door and got a lot of turnips. He told me you said so."

Father heard the conversation, stepped up to me, and asked if I had ever been in Mr. Farnham's cellar.

"No, sir," I said. "I was only joking with 'Bub' Wood."

"Did you tell Matthias Wood that you broke into Mr. Farnham's cellar when you did not?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "but it was only in fun."

Father turned to Mr. Farnham, and said: "Mr. Farnham, I do not believe my boy would break into a neighbor's house and steal, but he has acknowledged that he told a lie, and I shall punish him for it."

He was a man who kept his word under such circumstances always. It was late in June when this occurred. Mr. Farnham had been away somewhere for a few days, and his house and cellar had been securely locked.

Squire Carpenter and Mr. Munson and one or two neighbors came to the field one day, where we were hoeing corn, and told father they wished to get up a celebration, as Independence Day would come the next week. This interested father, and he was very enthusiastic about it. They had decided to have a celebration on the school section (about the center section in each township), where there was a grove with a sort of marsh meadow all about it. They proposed to mow a swarth around this grove for the procession to march in. They would have a picnic dinner and an oration in the grove, and father was to read the Declaration of Independence. Squire Carpenter was to deliver the oration, and Smith (I never knew him by any other name than "Gasey" Smith) was to be toast-master. It was all wonderful to Homer and me. We had no idea what it all meant. I did not care to speak to father, but Homer asked him what Independence Day was, and father explained to us all about it, and here we got our first inkling of this national holiday.

When we got home to dinner mother was told all about it. The plans were soon made. The neighbors were coming from ten and fifteen miles round. The Declaration of Independence was brought out at dinner-time and studied. We heard father read it day after day until we all knew it by heart. The celebration was the talk of the country. Everybody we met was on the *qui vive* for the event. Bub Wood told me that Uriah was going to get Yerty's blacksmith anvil, and John Graves was coming with a lot of powder, and they were going to fire a salute. Bub's mother was baking crackers and making cake for the picnic, and Mrs. Sleeper was going to bring a roast pig. The Talcott ladies called to know what

mother was going to supply for the dinner. Poor mother! the spirit was willing, but the material for luxuries was not forthcoming. We had no sugar, and cake was the necessity. Father let me off from hoeing, and I carried four dozen eggs to Waupun, and exchanged them for a very small quantity of sugar, not more than two pounds. This was made into cake and was mother's offering.

It was Friday, July 3, 1848, and we were hoeing corn, when father said:

"To-morrow is the celebration. Some one will have to stay at home and watch the field. It would n't do for stray cattle to get into the corn now. Who will volunteer?"

Remembering father's unfulfilled promise, I at once said, "I will."

Father told me I was a good boy and that he would not require me to hoe all day. He would give me a stint; I might hoe six rows. I can never describe my disappointment. I was to be deprived of the great celebration; but I did not care if father had only forgotten his promise.

The next day everybody was up at daylight. I had the cows in the pen early, and the children were cleaned up as for Sunday. Father was cheering and reciting the Declaration. Mother and the children were joyous, but I was not; it seemed too hard to bear. "Stub" and "Brin" had been having a vacation during corn-hoeing, and were slick and fat. By the time they were hitched up, teams began to appear—all ox-teams; there was not a horse in that settlement then. Ox-teams and wagons loaded with entire families were seen in every direction, north, west, and east—everybody I had ever seen in the country. They were all joyous and shouting "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Father joined in the cheers, mother kissing me and promising to bring me something from the celebration. I was soon left alone on the farm, and there had been so much excitement that even my dinner had not been provided for. I went to the field and began to hoe out my stint. I knew I could do it in two hours, and here was a chance to please father and so win his favor as to get him entirely out of the notion of the promised whipping. I hoed about fifteen rows of corn. I went early and found the cows, and got them into the pen long before night.

It was about sunset when the loaded teams came passing back. I stood at the bars (we had no gates then) watching everybody pass. They were all in high glee, and many were calling backward and forward from one wagon to another. I heard father's voice and cheers, and his sharp orders to Stub and Brin to go faster.

When they drove up to the bars and found me waiting, I overheard mother say to father, "There, I have not brought a thing for James. I could n't get anything, as there was nothing left." It came hard to hear mother say this, and as she got out of the wagon I saw a tear roll down her cheek, and knew how sorry she was, and I did not care then. If she would only feel happy, I could do without anything. Father saw that she was feeling bad, and spoke up sharply: "I owe James something, and I guess I will attend to it now before I forget it." Mother knew what it meant as well as I did. I do not believe a murderer waiting to be led to a gallows ever dreaded the fatal moment more than I did this whipping. Father milked the cows, and it was just dark when he called me out back of the house, holding a young seasoned oak whip in his hand, and began to moralize and tell me how he had dreaded this moment; how he had suffered and prayed over it, and the more he thought about it the more he was convinced that if he broke his promise he would be as bad as I who told the lie. He told me the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and quoted proverbs; and then he whipped me.

A WINTER STORM.

THE winter of 1848–49 was a very severe one. Father went to Illinois to try to get work to bring in a little money, and he was employed in a blacksmith's shop in Rockford, at a dollar a day. There was no school that winter, for we could go nowhere, owing to the deep snow, and for weeks we were huddled up in our own house, destitute of comforts. Our only light was a cotton-rag string in a saucer of lard.

One night when the snow was driving under the door and through the chinks of the wall, mother, as she sat knitting, while we were all fairly trembling with cold and fear, told me to set the light in the window. "It would be dreadful," she said, "if some one were caught out in this storm."

I did as she directed, and in a few moments we heard a cry of "Hello! Hello-o-o!"

I pushed away the pile of snow against the door and ran out, to find three men in a sleigh drawn by a pair of horses. They were covered with snow and frost, and greatly excited. They asked me the road and the distance to Fox Lake, a village sixteen miles southwest of us. They had been driving

since dark (it was now nine o'clock) on a full run, with a pack of wolves after them. A wolf had caught one of the horses by the hamstrings, and they had killed him with a sledge-stake. Other wolves had seized hold of a buffalo robe, and the men had been obliged to let the ravenous beasts take it, in order to save their lives. They had seen the light in our window, and the wolves had pursued them until they were close to it.

Mother bade them welcome and told them to stay if they could manage to find a place for their horses. We had only a low straw shed for our cattle, but they propped up the roof-poles of it, so that the horses could stand beneath it, and, pulling plenty of hay out of the stack, left them for the night. We could hear the howling of the wolves in the distance, and the men took with them an ax and a corn-cutter for protection while they were taking care of the horses. Then one of them found a dry oak fence-rail, and cutting it up, he made a roaring fire in the old stove, and we all got warm. Mother packed the children into the trundle-bed, putting one or two extra in our bunk in the attic; then she gave up her own bed to the strangers. I can never forget the happiness of those three men that night. They were crowded three in a bed and so excited that they could not sleep, and all night they told stories, and their talk was so new and interesting that none of the family wanted to sleep. I remember hearing the men say that gold had just been discovered in California, and that thousands of men would go there and get rich.

The horses were all right in the morning, and in the afternoon the men went on their journey, leaving a large pile of wood cut for us in return for our entertainment. This was a delight to me, for I had to furnish the wood, and at nine years of age it was hard work.

Father came home at Christmas, and he and all the men in the settlement were greatly excited over the gold in California. It seemed as if every young man in the country was going there. Many a time my father wished that I were old enough to run the farm, so that he too could go to California and make his fortune.

A NEW LIFE.

We lived in Alto until 1853, and then the farm was abandoned, and my parents, with all the children except myself, moved to the neighboring city of Fond du Lac, where father could work by the day and earn enough to support the family. I was left to work for a neighbor; but I grew so homesick after a lonely Sabbath in a household where there were no children and it was considered wrong to take a walk on Sunday afternoon, that on Monday I took my other shirt from the clothes-line and started for Fond du Lac. I knew the stage-driver, and he gave me a lift.

As we approached the city the driver made me get down, and he told me to follow the sidewalk along the main street until I came to a foundry, next to which was father's house. I followed close behind the stage, keeping in the middle of the road. Soon I found myself in the city, where there were houses and stores on each side of the street, and board walks for pedestrians. I feared to walk on the sidewalks, for I was barefooted, and my feet were muddy and the sidewalks very clean. The people seemed to be dressed up as if for Sunday, and all the boys wore shoes, which excited my pity, for I knew how hot their poor feet must be.

As I groped my way along Main Street I noticed a sign that stretched nearly across the entire building over three stores. In large wooden letters, at least six feet long, were the words "Darling's Block." It was the largest building I had ever seen, three stories high, and I ventured to step on to the sidewalk; and while gazing in awe upon the mighty structure my attention was attracted by a noise inside. I walked in and found myself in a printing-office.

As I was taking in the wonderful scene the pressman spoke to me in a gruff voice, asking me what I wanted. "Nothing," I said, trembling, and starting for the door. "Don't you want to learn the trade?" he shouted. "The editor wants an apprentice."

Just then the editor appeared in the doorway of his sanctum. He was a pleasant-faced man, and he asked me in a kindly tone whose boy I was and where I belonged.

"Why, your father is one of my subscribers. I want an apprentice to learn the printer's trade. I can give you twenty-five dollars for the first year, thirty for the second, and fifty dollars and the carrier's address for the third year, with your board and washing."

"All right." In less time than it takes to write it I was behind the press, and in five minutes I was covered with printers' ink from head to foot.

My pioneer days were over.

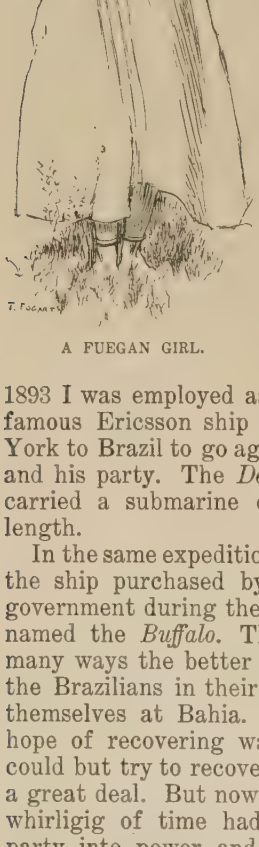
SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY" ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

PART II. A ROUGH TIME IN THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.



A FUEGAN GIRL.

IT was not at all strange in a life common to sailors that, having already crossed the Atlantic twice and being now half-way from Boston to the Horn, I should find myself still among friends. My determination to sail westward from Gibraltar not only enabled me to escape the pirates of the Red Sea, but, in bringing me to Pernambuco, landed me on familiar shores. I had made many voyages to this and other ports in Brazil. In 1893 I was employed as master to take the famous Ericsson ship *Destroyer* from New York to Brazil to go against the rebel Mello and his party. The *Destroyer*, by the way, carried a submarine cannon of enormous length.

In the same expedition went the *Nictheroy*, the ship purchased by the United States government during the Spanish war and renamed the *Buffalo*. The *Destroyer* was in many ways the better ship of the two, but the Brazilians in their curious war sank her themselves at Bahia. With her sank my hope of recovering wages due me; still, I could but try to recover, for to me it meant a great deal. But now within two years the whirligig of time had brought the Mello party into power, and although it was the legal government which had employed me, the so-called "rebels" felt under less obligation to me than I could have wished.

During these visits to Brazil I had made the acquaintance of Dr. Perera, owner and editor of "El Commercio Jornal," and soon after the *Spray* was safely moored in Upper Topsail Reach, the doctor, who is a very enthusiastic yachtsman, came to pay me a visit and to carry me up the waterway of the lagoon to his country residence. The approach to his mansion by the waterside was guarded by his armada, a fleet of boats including a Chinese sampan, a Norwegian pram, and a Cape Ann dory, the last of which he obtained from the *Destroyer*. The doctor dined me often on good Brazilian fare, that I might, as he said, "salle gordo" for the voyage; but he found that even on the best I fattened slowly.

Fruits and vegetables and all other provisions necessary for the voyage having been taken in, on the 23d of October I unmoored and made ready for sea. Here I encountered one of the unforgiving Mello faction in the person of the collector of customs, who charged the *Spray* tonnage dues when she cleared, notwithstanding that she sailed with a yacht license and should have been exempt from port charges. Our consul reminded the collector of this and of the fact—without much diplomacy, I thought—that it was I who brought the *Destroyer* to Brazil. "Oh, yes," said the bland collector; "we remember it very well," for it was now in a small way his turn.

Mr. Lungrin, a merchant, to help me out of the trifling difficulty, offered to freight the *Spray* with a cargo of gunpowder for Bahia, which would have put me in funds; and when the insurance companies refused to take the risk on cargo shipped on a vessel manned by a crew of only one, he offered to ship it without insurance, taking all the risk himself. It was perhaps paying me a greater compliment than I deserved. The reason why I did not accept the business was that in so doing I found that I should vitiate my yacht license and run into more expense for harbor dues

around the world than the freight would amount to. Instead of all this, another old merchant friend came to my assistance, advancing the cash direct.

On October 24, 1895, a fine day even as days go in Brazil, the *Spray* sailed, having had abundant good cheer at Pernambuco, where I shortened the boom, which had been broken when off the coast of Morocco, by removing the broken piece, which took about four feet off the inboard end; I also refitted the jaws. Making about one hundred miles

THE COURSE OF THE "SPRAY" THROUGH THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

a day along the coast, I arrived at Rio de Janeiro November 5, without any event worth mentioning, and about noon cast anchor near Villaganon, to await the official port visit. On the following day I bestirred myself to meet the highest lord of the admiralty and the ministers, to inquire concerning the matter of wages due me from the beloved *Destroyer*. The high official I met said: "Captain, so far as we are concerned, you may have the ship, and if you care to accept her we will send an officer to show you where she is." I knew well enough where she was at that moment. The top of her smoke-stack being awash in Bahia, it was more than likely that she rested on the bottom there. I thanked the kind officer, but declined his offer.

The *Spray*, with a number of old shipmasters on board, sailed about the harbor of Rio the day before she put to sea. As I had decided to give the *Spray* a yawl rig for the tempestuous waters of Patagonia, I here placed on the stern a semicircular brace to support a jigger mast. These old captains inspected the *Spray's* rigging, and each one contributed something to her outfit. Captain Jones, who had acted as my interpreter at Rio, gave her an anchor, and one of the steamers gave her a cable to match it. She never dragged Jones's anchor once on the voyage, and the cable not only stood the strain on a lee shore, but when towed off Cape Horn helped break combing seas astern that threatened to board her.

On November 28 the *Spray* sailed from Rio, and first of all ran into a gale of wind, which tore up things generally along the coast, doing considerable damage to shipping. It was well for her, perhaps, that she was clear of the land. Coasting along on this part of the voyage I observed that while some of the small vessels I fell in with were able to outsail the *Spray* by day, they fell astern of her by night. To the *Spray* day and night were the same; to the others clearly there was a difference. On one of the very fine days experienced after leaving Rio, the steamship *South Wales* spoke the *Spray* unsolicited and gave the longitude by chronometer as 48° W., "as near as I can make it," the captain said. The *Spray*, with her tin clock, had exactly the same reckoning. I was feeling at ease in my primitive method

of navigation, but it startled me not a little to find my position by account verified by the ship's chronometer.

On December 5 a barkantine hove in sight, and for several days the two vessels sailed along the coast together. Right here a current was experienced setting north, making it necessary to hug the shore, with which the *Spray* became rather familiar. Here I confess a weakness: I hugged the shore entirely too close. In a word, at daybreak on the morning of December 11 the *Spray* ran hard and fast on the beach. This was annoying; but I soon found that the sloop was in no great danger. The false appearance of the sand-hills under a bright moon had deceived me, and I lamented now that I had trusted to appearances at all. The sea, though moderately smooth, still carried a swell which broke with some force on the shore. I managed to launch my small dory from the deck, and ran out a kedge-anchor and warp; but it was too late to kedge the sloop off, for the tide was falling and she had already sewed a foot. Then I went about "laying out" the larger anchor, which was no easy matter, for my only life-boat, the frail dory, when the anchor and cable were in it, was swamped at once in the surf, the load being too great for her. Then I cut the cable and made two loads of it instead of one. The anchor, with forty fathoms bent and already buoyed, I now took and succeeded in getting through the surf; but my dory was leaking fast, and by the time I had rowed far enough to drop the anchor she was full to the gunwale and sinking. There was not a moment to spare, and I saw clearly that if I failed now all might be lost.

"I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT I COULD NOT SWIM."

I sprang from the oars to my feet, and lifting the anchor above my head, threw it clear just as she was turning over. I grasped her gunwale and held on as she turned bottom up, for I suddenly remembered that I could not swim. Then I tried to right her, but with too much eagerness, for she rolled clean over, and left me as before, clinging to her gunwale, while my body was still in the water. Giving a moment to cool reflection, I found that although the wind was blowing moderately toward the land, the current was carrying me to sea, and that something would have to be done. Three times I had been under water while trying to right the dory, and I was just saying, "Now I lay me," when I was seized by a determination to try once more, so that no one of the prophets of evil I had left behind could say, "I told you so." Whatever the danger may have been, much or little, I can truly say that the moment was the most serene of my life.

After righting the dory for the fourth time, I finally succeeded by the utmost care in keeping her upright while I hauled myself into her and with one of the oars, which I had recovered, paddled to the shore, somewhat the worse for wear and pretty full of salt water. The position of my vessel, now high and dry, gave me anxiety. To get her afloat again was all I thought of or cared for. I had little difficulty in carrying the second part of my cable out and securing it to the first, which I had taken the precaution to buoy before I put it into the boat. To bring the end back to the sloop was a smaller matter still, and I believe I chuckled above my sorrows when I found that in all the haphazard my judgment or my good genius had faithfully stood by me. The cable reached from the anchor in deep water to the sloop's windlass by just enough to secure a turn and no more. The anchor had been dropped at the right distance from the vessel. To heave all taut now and wait for the coming tide was all I could do.

I had already done enough work to tire a stouter man, and was only too glad to throw myself on the sand above the tide and rest; for the sun was already up, and pouring a generous warmth over the shore. While my state could have been worse, I was on the wild coast of a foreign land, and not entirely secure in my property, as I soon found out. I had not been long on the shore when I heard the patter, patter of a horse's feet approaching along the hard beach, which ceased as it came abreast of the sand-ridge where I lay sheltered from the wind. Looking up cautiously, I saw mounted on a nag probably the most astonished boy on the whole coast. He had found a sloop! "It must be mine," he thought, "for am I not

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

the first to see it on the beach?" Sure enough, there it was all high and dry and painted white. He trotted his horse around it, and finding no owner, hitched the nag to the sloop's bobstay and hauled as though he would take her home; but of course she was too heavy for one horse to move. With my skiff, however, it was different; this he hauled some distance, and concealed behind a dune in a bunch of tall grass. He had made up his mind, I dare say, to bring more horses and drag his bigger prize away, anyhow, and was starting off for the settlement a mile or so away for the reinforcement when I discovered myself to him, at which he seemed displeased and disappointed. "Buenos dias, muchacho," I said. He grunted a reply and eyed me keenly from head to foot. Then bursting into a volley of questions,—more than six Yankees could ask,—he wanted to know, first, where my ship was from, and how many days she had been coming. Then he asked what I was doing here ashore so early in the morning. "Your questions are easily answered," I replied; "my ship is from the moon, it has taken her a month to come, and she is here for a cargo of boys." But the intimation of this enterprise, had I not been on the alert, might have cost me dearly; for while I spoke this child of the campo coiled his lariat ready to throw, and instead of being himself carried to the moon, he was apparently thinking of towing me home by the neck, astern of his wild cayuse, over the fields of Uruguay.

The exact spot where I was stranded was at the Castillo Chicos, about seven miles south of the dividing-line of Uruguay and Brazil, and of course the natives here speak Spanish. To reconcile my early visitor, I told him that on my ship I had biscuits, and that I wished to trade them for butter and milk. On hearing this a broad grin lighted up his face, and showed that he was greatly interested, and that even in Uruguay a ship's biscuit will cheer the heart of a boy and make him your bosom friend. The lad almost flew home, and returned quickly with butter, milk, and eggs. I was, after all, in a land of plenty. With the boy came others, old and young, from neighboring ranches, among them a German settler, who was of great assistance to me in many ways.

A coast-guard from Fort Teresa, a few miles away, also came, "to protect my property from the natives of the plains," he said. I took occasion to tell him, however, that if he would look after the people of his own village, I would take care of those from the plains, pointing, as I spoke, to the nondescript "merchant" who had already stolen my revolver and several small articles from my cabin, which by a bold front I had recovered. The chap was not a native Uruguayan. Here, as in many other places that I visited, the natives themselves were not the ones discreditable to the country.

Early in the day a despatch came from the port captain of Montevideo, command-

ing the coast-guards to render the *Spray* every assistance. This, however, was not necessary, for a guard was already on the alert and making all the ado that would become the wreck of a steamer with a thousand emigrants aboard. The same messenger brought word from the port captain that he would despatch a steam-tug to tow the *Spray* to Montevideo. The officer was as good as his word; a powerful tug arrived on the following day; but, to make a long story short, with the help of the German and one soldier and one Italian, called "Angel of Milan," I had already floated the sloop and was sailing for port with the boom off before a fair wind. The adventure cost the *Spray* no small amount of pounding on the hard sand; she lost her shoe and part of her false keel, and received other damage, which, however, was readily mended afterward in dock.

On the following day I anchored at Maldonado. The British consul, his daughter, and another young lady came on board, bringing with them a basket of fresh eggs, strawberries, bottles of milk, and a great loaf of sweet bread. This was a good landfall, and better cheer than I had found at Maldonado once upon a time when I entered the port with a stricken crew in my bark, the *Aquidneck*.

In the waters of Maldonado Bay a variety of fishes abound, and fur-seals in their season haul out on the island abreast the bay to breed. Currents on this coast are greatly affected by the prevailing winds, and a tidal wave higher than that ordinarily produced by the moon is sent up or down the whole shore of Uruguay before a southwest or a northeast gale, as may happen. One of these waves having just passed before the northeast wind which brought the *Spray* in, the tide was left correspondingly low, with oyster-rocks laid bare for some distance along the shore. Other shellfish of good flavor were also plentiful, though small in size. I gathered a mess of oysters and mussels here, while a native with hook and line, and with mussels for bait, fished from a point of detached rocks for bream, landing several good-sized ones.

The fisherman's nephew, a lad about seven years old, deserves mention as the tallest blasphemer, for a short boy, that I met on the voyage. He called his old uncle all the bad names under the sun for not helping him across the gully. While he swore roundly in all the moods and tenses of the Spanish language, his uncle fished on, now and then congratulating his hopeful nephew on his accomplishment. At the end of his rich vocabulary the urchin sauntered off into the fields, and shortly returned with a bunch of flowers, which, all smiles, he handed me with the innocence of an angel. I remembered having seen the same flower on the banks of the river farther up, some years before. I asked the young pirate why he had brought them to me. Said he, "I don't know; I only wished to do so." Whatever the influence was that put so amiable a wish in this wild pampa boy, it must be far-reaching, thought I, and potent, seas over.

Shortly after, the *Spray* sailed for Montevideo, where she arrived on the following day and was greeted by steam-whistles till I felt embarrassed and wished that I had arrived unobserved. The voyage, so far alone, may have seemed to the Uruguayans a feat worthy of some recognition; but there was so much of it yet ahead, and of such an arduous nature that any demonstration at this point seemed, somehow, like boasting prematurely.

The *Spray* had barely come to anchor at Montevideo when the agents of the Royal Mail Steamship Company, Messrs. Humphreys & Co., sent word that they would dock and repair her free of expense and give me twenty pounds sterling, which they did to the letter, and more besides. The calkers at Montevideo paid very careful attention to the work of making the sloop tight. Carpenters mended the keel and also the lifeboat (the dory), painting it till I hardly knew it from a butterfly.

Christmas of 1895 found the *Spray* refitted even to a wonderful makeshift stove which was contrived from a large iron drum of some sort punched full of holes to give it a draft; the pipe reached straight up through the top of the forecastle. Now, this was not a stove by mere courtesy. It was always hungry, even for green wood; and in cold, wet days off the coast of Tierra del Fuego it stood me in good stead. Its one door swung on copper hinges, which one of the yard apprentices, with laudable pride, polished till the whole thing blushed like the brass binnacle of a P. & O. steamer.

The *Spray* was now ready for sea. Instead of proceeding at once on her voyage, however, she made an excursion up the river, sailing December 29. An old friend of mine, Captain Howard of Cape Cod and of River Plate fame, took the trip in her to Buenos Aires, where she arrived early on the following day, with a gale of wind and a current so much in her favor that she outdid herself.

I was glad to have a sailor of Howard's experience on board to witness her performance of sailing with no living being at the helm. Howard sat near the binnacle and watched the compass while the sloop held her course so steadily that one would have declared that the card was nailed fast. Not a quarter of a point did she deviate from her course. My old friend had owned and sailed a pilot-sloop on the river for many years, but this feat took the wind out of his sails at last, and he cried, "I 'll be stranded on Chico Bank if ever I saw the like of it!" Perhaps he had never given his sloop a chance to show what she could do. The point I make for the *Spray* here, above all other points, is that she sailed in shoal water and in a strong current, with other difficult and unusual conditions. Captain Howard took all this into account.

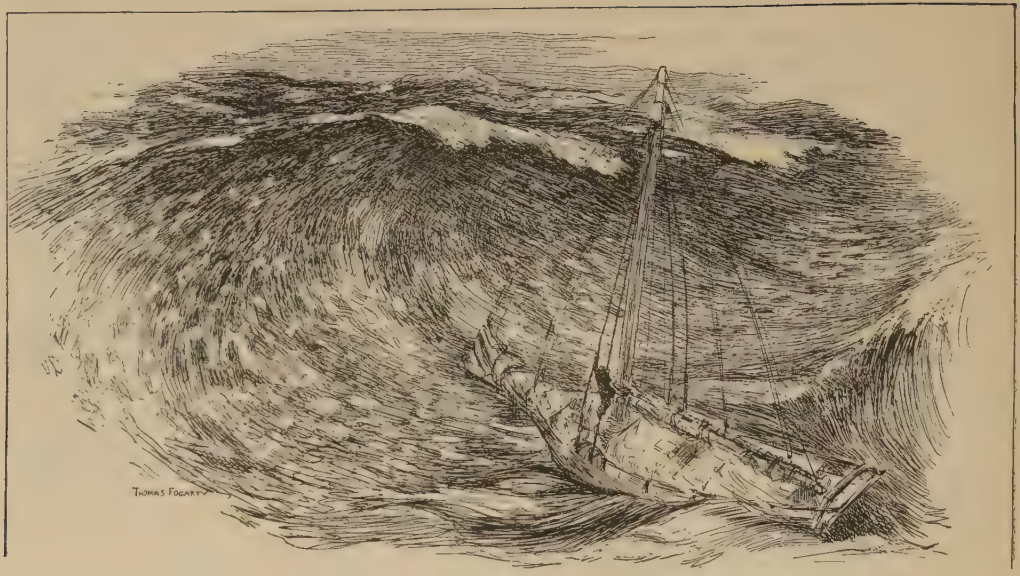
In all the years away from his native home Howard had not forgotten the art of making fish chowders; and to prove this he brought along some fine rockfish and prepared a mess fit for kings. When the savory chowder was done, chocking off the pot securely between two boxes on the cabin floor, so that it could not roll over, we helped ourselves and swapped yarns over it while the *Spray* made her own way through the darkness on the river. Howard told me stories about the Fuegan cannibals as she reeled along, and I told him about the pilot of the *Pinta* steering my vessel through the storm off the coast of the Azores, and that I looked for him at the helm in a gale such as this. I do not charge Howard with superstition,—we are none of us superstitious,—but when I spoke to him about returning to Montevideo on the *Spray* he shook his head and took a steam-packet instead.

I had not been in Buenos Aires for a number of years. The place where I had once landed from packets, in a cart, was now built up with magnificent docks. Vast fortunes had been spent in remodeling the harbor; London bankers could tell you that. The port captain, after assigning the *Spray* a safe berth, with his compliments, sent me word to call on him for anything I might want while in port, and I felt quite sure that his friendship was sincere. The sloop was well cared for at Buenos Aires; her dockage and tonnage dues were all free, and the yachting fraternity of the city welcomed her with good cheer. In town I found things not so greatly changed as about the docks, and I soon felt myself more at home.

From Montevideo I had forwarded a letter from Sir Edward Hairby to the owner of the "Standard," Mr. Mulhall, and in reply to it was assured of a warm welcome to the warmest heart, I think, outside of Ireland. Mr. Mulhall, with a prancing team, came down to the docks as soon as the *Spray* was berthed, and would have me go to his house at once, where a room was waiting. And it was New Year's day, 1896. The course of the *Spray* had been followed in the columns of the "Standard."

Mr. Mulhall kindly drove me to see many improvements about the city, and we went in search of some of the old landmarks. The

AT THE SIGN OF THE COMET.



A GREAT WAVE OFF THE PATAGONIAN COAST.

man who sold "lemonade" on the plaza when first I visited this wonderful city I found selling lemonade still at two cents a glass; he had made a fortune by it. His stock in trade was a wash-tub and a neighboring hydrant, a moderate supply of brown sugar, and about six lemons that floated on the sweetened water. The water from time to time was renewed from the friendly pump, but the lemon "went on forever," and all at two cents a glass.

But we looked in vain for the man who once sold whisky and coffins in Buenos Aires; the march of civilization had crushed him—memory only clung to his name. Enterprising man that he was, I fain would have looked him up. I remember the tiers of whisky-barrels, ranged on end, on one side of the store, while on the other side, and divided by a thin partition, were the coffins in the same order, of all sizes and in great numbers. The unique arrangement seemed in order, for as a cask was emptied a coffin might be filled. Besides cheap whisky and many other liquors, he sold "cider," which he manufactured from damaged Malaga raisins. Within the scope of his enterprise was also the sale of mineral waters, not entirely blameless of the germs of disease. This man surely catered to all the tastes, wants, and conditions of his customers.

Farther along in the city, however, survived the good man who wrote on the side of his store, where thoughtful men might read and learn: "This wicked world will be destroyed by a comet! The owner of this store is therefore bound to sell out at any price and avoid the catastrophe." My friend Mr. Mulhall drove me round to view the fearful comet with streaming tail pictured large on the trembling merchant's walls.

I unshipped the sloop's mast at Buenos Aires and shortened it by seven feet. I reduced the length of the bowsprit by about five feet, and even then I found it reaching far enough from home; and more than once, when on the end of it reefing the jib, I regretted that I had not shortened it another foot.

On January 26, 1896, the *Spray*, being refitted and well provisioned in every way, sailed from Buenos Aires. There was little wind at the start; the surface of the great river was like a silver disk, and I was glad of a tow from a harbor tug to clear the port entrance. But a gale came up soon after, and caused an ugly sea, and instead of being all silver, as before, the river was now all mud. The Plate is a treacherous place for storms. One sailing there should always be on the alert for squalls. I cast anchor before dark in the best lee I could find near the land, but was tossed miserably all night, heartsore of choppy seas. On the following morning I got the sloop under way, and with reefed sails worked her down the river against a head wind. Standing in that night to the place where pilot Howard joined me for the up-river sail, I took a departure, shaping my course to clear Point Indio on the one hand, and the English Bank on the other.

I had not for many years been south of these regions. I will not say that I expected all fine sailing on the course for Cape Horn direct, but while I worked at the sails and rigging I thought only of onward and forward. It was when I anchored in the lonely places that a feeling of awe crept over me. At the last anchorage on the monotonous and muddy river, weak as it may seem, I gave way to my feelings. I resolved then that I would anchor no more north of the Strait of Magellan.

On the 28th of January the *Spray* was clear of Point Indio, English Bank, and all the other dangers of the River Plate. With a fair wind she then bore away for Cape Horn, under all sail, pressing farther and farther toward the wonderland of the South, till I forgot the blessings of our milder North.

My ship passed in safety Bahia Blanca, also the Gulf of St. Matias and the mighty Gulf of St. George. Hoping that she might go clear of the destructive tide-races, the dread of big craft or little along this coast, I gave all the capes a berth of about fifty miles, for these dangers extend many miles from the land. But where the sloop avoided one danger she encountered another. One day, off the Patagonian coast, a tremendous wave, the culmination, it seemed, of many waves, rolled down upon her in a storm, roaring as it came. I had only a moment to get my sail down and myself up in the rigging, out of danger, when I saw the mighty crest towering masthead-high above me. The mountain of water submerged my vessel. She shook in every timber and reeled under the weight of the sea, but rose quickly out of it, and rode grandly over the rollers that followed. It may have been a minute that from my hold in the rigging I could see no part of the *Spray's* hull. Perhaps it was even less time than that, but it seemed a long while, for under great excitement one lives fast, and in a few seconds one may think a great deal of one's past life. Not only did the past, with electric speed, flash before me, but I had time while in my hazardous position for resolutions for the future that would take a long time to fulfil. The first one was, I remember, that if my noble *Spray* came through this danger I would dedicate my best energies to building a larger ship on her lines, which I hope yet to do. Other promises, less easily kept, I should have made under protest. However, the incident, which filled me with fear, was only one more test of the *Spray's* seaworthiness. It reassured me against rude Cape Horn.

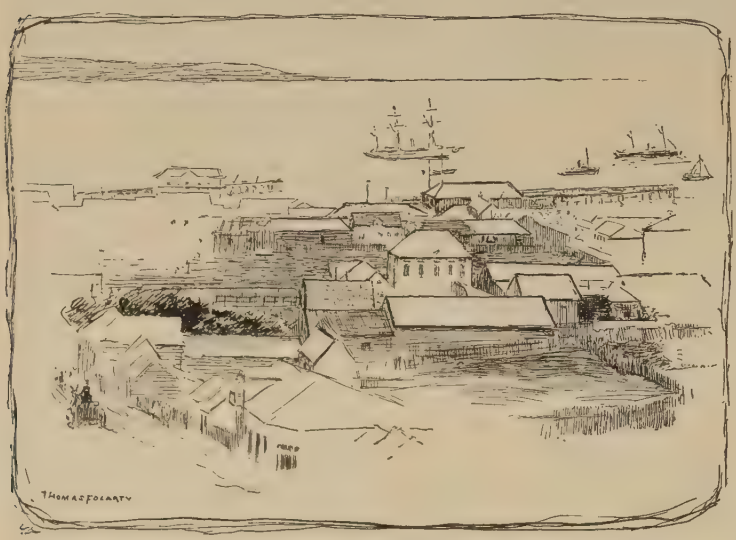
From the time the great wave swept over the *Spray* until she reached Cape Virgins nothing occurred to move a pulse and set blood in motion. On the contrary, the weather became fine and the sea smooth and life tranquil. The phenomenon of mirage frequently occurred. An albatross sitting on the water one day loomed up like a large ship; two fur-seals asleep on the surface of the sea appeared like great whales, and a bank of haze I could have sworn was high land. The kaleidoscope then changed, and on the following day I sailed in a world peopled by dwarfs.

On February 11 the *Spray* rounded Cape Virgins and entered the Strait of Magellan. The scene was again real and gloomy; the wind, northeast, and blowing a gale, sent feather-white spume along the coast; such a sea ran as would swamp an ill-appointed ship. As the sloop neared the entrance to the strait I observed that two great tide-races made ahead, one very close to the point of the land and one farther offshore. Between the two, in a sort of channel, through combers, went the *Spray* with close-reefed sails. But a rolling sea followed her a long way in, and a fierce current swept around the cape against her; but this she stemmed, and was soon chirruping under the lee of Cape Virgins and running every minute into smoother water. However, long trailing kelp from sunken rocks forebodingly under her keel, and the wreck of a great steamship smashed on the beach abreast, gave a gloomy aspect to the scene.

ENTRANCE TO THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

I was not to be let off easy. The Virgins would collect tribute even from the *Spray* passing their promontory. Fitful rain-squalls from the northwest followed the northeast gale. I reefed the sloop's sails, and sitting in the

cabin to rest my eyes, I was so strongly impressed with what in all nature I might expect that as I dozed the very air I breathed seemed to warn me of danger. My senses heard, "*Spray* ahoy!" shouted in warning. I sprang to the deck, wondering who could be there that knew the *Spray* so well as to call out her name passing in the dark; for it



A GLIMPSE OF SANDY POINT (PUNTA ARENAS) IN THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

was the blackest of nights. But not so all around; a short distance away in the southwest was the old familiar white arch, the terror of Cape Horn, rapidly pushed up by a southwest gale. I had only a moment to douse sail and lash all solid when it struck like a shot from a cannon, and for the first half-hour it was something to be remembered by way of a gale. For thirty hours it kept on blowing hard. The sloop could carry no more than a three-reefed mainsail and forestaysail; with these she held on stoutly and was not blown out of the strait. In the height of the squalls in this gale she doused all sail, and this occurred often enough.

After this gale followed only a smart breeze, and the *Spray*, passing through the narrows without mishap, cast anchor at Sandy Point on February 14, 1896.

Sandy Point (Punta Arenas) is a Chilean coaling-station, and boasts about two thousand inhabitants, of mixed nationality, but mostly Chileans. What with sheep-farming, gold-mining, and hunting, the settlers in this dreary land seemed not the worst off in the world. But the natives, Patagonian and Fuegan, on the other hand, were as squalid as contact with unscrupulous traders could make them. A large percentage of the business there was traffic in "fire-water." If there was a law against selling the poisonous stuff to the natives, it was not enforced. Fine specimens of the Patagonian race, looking smart in the morning when they came into town, had repented before night of ever having seen a white man, so beastly drunk were they, to say nothing about the peltry of which they had been robbed.

The port at that time was free, but a custom-house was in the course of construction, and when it is finished, port and tariff dues are to be collected. A soldier police guarded the place, and a sort of vigilante force besides took down its guns now and then; but as a general thing, to my mind, whenever an execution was made they killed the wrong man. Just previous to my arrival the governor, himself of a jovial turn of mind, had sent a party of young bloods to foray a Fuegan settlement and wipe out what they could of it on account of the recent massacre of a schooner's crew somewhere else. Altogether the place was quite newsy and supported two papers—dailies, I think. The port captain, a Chilean naval officer, advised me to ship hands to fight Indians in the strait farther west, and spoke of my stopping until a gunboat should be going through, which would give me a tow. After canvassing the place, however, I found only one man willing to embark, and he on condition that I should ship another "mon and doog." But as no one else was willing to come along, and as I drew the line at dogs, I said no more about the matter, but simply loaded my guns. At this point in my dilemma Captain Pedro Samblich, a good Austrian of large experience, coming along, gave me a bag of carpet-tacks, worth more than all the fighting men and dogs of Tierra del Fuego. I protested that I had no use for carpet-tacks on board. Samblich smiled at my want of experience, and maintained stoutly that I would have use for them. "You must use them with discretion," he said; "that is to say, don't step on

them yourself." With this remote hint about the use of the tacks I got on all right, and saw the way to maintain clear decks at night without the care of watching.

Samblich was greatly interested in my voyage, and after giving me the tacks he put on board a bag of biscuits and smoked venison. He declared that my bread, ordinary sea-biscuits and easily broken, was not as nutritious as his, which was so hard that I could break it only with a stout blow from a maul. Then he gave me, from his own sloop, a compass which was certainly better than mine, and offered to unbend her mainsail for me if I would accept it. Last of all, this large-hearted man brought out a bottle of Fuegan gold-dust from its hiding-place and begged me to help myself from it, for use farther along on the voyage. But I felt sure of success without this draft on a friend, and I was right. Samblich's tacks, as it turned out, were of more value than gold.

The port captain finding that I was resolved to go, even alone, since there was no help for it, set up no further objections, but advised me, in case the savages tried to surround me with their canoes, to shoot straight, and begin to do it in time, but to avoid killing them if possible, which I heartily agreed to do. With these simple injunctions the officers gave me my port clearance free of charge, and I sailed on the same day, February 19, 1896. It was not without thoughts of strange and stirring adventure beyond all I had yet encountered that I sailed into the country and very core of the savage Fuegans.

A fair wind from Sandy Point brought me on the first day to St. Nicholas Bay, where, so I was told, I might expect to meet savages; but seeing no signs of life, I came to anchor in eight fathoms of water, where I lay all night under a high mountain. Here I had my first experience with the terrific squalls, called williwaws, which extended from this point through the strait. They were compressed gales of wind that Boreas handed down over the hills in chunks. A full-blown williwaw will throw a ship, even without sail on, over on her beam ends; but, like other gales, they cease now and then, if only for a short time.

THE MAN WHO WOULD N'T SHIP WITHOUT ANOTHER "MON AND DOOG."

February 20 was my birthday, and I found myself alone, with hardly so much as a bird in sight, off Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the continent of America. By daylight in the morning I was getting my ship under way for the bout ahead of me.

The sloop held the wind fair while she ran thirty miles farther on her course, which brought her to Fortescue Bay, and at once among the natives' signal-fires, which blazed up on all sides. Clouds flew over the mountain from the west all day, and at night my good east wind failed; in its stead a gale from the west soon came on. I gained anchorage at twelve o'clock that night, under the lee of a little island, and then prepared myself a cup of coffee, of which I was sorely in need; for, to tell the truth, hard beating in the heavy squalls and against the current had told on me. Finding that the anchor held, I drank my beverage, and named the place Coffee Island. It lies to the south of Charles Island, with only a narrow channel between.

By daylight the next morning the *Spray* was again under way, beating hard; but she came to in a cove in Charles Island, two and a half miles along on her course. Here she remained undisturbed two days, with both anchors down in a bed of kelp. Undisturbed, indeed, I might have remained indefinitely had not the wind moderated; for during these two days it blew so hard that no boat could venture out on the strait, and the natives being away to other hunting-grounds, the island was safe. But at the end of the fierce wind-storm fair weather came; then I got my anchors, and again sailed out upon the strait.

Canoes manned by savages from Fortescue now came in pursuit. The wind falling light, they gained on me rapidly till coming within hail, when they ceased paddling, and a bow-legged savage stood up and called to me, "Yammerschooner! yammerschooner!" which is their begging term. I said, "No!"

"'YAMMERSCHOONER!'"

Now, I was not for letting them know that I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin, and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore-scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of bowsprit which I had sawed off at Buenos Aires, and which I had still on board, I arranged forward on the lookout, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could pull it into motion. That made three of us, and we did not want to "yammerschooner"; but for all that the savages came on faster than before. I saw that, besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eighty yards I fired a shot across the bows of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner" that he changed his mind quickly enough and bellowed with fear, "Bueno jo via Isla," and sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed his starboard cat-head for some time. I was thinking of the good port captain's advice when I pulled the trigger, and must have aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a mile for Mr. "Black Pedro," as he it was, and no other, a leader in several bloody massacres. He now directed the course of his canoe for the island, and the others followed him. I knew by his Spanish lingo and by his full beard that he was the villain I have named, a renegade mongrel, and the worst murderer in Tierra del Fuego. The authorities had been in search of him for two years. The Fuegans are not bearded.

So much for the first day among the savages. I came to anchor at midnight in Three Island Cove, about twenty miles from Fortescue Bay. I saw on the opposite side of the strait signal-fires, and heard the barking of dogs, but where I lay it was quite deserted by natives. I have always taken it as a sign that where I found birds sitting about, or seals on the rocks, I should not find savage Indians. Seals are never plentiful in these waters, but in Three Island Cove I saw one on the rocks, and other signs of the absence of savage men.

On the next day the wind was again blowing a gale, and although she was in the lee of the land, the sloop dragged her anchors, so that I had to get her under way and beat farther into the cove, where I came to in a landlocked pool. At another time or place this would have been a rash thing to do, and it was safe now only from the fact that the gale which drove me to shelter would keep the Indians from crossing the strait. Seeing this was the case, I went ashore with gun and ax on the island, where I could not in any event be surprised, and there felled trees and split about a cord of wood for my stove, which loaded my small boat several times.

While I carried the wood, though I was morally sure there were no savages near, I never once went to or from the skiff with-

out my gun. While I had that and a clear field of over eighty yards about me I felt safe.

The trees on the island, which were very scattering, were a sort of beech and a stunted cedar, both of which made good fuel. Even the green limbs of the beech, which seemed to possess a resinous quality, burned rapidly in my great drum-stove. I have described my method of wooding up in detail, that the reader who has kindly borne with me so far may see that in this, as in all other particulars of my voyage, I took great care against all kinds of surprises, whether by animals or by the elements. In the Strait of Magellan the greatest vigilance was necessary. In this instance I reasoned that I had all about me the greatest danger of the whole voyage—the treachery of cunning savages, for which I must be particularly on the alert.

The *Spray* sailed from Three Island Cove in the morning after the gale went down, but was glad to return for shelter from another sudden gale. Sailing again on the following day, she fetched Borgia Bay, a few miles on her course, where vessels had anchored from time to time and had nailed boards on the trees ashore with name and date of harboring carved or painted. No-

Huemel came in, and officers, coming on board, advised me to leave the place at once, a thing that required little eloquence to persuade me to do. I accepted the captain's kind offer of a tow to the next anchorage, at the place called Notch Cove, eight miles farther along, where I should be clear of the worst of the Fuegans.

We made anchorage at Notch Cove about dark that night, while the wind came down in fierce williwaws from the mountains. An instance of Magellan weather was afforded when the *Huemel*, a well-appointed gunboat of great power, after attempting on the following day to proceed on her voyage, was obliged by sheer force of the wind to return and take up anchorage again and remain till the gale abated; and lucky she was to get back!

Meeting this vessel was a little godsend. She was commanded and officered by high-class sailors and educated gentlemen. An entertainment that was gotten up on her, impromptu, at the Notch would be hard to beat anywhere. One of her midshipmen sang popular songs in French, German, and Spanish, and one (so he said) in Russian. If the audience did not know one from the other it was no drawback to the merriment.

A BRUSH WITH FUEGANS.

thing else could I see to indicate that civilized man had ever been there. I had taken a survey of the gloomy place with my spy-glass, and was getting my boat out to land and take notes, when the Chilean gunboat

I was left alone the next day, for then the *Huemel* put out on her voyage, while the *Spray* remained till the gale went entirely down. I spent the day taking in wood and water, and by the end of that time the

A BIT OF FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE. AFTER A SKETCH BY MIDSHIPMAN MIGUEL ARENAS.

weather was quite bearable. Then I sailed from the desolate place.

There is little more to be said concerning the *Spray's* first passage through the strait that would differ from what I have already recorded. She anchored and weighed many times, and beat many days against the current, with now and then a "slant" for a few miles, till finally she gained anchorage and shelter for the night at Port Tamar, with Cape Pillar in sight to the west. Here I felt the throb of the great ocean that lay before me. I knew now that I had put a world behind me, and that I was opening out another world ahead. I had passed the haunts of savages. Great piles of granite mountains of bleak and lifeless aspect were now astern; on some of them not even a speck of moss had ever grown. There was an unfinished newness all about the land. On the hill back of Port Tamar a small beacon had been thrown up, showing that some man had been there. But how could one tell but that he had died of loneliness and grief? A bleak land is not the place to enjoy solitude.

It was the 3d of March when the *Spray* sailed from Port Tamar direct for Cape Pillar, with the wind from the northeast, which I fervently hoped might hold till she cleared the land; but there was no such good luck in store. It soon began to rain and thicken in the northwest, boding no good. The *Spray* neared Cape Pillar rapidly, and, nothing loath, plunged into the Pacific Ocean at once, taking her first bath of it in the gathering storm. There was no turning back even had I wished to do so, for the land was shut out by the darkness of night. The wind freshened now, and I took in a third reef. The sea was confused and treacherous. It was in such a time as this that the old fisherman prayed, "Remember, Lord, my ship is small and thy sea is so wide!" I saw only the gleaming crests of the waves while the sloop balanced over them; it was like riding over mountains. "Everything for an offing," I cried, and to this end I carried all the sail she would bear. All night she ran with a free sheet, but on the morning of January 4 the wind shifted to southwest, then back suddenly to northwest, and blew with terrific force. The *Spray*, stripped of her sails, then bore off under bare poles. No ship in the world could have stood up against so violent a gale. Knowing that this storm might continue for many days, and that it would be next to impossible to work back to the westward along the coast outside of Tierra del Fuego, there seemed nothing to do but to keep on and go east about, after all. Anyhow, for my present safety the only course lay in keeping her before the wind. And so she drove southeast, as though about to round the Horn, and the waves rose and fell and bellowed their never-ending story of the sea; but the hollow of the Hand that held these held also the *Spray*. She was running now with a reefed forestaysail, with sheets flat amidship. I paid out two long ropes to help steady her and to break combing seas astern, and I lashed the helm amidship. In this trim she ran before it, never shipping a heavy sea. She was now like a bird poised on the crest of great waves. The gale was one long to be remembered, but my mind, as to her seaworthiness, was at ease.

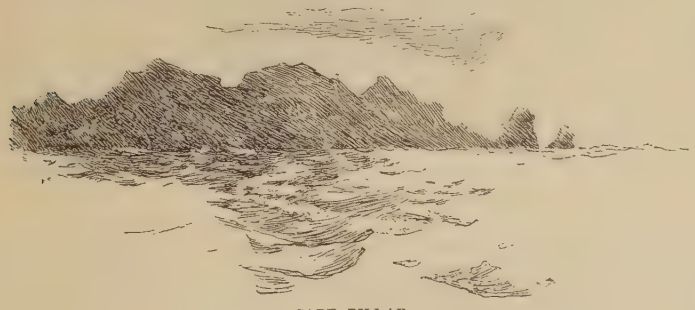
When all had been done that I could do for the safety of the vessel, I got to the fore-scuttle, between seas, and prepared a pot of coffee over a wood fire, and made a good Irish stew. Then, as before and afterward on the *Spray*, I insisted on warm meals. In the tide-race off Cape Pillar, however, where the sea was marvelously uneven and crooked, my appetite was slim, and for a time I postponed cooking. (Confidentially, I was seasick!)

On the fourth day of the gale, rapidly nearing the pitch of Cape Horn, I inspected my chart and pricked off the course and distance to Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, where I might find my way and refit, when I saw through a rift in the clouds a high mountain, about seven leagues away on the port helm. By this time the fierce edge of the gale had blown off, and I had already bent a squaresail on the boom in place of the

mainsail, which was torn to rags. I hauled in the trailing ropes and hoisted this awkward sail reefed, together with the forestaysail, and brought her at once on the wind heading for the land, which appeared as an island in the sea. So it turned out, though it was not the one I had supposed.

I was exultant over the prospect then of once more entering the Strait of Magellan and beating through again into the Pacific, for it was more than rough on the outside coast of Tierra del Fuego. It was a mountainous sea. When the sloop was in the fiercest squalls, with only the reefed forestaysail set, even that small sail shook her from keelson to truck when it shivered by the leech. Had I harbored the shadow of a doubt for her safety, it would have been that she might spring a leak in the garboard at the heel of the mast; but she never called me once to the pump. Under pressure of the smallest sail I could set she made for the land like a race-horse, and steering her over the crests of the waves so that she might not trip was nice work. I stood at the helm and made the most of it.

Night closed in before the sloop reached the land, leaving me feeling my way in the dark. I saw breakers ahead before long. At this I wore ship and stood offshore, but was immediately startled by the tremendous roaring of breakers again ahead. This puzzled me, for there should have been no broken water where I supposed myself to be. I kept off a bit, then wore round, but finding broken water also there, threw her head again offshore. In this way, among dangers, I spent the rest of the night. Hail and sleet in the fierce squalls cut my flesh till the blood trickled over my face, but what of that? It was daylight, and the sloop was in the midst of the Milky Way, northwest of Cape Horn, and it was the white breakers of a huge sea over sunken rocks which had threatened to engulf her through the night. It was Fury Island I had sighted and steered for, and what a panorama was before me now and all around! It was not the time to complain of a broken skin. What could I do but fill away among the breakers and find a channel between them? Since she had escaped the rocks through the night, surely she would find her way by day. This was the greatest sea adventure of my life. God knows how I escaped.



CAPE PILLAR.

The sloop soon reached inside of small islands that sheltered her in smooth water. I then climbed the mast to survey the wild scene astern. The great naturalist Darwin looked over this seascape from the deck of the *Beagle*, and wrote in his journal, "Any landsman seeing the Milky Way would have nightmare for a week." He might have added "or seaman" as well.

The *Spray's* good luck followed fast. I discovered, as she sailed along through a labyrinth of islands, that she was in the Cockburn Channel, which leads into the Strait of Magellan at a point opposite Cape Froward, and that she was already passing Thieves' Bay, suggestively named. At night, March 8, behold, she was at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn! Every heart-beat counted thanks.

Here I pondered on the events of the last few days, and, strangely enough, instead of feeling rested from sitting or lying down, I now began to feel jaded and worn; but a hot meal of venison stew soon put me right, so that I could sleep. As drowsiness came on I first sprinkled the deck with the tacks that my old friend Samblich had given me, and then I turned in. I saw to it that not a few of them stood "business end" up; for when the *Spray* passed Thieves' Bay two canoes had put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet-tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about twelve o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me," sloop and all. They changed their minds, however, when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no need of a dog; they

howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, to cool off, I suppose, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired the rascals a salute of several guns when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.

The Fuegans, being cruel, are naturally cowards; they regard a rifle with superstitious fear. The only real danger one could see that might come from their quarter would be from allowing them to surround one within bow-shot, or to anchor within range where they might lie in ambush. As for their coming on deck at night, even had I not put tacks about, I could have cleared them off by shots from my cabin and the hold. I always kept a quantity of ammunition within reach in the hold and in the cabin and in the forepeak, so that retreating to any of these places I could "hold the fort" simply by shooting up through the deck.

Perhaps the greatest danger to be apprehended was from the use of fire. Every canoe carries fire; nothing is thought of that, for it is their custom to communicate by smoke-signals. The harmless brand that lies smoldering in the bottom of one of their canoes might be ablaze in one's cabin if he were not on the alert. The port captain of Sandy Point warned me particularly of this danger. Only a short time before they had fired a Chilean gunboat by throwing brands in through the stern windows of the cabin. The *Spray* had no openings in the cabin or deck, except two scuttles, and these were guarded by fastenings which could not be undone without waking me if I were asleep.

On the morning of the 9th, after a refreshing rest and a warm breakfast, and after I had swept the deck of tacks, I got out what spare canvas there was on board, and began to sew the pieces together in the shape of a peak for my square-mainsail. The day to all appearances promised fine weather and light winds, but appearances in Tierra del Fuego do not always count. While I was wondering that there were no trees growing on the slope abreast of the anchorage, and was half minded to lay by the sail-making and land with my gun for some game and to inspect a white boulder on the beach, near the brook, a williwaw came down with such terrific force as to carry the *Spray*, with two anchors down, like a feather out of the cove and away into deep water. No wonder trees did not grow on the side of that hill! Great Boreas! a tree would need to be all roots to hold on against such a furious wind.

"THEY HOWLED LIKE A PACK OF HOUNDS."

From the cove to the nearest land to leeward was a long drift, however, and I had ample time to weigh both anchors before the sloop came near any danger, and so no harm came of it. But for the time sail-making was suspended. I saw no more savages that day or the next; they probably had some sign by which they knew of the coming williwaws; at least, they were wise in not being afloat even on the second day, for I had no sooner gotten to work at sail-making again, after the night's rest, than the wind, as on the day

before, picked the sloop up and flung her seaward with a vengeance. This fierce wind, usual to the Magellan country, continued on through the day, and swept the sloop by several miles of steep bluffs and precipices overhanging a bold shore, wild and uninviting. I was not sorry to get away from it, though it was no Elysian shore to which I shaped my course. I kept on sailing in hope, since I had no choice but to go on, heading across for St. Nicholas Bay, where I had cast anchor February 19. It was now the 10th of March! Upon reaching the bay the second time I had circumnavigated the wildest part of the desolate Tierra del Fuego. But the *Spray* had not yet arrived at St. Nicholas, and by the merest accident she saved her bones from resting there when she did arrive. The parting of a staysail-sheet in a williwaw, when she was plunging into it, brought me forward just in time to see a dark cliff right ahead and breakers so close under the bows that I felt surely lost, and in my thoughts cried, "Is it the hand of fate against me, after all, leading me in the end to this dark spot?" I sprang instantly to the helm and threw the wheel over, expecting, as the sloop came down into the hollow of a wave, to feel her timbers smash under me on the rocks. The sea was turbulent, and a scene less wicked would make wild eyes; but the *Spray* swung clear of the danger, and in a moment was in the lee of the land.

It was the small island in the middle of the bay for which the sloop had been steering, and which she made with such unerring aim as nearly to run it down. Farther along in the bay was the anchorage which I managed to reach, but before I could get the anchor down another squall caught the sloop and whirled her round like a top and carried her away, altogether to leeward of the bay. Still farther to leeward was a great headland, and I bore off for that. I was retracing my course toward Sandy Point, for the gale was from the southwest.

I had the sloop soon under good control, however, and in a short time rounded to under the lee of a mountain, where the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the sails flapped and hung limp while she carried her way close in. Here I thought I would anchor and rest till morning, the depth being eight fathoms very close to the shore. But it was interesting to see, as I let go the anchor, that it did not reach the bottom before another williwaw struck down from this mountain and carried the sloop off faster than I could pay out cable. Instead of resting, I had to "man the windlass" and heave up the anchor and fifty fathoms of cable hanging in deep water. This was in that part of the strait called Famine Reach. I could have wished it Jericho! On that little crab-windlass I worked the rest of the night, thinking how much easier it was for me when I could say, "Do that thing or the other," than to do it myself. But I hove away on the windlass and sang the old chants that I sang when I was a sailor, from "Blow, Boys, Blow for Californy, O" to "Sweet By and By."

It was daybreak when the anchor was at the hawse. By this time the wind had gone down, and cat's-paws took the place of williwaws. The sloop was then drifting slowly toward Sandy Point. She came within sight of ships at anchor in the roads, and I was more than half minded to put in for new sails when the wind came out from the northeast, which was fair for the other direction.

I now turned the prow of the *Spray* westward once more for the Pacific, to traverse a second time the second half of my first course through the strait.

(To be continued.)

AN ANSWER.

BY ARLO BATES.

"Why must I suffer?" moaned a hapless one,
With lifelong anguish tortured and forlorn.
Before the answer came, ages were done;
But then a poet from his line was born.

THE STRONG WEAKNESS OF OINEY KITTACH.

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS (" MAC "),
Author of "'T was in Dhroll Donegal," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

WHEREVER there was fun and devilment from head to foot, and from end to wynd, of the three parishes, there were certain to be found the Eskeragh boys. Accordingly, though the raffle was on this night in Shemeshin Ban's of Letthernacaigh, eight long Irish miles from their native heath, the Eskeragh boys were at the head and front and in the middle, and likewise at the tail of it. The Eskeragh boys, with their ringleaders, Charley's Micky and Oiney Kittach, two archrascals, ranted and rollicked to their hearts' content, courted the girls, joked the boys, battered the floor, and sang their songs, to their hearts' delight, and the delight of every mother's son (and daughter, too) at Shemeshin's raffle.

"But where," said Oiney Kittach, as, mopping his forehead after concluding the best jig of the night, "an' where," Oiney queried of the company generally, "is the sthrange girl we have been hearin' so much of, that has taken these parts be storm, an' that we surely expected to meet an' to coort—else I 'll give ye my solemn davy we were n't goin' to thrudge our eight long miles to be here the night."

"Well, bad cess to you, Oiney Kittach," said Nelly McCailin, firing up, "but it 's handy ye are with yer compliments to the girls present. Bad snuff to ye, I say again!"

"Nelly 's as mad as a March hare with me," said Oiney, "beca'se I did n't give her a coort the night; but, bad scran to yez, anyhow, sure I can't coort the whole i' yez with any sort iv satisfaction all in the wan night. Sorrow be aff me, but I have a throublesome time thryin' to keep yez all in humor. I wish to the Lord I had n't been born such a beauty. If I 'd only had the blissin' to come into the world with such another phiz as Jaimie McShan there has, the girls would 'a' give me some paice; but, och an' heigh-ho! I was iver an' always unfortunate."

"Throth, an'," poor slandered Jaimie said, when he could get heard for the laugh that was against him, "the girl that throubles you, Oiney, has a good taste on her mouth."

"Now, girls," said Oiney, advisingly, "don't blame poor Jaimie for his ill temper. God sees, maybe if yez was as bad-lookin' yourselves ye 'd be as bitther, too."

Then even poor Jaimie was compelled to join in the laugh against himself.

"But," said Oiney, "we were talkin' about the sthrange girl."

"Her that 's in Proud Pathrick's?" queried Hughie Martin of Letthernacaigh.

"That 's her," said Oiney. "Who is she? or what is she? or why is n't she here the night?"

"Oh, she 's Annie MacCabe; she 's from the Oiliegh parish, an' she 's niece to Proud Pathrick's wife. But Proud Pathrick, ye know the sort iv a proud, near-goin' niggard an' miser he is, an' he would n't let her blow her breath on the same acre a boy i' this parish would be in, let alone lettin' her come to a raffle—not him, the sorrow go with him!"

"An' is she as purty as they say?" Charley's Micky asked.

"The divil a purtier ye 'd see—so far as we wir able to see iv her."

"An' do yez mane, without blushin' from the crown i' the head down," said Oiney—"mane to tell me that yez is that near a purty girl, an' a sthrange girl too, an' wan i' yez did n't ax to show coort to her yet?"

"No; nor the divil a wan iv us, Oiney. I wish to Providence you would thry! Proud Pathrick would give the dogs the makin's iv a hearty supper on yer breeches."

"Upon my word, a purty warm set i' boys yez is, then"; and Oiney shook his head deploringly.

"A purty warm set, in throth," said Charley's Micky.

And all the Eskeragh lads shook their heads and indorsed Oiney's opinion.

"Be me faith," said Oiney, "I 'll not be a week oulder till I have a chat out iv Annie —what the hang did ye call her?"

"Annie MacCabe."

"Till I have a coortin' chat with Annie MacCabe."

"An', plaise the Lord," Charley's Micky said, "the same 's my intention."

The remainder of the Eskeragh boys heartily applauded this resolution. "An'," they shouted, "if Proud Pathrick says three words we 'll dhrownd him in Pul-na-bradhan, an' then hang 'im up to dhry in the rowan-three afore his own doore."

When Oiney and Micky and their Eskeragh band were, in the dead of night, scampering across country from Shemeshin's raffle, a glimpse of Proud Pathrick's slate house, caught through the bushes, put the devilment seething afresh in Oiney's soul.

"By the hoky, Micky!" Oiney said, "but I 'd like to show them lads that we could meet an' coort Annie MacCabe under their nose."

"Faix, Oiney, the same 's my opinion. An' I 'm thinkin', boys all, we 'll step over, luck goin' with us, the morra night, an' coort her."

"An' I 'm thinkin' wan betther; for I 'm thinkin'," Oiney said, "that it 's always a surer plan to sthrike the iron while it 's hot, an' that we 'll step over, luck goin' with us, the night, an' coort her."

"But, Oiney dear, ivery soul in Proud Pathrick's house is in bed for three hours gone, an' has the biggest part i' two sleeps over them already."

"I don't care they had twinty-two sleeps over them, Micky; I think we 'll step over an' coort Annie."

The interest of all the Eskeragh boys was keenly excited.

"But how?" they asked. "But how? An' they in bed an' asleep."

"Ye mind the head-line the masther give us the day afore yistherday, boys: 'Where there 's a will there 's always a way.' How long is it, boys—whichever i' yez is the best scholar, tell me—how long is it since I ate me dinner the day?"

The Eskeragh boys could not quite see the connection, but Charley's Micky calculated that it must be nine or ten hours since Oiney ate.

"Nine or ten hours!" said Oiney, wonderingly. "Then it would be small shame for the hunger to take me, would n't it, boys?"

"Hurrah! me boul' Oiney!" the boys shouted heartily, seeing the point.

"Small shame it would be for the hunger to take ye now—an' take ye bad, too," they said.

"Uch! uch!" said Oiney, rubbing his stomach, "it 's takin' me bad—here, just here."

"Poor Oiney! God help ye!" said Charley's Micky, in as serious a tone as he could assume.

"Ach, the divil himself would n't bate ye, Oiney," the others cried as best they could for the fits of laughter that shook them.

Oiney contorted his countenance into many wonderfully agonizing shapes, and kept chafing the supposed aching parts.

"Uch! uch! Gi' me an aisy place to sit down, boys. Thanky, thanky, Jaimie Mhor. There 's a sthrong waikness comin' over me, boys. Put yer han' till me, or I 'll fall."

"Wait, Oiney, a whic,"[1] said Charley's Micky; "ye 're too far from the house for the waikness to take ye yet. It 's time enough for the waikness to take ye bad afther ye 've got yerself over the march-ditch first, an' got convaynient to

OINEY.

[1] My son.

the house. For, in throth, layin' all jokes aside, the hunger is n't such a far cry from our own stomachs, afther a nine hours' fast, with as much walkin' an' jumpin' an' dancin' as would kill an ass."

"Uch! uch!" said Oiney; then, rising unwillingly, "yez is purty Christians an' comrades! The Lord pity them wants to take a waikness when he 's with yez—yez 'll give 'im small chance to do it."

"Come on! Come on, Oiney! We are n't goin' to shouldher you over twenty acres i' groun' an' half a dozen ditches when it 's as aisy for ye to walk it. Ye 've time enough to get waik when we 're close on the house—the waikness 'ill keep."

"Lord help me! Lord help me!" Oiney groaned. "Then we must hurry, boys, or the waikness 'll overtake me, in spite i' meself, afore I get to the house." With which, Oiney took a race to the march-ditch and cleared it, and the wide shench[1] on the other side, at a bound—which was very good indeed for a man with a "sthrong waikness" over him. The boys one and all admitted this. But when Oiney came within easy distance of Proud Pathrick's door, he suddenly sank down quite exhausted.

"Poor Oiney! Poor Oiney!" they said, as they gathered around him. "Do ye feel very bad, entirely?"

"Bad luck to yez!" said Oiney, heartily, "do yez want to spoil the thing? Don't yez know very well I 'm speechless? Stan' back with yez, an' gi' me air!"

"Stan' back, boys! Stan' back, boys!" Charley's Micky shouted. "Here, two or three i' ye, an' lift the poor divil on to me back. That 's it—that 's it. Lift away, now. Heigh-up! In throth, Oiney, it 's a mighty pity ye are n't in the habit i' faintin', beca'se ye can do it nately. Here, Jaimie Mhor, you knock at the doore for me. Arrah, bad luck to such gentle tippin' as that! Proud Pathrick he sleeps as soun' as two hogs. Rattle it, man dear, as if the univarse was afire. That 's the way, now, to make them hear ye."

And Jaimie Mhor, without mistake, did make them hear pretty quickly. Proud Pathrick's gruff voice was heard shouting from his bed in the room:

"Who 's there?"

"It 's me," Micky cried back in a plaintive voice. This was not very definite information; but Micky followed it up with a piteous appeal which should have moved a far harder heart than Proud Pathrick's. "For God's sake," Micky said, "open the doore fast! There 's a daicent boy here has got waik, an' I 've carried 'im three quarthers iv a mile on me back. I think there 's a spark i' life in 'im yet, but I don't rightly know—"

("An' I 'm speechless, don't forget, Micky," whispered the unconscious fellow.)

"But he 's speechless, anyhow," Micky added.

("An' ye b'lieve the hait i' the fire 'll bring me roun'," the speechless boy prompted.)

"A gleed i' the fire 'll soon warm 'im up an' show us if there 's any life in 'im," said Micky.

("But ye b'lieve I am alive, Micky—beca'se, if Proud Pathrick thought I was a rale corpse the niggard 'd be afeard i' gettin' intil throuble.")

"I 'm nearly sartin he 's alive, though," Micky repeated. "Be plaised to rise up as quickly as ye can, Misther Gillespie" (Proud Pathrick's surname was Gillespie), "an' rise up the house, till we see what can be done for 'im afore it 's too late. An' may the Lord reward you an' yours, an' he surely will."

But the house was already aroused and out of their beds, from master to servant-maid (for Proud Pathrick had, as we say, a good way on him, and kept both a servant-boy and a servant-girl, each of whom had to do the work of two); and in very short time the door was thrown open, admitting Micky, who, sighing and lamenting, staggered in with his burden, and looked about for a place to stretch him.

"Hold on ye, a thaisge,"[2] said Mistress Gillespie. "Matthew,"—to the servant-boy,—"haul down the old matthress that 's lyin' in the spare room, an' spread it be the side i' the fire here as fast as iver ye can. God help the poor boy! God help him!" she said, with so much feeling that Micky and the troop of Eskeragh boys, who had thronged in after him, sighed again in sympathy.

While Proud Pathrick and the servant-girl were piling the fire and encouraging it to glow, Mistress Gillespie and Annie MacCabe—and she *was* pretty, the Eskeragh boys instantly admitted—attended to the laying out of poor Oiney upon the mattress, put warm clothing over him, and raised his head and chest, keeping up a running accompaniment of pitying expressions all the time. The Eskeragh boys stood by, looking very sad.

"Was it the feur-gortach[3] the chile tuk?" Hannah Gillespie asked.

[1] Earth-wall. [2] My darling.

[3] The feur-gortach is a sudden hunger-weakness which attacks people when they have been so unlucky as to walk upon particular spots of grass. Mountain and moory places chiefly abound with hungry-grass.

"The feur-gortach, aye," Charley's Micky said. "He tuk it all iv a suddint three quarthers iv a mile back. We wir at Shemeshin's raffle, an' the poor fella, I think, ate only a small dinner afore he left home."

"Where did the feur-gortach take him?" Proud Pathrick asked. "Not on Neil Haraghey's tully?"

"Just then upon the very selfsame place," said Micky.

"An unlucky spot," said Proud Pathrick.

"He 's no the first nor the thirteenth that the feur-gortach tuk upon the same spot," said Hannah. "I think the hait 's doin' the craithur good. Annie, fetch me the holy-wather bottle."

And "God be thanked!" all the Eskeragh boys murmured piously.

"I think if I got down beside 'im an' supported 'im a bit higher, he 'd get his breath betther," Micky said, getting down and putting his arm around Oiney, and raising him. "That 's betther. Aye, the color 's come to his face again. He 's comin' roun' fast."

"Don't ye think," said the pretty Annie, "that a dhrink of some kind might do the poor fella good?"

"Upon me word," said Micky, "only I was timorous i' puttin' the good people to too much throuble, I was on the point i' mentionin' the same meself."

"It 's no throuble—don't mention it," said

"'HE 'S COMIN' ROUN' FAST.'"

Mistress Gillespie blessed herself, and giving herself the first drop, then cast upon Oiney a liberal shower of the holy water, and followed this up by giving the household and the Eskeragh boys the benefit of it. The latter needed it badly, indeed; yet as the holy water was sprinkled over them they were one and all seized with a fit of coughing: they had noticed Oiney's features wince as the cold drops fell upon his face, and they coughed hard to relieve their suppressed emotion.

"The color 's comin' till his face rightly again," Annie MacCabe, who was kneeling over him with much solicitude in her air, said. "He 's comin' round."

"Yis," said Hannah, as she observed him narrowly—"yis, the craithur 's comin' roun', God be thanked! See what it is to always have the holy-wather bottle at han'."

"Yis, yis," Charley's Micky said fervently. "God be thanked!"

Proud Pathrick, who, after all, in a case of emergency was not quite so niggardly as he had the name for.

"It 's no throuble in the wide wurrl', a thaisge," the good-hearted Hannah said. "What do you think would be best for 'im?"

"A dhrop of nice, warm, sweet milk, with ginger an' sugar," Annie proposed.

"Betther could n't be," said Micky. ("I say, Oiney asthore, are ye comin' to?") But there was no answer from Oiney.

"A good rousin' bowl i' tay, no, but I say," said Rosie Brinnan, the servant-maid.

"There could n't be betther," said Micky. ("Oiney, Oiney, a theagair!"[1]) But Oiney was yet unconscious.

"There could n't be betther," Charley's Micky repeated, "nor either sweet milk with ginger an' sugar, or a rousin' bowl i' tay—barrin'," he added insinuatingly, "that ye 'd have e'er a dhrop i' sperrits in the house handy."

[1] My treasure.

And as the bland insinuation was timidly uttered a perceptible glow overspread the features of the unconscious one.

"Throth, an' there is that, now ye mind me iv it. There 's just a little bottle i' prime whisky in the house. It 's under that uppermost dish upon the dhresser, Pathrick, if ye 'll hand it down to me," Hannah said.

"Musha, then long life to ye, an' may God reward ye," said Micky, "for yer kindness to the poor boy—an' he 'll not forget ye, if my prayers an' all our prayers goes for anything. We 're foriver obliged to ye, Mrs. Gillespie, an' to your good man, Misther Gillespie, too; not forgettin' by no means this exceedingly kind young lady here—Miss MacCabe, I undherstan' ye call her."

"Arrah, go 'long with ye!" said Hannah, "an' don't offend us be mentionin' the name iv obligement. Hugh! small obligement, indeed, to help a craithur in distress."

"Don't mention it," said Pathrick.

Annie MacCabe graciously blushed an acknowledgment of Micky's thanks, and said she would be only too happy to do twice as much.

Proud Pathrick, indeed, had been clamoring about fetching the priest, but the Eskeragh boys assured him there was no need, they thought.

"Oh, no, no, not at all!" Micky said. "The poor boy 's comin' roun' as fast as a peggin'-top. He 'll be himself again in another minnit or two."

At this instant, to the joy of Hannah and Annie, and the delight of every one, poor Oiney sighed.

"God be thankit!" Hannah said, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes.

"God be thankit!" Annie said. And all echoed the same word of praise.

Micky bent over his patient, and gently whispered, "Oiney!"

All had gathered around, watching intently. Oiney slowly opened his eyes, and let them wander wonderingly and inquiringly over the circle of faces above. At length he turned them up into Micky's face.

"Micky," Oiney said in a weak voice, "is —is that you?"

Hannah clasped her hands again, made a peculiar noise with her mouth, and turned her eyes upward.

"Yis, yis, Oiney darlin', it 's me 's in it. How do ye feel, Oiney?"

"Micky," Oiney said, "where am I?"

"Make yer min' aisy, Oiney, a gradh;[1] ye 're in a daicent house, an' among daicent people—Misther Pathrick Gillespie, an' his good wife, an' his kin' niece, Miss MacCabe. They 're sparin' no expense on ye, Oiney. Oiney dear, how do ye feel? Reach me a dhrop i' that whisky, now, Mrs. Gillespie, iv ye please, till I see can I coax 'im with it. How do ye feel, Oiney, a leanbh?"[2]

"Micky, a whic," Oiney said, "what happened to me?"

"Oh, the sorrow hap'orth happened ye, Oiney; only the waikness i' the feur-gortach overtuk ye on Neil Haraghey's tully beyant. Will ye take this spoonful i' whisky, Oiney, that the good woman is so kind as to insist on yer takin'? It 'll do ye good."

"Aye, aye, I mind it all now. Was n't it comin' from Shemeshin Ban's raffle we wir?"

"Yis, yis, Oiney; that 's whar we wir. Will ye take this wee thimbleful i' whisky, Oiney? It 'll do ye good."

"An' the other boys," queried Oiney, "that was with us—where are they? Och, there they are! Boys, how are yez all?"

The Eskeragh boys were visibly affected by the recognition—so much so that they could not reply to Oiney's kind inquiry. They could only cough and look shyly toward him.

"I 'm axin' ye, Oiney," Micky said, still holding the glass in his fingers, "could n't ye coax yerself to take a small, wee dhrop i' whisky? It 'll make ye yerself again."

Oiney suddenly observed the glass.

"What—what 's that, Micky?"

"Whisky—a toothful i' whisky, Oiney dear, just to rouse ye. Taste it; it 's good."

"Ah! ah! ye know, Micky, I could n't."

"Nonsense, man! Nonsense, man! It can't do ye any harm. Take it as medicine."

"Do take it, a paisdin;[3] it 'll do ye all manner i' good," said Hannah Gillespie, persuasively. She was kneeling by his side.

"Take it, a gradh," said Annie MacCabe, sweetly; "the dhrop i' whisky 'ill sen' the blood through your veins."

Oiney looked thankfully at Hannah and tenderly at Annie, and then wistfully at the glass.

"Och, the divil a pinch i' harm 's in a hogshead i' the same stuff," said Micky. "Look at me"; and Micky carried it to his own lips.

But instantly Oiney's hand shot forth with much more energy and swiftness than were perhaps becoming in a man only just recovering from a bad attack of "sthrong waikness," and grasped the glass just in the nick of time.

"Yis, Micky; thanky, Micky, then I 'll just taste it, since yez is all pressin' me so hard. I 'll venture to take as much of it as would

[1] My love. [2] My child. [3] My child.

fill the hollow i' me tooth. Here 's yer health, Mrs. Gillespie, an' God reward ye! Yer health, me kind girl, Miss MacCabe! Yer own health, Misther Gillespie, an' God bless ye! Yer healths all, boys an' girls, an' may God bless us all!" And in a twinkling the glass in Oiney's hand was empty, and he looking at it in amazement.

"Why, I 'm blissed," he said, "but I 've emptied it. There 's a thrimble in me han', —see! a mighty thrimble,—an' the glass went over afore I knew. Micky, do ye think will it do me much harm?"—plaintively.

But Micky only glared back in a half-concealed fashion at him.

"Arrah, botheration!" said Mrs. Gillespie. "Do ye harm, indeed! It 's what it 'll rise the waikness away from about yer heart where it has gathered. An' if ye would only take another glass after a little while, we 'll say, ye 'll fin' yerself a new man."

"Oh, thanky, ma'am! Thanky, ma'am! It 's kill me with the fair dint i' kindness ye will; but ye know I—I—I railly could not take any more—for, at least, ten minutes."

"That 's right—that 's right," said Mrs. Gillespie. "Then I 'll not ax ye take any more for ten minutes, a paisdin."

"Thanky, ma'am, very much," Oiney said, in grateful acknowledgment of her kindly forbearance.

"Maybe, darlin', you 'd take a wee mouthful yerself?" she said to Micky, as she poured out and handed to him a glassful.

"Ma'am," Micky said, "this is far too much." But it disappeared at a gulp, and Micky's geniality returned to him forthwith.

"How are ye feelin', dear?" Annie queried tenderly, as she bent over Oiney.

"Oh, comin' to—comin' to quick, thanky, dear," Oiney said, returning a tender look.

"A dhrop i' warm, sweet milk, now, would do ye good, dear," Annie said.

"Lord love ye for yer kindness," said Oiney; "I don't think I 'd come roun' at all only for ye."

"Oh," said Annie, "if ye 'd know how glad I am!"

"Throth, sweetheart, I know it 's yerself 's glad. It 's the kind heart an' the tendher wan 's in ye!"

"An' then a bowl of tay, afther the sweet milk—that 's the thing to rouse ye up properly," said Annie.

"Aye, an' a bowl i' wan-grace,"[1] Rosie, the maid, said—"that 's what 'll put the sthren'th intil yer bones again."

"God bless yez!" said Oiney, gratefully.

[1] Gruel.

"But, ah, ye know, I can't be keepin' the daicent man an' woman up out i' their beds —an' it 's mornin' a'most now."

"Don't mention it—ah—what 's this I call you, please?"

"Oiney—Oiney they call me, a gradh. You can call me anything at all ye like, an' it 'll plaise me."

"Thanky, Oiney. Oh, ye 've got a flatterin' tongue. Well, as I was sayin', Oiney, don't mention bother, for it 's no bother. An' as to me uncle an' aunt bein' kep' out of their beds, they can now go to bed any time at all they like, since you 're on the fair way of mendin'; an' meself, an' Rosie, an' Matthew, the man, 'll sit up an' get ye somethin' to ate an' to dhrink, a thaisge. An' it 's not worth our while lyin' down now, anyhow."

"Och," said Oiney, "it 's entirely too much. I could n't think i' such a thing—to say you 'd be deprived i' yer little wink i' sleep."

"I toul' ye, Oiney, if ye did n't want to make me angry ye would n't get on that way. Uncle," said Annie, turning to where he and Hannah were engaged in chat with Charley's Micky and the rest of the Eskeragh boys, "you an' me aunt can now take yerselves off to bed. Poor wee Oiney here is 'most all right again. Meself an' Rosie an' Matthew 'll stay up till mornin' now; we 'll get ready a bit iv somethin' sthren'thenin' for the poor fella, an' we 'll take as good care of him as if yez were here yerselves. Take yerselves off now, an' get yer sleep."

With profuse thanks and apologies Oiney bade the two of them good night, wished them a sound sleep and pleasant dreams, and assured them he could not easily forget what he owed to their timely generosity. Hannah, before leaving him, administered another glass to Oiney.

Then Annie warmed the sweet milk and spiced it, and supported Oiney while he drank it. By this he was so far strengthened that he could, with only a little assistance from Annie and Rosie, make his way to the tea-table, whereat all the Eskeragh boys were treated to a spread—their hearty fill of bread, butter, and tea, to which, by the same token, they required very little pressing. And it must be chronicled that, judging by the amount of solids and liquids here consumed, the Eskeragh boys displayed a huge appreciation of Annie's hospitality; even the convalescent performed gastronomic feats that might well excite the envy of a lusty alderman in his stomach's heyday.

"Glory be to goodness! I 'm a new man," Oiney said, rising from the tea-table, and without any help walking steadily and firmly to the fireside, where he took his seat by Annie's side.

"Oh, I 'm ever so grateful that you 're comin' roun' so fast," Annie said, her eyes kindly beaming on him.

"An' in throth, an' I know the docthor I may thank for that same," Oiney said archly.

"Arrah, now, don't bother us, Oiney," said Annie. "It 's Connaught you should 'a' been born, for ye 've got a tongue as sweet as any Connaught man's."

"'ARRAH, GO 'WAY WITH YE.'"

"Well, it 's not in Connaught you should 'a' been born, darlin', but in the garden iv Aiden."

"Arrah, go 'way with ye, Oiney."

"In the garden iv Aiden, a gradh, at the time man wis alone an' comfortless."

"But ye forget, Oiney, there was no need for me there. I never heerd that the Bible mentions Adam havin' taken the feur-gortach."

The Eskeragh boys laughed loudly at Oiney.

"Ah, but," said Oiney, "if poor Adam had only dhraimt the feur-gortach would fetch you in its wake, he 'd 'a' tuk thirteen times afore brakwust."

"Houl' on, Oiney! Take yer arm away out iv that! Take it away, I tell ye! Don't think *I* 'm goin' to take waik—no fear av it."

"An' they 're all blamin' poor Adam," Oiney went on philosophically, as he looked into the fire, still keeping his arm across Annie's shoulder, as if absent-mindedly—"they 're all blamin' 'im beca'se he ate the apple. But it sthrikes me it was more the poor man's misfortune than fault. I know," he continued, as if addressing the fire, and shaking his head slowly at it—"I know well that if I was Adam, an' some people i' my acquaintance Eve, an' that this partik'ler Eve offered me the same size i' rat-poison an' sayed, 'Here, Adam, a mhilis,[1] take this; it 's good,' I 'd swallye it at two bites an' swear it was honey."

"My, Oiney, what a nice biddable man ye 'll make for the lucky woman gets ye! Will ye get away with yerself, I tell ye, an' take off away yer arm out i' that!"

"Oh," Oiney said surprisedly, "is that where me arm is!" Yet, all the same, in his absent-mindedness he forgot to withdraw it, but went on philosophizing on the lonely lot that would be man's had not God compassionated him and given him lovely woman to be a joy and a blessing unto him.

Charley's Micky did his best to while away the tedium of the morning hours for Rosie, the maid.

When the gray of the dawn began to filter through the blackness of the night, Annie and Rosie, who had now to begin their day's work, bade their sweethearts a merry good-by, after promising to meet them on Sunday evening at the Crooked Bridge.

[1] My sweet.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Winners in "The Century's" College Competition.

THE second competition for the prizes offered by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to college graduates was closed on June 1 of this year. The competitors were Bachelors of Arts of the commencement season of the previous year, 1898. More manuscripts were received than in the first competition, and, in the opinion of the editors, the offerings, considered in the mass, showed a higher degree of literary skill, if not of talent.

A year ago, though the young men offered twenty-five per cent. more manuscripts than the young women, the latter had the felicity of taking all the prizes, and of carrying them off with considerable ease and authority. But this year, in conformity with the eternal fickleness of literary fortune, the balance of power is almost restored. Two of the prize-winners are men, in the field of prose; but their victory was not easy—in fact, was stoutly contested. The poetical prize falls again to a woman; and it may be noted that the young women not only outnumbered the young men in the lists of verse, but so far outpaced them as to be without their company at the goal.

A similar reversal of the verdict attaches to the second contest so far as it may be assumed to lie between the colleges of the East and the West. Classing the institutions east of the Alleghanies and those of the South together, as being on the whole of an age, they were represented in the competition by a two-thirds numerical superiority; and yet the Western colleges have taken all the prizes, while a year ago the poetical prize was taken by Smith College and the essay and story prizes by graduates of Vassar. Judged in the mass, however, the scale of average literary merit would tip the other way. But in the field of literary effort average excellence is not the mark of literary distinction, and to the victors belong all the laurels.

More poems were offered than essays, and more essays than stories. When the competition was established, we advanced the opinion that the essay was suffering neglect at the hands of contemporary American writers. No doubt the atmosphere of college thought and training is more conducive to the essay style than to the poetical and inventive forms of literary art. At least, it is emphatically true of this second competition that the essays revealed the highest average of literary merit, and in this field the contest was closest on the line of highest excellence.

The prize poem, entitled "A Hill-Prayer," is by Miss Marion Warner Wildman of Norwalk, Ohio, B. A. 1898, of the College for Women of Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio.

The prize essay, entitled "The Poetry of Blake: An Opinion," is by Mr. Henry Justin Smith of Chicago, B. A. 1898, of the University of Chicago.

The prize story, entitled "'Only the Master Shall Praise,'" is by Mr. John M. Oskison of Vinita, Indian Territory, B. A. 1898, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, at Palo Alto, California.

Fifty-four manuscripts were returned without being considered by the editors, because they were not offered in conformity with the rules of the competition, which we here repeat for the benefit of those who were graduated this year:

RULES OF "THE CENTURY'S" PRIZES FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

WITH the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of $250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1. $250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2. $250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3. $250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

A competitor may submit more than one manuscript.

Manuscripts must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

Announcement of the awards will be made in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE as early as possible in the autumn.

Art Treasures in "The Century."

IF the opinion of the members of the artistic professions in England and America were to be invoked to determine what two illustrative magazine features during the last year have possessed the most attractiveness and importance, we venture to say the response would be in favor of Mr. Cole's wood-engravings of the old English masters and the drawings by Mr. Castaigne in illustration of the life of Alexander the Great. Both of these artists are so identified with THE CENTURY that

it is no slight to other charming and artistic series, such as Mr. Wolf's admirable engravings of Gilbert Stuart's portraits and Mr. Loeb's poetic drawings for "Via Crucis," or to many beautiful individual blocks or drawings, to remind our readers of the unique interest and importance of the work of Mr. Cole and Mr. Castaigne, to which those who do not see THE CENTURY are strangers.

Mr. Castaigne's work has the rare merit of distinction. His scenes are dramatic in the true sense that every figure is alive and is related to the main theme, and thus contributes to a unity of effect. They combine picturesqueness, dignity, large composition, versatility of drawing, and romantic atmosphere, and the climax of these qualities has been reached in the reconstruction of the life of Alexander's time. The reception of this series of pictures by the press and the public has been most cordial. It will be good news to our readers that during the coming months Mr. Castaigne will prepare for THE CENTURY a series of drawings relating to the life of Paris and to the Exposition of 1900.

The importance of Mr. Cole's imperishable art is not likely to be overestimated. Something over a dozen years ago, at the height of the development of wood-engraving in America, in which this magazine confessedly took the leading part, both in achievement and in inspiration, it occurred to us that the graver of Mr. Cole would be best employed upon the work of translating into black-and-white the masterpieces of painting. In this great enterprise he has since been exclusively engaged. Readers of THE CENTURY have seen the results: first the old Italian masters, then the old Dutch and Flemish series, and now the beautiful series from the English painters, each example of which awakens new delight and seems to be finer than its predecessor, as the work of an artist who is continually growing in skill and breadth. The present series, with its winsome figures and groups, is perhaps the most popular of all, and simple impressions from copies of the magazine, when framed, give the effect of engraver's proofs —a tribute also to the unequaled quality of the pictorial printing of the De Vinne Press. Where, elsewhere than in THE CENTURY, can be found engravings to approach the beauty of these cuts of Mr. Cole: the Hogarths, Sir Joshuas, Gainsboroughs, Lawrences, Raeburns, Romneys, Beecheys, Hoppners, and other masterpieces of the richest periods of English art? As a culmination, but not as a conclusion, of the series we offer our readers this month the exquisite engraving of Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Siddons—among the most beautiful specimens of wood-engraving in the history of the art.

During the coming year THE CENTURY will continue to accent its preëminence in the field of reproductive art, not only by the best examples of the newest methods, but also with something like a revival in wood-engraving. In addition to Mr. Cole's old English masters, the following well-known men, who have helped to make the American school of wood-engraving famous at home and abroad, will contribute blocks: Henry Wolf, Thomas Johnson, F. S. King, M. Haider, Frank French, J. W. Evans, Frank Wellington, Peter Aitken, Charles State, Elbridge Kingsley, and several others. And this besides the beautiful half-tone plates upon which our engravers are continually engaged.

Every year a considerable number of new draughtsmen in addition to old favorites are engaged in the illustration of the magazine, and the coming year will show a greater variety and, we hope, a fuller measure of artistic force than before.

In every respect THE CENTURY will endeavor to maintain the position which it has always occupied as the foremost American purveyor of exquisite art in black-and-white.

The Leap of the World into Arbitration.

A LITTLE over three years ago, namely, in March, 1896, in an article in this department on "The Anachronism of War," we wrote:

> The immediate duty before the conservative forces of England and America is to organize for the establishment of a high-class continuous board of international arbitration. In this matter the lead may well be taken by the representatives of that religion which is "first pure, then peaceable." With the aid of the great educational institutions and of the vast commercial interests of the two lands, and in the present revived attention to the subject, it ought to be an easy matter to get Parliament's assent to the opinion already formally expressed by the Congress of the United States in favor of the principle of arbitration. What is needed is a permanent system, in place of the piecemeal and haphazard examples to which we are accustomed, admirable as their results have already proved. Once established between England and America, such a system would gradually spread among the nations of Europe, the more rapidly because of the general conviction that another Continental war would show a climax of horrors. Sooner or later arbitration would be followed by disarmament, which is the logical sequence of no other premise, and yet will be the turning-point of the Continent toward true democracy and progress. However near or far the ultimate acceptance of the idea, it would, as between us and our English cousins, take the sting out of the viper of war, to which, like the husbandman in the fable, nations too carelessly give the warmth and nourishment of the hearthstone. In the knowledge that disputes would be automatically settled by an impartial tribunal, it would no longer be possible to play a boisterous tune upon a people by pulling out the stop of "patriotism." And it is not too much too hope that in the spread of this idea the whole earth would at last realize the great laureate's noble vision of
>
> The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
>
> Herein lies a great opportunity for the English-speaking race—to lead mankind to the glorious destiny of peace. It is a mission to kindle the imagination and the heart.

The most sanguine and radical advocate of arbitration would hardly have dared to prophesy in 1896 that three years later, at the summons of the most arbitrary ruler of Europe, a conference representing the chief nations of the world would assemble, and agree upon a substantial and practicable international system of judicial procedure.

While, of course, more might have been accomplished in details, certainly less might have been accomplished in that cordial adherence to the general principle which makes the supreme triumph of the cause. This great gain is likely to be underrated by being estimated as an abstract rather than a concrete achievement. Let us see.

There are moral principles which are not to be incorporated in law; but in general the recognition of such a principle by the law, however incompletely, is a new starting-point for a great impetus to progress. It is a powerful appeal to the imagination. So long as a new reform is outside the lintel of the law, it seems to have against it, in the opinion of the multitude, all the wisdom of the past. They cannot believe it possible or practicable, although they may have just witnessed a more marvelous advance in some other direction. "It cannot be done," is the cry; "human nature is against it, and human nature is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." But once get your principle into a statute in any form, and progress thenceforth is by a geometrical ratio. While the morality of mankind is both better and worse than the law, the morality of the law is, on the whole, a pretty accurate measure of the average morality, which is not so much inherent as assisted. In the eyes of those who are not moral from inherent conviction, the statute gives dignity and actuality to the principle. The problem of progress is, thus, in part, to get the law to stamp as wrong things which the best public opinion has agreed to consider dangerous to society. In this sense the world has advanced by the creation of legal offenses, as in the laws against cruelty to children and animals, against human slavery, the oppression of women, literary piracy, etc. It is in procuring such legal enactments that the minority who think make themselves felt over the majority who merely acquiesce.

For these reasons the world is to be congratulated on what has been accomplished by the Peace Convention at The Hague. Though the arbitration of national difficulties has not yet been placed upon a compulsory basis,—a result which time is likely to bring about all the more surely for the voluntary character of the agreements now entered upon,—yet an important result analogous to a legal enactment is reached in the formal declarations, which take on the nature of diplomatic engagements. Every country now has its pride enlisted to keep it from seeming less civilized than the others, and it is a species of emulation which does credit to all. The nations are at last in "the Parliament of Man"; it will be only a matter of quarter-centuries, perhaps only of decades, when they will virtually enter "the Federation of the World."

"Enjoyments that . . . Distil as the Dew."

PICTURES in which violins take an important part are apt to have a peculiar charm. Is it that the artist who loves the violin is apt to love music, and therefore to have something in his heart of melody that comes out when he paints so beautiful an instrument of music? Is it that, given a certain talent in the artist, the sense of music enduing a picture adds an element of reverie—brings an echo of another and a lovely art to enrich the sentiment of the painting? Or is it merely that there happen to be a number of good violin pictures? Or is it—only a pleasing fancy?

Whatever there may be in this idea, will it not be agreed that writings about a garden are apt to be particularly charming? Without harking back for proofs to examples in Persian or Latin or Old English, the press of our own day puts forth no books of greater charm than those devoted to the garden—not the garden treated horticulturally, but sentimentally. Even the vegetable garden has been made the subject of a notable book, though, in the case of Mr. Warner's sympathetic work, wit and humor usurp the place of sentiment.

There may be differences of opinion concerning or different degrees of attractiveness appertaining to the poetic tomes of the present English poet laureate, but there is likely to be but one opinion concerning his book, "The Garden that I Love," and other volumes in this altogether delightful series. Indeed, we are inclined to think that many will pass through these pleasant gateways into a more genial appreciation of the poetic merits of the laureate. Then there are the books by the unknown author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "The Solitary Summer," now being greedily read and smiled—not to say chuckled—over by many women gardeners and Men of Wrath. Other names could be added to the list, but these will suffice.

The liking for these garden books in America is an incident of the increased appetite for life outside of the city by even those to whom the city still seems indispensable for at least a part of the year. 'T is a wholesome liking and a fortunate appetite—good for the soul and the body.

We have heard the thesis maintained that the habit of spending a part of the year on a country place is in some ways even better for a family than the spending there of the whole year. The curiosity and freshness are not lost, while the isolation knits the family together in mutual helpfulness and emulation. In the city, the stress of engagements tends to keep parents and children apart. At a country place,—where something useful can be done by each member of the little family community, country work on the farm or in the garden, and country pleasures too, bring them all together in a right and natural way.

And the garden—not to know what that may be to the tired spirit is not to know what music may be. Hail, then, to the gentle literature of the garden! May it increase in both output and influence! Said Beecher in his introduction to Warner's "My Summer in a Garden": "In our feverish days it is a sign of health or of convalescence that men love gentle pleasure, and enjoyments that do not rush or roar, but distil as the dew."

John Morley on Cromwell.

THAT a statesman and author of Mr. John Morley's position was willing to devote, out of his busy life, the time and the energy necessary to the preparation of a new study of Cromwell, for the especial benefit of the readers of THE CENTURY, is a new evidence of the supreme fascination of the subject. The theme is indeed a splendid one; the central figure and the other leading characters of the epoch, either associated or antagonistic, along with the intensely dramatic events through which moved these vigorous and fated personages, all attract with peculiar force not only the special student of the evolution of political institutions, but those who read history with something of the same curiosity with which they follow the moving incidents of play or novel.

A historical essay such as this of Mr. Morley's has a double interest for the intelligent reader. Not only is it sure to have high intrinsic value as a literary work, but the reader cannot but find additional attraction in the comments of this writer on men and deeds of a time past, because they are by one whose personality is itself interesting—because these comments are the result of a life spent among the leaders of thought and action of our own day—the ripe intellectual results of a life mixed with great policies and events of the present time.

Morley's "Oliver Cromwell" will be begun in THE CENTURY for November.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

Rounding the Circle;

OR, HOW A HEMISPHERE MAY BE A SPHERE.

ONCE upon a time there was a charming child, who became a delightful boy and later a sufficiently wise man; but from babyhood into manhood he carried one false ideal that never left him and that he never deserted. This ideal took shape in a definition of his baby days, when he asserted that "An angel is a woman with wings." To this reflex definition he pledged himself, and, according to his final testimony, he had never seen reason to doubt his precocious wisdom.

No man is a hero to his valet. Perhaps for the same reason, no woman is quite an angel to another woman. Not that they love each other the less for this fact; rather, the more. It peculiarly interested the auditor to hear a certain intellectual, logical-minded, high-thinking woman say of a sister in public life, "I never cared for her very much until I found she really loved a new bonnet as a woman should." The delightful and previously quoted man-child to the contrary, all women who thus know their sisters behind the footlights know affectionately well that the best of them are not angels. They know, too, that in questions of comparative nobility, in comparative unselfishness and devotion, there be as many possible male angels in our world as there be female. Save for the very serious consideration of esthetic values as given in flowing raiment and delicate features, an angel might as often be made of a man with wings as of a woman with the same addenda. Otherwise it is difficult to know why women have been so persistently posed as angels.

But there is yet another practical and defined reason which—apart from mere outward appearance—may still make the woman seem more the angel type. This reason is that a woman reaches middle life later than the man reaches it who is of her own age in years. Children, in their lovely immaturity, are angels; and, despite a certain early ripeness, women remain as children long after men are men. Therefore they must seem nearer the angelic ideal of immaturity. That we are women when boys are but boys is true enough, so far as it goes; but though women do ripen on the sunny side of the wall, after that first precocious bloom is attained a long quiescence is apt to follow. It is during this pause that the snail-paced boy overtakes and passes his sister. Lasses do undoubtedly ripen, in a fashion more or less crude, before lads know exactly what the word conveys; but at that point of progress the majority of women seem to pause before maturing further. Sometimes, after this curious pause, they settle down, more or less contentedly, where they are, and with no further development; but often they start again to grow rapidly with the best of the sterner sex to an equal place in what is called middle life, sometimes to a point beyond their brothers.

This dateless period of pause (it comes to one woman at eighteen, to another at thirty, according to her date of ripening, but to most women somewhere between these two ages) seems to offer its victims, as a first symptom, a strange unrest. At this time it is to be expected that no one, least of all her family and closest friends, will know what thoughts, sterile or fructifying, are in the mind of the woman living in the midst of them. She herself seems hardly to know what is her own disposition, and sometimes her nervous indecision takes the shape of activity, sometimes dull inaction; but, active or inactive, she is not growing, and generally she is not happy. Somehow, somewhere, she has lost the trail of growth, and she is more or less restlessly and vaguely feeling for it again.

There is nothing so likely to wound and anger

the woman of this mood as to be told that marriage will settle her difficulties in every direction. To tell her that she is only half of a possible whole, that she is restlessly reaching out for her unknown complement, is not only to insult her delicacy, but it is to humiliate her pride. Yet this would be the exact truth concerning her condition; and had men more time for introspection, were they less engaged in the labors of making stones into bread, less engrossed in pursuits that must absorb their whole attention to be pursuits worthy of the name, there would, in all likelihood, be this same marked period of pause in their lives, this same restless outreaching toward they know not what.

It is true that men and women, as they stand socially alone in the world, are each only half of a whole; but it is not unnatural that either sex should resent being rudely told that this is the fact. The resentment of facts does not, of course, render them untrue; but when such bitter resentment is roused as is seen in the woman to whom it is intimated that marriage will solve her problem, it is only fair to weigh that resentment in the balances to see if it have justification. It cannot be controverted that we are put in the world in halves, nor yet that two halves make a whole; but neither can it be denied that in, alas! many marriages we see that three quarters and one quarter are called on to make the perfect circle. It does not, then, seem a wholly impossible proposition to claim that if one can evolve from himself or herself that extra quarter which should have been supplied by the other contracting party, it must be equally possible, by a little additional effort, to evolve yet one more quarter, and be a whole in one's self. Of course there are conditions that belong only to those spheres made by the wedding of two separate units, and the lack of these conditions cannot be artificially supplied. The spheres formed by wedlock are worlds unto themselves, and are able to come in social touch with spheres that are made after a like manner with a certain closeness of contact and sympathy that can never be attained or understood by spheres that are created from one unit. These married worlds are sealed with the seal of wisdoms and sentiments and emotions that must ever remain mere hieroglyphs to the uninitiated sphere that has rounded out its own curves. But, fortunately, those who have never had can never actually know what they miss, either in a personal way or in social advantages of contact, and if a hemisphere is capable of rounding itself out into a more or less shapely ball that can spin merrily and usefully among the other spheres, it has surely little or nothing to complain of, and in its free progress it has its own special privileges and its own prerogatives.

The woman who is told bluntly that she is restless or unhappy because lacking the mate that should complete her incompleteness is offended in her delicacy for reasons too obvious to pause to consider, and she is wounded in her pride because the imputation is made that she lacks an inherent power to round out her own life to a needful fullness. Whenever a poverty of personal endowment is suggested, that implication is naturally resented, as no one of any proper ambition or proper pride enjoys having a personal poverty of any kind exposed or commented upon. Nor is the commenter performing the most graceful act of his life.

Perhaps—but the theory seems almost too fanciful to be tenable—nature has provided this pause we have been speaking of as a kind of station in growth from which the woman (whose life is so seriously affected by marriage—far more than her brother's can be) may look about her and find her place. We all know it is very dangerous to transplant a growing shrub, and we also know that we choose the spring and the autumn, those times of pauses in plant growth, to make transfers in our gardens. It may be this same law of pause enters into the human garden and is meant to be the season of transplanting. It is very certain that those women who marry before or immediately after their first crude ripening rarely appear to suffer this period of pause in growth, with its incident trials and tribulations, but grow, as their husbands grow, by easy, natural stages into the higher development of middle life.

Another dawning and significant fact is slowly forcing itself upon our attention. It is no longer possible to close our eyes to the certainty that those women who are now engaging in professions or occupations that engross their attention as the attention of their brothers has been engrossed, also appear to escape this feminine period of pause, and grow, as their married sisters grow, simply, day by day and year by year, into middle life with its responsibilities of place and power. If these two things are true—if it is true that the woman who marries early escapes this distressful pause in growth, and that the woman who early occupies her mind, heart, and interests in some pursuit also escapes the same trial—it is then not at all proved that this peculiar pause is the waiting of the feminine half for the masculine complement, but rather that it is a waiting for a spiritual completion that may come in the shape of a husband and a home and the duties of married life, or else in the shape of labors so engrossing and developing that the worker's mind and heart are by them lifted and rounded out into the full circle she needs to be.

It will be interesting to watch the coming generations of women, noting what becomes of this pause that has been sufficiently obvious hitherto. It may disappear wholly if (as seems indicated) all of our girls, wealthy or penniless, are to step out from the school-room and the college directly into some engrossing labor, as their brothers do and have always done. And if this pause disappears, will there come with its disappearance a lower per cent. of marriages? In the last few generations an increasing number of unmarried women seem to have been discovering that they can round out their own lives to a fair fullness, but this fact does not seem to have had any effect whatever upon the statistics of marriage for this generation. Also, we have to reckon with the solid yet miraculous fact that, however perfectly

rounded any single life may appear, it will still become but as half of a possible whole again on the instant when that other masculine or feminine half appears which is its true and proved complement. Whatever social complications arise, whatever the complications of feminine higher education, there are a few healthy, simple laws that will assert themselves forever, as grass will spring up in a meadow where the sun shines.

There are some facts, some sentiments, some emotions, that are eternal and divinely safe even when left by us mortals to take care of themselves.

Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

"The Crime of Whist."

A CONVERSATION.

"YES, it is true," answered Laura, as she took the proffered seat and laid aside her wrap, "I have resigned from the club, and I never intend to play another game. I consider whist one of the curses of modern society."

"'Holy St. Francis, what a change is here!'" quoted Miss Meredith. "Is it a penance, a joke, or what?"

"It is dead earnest."

"Really? Why, Laura, it has n't been a month since you won the championship and declared in all the enthusiasm of victory that there never was a more glorious game than whist."

"I know; but I have reformed, and if I can, I shall persuade you to follow. Whist is spoiling too many fine women."

"Of course you are nothing if not extreme. What earthly harm can there be in quiet, respectable whist as we women play it? I think it is most satisfying, most intellectual. As the summer girl says, 'This is so sudden.'"

"Not at all; it is the result of days of serious reflection."

"And the reflection?"

"Comes from—but it is quite a story; have you an engagement?"

"This is League afternoon, but we don't play until half-past three. Tell me all about it."

"I will begin at the beginning. Though I had some twinges, I believe my first real misgiving was owing to a visit from Mrs. Moreland. She called to ask if I were ill—I had n't been near her for six months. I excused my neglect by saying that I was president of the American Leads, champion of the Trophy, and had n't an hour I could call my own. She said nothing to this, but soon took leave. I could see she was hurt, and of course that disturbed me. Then I thought: 'Here is my dead mother's best friend and mine; no one has ever been as good to me as Mrs. Moreland; yet I have let fifty-two pieces of pasteboard keep me from her for six months.'"

"But surely you were not playing all of the time?"

"I played at least one game a day, and when not playing I was studying. In whist, as in everything else, one has to keep up. And then I was obliged to rest; there is nothing so fatiguing."

"That is true. But go on."

"After thinking about Mrs. Moreland I began to notice lots of things. I was neglecting the housekeeping. At night I was too tired to read the news to my father—I tried to, but nodded over every paragraph. I had let the mending go, had n't had a needle in my hands for months. In current literature I was a back number—except in the whist periodicals; I was well up in those. Then, at the games themselves there were little things that—well—were not nice."

"What sort of things?"

"Somehow all of us were different. Instead of being well-mannered, thoughtful, and considerate, we had become rude, intolerant, and uncharitable."

"Surely not!"

"I will give you an instance. You know Mrs. Hunt, what a dear little shy woman she is? Well, she caught the fever about a month ago, had lessons, and was completely fascinated. I was at several games where she took part; it mortifies me to recall them. Her dearest friends manœuvered to avoid playing with her; the expression of the unsuccessful was far from gay. On one occasion I played at the same table with her, though I was n't her partner. If you could have seen the veiled impatience and ennui at that table! Mrs. Hunt did wonderfully well for a beginner; of course she did n't know the first thing about real whist. We prompted and advised her, with the result that she forgot the little she knew and made the most dreadful misplays. Her partner was quite sharp with her. Something pathetic in her innocent eyes brought me to my senses. I pressed her hand under the table. It was like ice. She was actually trembling with nervousness and mortification. Now, is n't that a pretty state of affairs—a lot of women giving their best efforts to a game of cards that makes them ill-mannered, unfeeling, almost brutal? Mrs. Hunt's is not an unusual case."

"I am forced to admit it is so common that I have never thought of looking at it in your way."

"Another point. Think, dear, of the time that you and I have wasted on whist."

"Don't call it wasted. You are a magnificent player, and no real perfection can be wasted."

"You are wrong there. I have spent years on whist. In the same time I could have learned several languages, and a new language means an introduction to what is best in a foreign country."

"But you have learned the king of games."

"I am not at all sure about that. The chances in whist run up to the hundreds of thousands. I see something new in every game I play. The rules and methods and leads are continually changing. Unless you give your whole time to it you are left behind with nothing; for whist leads to nothing else."

"How can you say that? I can mention a dozen things that whist teaches—analysis, for instance; reasoning; the power to plan and execute."

"Analysis of what? Leads. Why my partner played so and so. Adversary was forced for such and such a purpose. Reasoning? If I play the queen will it draw my adversary's king? As for plans, they are all the same: to make the adversaries lose. A nice sort of training this for the human mind. It is imbecile, and the sad part is that all the women of the country are mad on the subject."

"Do be reasonable, Laura. How can whist really injure society?"

"In the first place, it kills conversation, and that 's an old story. In France and England, when everybody became whist-crazy, it 's a matter of history that conversation, before most brilliant, was overshadowed. Whist had taken its place, and the salon was swept away."

"A real calamity, I grant, but I do not believe whist caused it."

"Of course it did. People who play whist never talk, and that leads to unsociability—hinders the forming of new friendships. Whist-players not only cling to one little coterie, but, if possible, to one partner. With people you see every day there is little to talk about, none of the give and take of quick-witted strangers. A card-playing household is never an intellectual household. There is no doubt in my mind that the fall of the salon was owing to whist."

"Now that I think of it, I have n't made any new friends since I took up whist."

"I have not only failed to make new ones, but, as you see, have neglected the old—and not only friends, but kindred. My own sisters complain that they never see me except when I want something; which brings in another effect of whist—selfishness."

"What else? Don't you admit a single virtue? I suppose the memory is not strengthened by whist."

"Whist is no real exercise for the memory."

"Oh, Laura! Think of yourself; think of the players who can remember every one of the fifty-two cards and who played them, who can go back and recount the whole battle step by step!"

"Do you call that wonderful? Any child can do better. There are boys of eight in the spelling class of the fifth-ward city school who can recite from two hundred to two hundred and fifty words in their printed order. Their teacher told me so and proved it."

"Really? It seems impossible. So then in your opinion whist is not only useless, but a social, moral, and mental blight."

"Undoubtedly. Also a physical blight, for it injures the health."

"My dear! Excuse my laughing, but you are too absurd. Now you are joking."

"Not a bit of it. At the first stage of my regeneration I noticed how old all of us were looking. Every proficient whist-player, even the youngest, had a deep furrow between the brows; it is one of the first penalties we pay. Then, all of us had the mewed-up expression that comes from lack of oxygen. Our complexions were ashy, or, worse still, yellow. Find me a rosy face constant at the card-table if you can. No one can sit over whist and keep well; the little lunches between games would ruin any digestion. I have a most promising case of dyspepsia, and it has taken the form of puffy flesh. You know, dear, my figure used to be thought beautiful—I can say so now that it 's gone. There is nothing worse than the sitting habit, and whist gives it."

"I have n't a leg left. Let me see: whist makes one selfish, unsociable, taciturn, uncharitable. It hinders mental development, leaves no time for graces or graciousness, ruins the health, invites old age—anything else?"

"You might add that it ought to be treated as an epidemic and stamped out. Have I converted you?"

"You have impressed, but not converted. I cannot admit that whist has no saving grace. I know you so well, Laura, and—excuse my saying it—you are prone to extravagance in everything. I don't think I shall give up whist; I shall need it when I am old."

"My dear, I can't bear to think of you as a card-playing old woman!"

"But I, with great satisfaction, can see myself seated in an extra large and comfortable arm-chair—puffy and fat and wheezy, barely able to hold my thirteen cards in my gouty, pincushiony hands; all of my teeth, much of my hair, and most of my five senses gone, but for all that an agreeable and much-sought-for partner in the game of games."

"What a true picture! I shall write under it, 'The last stage of whist—be warned in time.' But don't let me keep you any longer. Good-by."

Evelyn Snead Barnett.

Sale.

SENDER tale I now rel8
In figure8ive speech. As f8
Gave me no power to corusc8
In metaphor and trope orn8,
I 'll use my lowlier gifts, and st8
My facts in humble figure 8.

Young, beautiful, and lissome K8
Was loved and wooed by William W8,
Daily as they together s8,

And nightly at the garden g8;
Yet when he 'd ask her if she 'd m8,
She ever answered, "William, w8!"

He showed her all his love so gr8,
He argued every night till l8,
And would at length expati8
Upon his cheerless, lonesome st8.
He pled with her to fix the d8;
But she would not particip8
In his long, amorous deb8,
But would her forehead corrug8,
And coyly answer, "William, w8!"

"At least," he cried, "O maid sed8,
Though it my woe may aggrav8,
Tell, oh, I pray thee, tell me str8,
Lov'st thou another? Oh, rel8
His h8ful name, and seal my f8!"
She blushing murmured, "William W8!"

"I see!" he did ejacul8;
"'T is I! 'T is I! I 'm William W8!"
He clasps the maiden rose8;
Their hearts in rapturous joy puls8.
"And may I kiss thee once, dear K8?
Just one sweet kiss? Say yes, oh, s8!"
The shy maid whispered softly, "8."

They kissed; 't was spring in '88.
By fall they 'd scored 8,000,008.

But now—alas that I must s8!—
When she pleads for a kiss, the gr8
Big brute does thus retali8,
"W8, K8; w8, Mrs. K8 W8, w8!"

Frank Crane.

Love's Labyrinth.

My lady's heart is my despair,
So cunningly its winding ways
All hope of entrance flout;
But were I once an inmate there,
Despair were joy, since from that maze
I never could stray out.

Jessie Mills.

A Frolic.

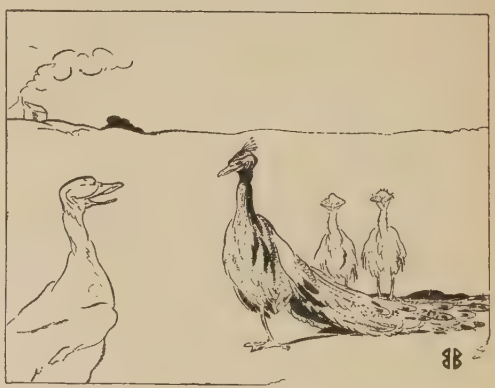
Swing yo' lady roun' an' roun',
Do de bes' you know;
Mek yo' bow an' p'omenade
Up an' down de flo';
Mek dat banjo hump huhse'f,
Listen at huh talk:
Mastah gone to town to-night;
'T ain't no time to walk.

Lif' yo' feet an' flutter thoo,
Run, Miss Lucy, run;
Reckon you 'll be cotched an' kissed
'Fo' de night is done.
You don' need to be so proud;
I 's a-watchin' you,
An' I 's layin' lots o' plans
Fu to git you, too.

Moonlight on de cotton-fiel'
Shinin' sof' an' white,
Whippo'will a-tellin' tales
Out thaih in de night;
An' yo' cabin 's 'crost de lot:
Run, Miss Lucy, run;
Reckon you 'll be cotched an' kissed
'Fo' de night is done.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE GOOSE: Why, Mr. Peacock, I thought I asked you to bring your sons!



THE PEACOCK: Here they are, Mr. Goose.

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